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THE HEIRESS OF ST. MARK'S.

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CHAPTER I.

OUR tale opens at one of those palatial residences which skirt the lower waters of the Hudson, known, then, as Mossfoot Cove or St. Mark's. It was long the favorite seat of Jeffrey Romeyn, a merchant prince in his day; but since his decease had been occupied by his brother Lovick, whom he had constituted the executor of his will, and the guardian of his only child and heir.

It was a dull, murky evening, and the hour already late.

The fine bold scenery without, which daylight, or a fair night, would have exposed, now wrapped in deep shadow, lay dead and level to the eye; and within the noble edifice itself there were scarcely more signs of cheerfulness or life. Lights alone remained burning in a single room, and to this for the present the attention of the reader is invited.

Its only occupants were Mr. Lovick Romeyn and his ward—a fair young girl; and both, it was evident at a glance, were considerably disturbed. The gentleman had that very afternoon returned from abroad, after an absence of many months, and was sitting, ill at ease, in a large stuffed chair, and manifested both his restlessness and his desire to seem composed, by ever and anon giving it a slow and deliberate roll of a few inch-



"HIS NIECE SAT UPON A SOFA AT HIS LEFT HAND."

es, on its smoothly-playing castors. His niece sat on a sofa at his left hand, her face flushed or pale, her eye now fading like an expiring star, or flashing through tears, as her feelings were moved by the changing emotions which beset her. The cause of her agitation will appear from the concluding portion of the conversation between them.

"Only one week!" exclaimed the distressed girl. "Uncle, this is cruel."

"You must not charge me again, Julia," said Mr. Romeyn, "even by insinuation, with having neglected my duty as your guardian. I have not failed in a single point. Your various accomplishments certify to the pains which have been bestowed on your education; the large property which my late brother placed in my charge for your benefit, under certain contingencies, has doubled in my hands; and you have only to fulfil the conditions and come in possession in a week."

"Conditions, uncle! What could have induced my dear father to fetter me in a manner so strange and so unkind?"

"Your father, Julia, was an eccentric man. You may not be able to remember much of him. He married late in life, and not quite happily; and fancying that all his disquiet was to be referred to this, he determined that his daughter should marry young or forfeit certain advantages of his estate, at, or before, her eighteenth year."

"The alternative! State it again, uncle. Though I have just read it, I am not sure that I understand it fully."

"You can see for yourself," said Mr. Romeyn, quietly reaching toward her a certified copy of the will, which he was holding in his hand.

"No! no!" said Julia quickly. "I could not read a word of it if I should try."

"In no event, my dear niece," continued her guardian, "are you left penniless. Some thousands are yours beyond any contingency. Ten thousand dollars, with economy, are a fair independence. So much is yours without any proviso."

"A mere pinch," said the heiress, accustomed to contemplate money in large sums. "And what is to become of the rest?"

"A considerable amount inures to the benefit of a learned institution, and the balance"—

Mr. Romeyn slightly hesitated.

"Is to be divided between my amiable cousins," said his ward.

"Your cousins, and my daughters," added Mr. Romeyn in a strong voice. "So my late brother in his wisdom determined."

There was a brief pause, during which it was clear that the young girl was struggling mightily to collect and arrange her thoughts. At length she said:

"Why has this been concealed from me, uncle?"

"It has not been my dear," replied her guardian. "A copy of the will has always been open to your inspection, and besides you were present at the reading."

"Yes, then a mature miss of seven years," said the heiress, with ill-concealed scorn.

"Eight," said her uncle.

"Eight, then," repeated Julia; "though I was not fully eight when my father died, and at either age not old enough to comprehend the instrument. No recollection of its details remained with me, and up to this night I have supposed myself the undisputed heiress of all my father possessed."

"Has no one ever mentioned the contingency to you—none of your female friends?" said her uncle.

"Never. But why, oh! why, uncle, have not you! Why have you not kept me informed on a point of such moment?"

"It is a delicate matter, my dear niece," replied Mr. Romeyn, "to meddle with a lady in her matrimonial arrangements; and I determined at the outset that, in this particular, I would leave you entirely unbiassed and free."

"Why, then, swerve at all from your determination?" demanded his ward. "Why introduce the subject now at this late and useless hour; or why, if at all, before my eighteenth birthday was past did you not call my attention to this cruel and monstrous provision in my father's will, before your departure for Europe? And why have you remained abroad a whole year, and the last of my minority, when my interests were thus at stake?"

"For my own good pleasure," said Mr. Romeyn, in reply to the last question. "But I see, my fair niece, that we had better part for to-night. A few hours' sleep—"tired nature's sweet restorer"—will dispel some of your strange fancies, and enable you to do me better justice. I have scrupulously fulfilled every duty toward you, and this, when you come to review the matter calmly, you will be forced to admit."

"Yes, the letter of the law, perhaps," sobbed Julia to herself, as she retired to her own room, "even though it cut from me the pound of flesh, and take the last drop of my blood."

But she could not think of sleep. The disclosure to all seeming carelessly made by her guardian as they had been about to separate for the night—an allusion, a mere raillery—as though she were supposed to have fully understood the unusual restriction which her father had imposed on her, and of course had provided for it; and which had led to a production and examination of the will itself, and to the conversation which we have in part narrated, had come upon her with the suddenness of an explosion on a steamship or a crash of rail-cars. She could not believe it, and yet she must. Indeed, there was now a dim remembrance stealing over her that she had heard something like this before—that the will of her father was not in the usual form—that something was required of her, and a faint recollection of certain pleasantries indulged in by her girl-cousins in her childhood about a husband; that she must lose no time in making her selection of a "little man."

But this juvenile raillery had soon ceased, and no one had ever reverted to the subject again. Gay and thoughtless, and her grave moments occupied with her education, the whole matter had passed from her mind, and become to her as though it had never been, until now, at the eleventh hour, when the fatal provision was about to close on her with a final effect, and like a pair of magic shears, sever all the bright prospects and ambitious dreams of her young life.

"May the Father of the fatherless protect me from wrong," she murmured. Now she fancied she was able to understand several things which were incomprehensible before; why, though she could complain of no neglects, no lack even of the most obsequious attentions, she had failed in making a satisfactory lodgment in the affections of her uncle's family; why she had never been fully able to find the heart, especially of her elder cousins, scarcely that of her aunt, and her uncle's not at all. And, above all, why, in a thousand ways, those elder cousins had most sedulously guarded her from the chances of forming an "unworthy attachment," and silently instilled into her mind doubt, suspicion and dread of love and marriage. Love, as it presented itself to her in her dreams, she adored; but this, she had come to believe, was only to be found in dreams. She had never felt it, and though ruin thrice-told should overwhelm her, she was resolved that she would never wed until she should feel the sacred flame burning in her bosom.

Thus burdened with reflection, and cast loose on an ocean of doubt, both as to the course to be pursued and the real motives and intentions of her guardian; though inwardly conscious that she was about to become the victim of a conspiracy, whose weapons had been, in the main, carefully planned omissions of moral duty rather than aggressions, the heiress walked her room or threw herself for a few troubled moments on her couch until broad day, when sleep for a brief space overtook her; and, in accordance with the parting words of her uncle, for a time quieted and soothed her distracted mind.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a sufficient reason why none of the female friends of Julia Romeyn, aside from her guardian's family, had ever spoken to her of the proviso in her father's will; it was unknown to them. The late Jeffrey Romeyn, with his elder brother Lovick, had constituted an entire and divided branch of the Romeyn family; they had no near relatives. Jeffrey, furthermore, had married the last offshoot of an expiring house, who died before him; so that, on the maternal side, there were no interested parties to trouble themselves about his property or his child. Among his eccentricities also he had the foible, though he

maintained a man of law, of doing his business himself; and had drawn his own will in his own way, and had had it duly attested. It was found in proper form, strongly worded, and without a flaw; and as he was a man of uncommon force of mind, and had never been suspected of insanity, had there been any one to raise a question over the instrument, the chances of unsettling it must have been slight. The witnesses and the official person before whom it had been proved had not troubled themselves about its details. Everybody supposed, of course, that the daughter was made heir to the estate, in the usual way; and if any one outside of the Romeyn family had ever known of its single strange provision, the knowledge had died out, or was carefully concealed; no one, it is probable, was now cognizant of it, except the party whose contingent interest it was to keep it in remembrance, and the orphan heiress whose prospects had so remorselessly been blighted by it.

On meeting her uncle at about ten o'clock in the morning, Julia Romeyn concluded that he had no intention on his part of resuming the subject of the evening before. He was polite and affable, even jocose; but she thought she detected a lurking smile of triumph in his eye, and felt if it were possible for counsel to avail her, that she had better apply anywhere else than to him. With an aching head and swollen eyes, she sat a few moments at the breakfast table, but without eating, and requesting of her guardian to entrust her with the copy of her father's will, which he at once and without hesitation placed in her hand, she retired again to her own room.

When there, her first business was to despatch—and privately, for she began to feel that every foot of ground she trod was shaking under her—a note to her sworn girl-friend, Grace Redfield, begging her, whatever engagements or obstacles might intervene, to drop all, and break all, and fly to her. This accomplished, and the messenger fairly beyond the precincts of St. Mark's, she felt more at ease and walked out over the grounds.

A fine bright September day had succeeded to a dull and cheerless night, and she prolonged her stroll through garden, orchard, meadow and wood, and through glen and over pointed knoll along the river's bank; but ever as she went was sure to encounter crossing her path, or occupying some commanding prominence, one of her elder cousins. One was gathering autumn flowers, another sketching, and another apparently searching out fine prospects of the noble river and its mountain shores, simply for the gratification of the moment. They bowed pleasantly and gave her no obstruction, but they were there, and the heiress could but feel, whether mistakenly or not, that traps and nets and pitfalls, though invisible, were gathering around her and closing on her path.

This feeling, however, was greatly relieved by the speedy arrival, early in the afternoon, of her friend, Grace Redfield. The two were closeted for an hour, when the heiress ordered her carriage—for she was allowed to maintain a separate establishment of her own, and with Grace in company, drove away. There was nothing unusual in this, and no interference was offered. Her uncle and aunt and cousins accompanied her to the door, as was their custom, and her uncle handed her and her friend into the carriage, and all wished them a pleasant ride. The only variation from the common formula, was, that no one inquired where she was going, or how many hours she would probably be away. Still Mr. Lovick Romeyn gazed after the retreating vehicle with a changed and clouded brow.

The father of Grace was the Rev. Thomas Redfield, an esteemed friend of the heiress, and an old friend of her parents, living about four miles up the river, and a little inland. Julia, aroused to a full consciousness of her position, and to the fact that she must rely mainly on herself or suffer shipwreck, with a spirit which she had inherited from her father, had determined to act; and already the dim outline of a plan, doubtful, terrible in some of its features, but the only one she could bring her mind to accept, which would be effectual in defeating the schemes of her guardian, was floating in her brain. But she must have counsellors, good sage counsellors and aids, and hence she drove directly to the house of Mr. Redfield.

The reverend divine, though about to set out on his after-

noon ride, was but too happy to relinquish it, and yield himself to the good pleasure of Miss Romeyn. He listened with surprise to the strange entanglement in which she found herself so suddenly involved, which gave way only to the depth of his indignation at the close. A few brief words more, and bidding his visitor good-bye for a few hours, with the alacrity of a younger man, he stepped on board the cars for New York, and Julia was again left to the support and sympathy of her female friend.

Certes the task of comforter enjoined on Grace Redfield was a difficult one, unless, indeed, she could assume that there was some favorite swain in reserve, on whom the heiress was willing to bestow her fortune and her hand. This she had every reason to believe was not the case. The unreserved intimacy—that girl-confidance which pours everything into its friend's bosom, as rivers empty both their clear and turbid waters into the sea—which had subsisted between them from childhood, forbade the supposition; but still she put the inquiry.

There was none.

The reply was given with a sigh, and a renewed burst of indignant tears, but it was emphatic. The question was then varied.

Among all her acquaintance was there no gentleman whom her heart had whispered she could love? If so, examples would not be wanting where high dames, especially those of exalted character and fortune, had allowed themselves, under peculiar circumstances, to overstep the common modesty of maidenhood, and in person, or through the agency of a friend, to take the initiative themselves.

But there was none of this class. There were many young gentlemen whom the heiress respected and admired; but she had never thought of marriage yet, scarcely of love, and then only as a bright and doubtful meteor, flashing in the distance before her.

What then could be done? Would she relinquish her fortune to her avaricious uncle and heartless cousins without a struggle?

"No, never!" replied the young girl, with a lofty front and flashing eye. "I care little for the houses and lands and gold, but everything for my rights; and am resolved that they shall never touch another dollar of my father's wealth, save by my own good will. Thus far they have been welcome, for there is enough and to spare; but henceforward we move in divided paths, and are warmed by separate fires."

She then undid her own little budget of thoughts, and spread them before her friend; and the thorough canvassing which ensued—for Grace, though young and frolicsome, in grave matters was noted for discernment—did much towards bringing her immature plan into form.

As evening approached she dispatched her servant to St. Mark's, to say that she should remain with Grace over night; and very soon thereafter Mr. Redfield returned from the city, accompanied by her father's old and respected attorney, Jacob Claverton, Esq.

Tea was soon dispatched, and the lawyer betook himself to a critical examination of the will. This accomplished with all professional exactness, and its due authentication ascertained, he turned to the heiress with a grave smile and said:

"My fair young friend, you must marry; there is no escape from it. As I had the best of reasons to suppose, from my knowledge of your late father, the instrument itself is perfect; and no form has been omitted by your parent or guardian which was necessary to secure its binding force. But the alternative cannot be hard; and your own heart will advise you better in carrying it out than any lawyer or even divine."

As he said this, Mr. Claverton glanced doubtfully at Mr. Redfield; for he had already discovered, by the painful expression of the heiress' face, that she was deeply disappointed. Indeed, almost unknown to herself, Julia had indulged the hope that the law, in some undefined way, would be able to step in to her defence; its office being to protect from injury and right wrongs, in her simplicity this seemed a fit occasion for an exhibition of its fatherly and benign power.

"There would appear no other way, my child," observed the divine, in confirmation of the opinion of Mr. Claverton.



"SHE PROLONGED HER STROLL THROUGH GARDEN, ORCHARD, MEADOW AND WOOD."

"But is there no law," inquired the heiress, speaking with a great effort, "to prevent my uncle from consummating his scheme, and seizing and confiscating my estate?"

"None that could reach a case like this," replied Mr. Claverton. "Your father has tied the matter too securely."

"Can any one doubt," said Julia, "what my father would do were he now here present?"

"Oh, no," said Mr. Claverton. "He would set the whole thing straight with a stroke of his pen."

"Then why should the law do just the reverse?"

The venerable attorney shook his head.

"The laws must be administered as they are," said he; "and I am compelled to re-affirm the opinion, Miss Romeyn, that there is no way to save you from your difficulty but to marry, and that before you pass the age of eighteen. The time is short, I confess, if you are now to entertain the question for the first time, but not fatally so. Your acquaintance is large, and with youth, beauty, accomplishments, and the dower of a princess on your side, you may select almost or quite at will. Your reverend friend here and myself have both unmarried sons, any one of whom would be proud——"

"Forbear, my dear sir," said the heiress, interrupting him, with a haughty but involuntary toss of the head. "And yet go on. I will hear both your opinions, all you have to say; it is my wish and duty, before deciding finally the course I am to pursue."

"There is little more to be said," continued the man of law, "the subject does not admit it. The delicacy of your age and sex must be so far subjected, lost sight of, for the time being, as to allow you to act in a manner equal to the necessity of your case. Your venerable friend here and myself will be your ministers. You have only to indicate your choice, and I think I risk nothing in promising a happy issue."

The heiress listened patiently to the close. Perceiving that Mr. Redfield still coincided in this view of the case, but did not propose to add anything further, she essayed to speak, but was overtaken by an irrepressible burst of grief. Grace threw her arms around her, and pressed her to her heart; and the two old gentlemen, now thoroughly softened, proffered her their warmest

sympathy, and pledged her anew, in any and every event, their countenance and protection to the last. Should she even decide to retain her freedom, and throw her fortune to the winds, either or both their houses were open to furnish her with a home. She should never want. They would remain her friends in adversity, as faithfully as they had shown themselves in the flush tide of her prosperity.

She thanked them, and re-assured by their kindness, and relieved by the vent she had given her feelings, proceeded, in a clear calm voice, to unfold to them her own views and plans. They listened courteously, but, it must be confessed, impatiently. The divine frowned and the man of law bit his lip. The whole of the evening that remained was spent in lively discussion. But the heiress was firm; and when, finally, Mr. Claverton retired to his room, it was not to sleep; but seating himself at a table with writing materials before him, he was engaged till a late hour in the preparation of several important legal papers.

CHAPTER III.

NESTLED among the Catskill Mountains, a few leagues west of the Hudson, like the eyrie of an eagle, was the abode of a burly farmer by the name of Leverick, the father of seven stout sons and five daughters. The family were not poor, though still dressing much in homespun; broad highland acres were theirs, spotted with cattle and white flocks. Nor were they ignorant. Though isolated, the district school and meeting-house had found them, as well as the teeming issues of the press, those civilizers of our western wilds—the newspaper and magazine.

Every morning, before the peep of dawn, the daily contribution of the various products of this farm—tubs of golden butter, fat swelling cheeses, cans of milk, or live stock, sometimes enough at once to fill a rail-car—was transported to the foot of the mountain, and thence dispatched by railroad to Newburgh, or to the great hungry emporium at the mouth of the river below.

Several of the elder sons and daughters had married, and perched themselves in little neighboring eyries of their own;



"THE CONFERENCE BETWEEN THE LAWYER AND THE RUSTIC WAS LONG AND ANIMATED."



"THIS RING, MADAM, IF NO MORE ! ALLOW ME TO RETAIN IT AS A TOKEN !"

and one or two had broken from the hills and migrated to the more inviting plains of the far West. Among those who still remained at home was the youngest son, James, a well-formed, stalwart youth, just passed his majority, who united in himself most of the physical and manly virtues which belonged to his mountain race. It is with this young man that the progress of our story now leads us to make a somewhat intimate acquaintance.

James Leverick was, at this period, debating the most serious question of his life—whether to marry and settle down among the hills, within sound of the paternal dinner-horn, or to break away from the charmed circle of his boyhood and push his fortunes in the new and vast regions in the hither or farther west on the Pacific, which his countrymen were so rapidly opening up to the astonished gaze of the world. He was, in fact, not devoid of ambition. Like most American boys, he had ever dreamed of eminence ; but the way, in this direction, seemed dark and obscure before him. He had had, as yet, little acquaintance with the world. True, the neighboring marts were familiar to him—that is, their streets and outside glitter—and the great city was known to him, as it may be supposed to be known to the mere market-man—as a vast Babel of noise and chaffer, a confused mass of brick and mortar, of show and dirt, of stalls and shops, and warehouses and palaces—while the secret spring, the moving spirit, and the grand aims and objects of what he sees are all hidden from him. So was it in a good degree with James. He found strong desires struggling in him, but saw no way to give them wing and lead them to fruition.

In a mood of mind like this, having, in company with his brothers, achieved the business of the day—the market-work of the morning and the needed labor among the herds and flocks—which had occupied him till after dinner, he took his gun in his hand and set forth for a quiet stroll in the woods. As he rambled on he gave little heed to game, and found none ; but, by and by, as he was crossing a road at something less than a mile from his father's house, he was surprised to see a fashionable carriage approaching. A servant in livery sat upon the box and held the reins, and there were persons within, ladies, or a lady at least ; but as the vehicle came near the curtains were dropped, hiding the interior from his view.

Not to appear too curious, our youth moved on, crossing the path but a short distance ahead of the horses, when the coachman drew rein, the curtain was shoved aside, and the venerable head of our acquaintance, Jacob Claverton, Esq., appeared at the window. He inquired if the farmhouse of Mr. Leverick was not in that neighborhood, but scarcely waiting for a reply, he stepped out of the carriage and approached the young man. Presenting his hand, he said :

"Well met, young Leverick. I believe, James."

"The same," replied James. "My father and mother will be glad to see you. Drive forward, and I will take a short cut across the hills, and notify them of your coming."

"No," said the lawyer. "This visit is one of business, not pleasure, and with you, not your father ; and the less that he knows of it the better. Shall we be likely to be interrupted here ? Are there often teams or persons passing along this road, which seems little travelled ?"

"No," replied James in surprise. "The road is little used except by our settlement, and you might remain here till sundown with scarcely a chance of being seen by any one."

"Well, then, to business !" said Mr. Claverton a little impatiently ; and drawing the young man's arm within his own, he led him up the road to a still greater distance from the rest of his party.

At the carriage, meanwhile, everything remained motionless and silent as the grave, save an occasional swing of the mute coachman's whip, as he repelled the attack of some rapacious fly, which, in defiance of the fanciful and netted housings, managed still to annoy his elegant team of bays.

The conference between the lawyer and the rustic was long and animated. At first they halted on a little eminence, still in sight of the spot where the carriage stood, where they remained stationary for some time ; but this, at length, was exchanged for a slow and solemn march up and down the road, until finally the face of another venerable gentleman appeared at the window of the vehicle, who gazed after them with a good deal of doubt and anxiety depicted in his countenance. At last however they approached the carriage again, the face



"I SHALL NEVER WED."

of each bearing marks of high excitement, and that of the youth blending in with the evilent fever of his blood, an expression of settled but painful resolution.

The young man paused at a short distance from the carriage, supporting himself on his gun, while Mr. Claverton exchanged a few words in a low tone with the parties within. Then taking from the vehicle a portfolio or small writing-case, he passed under the shadow of a tree, by the side of the way, where the youth rejoined him. Together they read over several papers which the young man subscribed, and immediately thereafter their party was increased by the approach of those who had hitherto remained concealed in the carriage.

These consisted of the elderly gentleman, whom the reader, no doubt, has already suspected to be the Rev. Mr. Redfield, and two females deeply veiled; one of whom, a lady of imposing mien, the divine supported on his arm, while the other walked by her side, filling, apparently, the office of a friend or companion. Mr. Claverton arose to receive them, and taking the proud, graceful figure from the reverend gentleman's arm, placed her by the side of the youth, still attended by her less assured and more timid companion. Passing around, the lawyer stationed himself beside the young man; while the minister took his position in front; and immediately, in a hurried, husky voice, commenced the marriage service.

The youth gave his responses with a quick, wild start; the veiled lady hers in a low but firm voice, and the solemn ceremony was concluded. Still holding the passive hand in his, James Leverick, with a not ungraceful movement, while he trembled in every limb, sunk on one knee, and said:

"This ring, madam, if no more! Allow me to retain it as a token!"

The hand was not withdrawn, and gently removing the glove, he held it for a moment in his own manly palm, and gazed upon it. It was small and delicately white, and throbbled as though it had been a burning heart. Drawing from one of the fingers a rich diamond ring, he pressed the little troubled hand passionately to his lips.

The lady was then instantly borne back to the carriage. Mr. Claverton and the bridesmaid subscribed their names to the marriage certificate as witnesses; a heavy purse and the lawyer's check at sight, for a large sum, were placed in the rustic's hand; Mr. Claverton wished him prosperity and a happy life, and bidding him in a lower tone to be sure and call on him when he came to the city, the horses' heads were turned, the carriage dashed away, and James Leverick was left alone.

What a change had a few hours wrought! He was dizzy, and sat down to cool his brain and collect his thoughts: and soon his bosom swelled, and great drops gathered in his eye:

"Rich! Married, but not mated! An eternal separation! Never to force myself into her presence! Never to speak of her, or divulge the secret of the marriage, unless legally required to do so!"

Such were the fragmentary thoughts that chased each other like storm clouds through his mind, and in part found utterance at his tongue. And yet to do the youth justice, it must be said, that Julia Romeyn's whole fortune would scarcely have tempted him to ally himself to her, on such unequal conditions, had not his feelings, at last, been wrought upon by the eloquence of the lawyer and the picture he drew of her youth and beauty and distress. In the generosity of the moment he had sacrificed himself to save her, orphan as she was, from pressing and unmerited wrong; and yet he could not but feel that the sacrifice ought never to have been required of him.

"All hope is gone," sighed he, as he sat fevered and giddy on the grass, gazing down the road where the vehicle had disappeared. "I have sold my right to it for gold. Henceforth I am an Esau among men."

CHAPTER IV.

We will now glide over a period of some five years, with lighter touches than are ordinarily made by the rough footsteps of time. Little occurred during the brief interval demanding notice which the imagination will not readily supply. On the morning of her eighteenth birthday, the heiress, supported by her lawyer, Mr. Claverton, and by the presence of Rev. Mr.

Redfield and his daughter, appeared at St. Mark's, and demanded possession. Her uncle examined the evidences of her marriage, and seeing that in all respects she had fulfilled the requirements of her father's will, wisely gave way, and proceeded to deliver up his stewardship. The settlement was made easy on the part of his niece, and very shortly he and his family vacated the premises. In like manner her father's late city residence, together with multitudinous title-deeds and stocks, were transferred into her hands; and she found herself in full possession of her magnificent estate.

Five years had made little change in her appearance, except to mature and somewhat soften the graces of her person and mind. She still retained her maiden name; and, indeed, as her uncle and his family felt little disposition to disturb the past, but were rather looking to the future and its chances as her heirs, her marriage had never been made public. Matrimonial advances had not been wanting, but with a woman's tact she had allayed them; and it was well understood in the circles where she moved that she had determined not to wed. Her friend Grace, now Mrs. Rutherford, the wife of a merchant in the city, and the mother of a fine boy, was still her constant associate and dearest confidant; and Mr. Claverton and the Rev. Mr. Redfield, with scarcely an additional wrinkle on their faces, were her frequent guests.

All these old friends, and many more, were gathered, on an evening of early winter, at the splendid residence of Miss Romeyn, in the city. The two old gentlemen were in brilliant spirits, and Grace, with her boy and husband by her side, seemed happy as a dweller in paradise. The heiress looked at the little group and sighed. What regrets were passing in her mind we shall not undertake to say, but the momentary shadow that came over her did not escape the notice, or the raillery, of Mr. Claverton.

"I must crave your mercy, Miss Romeyn," said he. "My brilliant friend and partner, young Gardner, I apprehend, is in extreme danger: from which, indeed, I see no way to rescue him, unless you will consent to bar him from your presence."

The heiress glanced at her privileged counsellor half-reproachfully, but as, at the moment, there were no listeners but her own little confidential circle, with a lively smile she replied:

"I esteem your talented relative, sir, quite too highly to be willing to dispense with his society. If there be danger in our intercourse, surely your professional foresight and experience are quite sufficient to insure his safety."

"Doubtful!" responded Mr. Claverton drily. "And I warn you, my fair lady, also to look to yourself. My nephew, if my feminine lore be not all forgotten or at fault, has in him that happy blending of qualities—manliness and wit—which ladies so much admire, and find it not always easy to resist."

As he said this, the acute lawyer turned his eyes inquiringly on the heiress. A deep blush suffused her face, which was succeeded by a paleness equally marked.

"You are very fortunate in your relative, Mr. Claverton," said Mrs. Rutherford, coming to the relief of her friend. "He is as striking in person, and agreeable in manner, as he is reputed eloquent in his profession."

"Yes, and as sound and noble as he is eloquent and accomplished," said the lawyer. "His career has been brief—for he is very young—and brilliant. I am a little vain of him, but I venture to predict that, within five years, he will stand at the head of the bar."

"A sister's son?" said Mrs. Rutherford, in the shape of a half inquiry.

"Yes, and country bred," answered Mr. Claverton, "until within the last half-dozen years or so, since which, I am proud to say, I have had the training of him myself."

"And certainly to your great credit, as well as satisfaction," remarked the Rev. Mr. Redfield. "I was present, much of the time, during the late protracted trial, which added so largely to his laurels; and am free to say he did himself infinite credit. He exhibited the skill and coolness of an old tactician, combined with forensic powers of a high order, and a frankness which effectually held the opposing counsel in check, at the same time that it captivated all present."

Mr. Claverton arose, and taking the heiress by the hand,

bade her good evening. As he did so he added in a low grave tone, intended for her ear alone :

"You see, my dear, I am borne out, both in my praises and my warning. Have a care of your heart."

That night as Julia Romeyn retired to her room, the woman within her asserted its supremacy, and she realized in all its bitterness the poverty of wealth—that it is even possible for it to reach a point more abject than that of beggary itself. She could no longer conceal from herself that she loved. That dream which had visited her in early youth, showing her visions of the beautiful and true had at last become a reality to her. But the vista of golden skies and flowers and fruits and singing fountains, which it opened before her, was beyond her reach, and she saw, clearly enough, that she was standing instead on the dizzy height of a precipice, from which there was scarcely a chance of escape.

"O, why," said she, "of all the world, am I so cruelly fettered? or rather why did I not yield to my rapacious guardian, bid adieu to fortune, and remain free—free, until my heart should become a prisoner as now, and I ready for chains?"

She had known Gardner for a year, and for the last four months their intercourse had become frequent and intimate. From the first she was pleased with him—indeed, on accidentally meeting him in company with Mr. Claverton, and being introduced to him, his image at once impressed itself on her fancy, if not her heart, and had haunted her ever after. She struggled to dislodge it, but in vain; and as on further acquaintance she became aware that his manly qualities were winning on her, and felt, when addressing her, that his tones were softer and tenderer than when he spoke to others, conveying a double language, and perceived, when parting from her, that he relinquished her hand unwillingly—she prayed that the *eclaircissement* which she saw must come, for both their sakes, might be hastened, that the magic which was encircling them so silently and so subtly might be broken, and the enchantment dissipated before it should be too late.

But Mr. Gardner, it has already been intimated, was a shrewd tactician. He carefully avoided a declaration; and their long conversations were devoted to everything but love; but still they never tired. The heiress was at fault. Once, and fatally, she had taken the initiation herself, and had clothed herself in chains for evermore. Now again she felt, under circumstances still more imperative and painful, that she might be forced to a like alternative, or to flee.

In this age of easy divorce, it may surprise some that Julia Romeyn had not already resorted to that expedient to set herself at liberty; but if this idea once suggested itself to her mind, it was as quickly dismissed; her heart revolted from it. In her contract with herself she had made choice of celibacy and wealth, and indulged no thought of repudiating the bond. The provision which her father, in his overweening anxiety for her welfare, had engrafted on his will, singularly enough, had operated the reverse of what he intended; but this could not release her, neither could any act of her rustic mountain lord, whose name she scarcely remembered; and though he might even now be the husband of another wife and the father of sons and daughters, her self-respect still pointed out before her but a single straight and solitary path for her pilgrim foot to tread.

For the next few days the visits of Mr. Gardner were more frequent and protracted than ever. He evidently lived but in her presence, and still he shunned an avowal of his love. Under the continual pressure to which her feelings were subjected the spirits of the heiress flagged, the color faded from her cheeks, and her health began to give way. Gardner became alarmed.

"You are suffering, Miss Romeyn," said he. "What can be done for you?"

"I must confess to a little languor," she replied. "Perhaps change of scene would restore me; and in this hope I am about to visit Washington for a few days, and Havana probably for some months."

Mr. Gardner started.

"This, then, must decide me," he said with emotion. "Your determination, Miss Romeyn, as commonly understood by the world, never to marry, has hitherto kept my tongue fet-

tered, but could not repress my admiration nor chain my heart. Love is fond of having his own way, unmindful of obstacles or the height of his object above him; and thus, dear Julia, have I dared to love you! Allow me humbly to submit my suit to the judgment of your own true heart."

How sweet were these words, uttered by the soft, musical voice of the man she loved, as they fell on the ears of the heiress. She would gladly have prolonged their sound and listened to them for ever. And yet, oh how bitter! It was only by the most resolute self-command that she was able to shape the brief reply which she felt the occasion demanded.

"You have heard correctly, Mr. Gardner. I shall never wed."

"Is the obstacle, indeed, so insurmountable?" said he, "or is it simply indifference towards one who cannot refrain from loving you? If the latter, Miss Romeyn, my hopes and pretensions must of course perish together, and if possible by both of us be forgotten."

"Not indifference, Mr. Gardner," said the heiress; "I do not like the word. You have all my esteem—all that I can ever bestow on any one."

"And may you not call it love, dear lady?" said Gardner. "Let me at least have this consolation to support me in my solitary life, which, unless you share it with me, will be passed like your own—alone."

The heiress burst into tears. Her lover took her hand gently in his and pressed it to his lips.

"It is a pure sentiment," he continued, "when truly felt, challenging neither shame nor censure. What is it that should be permitted to come between two hearts which heaven has fitted for each other?"

"O do not press me further, sir!" said the lady. "Be satisfied with your victory as it is, knowing that you have all that it is possible for me to give."

"There is some fatal obstacle, then?"

"There is!" answered the heiress.

"And were it removed—or rather had it never been—would you then have been mine?"

An affirmative response was breathed rather than spoken, by the pale and agitated woman in reply.

Gardner sunk on one knee before her, as the rustic, James Leverick, had knelt, years before, in the forest of the Catskills, and holding a ring in his hand, asked her if she recognised it.

"I do!" gasped she, in amazement and terror. "Whence came it?"

"It has been my companion, dear lady, and talisman, ever since, kneeling before you as I do now, but on my native mountains, I drew it from that dear hand. Your husband, James Leverick, kneels before you, to secure his final doom."

The heiress dropped, like a beautiful white dove as she was, into the manly arms outstretched to receive her, and as soon as she could find voice to speak, she whispered that his doom, so far as it rested with her, should not be severe.

And here we beg leave to drop the curtain, and hide the happy pair from the reader's too curious gaze.

There were still one or two circumstances which, to the mind of the heiress, needed explanation. How had James Leverick become the lawyer, Gardner, and Mr. Claverton's nephew? The name of Gardner was simply a fiction to answer an end, and Leverick was truly a son of the counsellor's sister, and accordingly his nephew. As for the rest, the finger of the clever old lawyer was discoverable at every step. Success had crowned his pleasant scheme. He had saved the fortune of the heiress, the daughter of his old patron and friend, and conducted her to happiness. Under his wise management, his relative, young Leverick, had emerged from obscurity and been put upon the high road to eminence and wealth; and as a final gratification, no doubt of considerable moment to him, both as a lawyer and a man, he had secured a princely estate in a collateral branch of his own family.

The trip to Havana was given up, but not the one to Washington. The heiress proceeded thither on the following day, as she had contemplated, but went in the character of Mrs. Leverick, and accompanied by her husband. That gentleman's resumption of his proper name, as may well be supposed, was

productive of no little confusion in his business affairs and gossip among his acquaintance. Newspaper epicures, who take the contents of the morning papers entire with their coffee, will doubtless remember the various notices and speculations of the press at the time, touching this change of name on the part of a prominent member of the bar, on the occasion of his marriage to a well-known belle and heiress; and to give the fact still greater publicity, that all having business with the late Mr. Granger, or the late firm of Claverton & Granger—now Claverton & Leverick—may be duly notified thereof, as well as to gratify a not unnatural public curiosity, the chief parties in interest have consented that a brief statement of the circumstances, or bill of particulars as here set forth, should be given to the world.

WHIFFS AND WHIMS OF ORIENTAL ROMANCE.

I suoi pensieri in lui dormir non ponno.

The realms of fairy,
Where I beheld what never was to be.

THE bustle of preparation was over; all the luggage despatched to the steamer; it was the eve of my departure upon my long anticipated travels, which I had resolved should encompass the earth.

I was weary with excitement, and my eyes fell upon my *nargilê*. "Ah my old friend," said I, "we will now *kaf* together!"

The deeply stained and gilded vase of crystal was by my side, the pure water sparkling within, and the fragrant *tsombeky* was lighted. I untwined the long coil of the *marpidge* and began to inhale the cool vapor.

As I reclined upon the cushions of my couch I listlessly listened to the gurgling of the water, watched the bubbles as they rose and disappeared, and began to soliloquize on the vanity of earthly expectations. "Yes, as those glittering bubbles coming like pearls to the surface and bursting, the gewgaws of hope delude us and vanish! Yet may I not realize

some of my fancied enjoyment in the land of adventure, the ancient land of so many memories, tinged with the golden hues of the Orient, dyed with the blood of massacres, reeking with the despotism of sultans and cruel vizirs; the arena of conspirators, where the invidious poison creeps through the current of life, the bowstring snaps away human existence; where jealousy consigns beauty to death, to the coarse sackcloth for a shroud, the deep sea for a tomb; where sable guards patrol around the harem, where houris live to bless mankind with their entrancing charms."

It was morning, and I embarked upon my voyage. The shores receded by degrees, we were alone, tossed upon the billows; then the scenes of by-gone days passed in fond memory before me, and chased away the visions of strange regions, until the cry of land ahead! rekindled with fresh excitement the longings of my soul for newer climes and foreign shores.

I traversed England, loitered in her palaces, and curiously gazed upon the tombstones of her great men who had mouldered into dust, yet left names deeply graven upon the tablets of time. Gay, smiling France beckoned me on, the queen of cities enchanted me with her beauty and syren voice; old Europe beguiled me with scenes hallowed by ancient associations, until at last I was in the magic city of the Constantines, now the dwelling-place of the mysterious Moslem, buried in the folds of his turban, draped in his flowing robes, gliding in his heelless slippers of brilliant hue.

Here at last seemed to be the arena for the actual play of my rushing fancies, here the world of adventure. Mosques of the faithful, with great spreading domes, heavy majestic leaden canopies, beneath which no infidel may perjure his own soul by joining in Mussulman worship. I peeped within the iron-grated windows; no aisles, no galleries, no altars, no pictures, no holy symbols. The sacred niche, the direction of the temple of the holy Mecca, great spacious area covered with matting, gilded writings on the wall; now and then a figure, prostrate, kissing the ground, rising on bended knees, with folded hands and closed eyes, abstractedly worshipping, solemnly whispering its



"MY QUEEN OF BEAUTY WAS GRACEFULLY SITTING, HALF RECLINED, UPON THE SOFA."

adorations. Thoughtfully I gazed, and felt that this was the soul-worship of the All Merciful. I inwardly resolved, once at least, to mingle in their devotions in some guise or other.

I stood beneath the long shadow of the tall minaré, and strained my vision upwards; to the lowest gallery, the second, the third, the tapering, pointed spire and the gilded crescent. I saw the muezzin reverently approaching, in his flowing garments and many-folded turban of the sacred green. He disappeared within a low, arched gateway near which I stood, and began to ascend the spiral staircase within. A few moments he was lost; he then emerged upon the slender, the dizzy gallery, and chanted the musical ezan; to the east he turned, slowly moving round, he called to the dwellers of the earth, north, south and west, "Come to worship, come to prayers."

The echoes of his voice seemed to spread far and near, and his eye encompassed the great metropolis, the vast multitude of its habitations, the varied types of humanity which throng its streets and by-ways. I wondered what he might discover, as the memory of a certain damsel and a lover came up to my mind. Dangerous muezzin, who from his airy balcony once glanced into a dwelling, beheld the play of earth-born passions, and hastened to betray.

A train of ladies passed by, veiled, silent, in single file, headed by the sable guard. Jewels sparkled beneath their veils of cobweb tissue; bright eyes shot lightning glances, stately forms and footsteps majestically moved. I stopped and admired them, and I fancied I was not unobserved. I followed at a distance. The fair train led me on, till we entered the great bazaar itself. I felt a dampness in the atmosphere, it seemed almost subterranean; the vaulted stone roofing, with cautious apertures for the light, casting an uncertain gleaming over the scene. I heard a trampling of horses, a rumbling of wheels, a subdued muttering of voices. There was a great highway, a moving multitude; on either side a succession of elevated niches, wherein sat strange figures, surrounded by shelved walls, loaded with treasures of merchandise. The most exquisite materials of silk and gold were held up to view by the demurest of shopboys, while the master sat upon his cushions and smoked; they seemed to speak their own praises.

Soft and rare were the fabrics of Cashmere, you could have grasped a whole shawl as a handful; heavy brocades of Damascus, of glorious hues; laces as delicate as the film of the silkworm, and netted by fair fingers into a beautiful rivalry of flowers and blossoms, all seemed to entangle me in a labyrinth of passermenterie and a confusion of tissue. Everything was embued with a delicious perfume, which seemed to have been wafted with the wares from the spicy climes of India and Persia. In a word, I was in a world of magic, and I yielded myself to the spell of Oriental enchantment.

A lady was sitting upon a platform opposite to me, apparently absorbed in the rare merchandize that was spread before her, though she happened to glance towards me, and I thought just winked one of her beautiful eyes.

I approached nearer, and she asked my opinion of the rich silk the merchant was eulogising:

"Captain," she said, "shall I take the blue or the velvet?"

"Blue is best," said I, thinking of the emblematic meaning of the color, for the rays from her bright eyes were already consuming my soul.

Here, then, was the realization of all my ideas of Circassian beauty. She was veiled it was true, but what of that illusion? Her large dark eyes looked out more deeply, more passionately, as the fringed lids drooped over the world of fondness they seemed to shelter. The nose, with its chiseled outline, as if the perfection of a statuary's art; lips that wreathed with smiles or curled with scorn were irresistibly wooing, were too glorious to be clouded by that snowy tissue of a veil. She seemed to know that I was overcome by her beauty, and I thought the rosy god had tinged her vision, for her gaze was sometimes lingering upon my own countenance.

The purchase was at length made, yet she did not depart without signalling to me an individual who was ensconced within an opposite niche or stall. He was sending up dark, heavy clouds of smoke from his chibouk. Scowlingly he re-



"IN AN INSTANT MY HAND WAS UPON THE TRIGGER OF MY REVOLVER, AND MY ENEMY LAY PROSTRATE."

garded us, without turning his eyeballs in their deep sockets, and his teeth seemed set with the extremity of rage.

"Look at him, he hates you," said the fair lady.

Summoning the black slave to follow her, she ordered the merchant to send home her purchases:

"I live in the quarter of Lalaly, in the street Yuksek Calderum, leading to Oon Kapan. There is a fountain; about a hundred feet from the fountain there is a grocer, and the third door from this grocer is my house. They call it the konak of Mustapha Efendi, ex-governor of Aidin, and it is now occupied by Tcherkess Mehmed Agha."

While speaking she looked at me; but I had already resolved to track her footsteps. I slowly followed at a distance, from narrow street to street, beneath long lines of stone walls, under latticed casements, till she suddenly stopped and disappeared within a certain house:

I lingered in the vicinity, wondering what open sesame could gain me admission to that portal; in what disguise I might pass into those realms of Peridom; for there were few passers-by in the retired quarter.

A black slave approached, she cautiously looked around, and then accosted me.

"Captain, you must be a physician; my lady is ill; just step in and prescribe for her."

Without stopping to question myself about any acquisitions in medical science or to deliberate about danger, accidents or casualties of any sort, this summons was too much in keeping with my own meditations to be refused; so glancing up and down the street, and curiously peering at the lattices, I supposed I was unobserved, and followed the black into the house. She quietly opened the door, for the inner latch was already raised, and we entered a spacious vestibule paved with marble; up a flight of steps into a large hall, upon which there were several doorways, over which hung heavy curtains of embroidered broadcloth. She led me; she quietly raised one of the curtains, looked in and beckoned me on. We wandered through one apartment after another, the draperies noiselessly falling behind our retreating figures, meeting no living soul, nor hearing any echo of our own footfalls, as they pressed the soft carpetings of the rooms. I once essayed to question my guide, for I began to tremble and wonder in what labyrinth she was entangling me. But she shook her head, and placing her finger

upon her lips, motioned me on. At length she raised the curtain of an apartment, and ushered me into the presence of my lady of the bazaars.

This apartment was surrounded on three sides by a low, wide sofa, covered with heavy yellow damask, with cushions of embossed velvet, which leaned against the wall. The ceiling was adorned by a golden sun upon a ground of azure, and the walls were deeply tinted in the gayest fresco. Silken draperies hung over the windows, but there were no lattices; for outside was a gorgeous parterre of sweetly perfumed flowers enclosed within stone walls; the only sign of an outer world was the aspiring minaré towering up to heaven, as a beacon, the watch-tower of the faithful.

My queen of beauty was gracefully sitting, half reclined, upon the sofa. She had laid aside her outdoor costume, and now wore an entarry of pale blue silk, richly edged with an embroidery in gold and pearls. The graceful contour of her figure was just defined by the gossamer and snow-white scarf which encircled but bound not her slender waist. The yellow trousers hung in ample folds, and the sleeves of her dress were loose, long and open, displaying the beautifully modelled arms and small white hands which seemed to adorn the gems that contrasted with their dazzling purity. A crimson fess was upon her head, ornamented by a large spray of brilliants, and her well-formed feet just peeped from the folds of her trousers, the blue veins with delicate tracery pencilling the tide of life over their marble surface.

She motioned me to seat myself on the sofa, and somewhat sadly thus addressed me:

"I believe I have at last met my destiny. True, I have not known you long, but hearts divine each other with lightning speed; is it not so, Efendi? You wonder who I am: I am a Tcherkez, a Circassian, the child of one of those noble chieftains of the mountains. Some time after the death of my mother, my father wishing to save me from the vicissitudes of our wild and hazardous life, as well as to retrieve me from the ills of poverty, sent me to Constantinople in charge of one of the famous slave-dealers. This man has brought me up very tenderly. I have been instructed in all the accomplishments of an Osmanli lady. When with the advance of years my physical developments attained their perfection, I became noted all over the city, and it so happens that, instead of being taken into the royal harem, I am to be sold to an old dignitary, whose fourth wife I am to be. Mehmed Agha, the merchant, thinks this a fine chance for a handsome speculation, and so he will turn me over to him to-morrow. In vain I have protested; he only admonishes me of the sin of spurning my *kismet*. I have been devising some way to free myself from this dilemma, and it seems Allah has sent you to me. Say, will you not save me?"

"My life is at your disposal, fair lady; my soul has already left my possession and passed into your keeping."

"Take me, then, to your own country," she replied; "I will fly with you to the remotest lands. Bring even this very night if possible the dress of a European and we may escape."

"Yes," said I, "you shall be the sun of my world, the star of my adoration, the wedded partner of my life," and I gave vent to the glowing passion of my breast. For was I not almost in possession of the being of my fancy, was not this the realisation of the romance which had haunted me, waking or sleeping, for so many years? So I proposed to pay any sum of money to the merchant as a ransom.

"Ah! you little know the prejudices of our people," observed my fair companion; "though money often accomplishes a great deal, yet in this case it will be unavailable, for when did a Moslem maid wed an unbeliever, No! no! you cannot purchase me, but you may save me"—here the excited girl, believing I was the accomplishment of her destiny, and elated with the hope of being delivered from her impending fate, fell upon her knees at my feet, praying me to vow in the name of Allah that I would fulfil my promise.

As I raised my eyes towards heaven my glance fell upon the tall minaré. Some one was in the balcony. It was not the hour of prayer, nor did any voice of muezzin resound through the atmosphere. I looked again. Oh Heavens! there was the

demon of the bazaars. His terrible eyes piercing into the very room. I involuntarily exclaimed,

"There he is again, the horrible spectre."

"What a fancy!" she said, following the direction of my gaze: "there is no one there;" and, as if to chase away even the shadow of an imagination of evil, she took her guitar, and sang half sadly, half playfully, one of the lays of that sunny clime, which transport the soul beyond the mere fact world into a realm of ecstasy.

'Twas thus the lady sang:

Beyenirsen al yanunah
Nazar éylé gerdanunah, &c.

I.

Near, near you, 'tis your fond desire,
My form of beauty to admire;
Yet tremble lest to touch you dare
My rosy cheeks and brow so fair.
My soul, my love,
Those hands remove,
My darling,
Cease fondling.

II.

If my dazzling beauty charms you,
My rosy cheeks to kisses woo,
One glance so fond, of love the sigh,
Pierces my soul too tenderly.
My soul, my love,
Those hands remove,
My darling,
Cease fondling.

III.

When first my eyes on thee did rest,
Hope dawn'd, joy gleam'd within my breast,
With chains of love I thought to bind,
But ah! a captive thou didst find.
My soul, my love,
Those hands remove,
My darling,
Cease fondling.

The soft melody of her voice pervaded my being: I forgot the phantom of the minaré, and was absorbed in a pleasing reverie. I would transport this beautiful creature to my own country, make her my one beloved, my only wife. How would she shine like a star in that far off hemisphere, the brightest in the galaxy of beauty.

Suddenly there was a rush of many persons into the room; it was the hated man who, again stood before me, now brandishing his scimitar. In an instant my hand was upon the trigger of my revolver and my enemy lay prostrate—wildly I rushed to and fro in the crowd; one and another I sacrificed in my fury, but at length I was overpowered by numbers, my hands were secured behind me.

I now saw my fair companion surrounded, they threw a veil over her, and we were both led forth. The silence of the street was now a hum, a din of multitudinous voices; it was the tumult of wrath, the roar of passion, the rush of unbounded fanaticism. The mysterious beings, so imperturbable beneath their portentous turbans and concealing draperies, were attesting their actual embodiment of human emotions.

Their dark eyes were flashing, their robed limbs wielded to and fro in violent gesticulations, their deep-toned voices were hurling anathemas against the giaour who had violated the sanctity of the harem. Confused cries of Mashallah, Inshallah, Istahfurlah, Infidel, Son of a Dog, were mingled with the shriller vociferations of women and children. Demoniack greetings assailed me; from the heights of paradise I was hurled down, down to the very depths of the infernal regions; my brain reeled, and I seemed to be consuming with the fire of my rage.

From street to street they paraded us; I cared not for myself, but my fury boiled over as I now and then turned my eyes upon my beautiful companion, who at last, overcome with shame and confusion, became insensible, and they placed her upon the back of a *hamal*, an unconscious burden of loveliness. We at last arrived at the hall of judgment at the Sublime Porte, the supreme court of justice.

The all powerful grand vizir and unrelenting grand mufti, sat at the head of the room, with a long line of merciless-look-

ing functionaries on either side. It seemed as if they had all been suddenly transformed into figures of stone, so fixed, so stern, so motionless was their bearing; save only the glare of their fierce eyes, as they were turned upon us. We were placed in the middle of the hall, the crowd surrounding us, when the voice of the officer who had us in charge proclaimed to the assembly the crime of which we were accused, and pointed to the multitude as the witnesses thereof.

There was a silence of a few moments, the grand mufti slowly raised his hand and several times stroked his beard, as if in profound meditation.

He at length spoke. "There is but one alternative. Let the rash man embrace Islamism and marry the girl, or suffer the penalty, which is death."

My heart rose to my lips; the words of the grand mufti sounded like accents of mercy, for my only desire was to save my companion at any hazard. But one of the judges immediately observed, "He has slain two Mussulmans, the slave dealer and Mehmed Agha."

Thereupon the grand vizir spoke with the grand mufti, the judges exchanged solemn whispers, their sombre countenances grew darker, and though

Skilled to hide
All but unconquerable pride,

yet my doom was written on their pondering brows.

The grand mufti now took from his bosom the *Kelama Kadin*, the Eternal Word, and slowly turned the leaves, while all eyes were fixed upon this great expounder of the law, and the deepest awe pervaded the assembly as the sacred words fell from his lips:

"Oh, true believers! the law of retaliation is ordained you for the slain, the free shall die for the free, and the servant for a servant, and a woman for a woman; moreover, he who slayeth a true believer shall be doomed to hell fire. Let the giaour and the girl be taken out."

And all the judges answered "*Seminah*" (so be it).

We were accordingly carried out, and placed in the prison for criminals; we were separated, my companion placed in the quarters allotted to female delinquents, and I in those reserved for the men.

I was now alone, between four walls; manacles and chains hanging heavily upon my limbs, awaiting the doom I was still left to conjecture, for no sentence had been pronounced by the grand mufti.

Strange issue of my romance; I could not doubt that I was to be sacrificed to the fury of my accusers; I, the intruder into the recesses of the harem! I the slayer of the true believers! there could be no escape for me. Yet might they not spare the lovely being, whose only crime was a desire to be freed from a hateful bondage, from a tyrant against whom her spirit revolted in disgust. My despair was arrested, my hopes dashed away by a shriek of wild agony which rent the air; a voice whose tone came too familiarly to my ear.

There was a barred aperture which admitted the light. I piled one low seat above another, and in spite of my fetters attained the opening. Oh that my senses had forsaken me, or my eyes been put out into utter darkness. Yet I was spell-bound.

My beloved was struggling upon the bare earth, overpowered by five or six fierce, cruel, unpitied demons, one of whom held a cord in his hand on which there were two knuckles of bone, about three or four inches apart. This cord they placed around her neck, and began to tighten by twisting the two ends together, until the strain of the cord and the pressure of the knuckles upon the jugular veins arrested the circulation of the blood and caused suffocation. The cord was loosened, the victim gasped for breath; again it was twisted, again let loose; another sigh of exhaling life; until every sign of animation was extinguished.

Yet, oh fatal bowstring, she is at rest, her sufferings are ended! The sack is next produced, the form so perfect in its loveliness is enshrouded and borne away on the back of a porter, to be consigned to its grave in the waters of the trackless sea; in the vast cemetery devoid of sign or monument, to mark the tombs of the many dead who sleep their long sleep in its coral groves.

How long must I linger ere the same vengeance would be executed upon my own form? No! I will not wait, my spirit pants to soar from its tenement.

I tore my garments into shreds, I prepared a cord for my own throat; a moment more and I should have joined my loved one. But the executioners were upon me. They knocked off my fetters, they dragged me forth into the public square. Thousands of vindictive Mussulmans thronged the space; men were posting my death-warrant upon the walls. Here the grim monster of dissolution seemed to be enthroned, as in his vast territories of the cypresses!

No human voice was heard; not one single murmur from all that multitude! Were they indeed spectres of another world? was I no longer an inhabitant of earth? No sign of life or motion, scarce a breath stirred the heavy atmosphere.

I saw a glittering in the sunlight, a clear and ghastly glitter, a waving as if a shining scimitar had cleft the air. My knees were forcibly bent under me, and I felt an icy touch upon my neck, the cold steel of the yataghan! One supreme yell of horror!

Suddenly I was gasping for breath, my eyes seemed to be starting from their sockets; where were the spectres of the faithful? where the sword of Mussulman justice.

o o o o o o o o o o

I was clenching my marpidge; my nargil stood there. I was prostrate upon my couch, in my own apartment, still in my native land. As I recovered my senses I involuntarily exclaimed, "Oh, Bayard Taylor, is it thus you lure us into the mysteries of the Hashish!"

HOW THEY DINE IN PARIS.—In France considerable attention is devoted, and very wisely, to the service of the table, for every sense should be pleased at a good dinner. In former days the dining-room used to be perfumed, but now the only sweet fragrance is that of well-cooked dishes, and the natural flowers placed on the table. Before dinner the under butler should prepare all the condiments ready to hand, and place four glasses on the table for each guest—one for sherry, one for water, the third for Bordeaux, and the fourth for champagne. The plates, forty centimetres apart, should have the napkins laid on them, folded in the German fashion, with a roll inside. According to the number of English guests present will be that of the salt cellars. In addition, there must be a stove to warm the place, and an abundance of clean glasses. The *maitre d'hotel* has charge of the wines, which are labelled, and then handed round. If the soup happen to be turtle, iced rum punch is indispensable; in any other case sherry will serve your turn. The *Sauterne* accompanies the oysters and removes of fish. The *Saint Julian* is handed round with the fruit. With the entrées, and up to the dessert, Chateau Margeau, and Chateau Lafitte alternate with dry and sparkling champagne. Port and ale go with the cheese. Rhenish and punch are advisable beverages with the game. In addition, the table should be garnished with labelled decanters, containing Baune, Chablis, Grave, or Sherry; the *Sauterne* should be slightly iced. The dessert wines are Pacarete, Frontignac, and Sherry. In summer light wines are preferred; in winter generous wines. All the waiters, in white gloves, take the places assigned them, and while the dinner is being placed on the table, a servant hands round the *vermouth* in the salon; then the *maitre d'hotel*, for whom the folding doors are opened by two footmen, announces in a clear voice that the "dinner is on the table."

THE RECTOR OF THE PARISH.—He was not much of a preacher. He preached short, moral sermons. But then he acted pretty much up to what he said. He didn't set up for being so different from other folks one day and then be as like 'em as two peas the rest; and he made folks love and respect him, and that was better nor stirring up their gall wi' being over-busy. Mrs. Poyser used to say—you know she would have her word about everything—she said he was like a good meal o' victual, you were better for him without thinking on it, and Mr. Ryde was like a dose of physic, he griped you, and worked you, and after all he left you much the same.—*Adam Bede*.

AUX ITALIENS.

BY OWEN MEREDITH.

At Paris it was, at the Opera there ;
And she look'd like a queen in a book that night,
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,
And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,
The best, to my taste, is the "Trovatore :"
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow ;
And who has not thrill'd in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burn'd low,
"Non ti scordar di me ?"

The emperor there, in his box of state,
Look'd grave as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city-gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye.
You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well ! there in our front-row box we sat,
Together, my bride-betroth'd and I :
My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat,
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.
Like a queen, she lean'd on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent, air she had ;
So confident of her charm !

I have not a doubt she was thinking then
Of her former lord, good soul that he was
Who died the richest, and roundest of men,
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
Thro' a needle's eye he had not to pass.
I wish him well, for the jointure given
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love,
As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
Till over my eyes there began to move
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
When we stood, 'neath the cypress trees, toget'
In that lost land, in that soft clime,
In the crimson evening weather :

Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot)
And her warm white neck in its golden chain :
And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
And falling loose again :

And the jasmin flower in her fair young breast :
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower !)
And the one bird singing alone to his nest :
And the one star over the tower.

I thought of our little quarrels and strife ;
And the letter that brought me back my ring,
And it all seem'd then, in the waste of life,
Such a very little thing !

For I thought of her grave below the hill,
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over.
And I thought—"Were she only living still,
How I could forgive her and love her !"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour
And of how, after all, old things were best,
That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower,
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold !
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unroll'd.

And I turn'd, and look'd. She was sitting there
In a dim box, over the stage ; and drest
In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair,
And that jasmin in her breast !

I was here : and she was there :
And the glittering horse-shoe curved between :
From my bride-betroth'd, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien,

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short from the Future back to the Past),
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I look'd. Then I stole to the door,
I travers'd the passage ; and down at her side,
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her or the music's strain,
Or something which never will be express'd,
Had brought her back from the grave again,
With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed !
But she loves me now, and she loved me then !
And the very first word that her sweet lips said,
My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,
And but for her . . . well, we'll let that pass,
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face : for old things are best ;
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is fill'd with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say :
For Beauty is easy enough to win ;
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back, and be forgiven.

But O the smell of that jasmin-flower !
And O that music ! and O the way
That voice rang out from the donjon tower
*Non ti scordar di me,
Non ti scordar di me !*

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE

SPECIAL REQUISITES IN THE CULTURE OF FUSCHIAS.

ONE of the first things to be attended to in the cultivation of fuschias is to select a healthy young plant that has a strong leader, and, taking it into a forcing-house, to remove its lateral branches and leaves to about half its height. The plant must then be kept constantly growing for two years, till it has attained the required height, during which period it must be frequently shifted into larger and larger pots—the lateral shoots and leaves being taken off as fast as they appear.

When the plant has acquired the height of eight or ten feet, it may be suffered to have a little rest, that is, it may be taken out of the hothouse, and placed in a greenhouse, when it will lose its leaves and cease growing ; for it must be observed that while kept constantly growing, by heat and moisture, in the hothouse, it will retain its leaves during winter, contrary to the usual habits of its genus. The following spring when the plant begins to grow, the top should be pinched off, when it will, in the usual course of time, produce a beautiful head, covered with flowers ; in this condition, if set in the middle of a bed of fuschias on a lawn, or in a garden, it will look finely.

The Fulgens variety is tuberous-rooted, with herbaceous stems, which naturally die off after the plant has produced its seeds. When this is the case the roots require to be kept quite dry till the following spring, when it may be brought forward by putting it into a hothouse, or plunging it into a hotbed. Young cuttings of this species strike as freely as any of the other sorts, but they require care, as they are liable to damp off ; in some cases a single leaf has struck, the roots proceeding from the thickened part at the base of the petiole. The Arborescens is a tender variety, but is esteemed on account of its fine foliage and its terminal heads of lilac flowers. It grows very freely from cuttings, which attain, frequently, the height of five or six feet in one year.

PROPER SELECTION OF FLOWER PLANTS.

Although so much of the success of flower plants depends upon the manner and circumstances in which they are planted,

their selection and the mode of obtaining them are points which will exert not a little influence on their subsequent well-being. It should be seen that they are fully adapted to the climate and soil in which they are to be placed, by having come from a similar or an inferior one. A plant may grow all the better in a favorable temperature and good soil, from having been reared in a colder or more exposed place, and a poorer quality of earth. But let the reverse of this take place, and it will merely linger out a languishing existence for a time, never forming a beautiful specimen, and very likely it will perish. It is important, therefore, that those who undertake to plant in a bad climate or indifferent earth, should see that their plants are procured from a similar or inferior locality.

Plants that are grown in a poor and shallow soil, and a somewhat exposed situation, and have been several times transplanted, are, consequently, well furnished with fibrous roots, and rather stunted than luxuriant in their growth. If they are not planted too thickly, they will also be as well provided with branches as with roots. And these are the very best description of plants for any place, however sheltered it may be, or whatever be the quality of the soil. They will be sure to thrive anywhere; and the more congenial the conditions to which they are transferred, the more perfect and beautiful will they become.

THE IRIS.

There are three distinct kinds of iris, besides innumerable species, hybrids and varieties. These are the fibrous rooted kinds, which grow best in a fine sandy loam, and which increase rapidly every year by suckers from the roots; the tuberous-rooted kinds, which are very liable to be destroyed by worms, or to rot from too much wet; and the bulbous-rooted kinds, which should be taken up and re-planted every second or third year, as the new bulbs, which are formed every season, are always directly under the old bulbs, and thus, in the course of a few years, the bulbs descend so low as to be out of the reach of the air, and consequently incapable of vegetation. This it will be generally found that persons in the habit of growing irises are frequently complaining of losing their plants, while the real fault or difficulty rests with themselves for not taking up their bulbs at the proper time. The bulbous and tuberous-rooted irises succeed best in sandy peat, or in any light and dry soil. The splendid Chalcidonian iris is one of the tuberous-rooted kinds; and it not only requires a dry soil during winter, but to be allowed plenty of pure air during the whole period of its growth.

MANAGEMENT OF THE HOTHOUSE.

Hothouses differ from greenhouses in being kept at a higher temperature, so as to suit tropical plants; and in having a flat bed for the principal part of the plants to stand on, instead of a sloping stage of shelves. This bed is commonly surrounded by a narrow brick wall, two or three feet high, and filled with tan, in which the plants are plunged; but in some cases, instead of tan or any other fermenting material, there is a cavity beneath the bed, in which flues or pipes of hot water are placed. The surface of the bed is either covered with sand or some other material, calculated to retain an equality of moisture, in which the pots are plunged in the same manner as in the tan.

Some persons do not use any materials in which to plunge the pots, but merely set them on the surface of the bed, trusting to the general heat of the air of the house, or the heat emitted through the bottom of the pit from the pipes or flues below, taking care to keep the surface of the bed, on which the pots stand, moist by pouring water over it at least once a day.

The heat of hothouses for ordinary exotic plants should at no period of the day or year be lower than sixty-five degrees; but in summer, during bright sunshine, it may be as high as seventy, eighty or ninety degrees. During winter it should never be lower than sixty degrees in the day time. In hothouses devoted to the growth of orchideous plants of various kinds, a higher temperature is of course requisite than for the ordinary plants of the tropics, and also a proportionately great degree of moisture; and in order to attain the latter object, the floor of the house, or else the heated pipe, is frequently sprinkled with

water. There is, however, some judgment to be exercised in regard to this operation, or harm may be done.

MODE OF GRAFTING FLOWERS.

In the performance of this operation, it is necessary to have a very sharp knife, for if the slightest roughness is left on the parts of the scion and the stock which are to be united, their perfect union cannot be effected. The operation ought also to be performed with rapidity, so as to expose the naked sections of the scion and stock for as few moments as possible to the atmosphere. When the plants to be grafted are in pots, they should immediately afterwards be placed in a gentle heat, and kept moist, and, if covered with a bell-glass, so much the better. The latter practice is thought to be essential in the case of grafted orange trees, camellias, rhododendrons, daphnes, arbutus, magnolias, &c. Grafts made in the open air, on very small plants, may sometimes be covered with hand-glasses, or slightly sheltered or shaded till they have begun to grow; and the soil may be covered with litter, or rotten tan, or leaves, to retain the moisture. Where no pains are spared, the soil may be warmed immediately after grafting by watering it with a few pots of hot water. After the scion has made shoots a few inches in length, the clay may be removed and the matting loosened, but care must be observed not to do this too soon. The proper time may always be known by observing whether the edge of the scion exhibits a granulating process, closely uniting it with the stock.

PARLOR PLANTS.

The present is a very trying season for all flower plants that are kept in rooms, especially those that are desired to have a flourishing appearance through the winter. Flowers are a luxury through the trying hours of a winter season, and, with a little judicious attention, many are the beauties of vegetative nature that may now be enjoyed; and after one or two seasons experience in this pleasant department of care, much will have been learned to make the labor lighter and more successful in the future.

At no time during this season should air be admitted—except for a few moments—while the thermometer is below thirty-five degrees exposed in the shade, and in time of very severe frosts the plants ought to be withdrawn from the window to the centre of the room during night. Water should not be given until the soil in the pots is inclining to become dry, except for hyacinths and other Dutch bulbs that are in a growing state, which must be supplied in a liberal manner. A little air may given every favorable opportunity—that is, when the thermometer is above thirty-five degrees exposed in the shade, by putting up the window or lowering it, one, two or three inches, according to the state of the weather, whether mild and genial or rough and frosty.

It is a good plan to clean the foliage with sponge and water frequently, to remove all dust and dirt that has accumulated; but the water used for this purpose should not exceed eighty degrees, sixty being preferable. The plants should be turned frequently, to prevent them growing to one side. Roses of the daily sort may be obtained early by having them in a warm room that has a south window, and as soon as they begin to grow, admit air in small portions about noon, every day that the sun has any effect; they must be well supplied with water. Bulbs in glasses must be supplied with fresh water at least once a week, in which period they will inhale all the nutritive gas to be derived from that element, if they are in a growing state.

BALCONY GARDENS.

Winter is not the season for balcony gardens, unless they are well inclosed and warmed; otherwise the canary-bird flowers and other annuals die off as soon as they have perfected their seeds, and the geraniums are killed by the first frost. The petunias and verbenas, if properly attended to, will survive the winter. The pelargoniums, if taken into the house and kept in a room where there is a moderate heat, and watered over the leaves in the middle of every fine day, when it is not cold, may thus be preserved; unless, however, they are frequently watered in this manner, they cannot endure the hot, dry air of an ordinary living-room—the leaves turning yellow and dropping

off, and the plants becoming drawn up, with long naked stems. The cacti bear the atmosphere and dust of sitting-rooms better than any other kind of plants; and as they require little water, and none to be given over the leaves, they are easily kept. In balconies where a few ornamental plants are required during winter, it is best to have some evergreens in pots or boxes—such as the Chinese juniper, arbor vitae, and box or variegated holly, as a background, with daphne adorata, chrysanthemums and rhododendrons for the foreground. Some of the hardy kinds of camellias may also be tried, as the single and common double red.

GREENHOUSE PLANTS.

The heat of the greenhouse should not generally be allowed to rise above thirty-five degrees at night, and forty or at most forty-five degrees by day. Many greenhouse plants are weakened, and some are killed by being kept too warm in winter. If the heat in the greenhouse be suffered to become too low, and the plants should appear touched with frost, they should not have fire heat applied to them, but should be suffered to wait till the heat of the house rises to thirty-five or forty degrees, which will generally be in the middle of the day; and when this is the case, the plants may be syringed with cold spring water, and the house kept closed all day.

In a conservatory where the plants are planted in the ground, more heat will be required than in a greenhouse, where the plants are kept in pots, on account of the damp rising from the mass of earth the plants grow in. On the same account, air should be admitted freely, in the middle of the day, whenever the sun shines brightly and the air feels warm. According to the mode of heating now generally practised, the air is warmed before it is permitted to enter the house; and when this is the case, and an apparatus has been provided for suffering the air already in the house to escape, the plants cannot fail to thrive. It is only lately that the importance of fresh air to plants has been discovered, but it is now found to be as requisite for them as for animals.

Plants in a conservatory require to be carefully attended to as to watering, and they should be syringed over the leaves when they are watered; those plants which are nearest to the pipes or flues will require most water, as they become the soonest dry. The most beautiful greenhouse plants that are in flower at this season are the camellias, in all their glories of red and white. The latter are by far the most beautiful, and when nearly expanded they look like flowers of wax; they are, however, soon injured by exposure to the weather. Camellias require plenty of air and water, and frequent syringing over the leaves.

SCARLET GERANIUMS.

The cultivation of the scarlet geranium is by no means difficult. Cuttings taken off at a joint will strike root readily in a soil composed of sandy loam; indeed, scarcely any other plant will grow better or more rapidly. It should, however, be remembered that the wounded part must be allowed to become dry before put into the soil, as from its succulent nature the scarlet geranium is very apt to rot. When the cuttings are rooted, they should be potted separately. When intended for beds, the soil should not be too rich; as more leaves than flowers will be produced in a very rich earth. If the larger varieties are put in the centre, and the smaller ones round them, the effect is always much more pleasing than when the sorts are indiscriminately mixed. For pot-blooming, let the soil be light, and kept open by plentiful drainage. As the plant advances, it must have all its branches stopped to induce side shoots. If this be attended to in a proper manner, no support will be required, and the largest pots will soon be covered with a mass of bloom.

ROSES.

The rose was always the glory of floral creation, but within the last few years it has acquired still greater prominence, through the great skill employed in its cultivation. By hybridizing, or crossing different varieties, new sorts have been obtained of exquisite beauty. Variety and perfection of color, beauty of form, robust habit, and a prolonged blooming season, have been secured, so that the rose may now be had all the

year round, either in the open air from June to September and October, or in pots during the remaining season. It is true that none of the more recent productions can excel the old-fashioned moss and other sorts that might be named, in their respective fine qualities; but they form admirable companions to those established favorites, and in some particulars go beyond them. Can anything, for instance, surpass the sweet blush of the Bourbon Queen, or the brilliant hue of the Geant des Batailles? Then their continuity of bloom enhances wonderfully their other excellencies, and makes them most desirable additions.

BLOOMING HYACINTHS IN GLASSES.

If it is wished to have an early bloom of hyacinths in glasses, no time must be lost in placing the bulbs where they are to grow—in case this has not already been attended to; pure soft water should also be used, which should never touch the crown of the bulb from which the roots protrude, but be kept within about the eighth of an inch of it, or it is liable to rot. The glasses, with the bulbs upon them, should then be put into a dark closet, and kept from the light until the roots are two or three inches long, when they may be brought from their concealment. This treatment is founded on the natural laws of the plant. In the growth of the hyacinth in the open air, the roots become very long before there is much movement in the foliage, which does not present itself at the surface until this source of their future nutriment is well secured. But if a bulb is placed in water, and exposed immediately to the light, this provision of nature is violated—the foliage is excited before its time, the roots are not properly developed, and an injury is inflicted; but by placing the glasses in a dark situation, the natural conditions are observed, and healthiness is maintained.

In a hothouse the blooming of a hyacinth will be rapidly brought about; but in a cold greenhouse, or a window of a room, the movement will be slower. Some persons are in the habit of removing the bulbs from the window at night, and placing them on the mantelpiece or the table until morning, so that the growth may not be retarded by the cold. The water must be changed frequently, as the roots quickly exhaust the matters in it which they require, and also cast off an excretion which renders it unwholesome.

With regard to the quality of bulbs, the grand criterion of excellence is firmness, and consequently weight. If weight and size can both be had it is best, but the former is more important than the latter. A soft spongy bulb is a bad one, and cannot produce a good flower; while one as hard as a cricket-ball, although rather diminutive, is sure to turn out well. That soft bulbs should send up weak and ill-favored flowers is perfectly natural. A bulb fully exposed to natural influences, and having a fine healthy foliage, will treasure up a store of organizable matter which, in proportion to its quantity, will impart firmness to itself when the foliage decays. It is in this way the waste of vital energy in the flowering process is repaired, and therefore, if the plant is hindered from treasuring up this sap, the bulb will tell the tale when taken from the ground.

ODORS OF FLOWERS IN THE HOUSE.

An error in regard to the influence of flower culture in the house on the health of the inmates, has very commonly arisen from confounding the effects of the odors of plants with a general result of their presence. It is not to be doubted that all strong scents are injurious, and those of some flowers are especially so, and ought on no account to be in the way of an invalid. But it is a well-known fact, that a very large class of plants have either no scent at all, or so little as to be of no consequence, so that there is still room for an extensive collection. This, then, is one fact to be kept in mind, in regard to house plants.

Another point to be borne in mind is, that the plants admitted should be in perfect health, for while growing vegetation is healthful, it becomes noxious when sickly or dead. The most scrupulous cleanliness should also be maintained—the pots, saucers and the stands to be often subjected to cleansing. Under this head may likewise be included the removal of dying leaves, and all flowers before they have quite lost their beauty, since it is well known that the petals become unpleasant in some varieties as soon as the meridian of their brief life is passed.

By giving attention to these simple regulations, a sick chamber may have its windows adorned with flowers without the slightest risk to the health of the occupant—besides affording some of the most gentle lenitives of pain, as well as sources of rational enjoyment. Of course some discrimination is required to be exercised in obtaining the requisite kind of plants among those that are free from odor, but this is by no means a difficult task.

THE CROWNED HEADS—A FEW ROYAL STATISTICS.

We glean from that courtly and aristocratic manual, the *Almanach de Gotha*, some interesting statistics about European royalty. Those sovereigns who have ruled for the longest period are the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, since 1787; the Duke of Saxe-Meiningen, since 1803; the Prince of Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, since 1807; the King of Wurtemberg, since 1816. The sovereigns most recently arrived to the throne are the King of Saxony, who has ruled since August 9, 1854; the Emperor of Russia, since March 2, 1855; and the Prince of Monaco, since the 20th of June, 1856. The oldest monarchs are the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg, aged 77; the Landgrave of Hesse-Hamburg, aged 65; the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, aged 74; [he commenced to reign when but four years old]; the Prince of Reuss-Schleiz, aged 69; the King of Belgium, aged 68; and the Pope of Rome, aged 66. The King of Portugal, born in 1837, and the Duke of Parma, born in 1847, are the youngest reigning monarchs.

Few of these princes, excepting Alexander of Russia, and Pedro of Portugal, who, young as he is, showed himself at the time of the pestilence at Lisbon, to be "every inch a king," are distinguished for remarkable virtues or talents; in fact, some of them are so to speak, notable for their very mediocrity. It may be that many of our readers have never heard before of that old man, the Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, who for seventy-one years has been the undisputed ruler of his little principality. What a panorama of wonderful events the world has presented in that period! The star of Napoleon culminated and fell, to rise again in the person of his nephew. A race of dissolute and immoral kings have passed away from the throne of England, leaving a queen whose domestic virtue is the most distinguished jewel in her crown. From a feeble, struggling country, just entering upon its career, the United States have become a nation whose influence is felt all over the civilized world. The colossal power of Russia has shaken off its long barbaric lethargy, and in the emancipation of its serfs has proved its vast capabilities for good. Revolutions have swept over Europe like sudden storms, between which men have set there subtle intellects to work to compass the victories of peace, more glorious than those of war. The steamboat, the railroad, the electric telegraph, the use of anæsthetic agents, the spread of general information, and the increased influence of the public press, have caused a wonderful revolution in social life. Yet during all this period, so teeming with mighty events, that obscure German, who became a prince in his fourth year, has been quietly smoking his pipe, undisturbed and undisturbing, in his sleepy little principality of Schaumburg-Lippe, and the world only hears of his existence in the annual edition of the *Almanach de Gotha*.

The Prince of Monaco, who is willing to sell his birthright for a mess of pottage, is attracting some attention just now. To be sure he is quite an insignificant monarch, his little ten miles square kingdom not more than paying the expense of his residence at Paris. The prince does not care much for the country, and Russia does—so, probably, Russia will get it. Everybody that has travelled along the Cornice road remembers Monaco, because the driver tells you when you arrive at the border, and assures you that in an hour you will have passed the territory of Monaco, and with his finger points to the Mediterranean; and away down, separated from you by great chasms, whose rough sides are adorned with terraced olive groves, you notice a city in the sea. Standing on a narrow peninsula, its sharp, clear-cut walls plunge far down into the water—the roofs of the houses glitter in the sunlight—a quiet

haze pervades the lazy atmosphere, through which float upwards, from monasteries, half-hidden among the olives, the sweet tones of bells—a few sails dot the surface of the blue Mediterranean, and the whole view seems to be too picturesque to be a reality. Yet it is reality, and that little sea-washed city is Monaco—the same that Russia wants to buy and its rightful ruler wants to sell.

The Emperors of France and Russia and the Queen of England, from the immense power of their respective governments, from their individual character, and the Pope of Rome, from his religious attributes, are constantly before the public eye. But Americans will have to hunt up the *Almanach de Gotha* to hear anything of at least three-fourths of those little great men—the sovereigns of Europe.

SINGULAR TASTES AND ANTIPATHIES.

SEVERAL illustrious men have evinced a marked predilection for certain days in the year. We know that Napoleon felt such a disposition for the 20th of March.

Charles V., said Brantome, was particularly fond of the festival of St. Matthias (24th of February), and sanctified it beyond all other days, because on that day he was elected emperor, on that day crowned, and on that day, also, he took King Francis prisoner—not himself, but through his lieutenants. Brantome adds, also, that the emperor was born on the feast of St. Matthias (24th of February, 1500); that on the same day, in 1527, his brother Ferdinand was elected King of Bohemia; and that on the 24th of February, 1556, he abdicated the throne.

The 1st of January was to Francis I. what the 24th of February was to Charles V. Born on the 1st of January, it was on the 1st of January that this prince lost his father, that he became king, on which his daughter was married, and that on which Charles V. made his entry into Paris.

Sixtus V., born on Wednesday (18th of December, 1521), made his profession as a Franciscan friar on a Wednesday, was promised a cardinalship on a Wednesday, was elected pope on a Wednesday, and exalted to the dignity the following Wednesday.

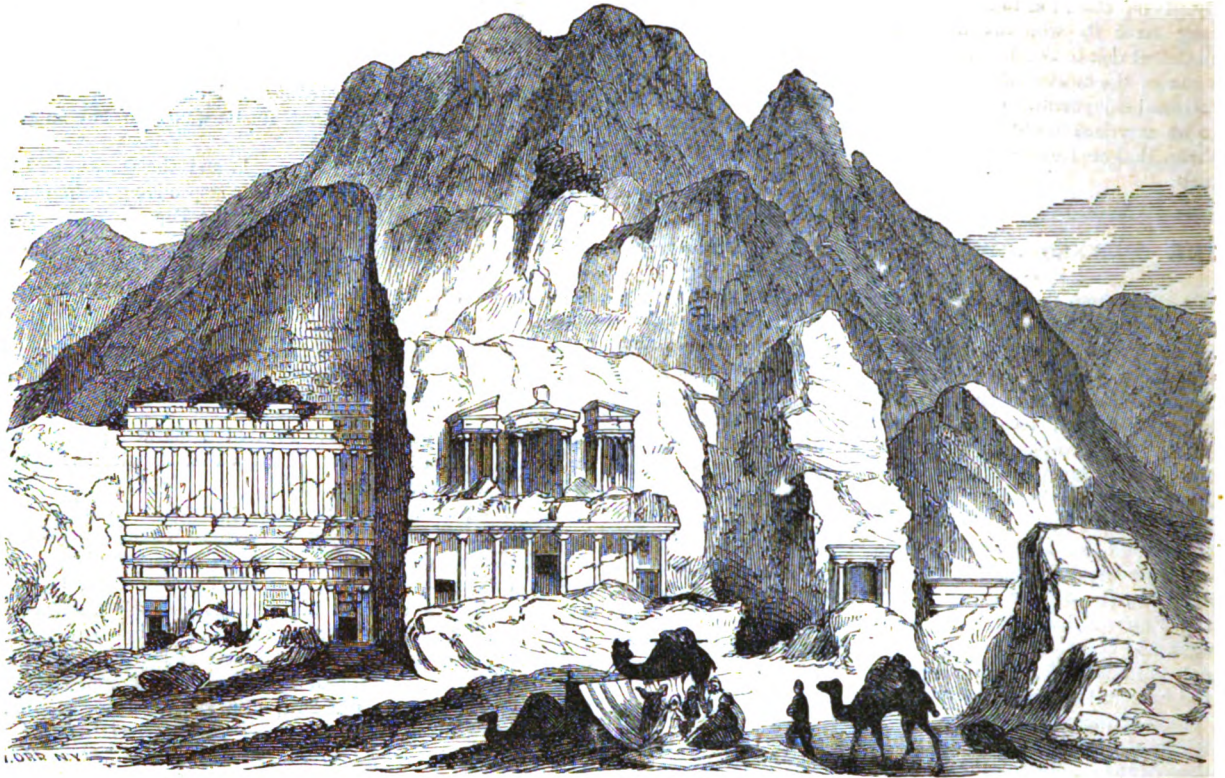
Louis XIII., some hours before his death (Thursday, May 11th, 1643), called his physicians and asked them if they thought he could live until the next day, saying that Friday had always been to him a fortunate day, that he had on that day engaged in enterprises which were uniformly successful, that he had ever gained battles on that day, and that having always considered it his happiest day, he wished he might die on it.

One of the Spanish kings could not endure any one in his presence who had taken tobacco. He had, besides, the mania of feeling incensed at any man's demanding the age of a woman, unless he had intentions of marriage.

Nothing could exceed the timidity, or we might say the poltroonery, of the celebrated moralist, Nicole: he dreaded travelling excursions on the water, and to the end of his life he never went into the streets without trembling in incessant fear lest a tile should fall on his head. He dwelt for a long time in the Faubourg St. Marcel, "because," said he, "the enemies who threatened Paris would enter by the Porte Saint Martin, and would be obliged, consequently, to traverse the whole city before they could arrive at his house."

Henry III., who had so decided a passion for little dogs, could not remain in the same room with a cat. The Duke D'Epemon fainted at the sight of a leveret. Marshal de Breze, who died in 1680, swooned at the sight of a rabbit, as related by Tallemant.

Marshal d'Albert got ill at a repast where either a suckling pig or a wild boar was served. Erasmus could not even smell a fish without getting feverish. Scagliar trembled all over at seeing water-cresses. Tycho Brahe felt his limbs failing when he encountered a hare or a fox. Bacon fell into a fainting fit during an eclipse of the moon. Bayle got convulsions when he heard the sound of water issuing from a spout. Lamoignon la Vayer could not endure the sound of any instrument. Favoriti, an Italian poet, who died in 1682, could not bear the odor of the rose.



CORINTHIAN TOMBS AT PETRA.

FROM WALL STREET TO CASHMERE.

[The article below is condensed from a work entitled "From Wall Street to Cashmere," written by Mr. John B. Ireland, a member of the New York Bar.

It is published by S. A. Rello & Co., New York, and is got up in a style which is in every way creditable to the publishers. It contains nearly one hundred engravings, from sketches made on the spot by the Author, and can therefore be relied upon as correct.

The book is written in an easy graphic style, giving a very lively description of what he saw and did during a journey of five years' duration.]

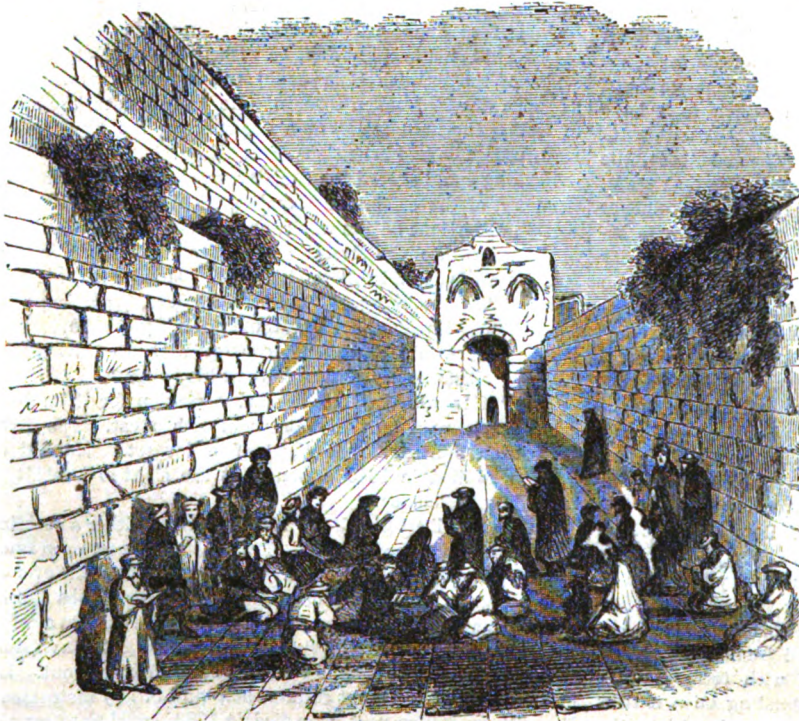
I AM off for Cashmere: so good-bye to you, Wall street, briefs and "Code." *En passant*, stopped in London to see the opening of the Great Exhibition, be presented to the Queen, and gaze at the three great notabilities, "The Duke," Cardinal Wiseman, and the hippopotamus. Then to Paris for a glimpse at the Prince President.

Then to Copenhagen, accompanied by a friend from the "sunny South," who is to share the "roughs and tumbles" with me. I was much amused at the clumsy way we came into dock, a matter so skilfully done by our captains

To-day our steamer acquaintances and we (a designation I shall always hereafter give to express my friend and self) formed a large party for sight-seeing. Started under convoy of a huge negro guide, a freed or escaped slave from the West Indies, who was a fund of amusement for the party, with his exaggerated style of dress, and assumption of "easy assurance," dignity and information, for me especially, from the patronizing condescension he was constantly displaying to my little Southern friend. Our party was a strange medley—a German, a Finlander, an Englishman, my friend and self. With our patronizing guide, we felt like a lot of schoolboys on a holiday excursion.

Left for Elsinore. Stopped there a short time; saw the old Castle of Konigsberg, a fine, large structure. The boat was very crowded; of us one attended to the luggage, and the other secured a cabin. We were among the very few who did; most of our acquaintances slept in the saloon, and toiletted in our cabin.

One of our compatriots, a vulgar, tobacco-expectorating braggart, from some-



THE JEWS' PLACE OF WAILING, JERUSALEM.

where on the outskirts of civilization, south or west, being among the number of unfortunates in the saloon, had laid his coat on a sofa to secure it, and returning to take possession in the evening, found a young cockney reposing on it. Without asking him to let him have the place claimed by his coat, which would instantly have been done, he came up to me to ask if it was not the place he had taken. On my saying "Yes" (as I had been talking to him at the time he took it), he went out and brought the captain in, who was wondering what was to follow this unexpected captivity, when the compatriot asked if it was not the custom when the steamer was full, and a gentleman laid his coat on a sofa to claim a place, for the coat to keep the place?

"Certainly," replied the bewildered captain.

"Then I'm d—d if I don't have my rights, as a free-born American citizen."

The rest of the Americans "vamosed." The cockney, who had been waked up by the tumult, seeing he was "the observed of all observers," and not being accustomed to western braggadocio, made tracks to avoid the too intimate acquaintance of bowie-knife or revolver.

Among our passengers was a very gentlemanly and well-known Bostonian. There was also a Norwegian who had gone to America nine years before as a boy of sixteen. Getting employment on a merchant vessel, by his intelligence and attention to his duties he had risen to be first mate of a five-hundred-ton ship, lying at Elsinore; he was now going to visit his family for the first time since he



WEDDING COSTUMES AT SAETERSDALEN, NORWAY.



CAVE TEMPLE AT ELEPHANTA, BOMBAY.

left them. On his return to America he was promised the command of another ship.

After ten delightful days in Norway, came to Gottenburg, about two-thirds of the way down the fiord, one of the most beautiful bodies of water in the world; more than one hundred miles you are surrounded by grand and varying scenery.

In Norway there is a curious custom. On rising from table, the father, mother and children kiss each other, shaking hands with their guests, hope the meal will do them no harm. Whilst in Norway I made a sketch of the wedding costume of some peasants.

Took the steamer to Stockholm and gave repeated injunctions to be called before daylight, as the approach to Stockholm is much admired. We were on deck by three o'clock; alas! for our pleasant anticipations; it was raining in torrents, but, well wrapped up, we waited for the first glimpse. A venerable Jew crawled out, *sans cravat*, with dressing-gown and slippers; next our two Scotchmen; but the rain was too much for my *compagnon de voyage*, and he tumbled into his berth again. We held on only to be disappointed. Though fine in sunshine, the view was dreary enough in a pelting rain.

Started for New Upsala, by steamer, up the lake, and then on to Dannemora iron mines. There are four thousand tons made here annually. It is the best in the world for steel. The iron made in Sweden is superior to that of other countries, from being smelted by charcoal instead of other coal or peat. Of the seventy thousand tons exported, thirty-three thousand are used in England; twenty thousand in the United States; eight thousand in Denmark; and five thousand in France.

Stopped at Old Upsala, visiting the tombs and tumuli of Odin and his family; drank mead out of his horn. Saw the old church, the first Christian one in Scandinavia. Passed a fine chateau of the Brahé family.

We reached Abo, a delightful sail of sixty hours, mostly surrounded by pretty little islands. It formerly was part of Sweden, but taken from her by the Allied Powers in 1815, and given to Russia, while Norway was taken from Denmark and given to Sweden.

Thence to Sveaborg and Helsingfors. A small town, with a very fine fortress, impregnablely fortified, and called the Gibraltar of the North; the place, principally a military post, and containing many public buildings, has an imposing Lutheran church. Then across the Gulf of Finland to this place, which we reached at four this afternoon. It is the great naval dépôt of the Baltic. We did not go ashore; there was a pelting rain all the time we were here. Among the passengers who came aboard was a young Prince Bobinski, a very gentlemanly, intelligent young fellow of about twenty, a midshipman, and grandson of one of the Empress Catharine's nephews.

Paid a flying visit to Revel, and then two days more brought us to St. Petersburg. After leaving Revel it cleared off, and has been fine ever since. The Gulf was thronged with vessels—yesterday we counted ninety-seven; and lighthouses on most of the many islands. Reached Cronstadt about four this afternoon. The approach is very formidable, and it is doubtful if the combined fleets of the world could take it. Here our passports and selves were viséed; then we shifted to a small steamer and went up the bay (which is about fifteen miles long by ten wide, and very shoal) to this place. The sail is pleasant: on the one side are scattered palaces, villas and villages; among the former Peterhoff, the old imperial residence of Peter the Great, and several smaller, prettier and more modern ones of the present emperor. On the opposite side, the low marshy shores of Livonia; passed the Kamschatka, the first and fastest steam frigate in the Russian navy, built at Hoboken; also two small American steamers that ply between St. Petersburg and Peterhoff. We soon caught sight of the Admiralty, and St. Isaac's gilded dome, besides many others, spangled and gilded, though less grand and beautiful. The first approach to the Neva is through wood rafts and decayed docks; then soon in the midst of fine granite quays, iron bridges and beautiful buildings. A soldier guarded us till the custom-house officers came. The man who was to examine my luggage shut it up without looking at it, at the same time giving me a knowing look. I accordingly "tip'd" him, and with our two English

friends was soon at Mr. Benson's, a very nice English boarding-house on the banks of the Neva.

Had a round of sight-seeing for some days, and then left for Moscow by the diligence, where we were stowed two and two, my travelling friend from the South and self in the coupé, with our carpet-bags, cloaks, coats, books and hamper of eatables and drinkables, all so tightly packed, that we never should have got out before reaching Moscow had there not luckily been a door on either side.

Emerging from a small wood on the third afternoon, Moscow broke upon us, with its hundreds, almost thousands of domes and minarets, delighting us nearly as much as it did Napoleon when he first beheld them from Sparrow Hills on our right. Landing and receiving our passports, we were hurried and tumbled with our luggage into droshkies, and galloping off to Mr. Howard's (the English boarding-house) in the shortest time possible, where we are quartered, and the only lodgers.

We went to the Sparrow Hills to witness the departure of the exiles to Siberia, an event that takes place every Saturday morning, they being collected here from far distances (even St. Petersburg) for that purpose, and sent off on foot in chains under military escort. About eighty started yesterday. Their clothes and shoes are examined before they set out, to prevent their carrying any concealed money, after which ten copecks or about eight cents are given to each. The majority had a chain on each leg—the chain supported by a belt round the waist. Others were handcuffed and attached to a long chain.

It being a grand *fête* day, we started for Troitzka, a famous monastery, forty miles distant, and well known in the history of Russia for the part it has borne at various times.

On one occasion it afforded a refuge to Peter the Great, when his life was threatened by the Strelitzes.

It has had various grants of privilege and property from Peter the Great, Catharine and others, besides the left-handed one of self-appropriation again by some of those devout but aggrandising imperialities.

On our return from Troitzka we bought our taranta for the Odessa trip—a pleasant little jaunt of a thousand miles, which we are told we can accomplish, with good luck and no break downs, in nine days, including a day and a half stoppage on the road.

These tarantas are odd vehicles to look at, with a maximum of axletrees and poles, and a minimum of wheels (in circumference) and carriage body. However, with our trunks and boxes behind, and sacks, cloaks, cushions and coats to comfort the outer man, and a good hamper of creature comforts for the inner one, we shall manage to perform the journey without sustaining any great inconvenience.

In this country, every man, to be anybody, must be in the civil or military service. Everything and everybody is under the strictest surveillance of the police. Every suspected letter passing through the post-office is opened, and if unimportant put back again. Those going to and from the embassies are invariably opened, so that now the English embassy wishing to convey information as to their acts, they post a duplicate despatch, and send the other by their courier, when the duplicate is sure to be read by Count Nesselrode before the courier reaches Cronstadt.

On our road to Odessa the wheels of our taranta gave out, so we returned to Moscow to have them repaired. Through the interest of some friends our case was referred to the chief of police, with a request to see things set right for us.

The chief had the carriage dealer sent for, and on his arrival he was told that he was under arrest, and would have a sentinel posted at his door until the wheels were repaired, with sundry threats if they should break down again.

Next morning, at daylight, I heard a noise, and on looking out saw the carriage (with new wheels), Andrio Corbato, and the sentinel keeping guard over him with a fixed bayonet.

Everything held together well for about a hundred and forty miles, when the driver's seat gave way; but we were too far on to go back, so we repaired damages as we best could. We went on to Kourisk, where we had a cup of *chai* (tea), and so through Karkoff and Pultowa to Odessa. Whilst at Odessa, I was told by the consul, Mr. Rallie, that when travellers were

not so numerous an American and his wife were here, and were present at a party given by Prince Woronzoff. Hearing that they were Americans, the guests all exclaimed with much surprise, "Why, they are white! why, they are white!"

We engaged a courier here for the Crimea, but the day before starting he disappeared. As he could not leave without the knowledge of the police, I suppose they shut him up, to prevent us from going, without resorting to the necessity of forbidding it.

Difficult as it is to get into Russia, it is just as difficult to get out of it, and as I had dismissed my courier, it was a day before I got all the necessary visés.

The last official that I made search for I found in the kitchen of the Concierge, in his shirt sleeves, eating stewed pears.

The next halting place was Constantinople. The view from the sea was beautiful, but all the romance was completely spoiled by the filthy state of the city. That Englishman was wise, of whom it is narrated, that he never left his yacht, fearing that the impression created by the first view would be destroyed. We spent a very pleasant three weeks here, visiting the various places of interest in the neighborhood, and then departed on our route to Syria, Egypt, &c., via Troy and Greece.

Paid a flying visit to the plains of Troy, and explored the ruins of what is said to be the Palace of Priam. The ruins were so massive that I roie up to the summit, where we planted the American flag, and saluted it with our pistols. In the distance were the ruins of the old city, also the rivers Scamander and Simosis, now nearly dry.

Visited Smyrna and Athens; at the latter place we were detained in Quarantine three days. We climbed up to the Acropolis, but the Cerberus of the citadel was not to be bribed. Afterwards called on Mr. Hill, the American missionary, who is also the chaplain to the British Embassy—the only instance on record of the position being offered to an American. The next day we went to the field of Marathon, guided by a dashing young Albanian. A half washed and dug-away hill marks the place where the Athenians were buried, and a heap of stones, where Miltiades was afterwards entombed on the field of his fame.

During a fortnight's travel went to several celebrated places in Greece, amongst them to Corinth. A very amusing incident occurred here. An old priest, the head of the establishment, declined to dine or drink with us, but he dined at his own end of the table, libating very freely of their own beastly wine (having a flavor of melted pitch and sealing-wax), everytime reversing his glass to show he left no "heel taps," then said he would take a little with us, and some brandy being produced, poured out a good half tumbler, and drank it off (pure) in two swallows. He gagged and choked, and when at last he recovered the use of his half excoriated throat, gulped out as he stroked his long beard, "*Su-per-la-ti-vum, seniori.*"

Following this up with two or three tumblers of wine swallowed in quick succession, he became rather oblivious, and threatened to whip us if we did not eat some grapes he brought, then wished to send some to the President of the United States, and begged us to make a long visit, &c.

Shortly after leaving Corinth for Athens, I met two armed men in a *defile*, gendarmes, the guide said, but I thought robbers, from his sudden flush as he handed them some money and whipped into a rapid gallop. The guides have all the robber bands in pay, as the robbery of a traveller would cost them their business.

Having finished our Grecian tour we returned to Athens, and not finding the steamer ready, stayed with our friends the American missionaries.

In the evening a niece of our friend came in, a young lady of eighteen, who was soon to be married to a merchant in London whom she had never seen.

They have a curious custom in these affairs. If a gentleman is pleased with a young lady, he tells a mutual friend, who informs the parents; if they like him they settle upon the amount of her dowry, and then propose to the young man or his family; but it is a great disgrace for the young man to propose first.

The steamer arrived, and we took our departure, much pleased with the country, but not with the people.

The ladies at Smyrna have a custom, very pleasant for strangers, of sitting afternoons at their doors in full dress, sewing or gossiping with their opposite neighbors; many of them are very pretty.

They mostly adopt the European style of dress; a few wear the scarf on their head, and a fez with the hair in a braid around the forehead, with a veil instead of a bonnet.

From Smyrna we went to Beirut, and from thence to Sidon, where we met several friends coming from Jerusalem.

One of these was a militia general from Albany, better skilled in trotting horses than in military tactics; he wore, by mistake, during the time he was in Europe, a marshal's full dress instead of a major-general's.

He had a commission from the governor of New York to inquire into the state of the cavalry in Russia.

After the preliminary "how-do-you-do?" his first sentence was, "I made the trip from Moscow to Olessa in six hours and twenty minutes, less time than ever done before;" overlooking in his speed Riazanograd, where the emperor keeps a large cavalry depot, and had eighty thousand cavalry there at a review a few years ago.

Still skirting the sea we passed by the city of Zarephtha and came to Tyre. Truly, the prophecy has been fulfilled and describes most literally its ruined walls. "Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon."

Still along the coast to Jaffa, passing Atheth and Caesarea on the way. Was near being spilt into a tan-pit, which are as plentiful as in Peter's time. I was riding *en demoiselle* when the horse became uneasy and restive, and as the holsters would not allow me to throw my leg over, I was becoming resigned to be manufactured into sole leather. However I kept my seat, and arrived safely at Jaffa (the ancient Joppa).

I was at Ashdod, and tried in vain to find Ekron. The Bible says it "is not," and I am quite of that opinion.

Arrived at Cairo, after an amusing yet rather fatiguing journey.

The desert is neither a waste of soft sand, nor cultivated, but either a succession of rolling hills or plain of compact sand, sometimes hard and gravelly. Passed yesterday the bed of the ancient canal, cut by Arsinoe, from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The dromedary gait is fatiguing from the constant oscillating motion of the body, which you support by a wide sash wound several times round the waist. The city looked lovely as we entered, like a June morning with us. We passed the old obelisk and site of Heliopolis, built some forty years before the time of Joseph and Mrs. Potiphar. Passed some slovenly-looking soldiers practising sabre-cutting on wet clay figures.

About this time my *compagnon du voyage* had a little trouble with his camel, which sprung up, leaving him hanging by one foot in the stirrup, and holding on to the horns of the saddle, till the brute could take a prance for a minute or so, then getting composed let matters be comfortably arranged, when we all started off. Suddenly I heard, "Ugh! ugh!" looking around saw him again in trouble, making a "spread eagle" of himself as he took a summerset over his camel's head, while the beast was apparently trying how high he could get his hind feet in the air when going at full speed; coats, cushions, rugs, umbrellas, books, and all the varied *et ceteras* of our camel "fix-ins" were flying in all directions. We soon had the brute stopped. His rider (who luckily had sustained no injury) with traps on his back, and all off again respectfully.

Continued on; the afternoon of the fourth day ascended to Mount Hor and top of Aaron's tomb, erected by the Mussulmen; on into the valley of these mountains passing varieties of façades of tombs of freestone in every tint. At last pitched our tents in the middle of Petra, the capital of Lower Idumea. The prophecy of, "Thou shalt be desolate, O Mount Seir, and all Idumea," is as literally fulfilled here as in the Philistine cities of Ekron, Askalon, &c., in Palestine.

Yesterday had some little trouble to find a clear place to pitch our tent, as under every stone is at least one scorpion, and often two or three. In the night we were awake by some firing. I consulted my friend, and we concluded it was safer to keep still in bed until the danger came nearer, as our tent was not supposed to be proof against stray balls, and no glory in dying



OLD ENGLISH TOMB AT SUET.

under such circumstances, besides not seeing Petra after all our trouble.

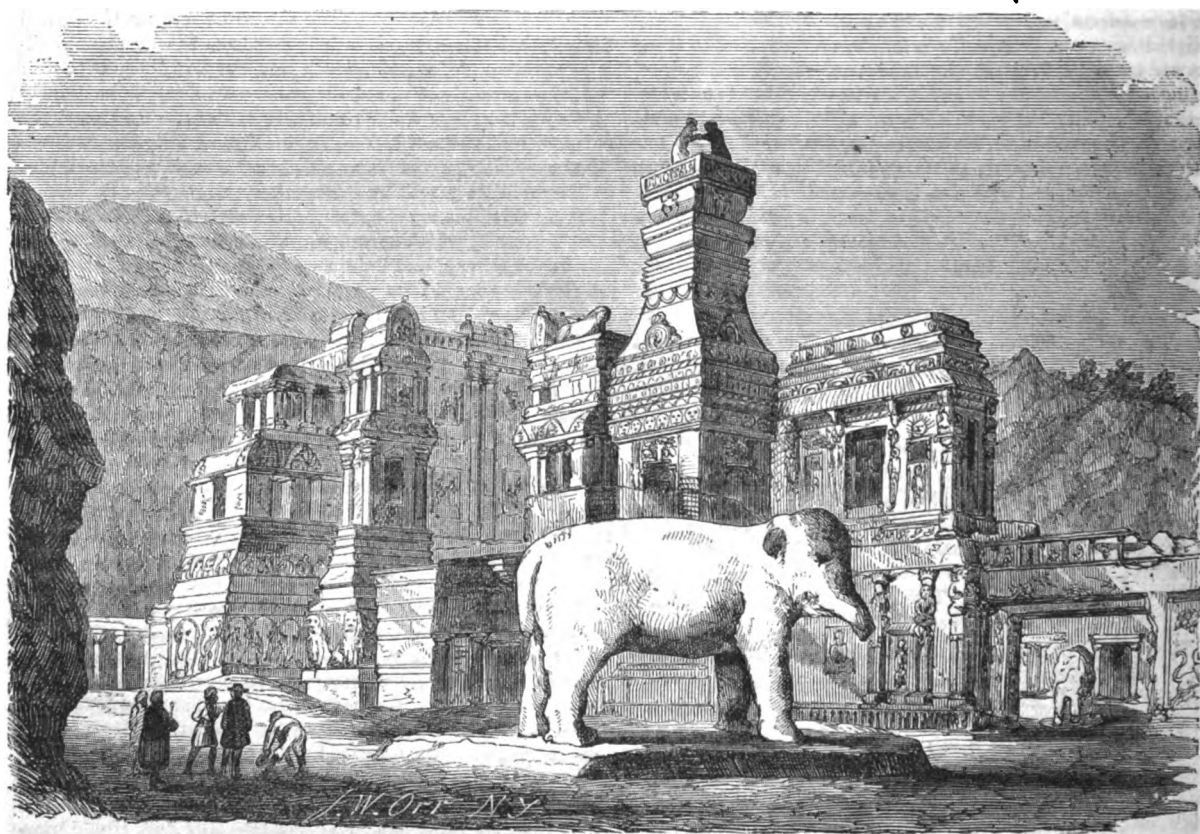
This morning found that a strange tribe had seen our camp-fires, and coming too close, had been fired into by our Arabs, of whom we have a host—about one hundred. After breakfast with guide (for no one is safe from wandering Arabs without one, he being the visible certificate of the sheik's protection), our little party ascended some hundreds of feet to the El Dhir. An exquisite façade, the architecture of Rome in its later days, facing on an open, grassy plot of about two acres; the name signifies convent, but it was one of the many fine

tombs of Petra in its palmy days, when they appear to have made more liberal provision for the dead than the living. The interior is very rough, consisting of only two or three rooms on the first floor, though the façade exhibits two stories.

Then the Khusné: passing an old ruin on a high isolated peak called Pharaoh's Castle, a triumphal arch near our tents, a small theatre—seats cut in the rock, and on through a narrow ravine for several hundred yards. In a small lateral one was the Khusné, an exquisite façade, and flattering monument to the taste and skill of a nation who have passed away like a dream, without even a record in history, other than at one time Petra was the great centre of all the commerce in this part of the world. Now it is a desolation in the fullest sense of the term; not even an Arab dwells among its ruins. This, like El Dhir, has probably been a tomb, as the arrangements are the same, though its architecture more

elaborate; its name means treasury. The Arabs, supposing there was gold in a stone urn over one of the entrances, to the door, have discharged any number of bullets at it, hoping to break it and scatter a shower of the precious metal, as there is no other way for them to reach it.

In one of the rooms I saw the names of Irby and Mangles, 1818, Stephens, Robertson and Smith; Burkhardt's name is said to be here. He was in the place about five or six hours, and only succeeded in getting here as a pilgrim from Morocco to the tomb of Aaron, but his close observance of the place and its ruins excited the suspicions of the Arabs (they are ever



GREAT KYLAS TEMPLE AT ELLORA.

suspicious in regard to Petra, which, except Palmyra, is the most difficult place to visit in this part of the East, who showed him the bee-line out; yet he has written the best description of the place; notwithstanding his brief visit.

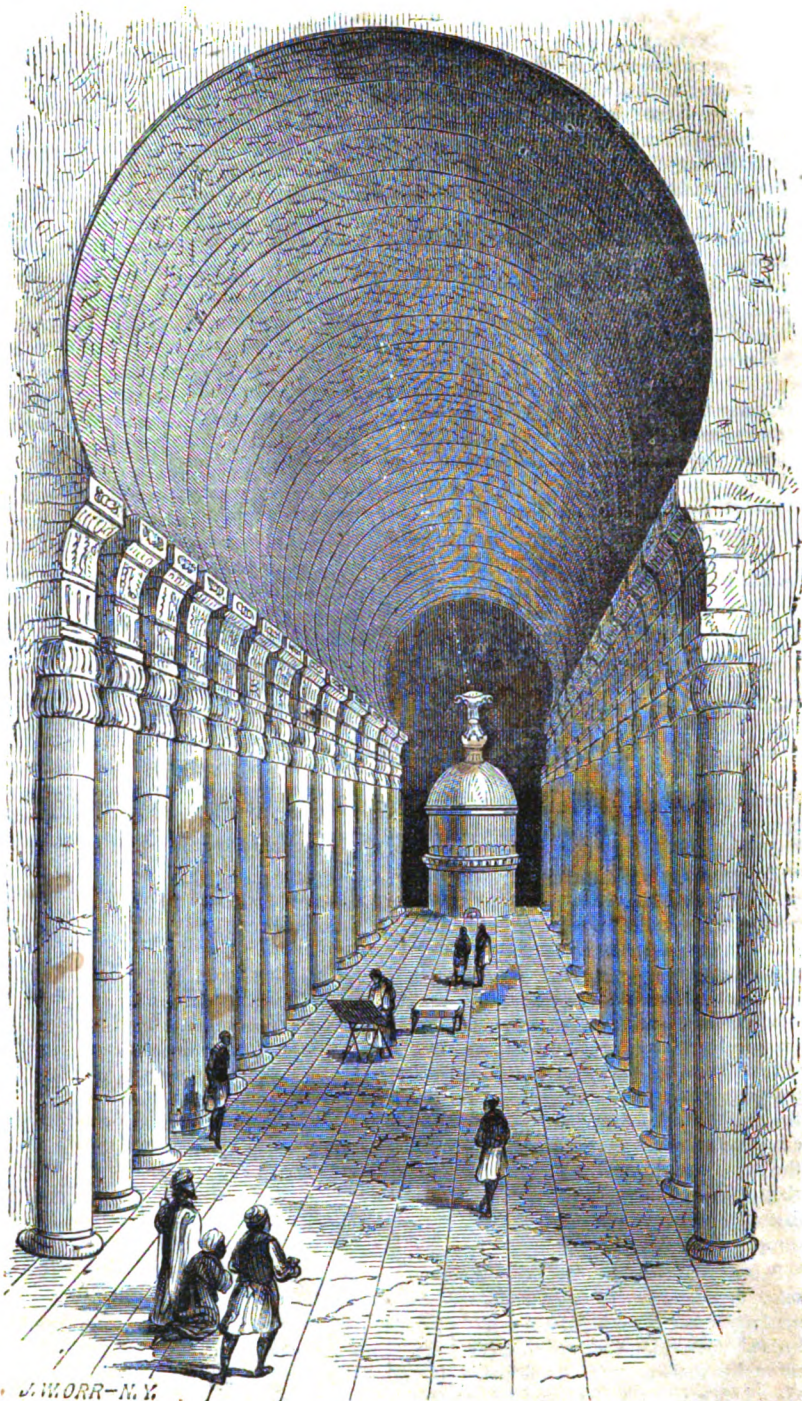
Had an alarm from Arabs; a small tribe owning this part of the desert claim the right of escorting us across to Hebron, to the exclusion of the others. So each body halted, and while the leading dragoman and sheiks were holding consultation, we were getting our revolvers, guns and rifles ready, and our Arab escort priming their guns and lighting the matches. Our Syrian cooks and waiters waxed valorous, seized the iron-pointed lantern stakes, like Paddy and his shillelah at Donnybrook Fair, with a good scrimmage in prospective, and they fiercely flourished them as if on deeds of valor bent. As my travelling companion was an invalid and could not fight, I tried to persuade him to try his latent musical genius (he could not tell a jig from a dead march), and excite our American ardor by whistling "Yankee Doodle," feeling sure his fellow invalid, with the gouty foot, would try "God save the Queen" for our cousins. The most valorous men of our party were Otley (a very good fellow if not troubled with a crazy military mania, and we all dub him the Greenbrook Volunteer), in his conglomeration of uniform, Turkish fez and turban, artillery undress coat (blue), infantry waistcoat (scarlet), walking trowsers, shooting shoes, surgeon's sword, revolver in his belt, Bible tucked in his waistcoat, and cocked rifle in hand, reminding one of Cromwell's injunction to his troops, "Trust in the Lord but keep your powder dry;" and the Irish traveller's black cook, who, with an apology for a turban on his woolly pate, an immense dress coat, the skirts of which trail at his feet, and with this a pair of Turkish bag trowsers and bare feet, probably for better expedition, on Hudibras's principle, "He who fights and runs away," &c.

All was satisfactorily arranged and we went by Hebron to Jerusalem—our dragomen were all off at a sort of steeplechase, for best rooms at Jerusalem for their parties.

We trotted around Hebron first; saw the clay from which the lump was taken to make Adam! and the place where Cain slew Abel! Then by the terabinth (a species of oak) tree of Abraham!—but really where it is supposed many of the Jews were brought, after the final destruction of Jerusalem by Hadrian, and sold as slaves. The tree has every appearance of being old, is large, and of great diameter.

The tomb of Abraham is venerated by the Mussulmen (as are all of our prophets, only they make an inferior prophet of the Saviour, putting Mahommed in his place), so no Christians could enter its sacred precincts.

Passed a man with a miserable yearling bullock and donkey yoked together; and by the Valley of Eschol, and Pool of Solomon, and Rachel's Tomb, on to Bethlehem, on the brow of a high hill, and Jerusalem, in the distance, entering by the Yaffa Gate and Tower of Hippus, a relic of its pristine importance.



VIEW OF THE KARLEE CAVE TEMPLE.

Visited Dr. Barclay, who hails from Virginia; he endeavors to perform gratuitous cure of soul as well as body.

We have been most industriously employed in visiting the various sights. Jews' Place of Wailing, a melancholy spectacle; Pool of Hezekiah, Cenaculum, Tower of Hippus, Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which now during the Easter fêtes is a regular bazaar of carved shells (with crucifix or Last Supper) rosaries, crosses, &c., for Christian or traveller (who is supposed to be heathen). Tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, Gethsemane, where Stephen was martyred; Mount of Olives, hole in the pavement where Lazarus fed in front of Dives' house. Tree on the ascent of Mount Olives, whose leaves the Prodigal Son fed on, the husks being a poetical licence. The Ecce Homo house and arch, valleys of Hinnim and Jehosaphat, Hill of Evil Council, where Solomon kept his Sidonian wife; Well of Job,

Pool of Siloam, Tombs of James and Zachariah, and Column of Absalom, all in valley of Jehoshaphat. Saw the stone on the corner of the city wall, and also the old Temple wall, where the Mahommedans say Christ will sit at the day of judgment over the people, who will be in the valley of Jehoshaphat. Near this, the valley of Gehenna, assigned as the place of Tophet, and where the Jews practised the rites of Beel and Moloch—beyond, Aeldama or Field of Blood. Then the Golden Gate, through which Christ made his triumphant entry previous to the Last Supper; the Lower Gishon Pool and Tombs of the Kings and Tombs of the Prophets; Grotto of Jeremiah, Tomb of Lazarus, at Bethany; Pilate's House, and the place where the Saviour was put the night before his crucifixion, when he had been arrested.

Left Jerusalem and proceeded to Baalbec, passing Nazarus, Tiberias and Damascus, stopping but a short time at each.

At Damascus visited the missionaries. They showed us the street called Straight, House of Ananias, and the fine ruins of the ancient Christian church, now built around by Turkish houses, on the top of which I went to sketch them.

I spent some time at Baalbec, exploring and sketching these wonderful and beautiful ruins. Many of the stones in the walls are sixty feet long by twelve feet square, actual measurement.

Now back again by Alexandria to Marseilles, and after a wander of thirteen months, returned to Paris.

My tour through Spain and France was delightful, especially through the latter, the former being only demi-civilized, as far as the ordinary comforts of a traveller are cared for: bad roads, bad conveyances, with minimum security for life or money when travelling, though I roughed it safely through the most interesting parts in my cross cuts and circuit. In France, through districts of the most historic interest in the wars with the Saracens, English, Albigenses and Huguenots.

During my Spanish tour I visited Madrid, Granada, Toledo, Seville and other places of interest.

I just take a slight breathing time and then eastward ho!

Retraced my steps somewhat, and after divers adventures and mishaps arrived at Aden.

The ship putting in for coals, we went on shore to look about us. The place is very strongly fortified and horribly hot. Saw a justice's court and a crowd of loungers learning law gratis.

Made the harbor of Bombay. A truly Eastern scene. A distant horizon of lofty mountains half encircled the view, and just visible through the rising mist. The harbor beautifully picturesque with scattered islands, covered with tall, graceful palms. Every variety of craft skimmed the water or fretted at the cable. Old dull Indiamen, sharp rakish English or American clippers, and native boats of every shape and rig. On shore, the old fort and wide esplanade, with hundreds of tents, carriages, equestrians and natives; while behind all these, a mile distant, the town, with its tall minarets and temple towers, completed the scene.

Saw the Towers of Silence on Malabar Hill, where the Parsees, fire-worshippers from Persia, expose their dead. They are lofty square towers, with a grating just below the top on the inside. Here the body is exposed until it decomposes, or is eaten by carrion birds, the bones falling through; when the place is filled by the bones it is closed and another built.

Went with a party to see the famous Cave Temples at Elephanta. We had a regular fit out of servants, as no one moves in India without them. The caves are excavated in a hard, blackish stone-like volcanic trap. The entrance is small, the ceiling, though twenty feet high, appears low for the immense size of the place. The walls are plain; at the entrance of the cave stand four massive columns, with corresponding ones inside, in rows of seven each formerly, though many are now broken or fallen. The tradition is, the Mahommedans or Portuguese placed cannon at the entrance, and blew down the columns and figures or idols. They form a fine colonnade from the sides of the temple, which is about one hundred feet deep, by one hundred and fifty in width, including side-rooms or chapels, with altars, apparently. At the end of the hall or temple is an immense alto-relievo of the Hindoo Trinity. There is no certain mode of arriving at the antiquity of this temple: but as near as they can tell from the cave temples, in

which they have found inscriptions, it is about nine hundred years old.

We went to the governor's (Lord Falkland's) reception. The scene was brilliant from the number of officers, mostly with decorations, for with the numerous wars, every man has had a chance to smell powder and distinguish himself. There were many ladies, a few pretty. From climate and want of exercise, the ladies are said to fade very quickly here. Captain W—— introduced me to many officers, some much distinguished, among them a Colonel Havelock, with his breast covered with medals—very affable and looking every inch the soldier. There were several in the brilliant though gaudy uniform of the irregular cavalry—a half native, half European dress.

As an illustration of the number of servants required here, in this house, with only a handsome income from the office, there are about twenty men and two women servants, and the family—a man, his wife and child. Every family does the same. As a bachelor I could not live with less than nine or ten. In a large house, the butler must have his one or two assistants, often more; the cook, his; at the door is a porter, backed by from two to half-a-dozen others, called peons. A hamal to make beds, sweep, and clean lamps; another to bring water; one to wash called a doby; a tailor, usually a Portuguese (from Goa) like the cook; then in the stable the coachman and five grooms, for five horses, for every horse must have a groom to attend to him.

Servants, however, are very willing to take trouble; for instance, one night I rose to get some water. At my bungalow door there lay my butler on his mat across the entrance. My step woke him; his first words were, "Have a cup of tea, massa? can get it ready in very few minutes." Imagine a servant in any civilized country in the world asking such a question at such an hour! Why, he'd meditate suicide first.

Went a little out of my way to Surat, to see the tombs of the early Dutch and English settlers, this being one of the parts of India where foreigners first settled. Some of the tombs were like castles in size and structure; some were small, and a few were painted bright vermilion.

Arrived at Ellora, and proceeded to visit the temples. One has a spacious court, seventy feet square, and a fine colonnade on the sides. Inside of this stand some columns that support a music gallery with a fine nave, surrounded on three sides by triple columns supporting the side walls, from which spring fine arches that extend round the temple; at the extremity of this temple, a kind of dome, in front of which Buddha sits on a throne with an attendant on either side, and flying figures over his head; this is called the Biswakama.

Then comes the finest thing I've ever seen in the way of a temple, called Kylas. This is not only an excavated temple, but the whole face of the rock has been removed, except what was necessary to work up into, or sculpture out into a magnificent temple; for every part is just where nature put it, like a piece of statuary. This has a court, forty feet wide on every side, and the rock near two hundred feet perpendicular height, at the deepest excavation down to the courtyard. The court is about a hundred and fifty feet wide by two hundred deep. It is surrounded by cells or viharas. The temple, a succession of chapels and verandas with finely sculptured columns. All around the exterior most elaborate *alto-relievos*. Two elephants stand in the courtyard; besides in various parts sculpture of the most revolting description, as one of the engines brought into the contest between the Brahmins and Buddhists was sensuality, and pandering to the passions, as the Brahmins did. This temple was finished by the Brahmins, just after the contest was over.

From here travelled to Arungabad, where I visited the tomb of Aurungzebe, one of the last of the Moguls.

Rode in a palanquin to Ajunta, marching at the rate of four miles an hour. The palanquin is an oblong box, about four feet high, three and a half wide, and seven long; a cushion on the cane bottom, a pillow, and places for books, provision, &c., as may be needful for the journey.

There are cave temples also at Ajunta, which I visited. The caves are situated in the hollow semicircle of a mountain, half way up its sides. They are sixteen in number, all Buddhist:

and were formerly richly painted; this, however, has mostly disappeared—thanks to man and time—the relics of them Captain G—— is copying. He had one large copy nearly finished, when some natives, in the absence of the guard, cut it out of the frame, fancying, from its strength, it would “make up well” into clothes.

This point is about three hundred and thirty miles east of Bombay, the farthest I shall go in this presidency.

Returned by Ahmednugger to Poonah; coming in ahead of my people I saw, in the midst of half-naked, sunburnt and turbaned Hindoos and Mussulmen, a Highlander, bare legged, plumed and plaided, on guard (a most funny-looking object in this red hot climate).

Just before starting for the Karleo Caves, my servant said a gentleman in the next room wished to see me. An American physician from China here for his health. He came in for permission to accompany me. So off we started in our “seagrams” —very long cabs on two wheels drawn by oxen. Reached here at daylight, and off a mile and a half for the bungalow. Found an artist copying the sculpture for government. While I was arranging myself for a sketch, the doctor sat looking at the cave with his elbows on his knees and chin in hand; at last turning to me said, “What do you think it would cost to get up such a thing in America?”

The temple shows the remains of a court and fine façade, somewhat similar to the great Chaitya caves at Salsette and Ajunta, though the columns of this have very fine capitals, and the nave the largest of any of this style of temples. There are wooden arches, and in the rear a plain dome. On some of the columns are very ancient inscriptions. I took an impression of several with thick dampened paper, as well as several sketches of the temple.

On through several minor towns, until I arrived at Beejapore, where I went to a snug little mosque attached to the great tomb of Mohammed Shah. This magnificent tomb has a dome about one hundred and twenty feet in diameter, being the second or third in the world. While waiting for my people, clambered up and had a fine view of the country and the city, where reigned a most brilliant dynasty for two hundred years, until destroyed by Aurungzebe, the Mogul emperor. It has now but a few mud huts for the living; but its monuments of the dead surpass those of every city in India, except Delhi and Agra; fortifications, palaces, tombs, mosques, with hundreds of wells, bowlies and tanks. The dome has a fine echo, though it is injured by a crack. My sepoy and other servants, just at the moment I was trying the echo, were suddenly seized with most painful asthmatic affections, and gave such a volley of coughs and wheezes, I’ve hardly got the echo out of my head yet. The tomb was erected by one of the last kings, about two hundred years ago, and took forty-two years in building. It is square, with octagonal towers at the corners, and each with seven stories of small windows, and the whole surmounted by a dome. It is situated on an immensely large terrace. The tomb has unbroken sides, except the three slightly projecting arches in the front and sides. The base round the interior of the tomb is basalt; the walls plain, and the whole surmounted by a dome too large for the building, and rivalling St. Paul’s in London for size; the interior is an unbroken space, save the platform in the centre, where lay the remains of Mohammed Shah, his wife, and his favorite dancing girl!

Afterwards made a daylight sketch of Mohammed Shah’s tomb, after lots of trouble from the people about it “bothering” me for orders and certificates, for they are as pertinacious as obsequious and tedious.

Beejapore is certainly one of the most extraordinary places I have ever visited, and one of the most so that probably ever existed. Springing from nothing, in two hundred years rose, under the magic influence of eight successive Mohammed sovereigns, to a point of magnificence probably not surpassed in India, and then as suddenly sunk into obscurity after its conquest by Aurungzebe, which put an end to this short-lived though most brilliant dynasty. There are said still to be in existence seven hundred wells with steps and three hundred without. Wells in the East are one of the indications of wealth and importance.

At the fortifications saw the great gun cast by a Turk, at the order of Aurungzebe, to commemorate his victory over these Beejapore sovereigns. It is fifteen feet long, and five in diameter at the muzzle. It is made of a peculiar kind of brass composition. The muzzle represents some monster making a mouthful of two elephants, who are quietly standing side by side in his mouth. The bore is so large, that when I sat in it the upper part of the mouth came to my chin; and by computation they say it would require a ball of twenty-five hundred pounds. It was discharged when first finished, but the jar overthrew so many houses, and caused such an alarm, a repetition was forbidden. In 1823 the Rajah of Sattara had it fired off with eighty pounds of powder. They have one other gun among the curiosities three hundred feet long, and made of bars of iron bound by rings and welded together.

Again through different minor stations to Goa. Whilst here, I had a visit from a Portuguese appointed by the government to wait on travellers. He brought me two letters from Bombay. Among his interesting remarks, was: “United States fine country; beginning to improve quite fast. You under English government once, why not come so ‘gain? First-rate government.”

Butler laid himself out this evening for a grand dinner, as there was no baggage to be packed, or eight o’clock departure, besides having had the entire cuisine to himself, as I had the mussal, and the cook had gone to see his family. But I won’t excite your envy by a recital of all the good things. Suffice to say, besides four vegetables, I had for dessert six kinds of fruit, as if he supposed the sail had given me the capacity and ability of ten men. Of the vegetables, one was a white sweet potato, not as richly flavored as the yellow kind. The fruits were plantains, pine apples, mango, guava, jack fruit and cashoo. I only wonder Butler Sahib did not provide a few melons and cocoa-nuts. As the market does not furnish all, he had resorted to some of his multitudinous friends to beg or borrow. The jack fruit is much eaten by the natives. It grows in a large sack from one to two feet long, by six to twelve inches in diameter, and with half an inch thickness of skin, which is rough, closely studded with small points. Inside is the fruit, packed in segments like an orange, several hundred being in each sack; butler showed me a quarter of one which he and another butler had bought: I think it will last me and the servants nearly a week, they are so sweet and luscious; the tree is large and used for canoes and furniture. In each segment of the fruit is a large bean-shaped stone. The sack looks like a wet sponge, and grows on small twigs from the trunk and branches, and not on the ends of the branches.

This is a beautiful spot, but horribly snaky, if any one part of India can be more so than another. Besides centipedes and scorpions found in every place, all venomous, and only differing in grade of venom. Coming home last night from the judge’s, the servant carrying a lantern by the judge’s advice, that I might avoid them if in the path, just before I reached the bungalow door there lay a large one a few feet in front, which the servant soon killed. This morning a large one, fifteen or sixteen feet long, was found caught in the bars of the judge’s chicken-yard; he had got through, swallowed an old hen, and was stuck in getting back. I am most careful to have my mosquito bars well tucked in. But one gets used to these little drawbacks, as they do to the earthquakes in the West Indies.

From Honahwar I set sail, and after a pleasant voyage, constantly in sight of land, arrived at Calicut.

In this part of the country, instead of a turban, the people wear a curious hat like a fig drum, with a round, flat palm-leaf roof about two feet in diameter.

Seringapatam was the next place of note I visited.

Here the Duke of Wellington first saw severe service. He was here at first defeated in a night attack, though the next night he was successful. After the capture he was appointed to the command of the place.

I went to Lang-Bang, where stands the mausoleum erected by Tippoo Sultan over his father’s remains. Here repose Hyder Ali, his wife, and son, Tippoo Sultan. Turbulent, fierce and relentless as they were, now, “lives fitful fever o’er,”

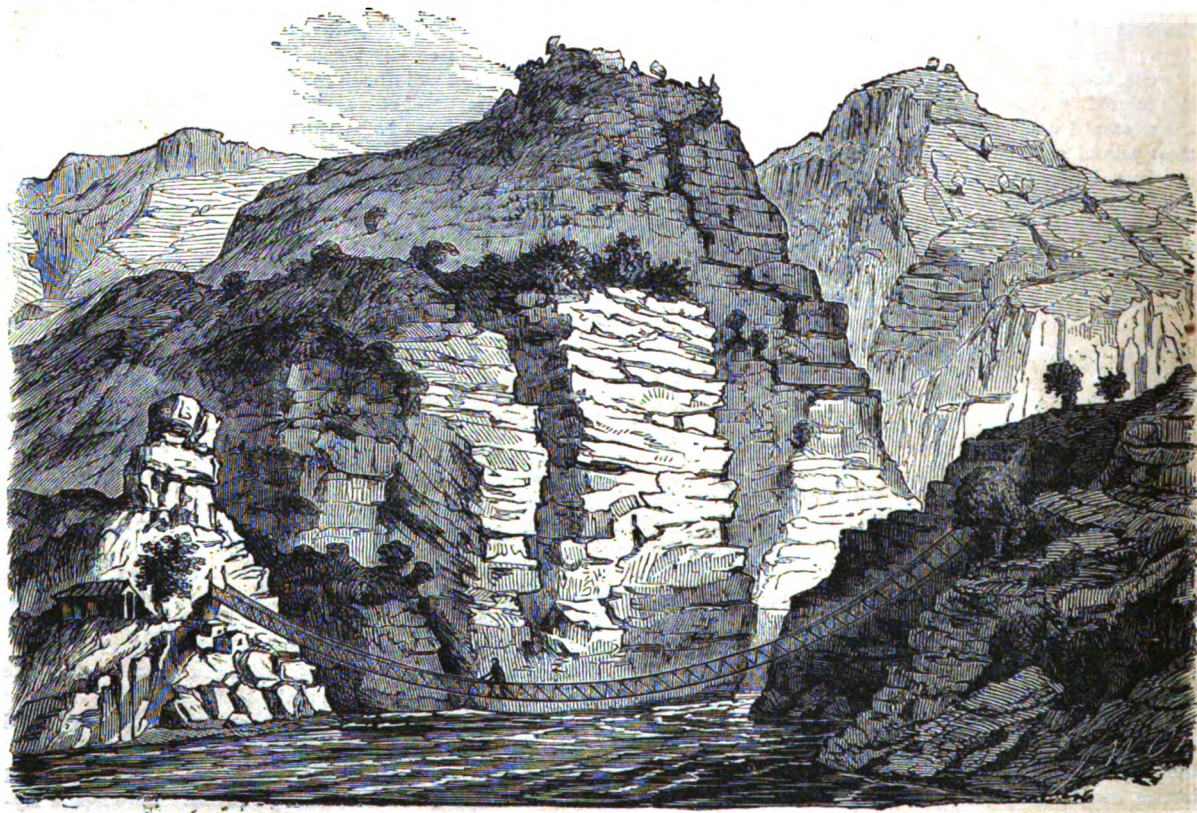


THE SHAM-DAM MOSQUE.

they rest tranquilly under the noble dome and canopied tomb hung with garlands of tuberoses—the most emblematic flower for native tastes. * Opposite is the mosque, to which the bigots refused me admittance. I told the “guardiano” I had been inside of more and handsomer mosques than he had ever seen. As my speech was delivered by the guide, a Hindoo, I judged

from the guardiano’s face there was an addition to it. Neither the mosque nor the tomb are as handsome or as large as those at Beejapore, or the tomb as fine as the one at Arungabad.

My next halt was at Mahavellaporum, where I staid to see the seven bagodas. The first was a small affair, not more



SUSPENSION BRIDGE OVER THE JHELUM AT URI.

than thirty feet square, looking very new, as I found all the others; but yet so old, they extend back of tradition, as I have often been informed by those who have thoroughly investigated the subject. There are a few excavations—merely a sort of portico; also carvings and sculpture on the face of some rocks—figures in every sort of lying and lounging attitude, with elephants and tigers at the bottom. I then went on up some rocky hills where there are a few more, and one temple perched on the top of a high hill at some distance; I did not visit it.

The second pagoda is on the verge of the surf (they are all very close, none more than from one to three hundred yards from the sea); about a mile further south stand the other five. These are in various styles, though in general much the same; and all here except the excavations spoken of appear to have been made by sculpturing huge granite boulders into temples, for they have not been built, and there is no rock of that kind near here. The edges look as sharp and fresh as if only just finished.

At Madras I found some American friends, who showed me all that was worth seeing.

Among other things, I was informed that the government has just sent for an American printing press, finding them better than the English. American and no other drillings are worn in India by every man for coats and trowsers.

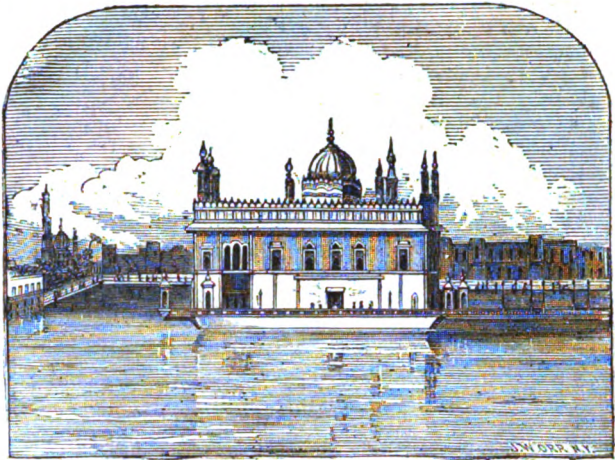
"Yankee clocks," or "Sam Slicks," as they are termed here, ornament every parlor in India, however handsome the other furniture may be; in fact they use no others.

Madras was the first territory acquired by the East India Company in India. This they obtained in 1640, by a treaty with a native prince. The company then erected a fort there, which they called St. George, which has ever since retained that name, and the town retained its own name also, though both have been captured and ceded back by the French.

At Madras I saw Dr. Scudder, the patriarch of the American missionaries. He gave me some interesting facts relative to the progress of the cause.

The first Protestant mission in India was established by the Danes in 1705, at Tranquebar, on the Coromandel coast.

The London Society for the Promotion of Christian Know-



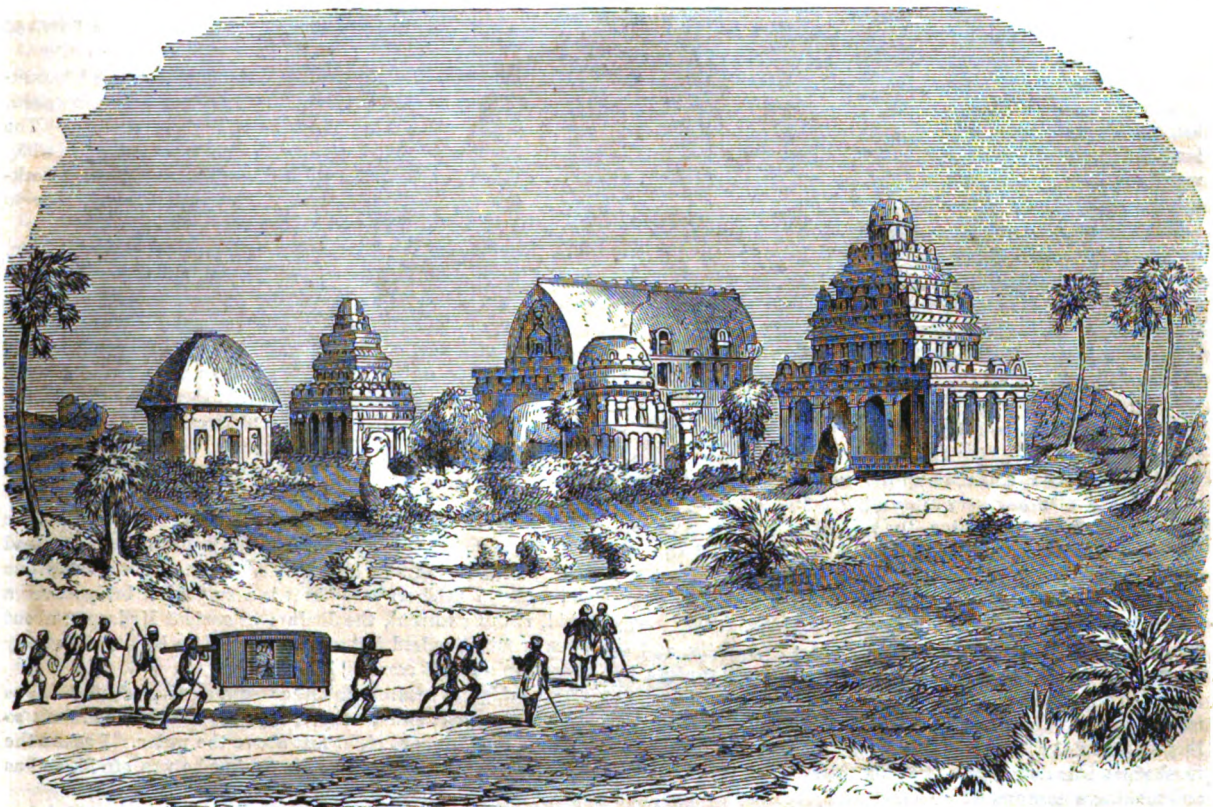
SACRED TANK AT UMRUTUR.

ledge made several efforts for the propagation of Christianity in India; but they were always opposed by the East India Company, as dangerous to the stability and permanence of its power in India.

The first Protestant mission in Bombay was commenced by the American Board of Foreign Missions. In 1812, five missionaries, Messrs. Hall, Judson, Newell, Nott and Rice—referred names—sailed from the United States to Calcutta, to found a mission somewhere in the East Indies. The Governor-General would not allow them to remain, but ordered them to leave the country forthwith. They then left Calcutta, and Messrs. Hall and Nott proceeded to Bombay, where, owing to the friendly influence of Sir Evan Nepean, who favored their cause, they were eventually allowed to remain and pursue their missionary work.

From Madras I went to Ceylon, and after a short stay on the island, without anything worthy of notice occurring, sailed for Canton, putting in at Singapore and Hong Kong on the way.

There are a good many Americans here, from whom I have



THE SEVEN PAGODAS.

received much kindness. There is one young New Yorker here who, for his quintessence of quadrupled assurance, if you can realise such a quantum of "brass," and this not half describing him, is known by the title of Young America. The English don't know what to make of his astonishing assurant way of talking down every person, no matter what age, by always taking the opposite side of everything said, and bearing them down by the clear weight of assurance and tongue—but neither elegant polished wit nor cleverness. He is constantly invited out by English to dinner, as a curiosity, to see him "go it."

I have been so long at Canton I quite regret to leave it, notwithstanding our narrow limits and the pleasant greetings one meets from all the people, man, woman and child in passing the native boats in the river, of Fanqui Low (Foreign Devil).

Sight-seeing, dinners and billiards have been my principal occupations during my stay in the Celestial Empire.

Back again to Singapore, where I hear the ship captains complain terribly of the state of affairs in Australia. An American captain here told T—— he had been obliged to put two of his sailors in jail when he arrived in port. When he wished to sail again, and wanted to ship a crew, the men all refused to ship, and laughed at him. At last, happening to see a stranger, who, on being asked to ship, inquired the name of the captain and vessel; when told he immediately replied, "Oh! you're the captain who has got the men in jail." The captain said he had done it because they would not work. "You did right," replied Jack; "well, where are you going?" "Batavia." "Well, my terms are seventy pounds cash down." The captain demurred a little at these extravagant terms, when Jack said, "Oh! if you wish security against my running away, I can let you have a couple of thousand pounds."

Set sail again and made my next halt at Batavia. I spent a very pleasant time travelling about here, and then returned to Singapore again.

Java I think is rather over-praised for scenery; I have seen what is called the best in the island, and it is equalled by many parts of India. The soil of Java is remarkably fertile, and producing a great variety of crops, besides fruits. The climate is warm from January to January.

Having heard of a sailing vessel at Penang, I went thither and engaged a passage in her to Calcutta, where I arrived after an average voyage.

I visited the English fort here called Fort William. Its building was commenced in 1757 during Lord Clive's government, and very shortly after the battle of Plassy, and is the head quarters of English power in India. It is built after Vauban's celebrated fortress of Lisle, at a cost of ten million dollars, and is one of the largest and strongest fortresses in the world, mounting over six hundred guns, from twelves to thirty-twos, and nearly four hundred mortars.

The city presents a singular though fine appearance from the fort, with its domes, spires, minarets and towers. On the one side the beautiful residences of the highly paid employes of the government, and of the merchants; while on the other the numerous shipping, the channels of their wealth; and below the fort, along the river for several miles, pretty country residences, and if not the most picturesque city in the East, is certainly the most imposing. The European part has wide, clean streets, fine shops, with all the comforts of civilized life one could find in London or Paris.

From Calcutta I travelled up the country to Benares, without meeting with any very interesting points on my journey. Benares is, without exception, the most imposing city I've seen in India. From the great sanctity of the city, and the importance they attach to bathing in the Ganges here, and the several pilgrimages within a circuit of a few miles, there are great numbers of people coming and going all the time. The estimate is, that at least twenty thousand arrive daily, and as many more who depart. Most of them make pilgrimages by land, but in all kinds of ways according to what they deem the most penitential. Some measure their distance, that is to say, they lie down at full length, mark the spot where their head reached, and lie down again, putting their feet at the last mark, and making a new one where their head reached this time, and so on until they reach the holy city.

Having met with one of our countrymen, who showed me much attention, I have had a very pleasant time here, and quite regret leaving. Benares is a rather pleasant station, large, though without much to make it very agreeable to residents. It is the great seat of native learning and missionary converts, and purely an English missionary station, mostly of Baptist and other independent denominations.

My next halt is at Allahabad, which is situated at the junction of the Ganges and Jumna, and the ancient palace fort of Akbar at the very point. The name of the town implies Abode of God, a title given by the Mohammedan conquerors in place of the former Hindoo name, a habit with these warriors.

I staid at Allahabad but a short time, and then on to Cawnpore. It was in the capture of this town, after the horrid massacre and unmentionable atrocities committed on defenceless women by the fiend Nena Sahib and his Satanic horde, that the gallant Havelock greatly distinguished himself—and before it that Sir Henry Lawrence died. All the environs of this place as well as those of Allahabad, and, in fact, the country for many miles in circuit, is now historic ground.

The view of the city is beyond exception one of the most picturesque in the East—only rivalled by Benares of all I have seen east of Cairo. It is a view so purely oriental, it is impossible for one who has not been in the East to realize it, the numbers of palaces, public buildings, domes, minarets of temples and mosques, with that dreamlike halo encircling it—an oriental sky and atmosphere!

My course still up the country through Meerut, Loodiana and Umritzur to Lahore. Paid a visit to the Shalimar Gardens. They were laid out by Shah Jahan, and are very extensive, and ornamented with numerous fountains, arranged to form successive cascades, with tanks and jets. In their pristine beauty, they must have been exquisite.

Just before I arrived, there was a grand meeting of all the high civilians and native dignitaries at Umritzur, to settle a tariff of dower, which is the most troublesome matter to be arranged in the country, and the great cause of female infanticide, as it is considered disgraceful to have unmarried daughters; and the inability to give a dower with a daughter prevents her being married. After much discussion, it was settled that the scale of dower should be reduced, and the lowest be two shillings (four shillings of our money)!

After a fatiguing journey, mostly performed on foot, I arrived at Uri.

Umritzur is the largest town in the Punjab (the Sikh country), and the most important commercially. The city is walled, and presents a fine appearance from a short distance. The streets are mostly paved with brick, and some are quite wide. After a circuit of the principal bazaars, and seeing them working at the Cashmere shawls, &c., I reached the entrance to the great tank, the Mecca of the Sikhs.

In the centre of the tank stands a temple of white marble, from fifty to sixty feet square, with a small dome rising from each corner, which is supported by eight columns; and from the centre of the building rises a large dome. The upper half of the external part of the building is a mass of exquisite gilding, even to the very dome itself; and as if to make it more brilliant from contrast, the lower half of the building, from the edge of the water, is of the purest white marble, beautifully inlaid after the Florentine style of mosaic, with designs of vines and flowers in agate, cornelian, jasper, and other similar and beautiful stones.

There is a curious bridge here, made of twisted twigs. There is one rope very large, about a foot in breadth, for path, and two side ones, as a rail, occasionally connected with the one you walk on by short bars—as it is a suspension bridge over a rapid, rushing torrent, the Jhelum or ancient Hydaspes, about three or four hundred feet wide, I have not a head quite steady enough to attempt crossing it.

The bridge is secured on either bank about sixty feet above the water's edge, and in the centre, the arc of the circle is so great, it is only about eight feet above the water. I asked the cooly to cross, intending to follow; but he was afraid, and as my head turns at times, I did not like to venture alone.

I went below and sketched it. While there I saw a man cross

with a sheep on his shoulder ; he walked carelessly along, the bridge vibrating very much, and yielding at every step.

I don't think that I have ridden a whole day since I entered Cashmere, but all my fatigue is amply paid for by having reached this long anticipated scene—the pet project of my tour—Cashmere! This morning at sunrise there was a thick haze, and as it cleared off, though I was only ten miles from the city I could see nothing but the snowy range that forms the background of the valley.

At half-past eleven I came within sight of the Tukht-i-Suliman (Throne of Solomon—a lofty hill on the farther side of the city), and the Hurri-Purvat and its fortress-capped crest.

With this view before me, I made a bird's-eye sketch, and included in it a forest of tall poplars, that I mistook for the grove which Achbar planted.

During my stay I went down early in my boat to the city for a sketch from the river, of the bridges, river and houses, also to finish one I had commenced of the Sham-Dam mosque, built of deodar cedar.

The interior is very prettily painted and inlaid with colored woods. I saw some pretty Hindoo women, who are easily recognised by their red woollen frocks or gowns. Many of the children, both Hindoo and Cashmerean, have beautiful and aristocratic faces. The women have a composite face of Greek, Jew and Indian; many with the low forehead and Grecian features. The men have much the same style of face as the women.

I leave the country quite satisfied with what I have seen, faint as the realization of what it is in summer, when every spot from mountain to mountain again is bursting with heaped up plenty. The now muddy canals, then bright pellucid streams, the rough banks variegated with grass and wild flowers, and the noble trees that shade its banks luxuriant with varied foliage.

It is the environs of Cashmere that are so beautiful: the shaded walks, canals, lake, islands, gardens, the valley, and mountains, with their perpetual rose-tinted snow—so refreshing a view when turning from the midsummer sun faint with the heat of the plain.

The city is much like all others in the East—filthy streets, and a mass of dilapidated mud or stone houses, new or old all together; and apropos of this, there is an absurd superstition that prevails throughout India, that when a man dies leaving a house unfinished, it is considered bad luck to complete it or have anything to do with it! So it is neither sold nor pulled down, but remains an unsightly object until it falls of its own accord.

The gardens and summer palaces that were formerly among the charms of the place are now gone to ruin. The gardens are nearly a jungle, and, with the exception of the principal one in the Shalimar, the palaces are almost ruins—Goolaub Singh attending more to substantial realities in the way of filling his coffers, than creating, or even keeping in order, the artificial beauties of palaces, gardens and fountains.

And now good-bye to Cashmere!

THE WATER CARRIER.

In a small village, a few miles from Macon, on the road to Lyons, lived the widow Ferval. She had been the wife of a weaver, who, several years before the commencement of my history, selected the little village for his home, hired a small tenement and set up his loom. It was whispered about that Ferval had, as the phrase is, seen better days. Nothing positive ever transpired, however, to confirm this notion. The weaver and his wife were both industrious—went very little among their neighbors; but, at the same time, were held in good esteem as peaceable and quiet people. They had but one child—a mere lad—when Ferval first came to the village, and who was greatly indulged both by father and mother. Young Paul Ferval grew up to be one of the finest fellows in the whole country. His voice was clear and ringing, his eye bright, his form manly, and his step full of activity. He sang a good song, he could play on half a dozen instruments, he knew how to

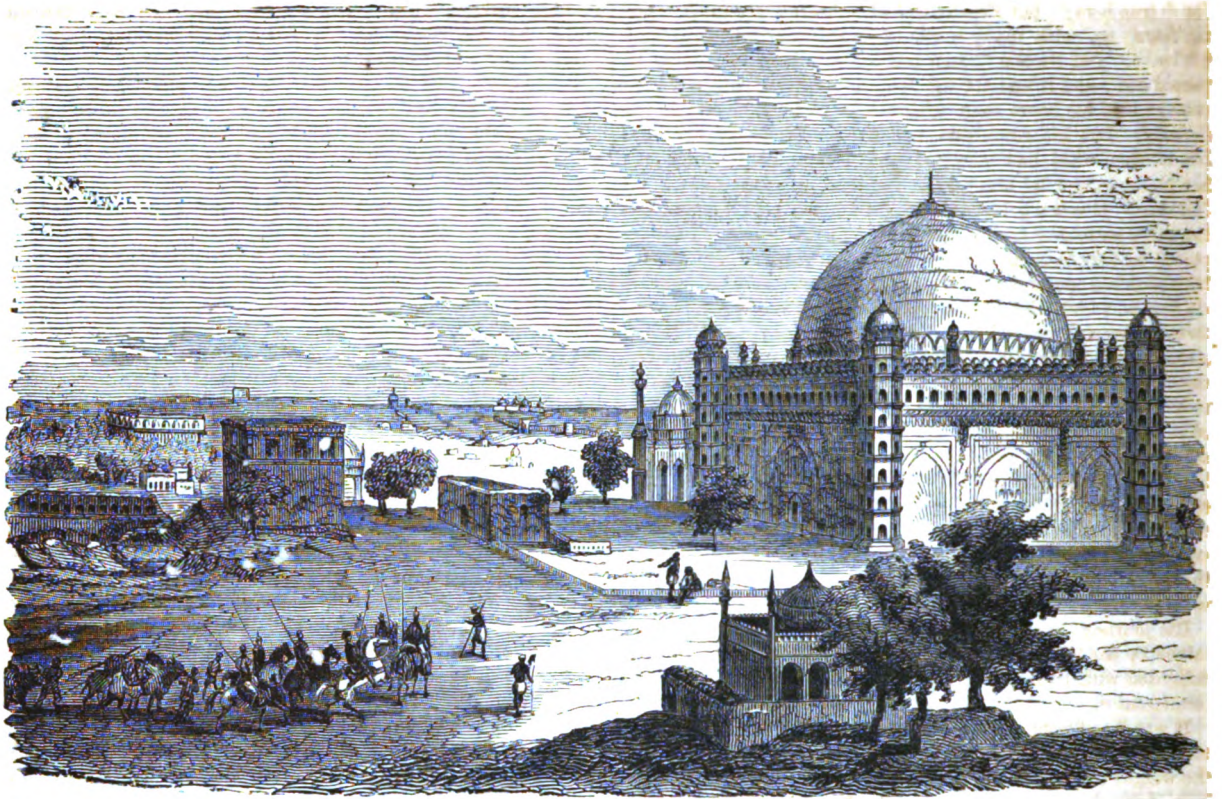
cast an account and to write, and even had some taste for reading. But the worst of it was, he was taught nothing by which he might, in due time, earn an honest livelihood. He had not been put to any trade. He could not even weave; which was strange enough, as he grew up under the very sound of the shuttles. In short, he never had done what one should call a day's work in his life. A very bad example did Paul Ferval unconsciously set to the youths of the village—an example which would doubtless have been gladly followed, had their fathers been like the father of Paul.

On several occasions, certain of the more substantial villagers ventured to remonstrate with the elder Ferval on the course he was pursuing with his son, and hinted that it would be much better for him to bring up the boy to some honest calling, than to permit him to be roving about the country, singing songs, and playing the flute or violin. These suggestions were to little purpose. Ferval would say to his advisers, "Has my boy been guilty of anything culpable, or anything dishonorable? Does he frequent the wine-house? Does he keep bad company? Is he from home at unseasonable hours?" No one could assert this; and the conference would be closed by a shrug of the shoulder and a shake of the head, and a hint that the example Paul set to his companions, who were taught to labor for their living, was a very bad one, nevertheless. Ferval's father would make no reply, and so it would end. The fact is Ferval's neighbors were right, and he was wrong. But Paul was an only child, a darling child—and a right good child he was, dutiful and affectionate, and withal a manly fellow—so that the father, who detested his own trade, in which, however, he was very skilful, and, being able to support his small family without difficulty, could not bear to set his bright, ardent, vivacious boy down to the back-breaking machine at which he himself toiled so faithfully.

But the evil day came at last. Ferval was taken mortally ill, and died. He left scarcely more than enough to provide for a decent burial, and his widow had to depend entirely on her daily labor for support. It was now that Paul lamented bitterly that a different course had not been pursued with him. He looked with feelings of envy on the young fellows of his own age who were already able to earn a decent support. He blamed himself for his improvidence. He knew not what to do, unless to become a laborer in the fields. Paul had another trouble, and it was a serious one—he was in love! Fanchette Crosier was the prettiest maiden in the whole department. She was confessedly without a rival the country round. Her father, Nicolas Crosier, was a stout-built, sturdy-looking old fellow, with a visage sour enough to frighten any youth who should have the audacity to offer himself as a suitor for his daughter. He had from a very small beginning got to be the proprietor of a large farm, and now enjoyed himself in cultivating his own land. The girl was his only child, and, although Nicolas was at times rather severe with his daughter, his heart was really bound up in his little Fanchette, as he called her.

Nicolas Crosier was one of the persons who used to take the liberty of remonstrating with the weaver Ferval about the young Paul. After all, there was something beyond the mere desire of rendering Paul a service, and preserving the place from the evils of his example, that influenced many of those who were so ready with their advice for Paul's benefit. If the truth must be told, all the girls of the village were in love with him, and the pretty Fanchette was no exception. No wonder, then, that the worthy fathers trembled at the thought of having such an idle fellow stealing in on them, and running off with the flower of their flock.

As for Paul, he had his own troubles in this respect. He was in love—in love with Fanchette Crosier, and of course was in despair. In the first place, it was not possible Fanchette could ever fancy him—no, not possible. Then old Nicolas Crosier! To be sure, Paul was always so civil, so respectful, so courteous, that the old fellow could not quarrel with him. Paul had done nothing, had said nothing, had made no demonstration which approximated toward making love to Fanchette. But Nicolas Crosier was too knowing to be deceived. He kept a strict watch both on Fanchette and Paul, resolving at the proper time to



MAUSOLEUM OF MOHAMMED SHAH AT BEEJAPORE.

give a death-blow to any hopes the latter might entertain in that quarter. The old fellow had no special objection to the youth beyond what he urged to his father—but he had made up his mind, after the death of the elder Ferval, to put a stop to Paul's coming to the house so soon as he decently could do so. It will be seen that Paul himself brought on the crisis. He could endure the suspense no longer. So one morning he goes to the house of Nicolas Crosier, which was situated a little out of the village, determined to seek an interview with the old man, and have his destiny settled.

Nicolas was seated in the little portico which skirted the front of his house, and which overlooked his garden and his meadow. He read Paul's errand in his face, and was glad enough that the wished-for opportunity had come. He saluted the young man civilly, and bade him take a seat. The latter was too much agitated to sit down, but told his errand at once.

"You want to marry Fanchette?"

"With your permission," said Paul modestly.

"What would you do with her?" asked Nicolas gruffly.

Paul hesitated; he was not taken by surprise, for he knew the question would be put to him; but now that it was put, he felt the force of it more than when he was considering it by himself.

"What would you do with her, eh?"

"I would work from morning to night, and she should want for nothing," said Paul resolutely.

"These are fine words, and you are, doubtless, a very fine fellow," said Nicolas ironically; "but tell me, Paul Ferval, are you really such an idiot as to suppose me willing to throw away Fanchette on a lazy, idle vagabond—one who never earned the salt in his soup, and now that his father is dead, is seeking to be supported by a father-in-law?"

Paul swallowed the hard words with difficulty; the insinuation of seeking a support cut him to the quick; at the same time he could not deny but that it would be very natural for any one to view his conduct in just that light.

After a moment's hesitation, he replied:

"I do not wonder you have these suspicions, but you wrong me. I do not want Fanchette until I prove to you I am able to support her."

"What's that to the purpose?—why do you come to me now?" asked old Nicolas, sneeringly.

"Because," said Paul, with a despairing energy, "if I had from you the slightest assurance that Fanchette might one day be mine, it would give me courage to accomplish everything, and this, Monsieur Crosier, is why I come now."

There was something in Paul's resolute tone which touched a similar chord in the old man. Besides, Paul sought no present advantage; he was content to put off the day; there was one point gained. Nicolas Crosier considered a while, and then he said:

"Paul, your father was a worthy, industrious man; your mother is a most excellent woman; you, at present, are a miserable, worthless do-nothing. You say you are resolved to turn about, go to work, and make something of yourself; I don't believe you ever will; but I am not the one to discourage a man who wants to do better. Fanchette is but sixteen. She sha'n't marry anybody with my consent these three years. Now, look you, if you can come to me in three years, and say, 'Nicolas Crosier, I have earned money to buy some land' (I don't care how little), 'and I have saved money to build a cottage' (let it be ever so small), 'and I want Fanchette,' why, you shall have Fanchette—that is, if the girl is fool enough to say she likes you, which I very much doubt; and here is my hand on it."

Paul seized the offered hand, and gave it such a grasp that it brought the tears into old Crosier's eyes.

"I don't ask for better terms—I have no right to ask for better. Ten thousand, thousand thanks."

"*Brisons-là-dessus*," said the old man hastily; "go in, if you like, and see my wife, perhaps Fanchette is with her; then be off with yourself. No more love-making—do you understand?—for three years."

It is very doubtful if Paul heard the last part of the sentence, as he was already in the house, seated between Fanchette and her mother. He told the latter (with whom, by the way, his handsome person and pleasing manners had made him a favorite) the result of the late interview, and improved the short time that was allowed him to the best advantage. A three-years' banishment is certainly a formidable obstacle even

for "true love;" but Fanchette had no fears; her mother had no fears; so, with many words of encouragement, Paul took his leave. Old Nicolas Crosier nodded carelessly to him as he passed out; and it was not till Paul had entered his mother's cottage that his heart sank within him at what he was to undertake. But his resolution was fixed. He briefly informed his mother what had occurred, and begged her to grant him her blessing, and let him set out the next morning to seek his fortunes. It was a grievous struggle for the poor woman, but her son's reasoning finally prevailed, and the next day Paul departed on foot from his native village. A knapsack swung over his shoulders contained his clothing; and the sum of twenty-six francs, which the widow had carefully saved for some unforeseen emergency, was safely deposited in his pocket. It was a long time before Paul consented to take the money, for the sneers of old Nicolas Crosier were still tingling in his ears; his mother, however, who knew how much he might stand in need of it, forced the silver into his hand, and, throwing her arms around his neck, she embraced him tenderly, and commended him to the keeping of the Holy Virgin and all the saints. Paul sobbed with grief, in spite of himself, as he trudged slowly away. But as he got out into the open country, the fresh fields and the pleasant prospect inspired him, while the thought of the stake for which he was venturing soon restored all his natural courage and determination.

His journey contained no adventures. He was kindly entertained by the inhabitants as he passed along, all of whom were delighted with Paul's open, easy manner, and pleasant cheerful countenance.

It was about noon that our adventurer found himself, after some days' travel, within sight of Paris. His purse still bore the weight of his twenty-six francs, for so hospitably had Paul been treated upon the road that he found no occasion to lighten it.

His heart beat with excitement as he beheld the gay city where all his hopes were centred. He was very sanguine. If he had been received as a brother by the peasants, by the way-side—some of whom were nearly as poor as himself—what good fortune must now attend him? What might he not expect from the rich and the powerful? Poor Paul had yet to learn the lesson that kindnesses and charities spring from the humble and the lowly, not from the opulent and the great.

As he advanced into the city, he reached the Italian Boulevards. They were thronged, as usual, with a glittering crowd, intent on pleasure and pastime. Paul gazed wildly around; the stream swept by him in the never-ending current. He put a civil question to one of the passers-by; it was answered by a shrug and a stare. Gay sights filled his eyes, lively voices were sounding in his ears, brilliant equipages swept rapidly along, and the shops and cafés and saloons bewildered him with their dazzling glare.

Paul's heart sank within him. He thought of his native village, of his mother's cottage, and his courage failed him. The real state of things flashed, by a kind of prescience, on his mind. Where was he to go? what was he to do? He felt that he had no power to interrupt the passing pageant with the story of his wants or of his aspirations; so he stood oppressed and dejected, till, finding himself continually jostled by the crowd, he proceeded down the Boulevards in the direction of the river.

It was doubtless by that same instinct which leads the miserable to seek the companionship of the distressed, that Paul found himself, as the day began to wane, on this side of the Seine, and in the dirty quarter of the Rue Neuve St. Medard. He was weary, hungry and dispirited. The purse containing his twenty-six francs was still safe in his pocket; but he dreaded to make the first inroad upon it.

As he stood leaning against the doorway of one of the ponderous buildings, irresolute what course to take, a little fat woman, fifty or sixty years old, with a large wool mattress on her head, turned into the courtyard. She did not see Paul, who, at that moment, had advanced a step directly in her path. He, poor fellow, was too much taken up with his own situation to notice her. At the moment of contact, Paul made an awkward endeavor to avoid the collision. It resulted in

making matters worse. The mattress was not only thrown down, but the little, fat old woman unfortunately lost her balance, and rolled into the mud.

Paul hastened to her assistance, but was greeted by a storm of abuse for his carelessness in intercepting the passage-way. They were the first words which had been addressed to him since he placed his foot within the city, and it was music to his ear to hear them. He raised the old woman in spite of her clamor, took up the mattress with alacrity, and insisted on carrying it to the top of the house, where was situated the small *atelier* in which she performed her labors of *cardeuse*.

By the time Paul had mounted to the sixth storey, the wrath of old Mennette, the little fat woman, was very considerably abated; and when, having been directed what room to go into, Paul put down the mattress and again asked pardon for his awkwardness, old Mennette's feelings took quite the contrary turn, and she apologised, with much volubility, for her own rudeness. The old and ill-formed are especially gratified by the attentions of the young and handsome. It certainly did not diminish the force of her protestations when she saw that it was a fine manly-looking fellow who was showing her so much civility.

The result of this adventure was very satisfactory, all things considered. The sight of Paul's knapsack naturally called forth an inquiry from the old woman, and it ended in Paul's telling her his whole story. Just think of it! Paul Ferval making a *confidante* of Mennette, the old *cardeuse*! A heavy falling off from the bright anticipations of the morning. For all that, Paul was happy enough to find anybody to whom he could talk, and of whom he might ask questions.

Old Mennette, after all, was not the worst adviser Paul could have had. She was really a kind-hearted sensible creature, who understood the way of the town, having been left at an early age to take care of herself. Of course, she had never married; for nobody would think of such a dwarfish, ill-formed thing for a wife. She had now lived many years in that house, and pursued her vocation unremittingly from day to day. Such was the person who, before she was aware of it, had taken a strong interest in Paul's fortunes. And Paul—he was no longer the lonely, miserable, isolated wretch, surrounded by the gay throng of the Boulevard. Seated on a pile of mattresses in the little dark *atelier* of old Mennette, he was as light-hearted and happy as was possible.

"I tell you what you shall do, Master Paul; I have a little room which joins this, not much larger than a closet, I admit, but it will answer until you can afford something better. You shall have as many mattresses as you like, and I can manage to make up the bed for you from my own store. Moreover, you shall breakfast with me, paying only your share, and for dinner I have always an abundance of soup and excellent *bouilli*. But that, after all, is nothing," continued the now enthusiastic old woman. "What can be thought of for you?" And she put a multitude of questions to Paul as to the extent of his capacities.

The poor fellow made but a sorry figure while going through this catechism.

"I have it at last," cried old Mennette with delight; "you shall become a water-carrier. The old carrier left the 'route' only yesterday; to be sure, he could not make a living out of it, but then he has not half your activity, I am sure he has not. To-morrow you shall: you must purchase your cans early in the morning, and I will go with you and show you the way."

Old Mennette now went into a full explanation of the labors and duties of a water-carrier; and although she admitted he would have a very unpromising route, still she was persuaded Paul could make something out of it.

Our hero went to bed with a light heart. Doubtless, the thought which is so well expressed in our English lines came into his head:

'Tis the poor man alone,
When he hears the poor moan,
A mite of his morsel will give.
Well-a-day.

The next morning Paul rose bright and early. Not now with reluctance was his purse drawn forth. He was paying money for the implements of his trade, and he counted it out cheer-

fully. Soon he became familiar with the mysteries of his profession, and settled into its routine. It was hard, even for Paul, to make a *sous* over and above his daily expenses. Old Mennette had not done justice to the former water-carrier. He had abandoned the route after a very faithful trial. But Paul was not to be discouraged. He did gain a little. By degrees he extended his trips as he gained greater facility in serving; he also made inquiries about the business in other parts of the town, and discovered that to be in a position to lay by any money, he should be possessed of a horse and cart.

"What shall I do," he said to old Mennette, "for a horse and cart? I must have a horse and cart. I am so familiar with the work now, that I could soon change my situation with a horse and cart."

"Take time, Paul, take time," old Mennette replied; "do not fret too much about it. I know a wheelwright near by, who will, I am sure, let you have a second-hand cart on credit, if you can only buy the horse."

Paul set to work with more zeal than ever, and by degrees his purse grew a little heavier, and his heart proportionably light.

The weather at length began to be cheerless and forbidding. The winter, which is always disagreeable in Paris, was unusually severe, and Paul overtook himself in performing what were his accustomed summer duties. In one very severe storm Paul was more than usually exposed, and he continued to labor till a late hour. He came home shivering, and without taking proper pains to dry himself, he went to bed. He awoke in the middle of the night with a burning fever. He tossed and tumbled about till morning, and then endeavored to rise. His limbs refused to sustain him, and he sank almost fainting on his bed. After a few moments he again attempted to raise himself, but the room seemed to whirl round, and he grew so giddy that he was forced once more to throw himself down. Shortly after, Old Mennette, having prepared breakfast, knocked at his room, surprised that Paul was not already stirring. She was answered by a voice so uncertain in its character that she pushed open the door. She hastened to his bedside, and seeing the poor fellow so ill, could not help expressing her lamentations. Paul had never been indisposed a day in his life before, and had not the slightest idea of a prolonged sickness. Much, therefore, as he was suffering, he assured the kind-hearted old woman that he should be quite well in a few hours, and asked to see one of the workmen below, and arrange for the performance of that day's labor. Old Mennette was familiar with disease, for at one time she had been a nurse: her experienced eye detected the presence of a violent fever, and she was satisfied that it would confine Paul many days to his bed. She did not discourage him, however, but endeavored to persuade him to remove to her own room, which could boast of the luxury of a fireplace, although it is more than probable it had never been used. Paul would not consent to change, and old Mennette, after preparing a ptisan and placing it near him, and recommending him to keep very quiet, went out to attend to her occupations. When she returned, she found Paul much worse. Indeed, Paul himself began to think something serious was fastened on him. The very loss of time was to him a mortal blow. Six months had elapsed, and he had certainly gained very little toward the consummation of his plans. Here was a "stay" which Paul had never calculated on—had never dreamed of. Old Mennette read his thoughts, and hastened to comfort him. First, she insisted on his removing into the next room; then she purchased fagots and made a fire, without letting Paul know it was not her daily custom to do so. What with the excitement of the change, and of the pleasant blaze upon the hearth, her patient fancied himself much better, while Old Mennette had not the heart to tell him she knew he was hourly growing worse.

He passed a miserable night, so that old Mennette was much alarmed at his appearance the following morning. However, she said but little to Paul, who, now almost despairing, lay, with throbbing pulse and suffused eyes, in a state bordering on entire apathy. Immediately after her breakfast, she hurried away to "dear Dr. Lanote," old Mennette's favorite among the medical faculty, remembered for his oddities, his eccentricities,

his abrupt manner and his kind heart. If the worthy man stood so high in Mennette's critical estimation, the latter was no less esteemed with him. She had nursed under the doctor, first and last, at least twenty years, and, as he always bore witness, she had never swerved from his orders or volunteered anything out of place. A reliable nurse is a valuable assistant to the physician; and whenever Dr. Lanote was called to a patient, and found Mennette in charge, he did not hesitate to express a peculiar satisfaction.

To Dr. Lanote old Mennette hurried. She had to cross the river, and take a long walk on the other side of the Seine, but she got to his house before he had left, and waited for her turn to see him.

"Ah, Mennette, is it you? Sit down. You have had a long walk this morning. I hope you have come to say you are going to try your hand as nurse again. Now-a-days it's a novelty to find a nurse that keeps to her duty. Do you remember how we carried through M. Gaudet?"

"Can I ever forget it?" said the old woman, with vivacity, "and how the rich merchant offered you his purse, and you bade him hand it to Mennette, saying that the nurse had done more than yourself towards his recovery. It was a proud day for me; and that was the reason I could not receive the money. I felt more than paid by what you said of me, and it seemed as if I should be robbed of that reward had I taken it."

"Ah, Mennette, you are an old fool like myself. But I must despatch these patients. What is to be done for you?"

Although Dr. Lanote was really in a hurry that morning, he sat patiently and heard Mennette tell the whole story of Paul Ferval from beginning to end. He betrayed no particular interest in the narrative, and when it was concluded he said:

"Very well, Mennette; now go and attend to your mattresses, I will give the youngster a call;" and the old woman went off as well contented as if she had received every assurance in the world in relation to her *protégé*.

It was about one o'clock in the afternoon. With Paul the hours had passed heavily. From a continual restlessness he gradually sunk into a stupor, against which he vainly endeavored to struggle. He was partially roused from it by a friendly shake of the shoulder, while an abrupt but not harsh voice exclaimed,

"Well, what are you doing here?"

Paul opened his eyes and saw standing over him a little, inquisitive-looking, bright-eyed old fellow, who was regarding him with an expression of curiosity and interest.

"Well, my lad, what do you think of me?"

As Paul knew nothing of old Mennette's expedition, he had not the slightest idea that the visit was from a physician. He said nothing, but stared wildly at the intruder.

"What is the matter with you?" said Dr. Lanote.

"I don't know," replied Paul.

Dr. Lanote proceeded to examine his symptoms very carefully.

"Are you a medical man?" inquired Paul.

"Yes."

"I don't want one."

"Why not?"

"I am better without."

"You speak more truth than you imagine, my poor fellow," muttered Dr. Lanote to himself.

"Besides," continued Paul, "I have no means of paying for visits."

"That is not true," said the doctor, bluntly. "You have a bag containing five-franc pieces somewhere about the room."

"Wretch!" cried Paul, in an excited tone, "would you rob me?"

"No," said the doctor, dryly, evidently not relishing being mistaken for a thief. "I would cure you, that's all—and to do that, I must rouse you; and I think I have partially succeeded. Where's Mennette?"

"I cannot tell," said Paul, who began to think he was in a dream.

At that moment the old woman's step was heard on the staircase, and the next she made her appearance in the room. Dr. Lanote took her aside.

"Over-exertion of body and mind," he whispered; "grief—care—disappointment—cerebral—typhus. He must be nursed—you understand."

He continued his suggestions much in the same manner, dropping a word here and there, to represent a whole sentence, which was doubtless coherent enough in his mind, and which old Mannette seemed to understand perfectly.

"I will be here in the morning," said Dr. Lanote; then turning to Paul, he bade him take courage, and took his leave.

"Is it possible that there are no remedies for such a disease?" said Dr. Lanote to himself, as he stepped slowly down the staircase. "I am convinced that neither the antiphlogistic, nor the stimulant, nor the tonic, nor the derivative method of treatment is of any avail. I dare not follow any of them. To what, then, am I reduced? To the Expectant! Just what that sensible American^o declared after a practice of nearly half a century, to wit, 'that we had better leave the disease to cure itself, as remedies, especially powerful ones, are more likely to do harm than good.' Well, well, the boy has a stout frame, and by carefully watching—but his courage is gone—his courage is gone—there's the rub;" and Dr. Lanote got into his carriage and drove away.

The doctor called daily, sometimes twice a day, while the fever gradually crept through Paul's system, and approached the crisis. He had taken no medicine. Dr. Lanote would prescribe nothing, except, perhaps, a little barley-water, weak lemonade, or something of that sort.

Notwithstanding old Mannette was as economical as she could be, it was necessary to make some trifling purchases which she had no means of supplying. Paul had at first resolutely resisted any encroachments on his treasure. One day Dr. Lanote came in and recommended her to procure two or three little articles which were really necessary for his comfort. Old Mannette looked mournfully at Paul.

"You hear," she said, "what the good doctor advises?"

"I must do without them," said he, in as decided a tone as his weak voice would permit.

"A miser, and so young!" cried Dr. Lanote a little sharply.

"I hoarded my money to buy a horse and cart," answered Paul, bitterly.

A compression of the lips and a slight tremulous movement of the muscles of the mouth could be perceived; but the doctor manifested no other sign that he had heard a word that Paul was saying.

As for Paul, he now submitted to his fate, because he could no longer resist it. His hopes were fled, every one of them, and he really did not care what became of him.

By degrees his purse grew lighter and lighter, for Dr. Lanote would have his own way, and Paul ceased to give a thought on the subject.

The doctor continued unremitting in his visits, and kept the strictest watch of every symptom, so that he might check at once any of those intercurrent affections which are so apt to appear in the disease, should any manifest themselves.

The fever at last had spent its force, and the crisis approached. The principal danger was to be apprehended from Paul's utter despondency. I should not say despondency. He had reached a lower point, for he had ceased to despond. If he had any wish at all, it was that he might escape from the world. Poor Paul!

It was near evening. Paul had been sick fourteen days, and the crisis of the fever had come. Dr. Lanote stood by our hero's bedside with a perplexed aspect. At last he said to him—

"My lad, you must bestir yourself—bass but a good night, and to-morrow you will be better."

"I do not want to be better," said Paul, faintly; "I want to go; it will be soon, I hope."

"Ah, very well," said the doctor, "if I can be of any service to you, command me. I will see to anything you intrust to me."

Paul made no reply, but whispered, in a low tone—

"Fanchette."

"Fanchette?" cried Dr. Lanote. "What Fanchette? Is it the Fanchette who is soon to be married to Jean Grilliet?"

Paul opened his eyes very wide, notwithstanding his weak state: an electric shock had been administered.

"What do you say?" he asked with considerable energy.

"I spoke of Fanchette Crosier, the lass Jean Grilliet is about to marry, and a nice fellow he is too. I only hope the girl is half as good as he is. But why do you speak of Fanchette—is she anything to you?"

"Fanchette Crosier to be married!" exclaimed Paul, endeavoring to raise himself.

"Certainly; why not, my lad? These young girls all have their day, and so do the boys as well. If you will but bestir yourself, your own turn will come by and by. I know a pretty little mischievous creature that I will recommend for you, if you will only promise to behave yourself, worth a dozen of this Fanchette, if you ever cared for her."

The perspiration streamed from Paul's face; this time he was completely electrified. He looked sharply at Dr. Lanote, who stood the very personification of innocence and simplicity.

"It is false," he finally exclaimed; "I won't believe a word of it. If I thought it were possible——"

"Just make a journey home and see for yourself," interrupted the doctor, "and if I have misinformed you, I will pay the whole expense of it."

"Then I have my mother to live for," said our hero; and, worn out by the natural vehemence of his feelings, he sank exhausted on his pillow, and in a few minutes was fast asleep.

"Done—it's finished!" muttered Dr. Lanote, emphatically.

"What is done? My goodness! What is finished? Dear doctor—dear Dr. Lanote!" cried old Mannette, in an excited tone.

"Nurse," said Dr. Lanote, "I am surprised to see you forget yourself. In former times you would not have been guilty of such imprudence. You perceive that the boy slumbers naturally. It is the only thing which will save him. Keep everything quiet, everything comfortable. Let him sleep this way through the night, and he is safe."

"An excusable artifice," muttered the doctor to himself; "it touched his vitality—case for record—will look in early;" and with another glance at the slumbering Paul, and another nod of satisfaction, the doctor hurried away.

It happened precisely as Dr. Lanote had predicted. Paul slumbered soundly all night, while old Mannette never left his side, and the next morning he opened his eyes very weak and very helpless, but really a new man.

Old Mannette perceived at once the happy change. She would not permit Paul to speak a word, but whispered to him that he was rapidly getting better! The latter endeavored to collect his senses. At length, what the doctor had told him of Fanchette flashed upon him. He groaned aloud—he could not help it: then he asked himself, "Could it be true?" and then he felt an impatient desire to get well and satisfy himself on the point. At this juncture Dr. Lanote came gently into the room. Approaching Paul's bed, he took his hand and said cheerfully:

"Now, my fine fellow, you have only to keep quiet and get well, and I will see what can be done for you."

"It won't do to deceive him yet," he said to himself; "we must wait till he has more strength."

Although Paul had at first taken a great antipathy to the doctor, he had already begun to experience a change in his feelings towards him. He even endeavored to return the pressure of the doctor's hand, and was about expressing some words of gratitude, when the latter prevented him from speaking.

"Not a word now; in a few days you may talk as much as you like;" and, after giving further directions to old Mannette,

* Dr. Lanote doubtless referred to Dr. Nathan Smith, unquestionably the most eminent physician America has ever furnished, and who adopted and introduced a new method of treatment in typhus fever

he told her in a whisper not to spare the few remaining francs which Paul might have left, but to be sure and procure certain little delicacies which he was even so particular as to name to her.

Things now went on well enough: to be sure, Paul's money was all gone; not a sous, not a centime, was left in the purse his mother had given him; indeed, for several days Dr. Lanote had himself supplied all the desired superfluities. But Paul himself was gaining strength rapidly; after a while he could sit up a little; then he could walk a few times across the room; at length he could dress himself. He began to be very impatient to get out and breathe the air; but the doctor restrained him, and Paul was too grateful to be disobedient. He was, however, filled with but one thought: it was to go back to his native village, and satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of the story that Fanchette had really given herself to a rival. The stronger Paul grew, the less he was inclined to credit the tale, and therefore the more desponding he became with regard to his own prospects. A singular paradox truly, but so it was, and such is human nature.

It was now early in the spring, and on one pleasant day Dr. Lanote called in somewhat later than usual, and bade Paul equip himself warmly, and he would promise him a drive. Old Mannette bustled about in high spirits—indeed, with a glee that seemed rather extravagant, and which was by no means in accordance with Paul's depressed feelings. The latter, however, was soon ready, and the three now slowly descended to the street.

At the entrance to the courtyard there was a horse and cart, while a smart, active-looking young fellow stood on the latter, as if waiting for orders.

"It is the new water-carrier," whispered old Mannette to Paul.

Paul looked at him with a melancholy expression, and was about to turn away, when the man jumped lightly from the cart, and touching his hat, said:

"Is this Monsieur Paul Ferval?"

"Paul Ferval is my name," said our hero.

"I have brought round the new cart you ordered some time since; it should have been here yesterday, but it was not quite finished. Your horse feels well this morning—he has not been used lately. He is in excellent condition for work—that you may depend on."

Paul Ferval was thunderstruck. He could not say a word, but stared first at the man, then at Dr. Lanote, and finally at old Mannette. The doctor was the first to speak.

"You may drive into the courtyard," he said to the man, "and wait till we come back. Come, Paul, I have no time to lose—get in."

The fresh air and the pleasant sun and the agreeable change had a sensible effect on Paul's feelings; but when Dr. Lanote remarked very gravely that he believed he had a mistake to correct; he had ascertained that the Fanchette who was to be married to Jean Grilliet was not Fanchette Crosier—Paul's Fanchette—but doubtless some other Fanchette, and so forth; and when he added, further, that, instead of the wager which he had ventured to make of Paul's expenses home to ascertain the fact, he thought he would substitute a good horse and cart and equipments, which he had that morning delivered—Paul actually threw his arms around the good doctor and embraced him, frantic with happiness.

The rest you can all guess. Paul was soon strong enough—he went to work—he enlarged his business—he was lucky in everything he did; he was the most successful water-carrier in all Paris. Bravo, Paul Ferval!

Paul kept his three years' truce religiously. We won't say that in all that time he heard nothing from Fanchette Crosier. We are inclined to think the little baggage knew quite well how Paul was getting on from one month to another after he had begun with that horse and cart.

Well, the three years were up, and Paul had accumulated enough certainly, to come within the moderate limits set by old Nicolas Crosier.

Yes, the three years were up, and Paul had returned to his native village, and made glad the heart of his good, fond mother.

The next morning, after having equipped himself in his best, and received his mother's caresses and compliments, he left the cottage, and took the road to Nicolas Crosier's.

It was a pleasant summer's day, and the old fellow sat after dinner on the same balcony, and in the same chair, and precisely on the same spot, where he was seated three years before, when he made the compact with Paul, and relieved himself of the handsome vagabond, as he used to call him. Nicolas had altered but little in appearance, in habit or in disposition, so far as one could see, unless to become a little more arbitrary, a little more sedentary, and a little more gray. On the contrary, Paul had changed wonderfully. His frame was stouter, his shoulders were broader, his form larger and more manly. Besides, he had cultivated, or, rather, left uncultivated, his beard and whiskers and moustache, and was really a formidable fellow to look at. He marched with a firm step towards Nicolas Crosier.

"Good-day, M. Nicolas Crosier," said Paul, in a firm, strong voice.

Nicolas rubbed his eyes, but he did not recognise the stranger.

"Good-day," he replied.

"I understand you desire to dispose of a part of your farm," said Paul. "If so, I should like to become the purchaser."

"The deuce!" growled Nicolas Crosier. "And I should like to know who has been putting such nonsense into your head."

"I want to build a neat little cottage," continued Paul, without heeding what was said; "and it strikes me I could not be better suited than hereabouts."

Nicolas Crosier rose slowly to his feet; something in the tone and manner of the stranger was familiar to him—something, too, he seemed to recollect about land, a cottage and Paul Ferval. He came close to Paul; he recognised him. What he would have done by way of further demonstration we are unable to say, for at that moment out ran both wife and daughter, and such a scene as there was, and such fools as they all made of themselves—according to old Nicolas, who stood waiting to put in a word, but could get no opportunity—it would be quite impossible to describe.

After a time, however, the excitement began to subside, and Paul, taking his purse from his pocket—the same purse his mother had pressed on him, now well filled with gold pieces, handed it to Nicolas Crosier, saying:

"Is this sufficient? Have I performed my part of the contract?"

"Ay, that you have, and you shall see if I will perform mine. Here, Fanchette, come here. But, perhaps," said Nicolas, stopping suddenly short, and trying to assume a serious expression, "perhaps Fanchette won't ratify—ha, ha, ha! You know I was not to interfere with her; Fanchette, you little witch, what do you say?—ha, ha, ha!"

What Fanchette said, and so forth, the reader may judge for himself. Suffice it to say that the wedding shortly afterwards took place, and that their married life was in every sense a happy one.

MANOËR.—Slightly above the middle size, his figure, though spare, was handsome and commanding, the chest, broad and open, the bones and framework large, the joints well knit together. His neck was long and finely moulded. The head, unusually large, gave space for a broad and noble brow. The hair, thick, jet black, and slightly curling, fell down over his ears. The eyebrows were arched and joined. The countenance thin, but ruddy. His large eyes, intensely black and piercing, received additional lustre from the long, dark eyelashes. The nose was high and slightly aquiline, but fine, and at the end attenuated. The teeth were far apart. A long, black, bushy beard, reaching to the breast, added manliness and presence. His expression was pensive and contemplative. The face beamed with intelligence, though something of the sensuous also might be there discerned. The skin of his body was clear and soft; and his step was hasty, yet sharp and decided.



THE REHEARSAL—FROM A PICTURE BY J. T. HIXON.

VIOLETS.

When first I pluck'd the violet
It was a sunny day in March,
White clouds like frosted silver met
The azure of the boundless arch;
The fresh rills danced, the blithe birds sung,
So did my heart; for I was young.

Thenceforth its very name could fill
My childish mind with golden beams,
With leaf-buds on a wooded hill,
And dazzling clouds, and glittering streams,
With all the sounds and feelings gay
Of that bright breezy holiday.

But I grew up to toilsome hours,
In a dim city closely pent,
Then, through the spring, my fav'rite flowers
My mother in her letters sent:
And so sweet thoughts of her and home
Would with their fragrance only come.

Until, at last, with other sweets,
It gather'd round the precious name
Of one who brought me violets;
So oft, glad evenings when he came
Their scent to me his presence bore,
Before my hand could open the door.

Thence their rich breathing spake alone
Of hope and tenderness and truth;
Six waiting years had come and gone,
And we had pass'd our early youth,
Ere Poverty, a captive led,
Knelt down to Love, and we were wed.

He brought me to his cottage fair:
Our wedding-day brings spring again.
A golden joy is in the air,
Each waving branch new welcomes rain,
And early flowers our garden round
Murmur soft blessings from the ground.

We climb the hill behind the house,
To show me where the violets grew;
Each tiny stem seems tremulous
With blissful thoughts both old and new.
We are so happy there alone,
Feeling, at last, each other's own.

So clung about our happiness
Those wild-flowers seem'd, that when our boy
Was born, around his christening dress
I wove them; so a sacred joy
Mingled amid the spirit wreath
That flutter'd to their lightest breath.

My child! I see him plainly now
As any time his eight bright years.
His the soft eyes, the changeful glow,
Too delicate for this world's tears;
And so perhaps the angels knew:
Alas! they gather blossoms too.

One morn I watch'd him out of sight,
Nodding to me his pretty head;
He went for violets up the height,
'Neath a steep cliff we found him dead.
For me he'd climbed its side to cull
The flowers of which his hands were full.

I drew them from those fingers small:
Ah! then upon our fav'rites fell
The sombre shadow of the pall.
I could not bear their sight or smell
The passion of a mighty grief
Was written on each purple leaf.

I learn'd, within a few more years,
To dread the time of violets;
For its keen breath woke shudd'ring fears
That darken'd o'er the old regrets.
Of all I loved the last the best
Was passing slowly to his rest.

Veiling the grave with hopes so fair,
That when that gentle husband died,
I could believe his love and care
Lived round me still intensified.
Heaven open'd o'er that long decay,
And then I saw how near it lay.

The violets of our courting-time
I plac'd upon his shrouded heart,
The while I bless'd thee, Faith sublime,
Strong and far-reaching as thou art!
Those dry leaves linking by thy spell
To amaranth and asphodel.

And looking back, and looking round,
I know no life so fair as mine:
Therein such depths of joy abound,
Beauty and love so round it shine,
That depths of trouble too were given,
Or else I had not valued Heaven.

And my heart feels it strange relief
To have its old love-struggle done
'Twixt child and husband with this grief
The horror from the violets gone,
Now Immortality hath kiss'd
Each leaf of fragrant amethyst.

And round their graves have violets sprung:
Yes, I can tend them, for I know
Each feeling 'mid their blossoms hung
Shall live again, except the woe;
And in that glad assurance blest,
I wait my entering into rest.

FALSE SPELLING ARISING OUT OF SOUND.—A curious list might be compiled of English words, conveying, in their present form, meanings totally in discordance with their derivatives. The sound of such words has given birth to a new idea, but of course erroneous mode of spelling. Thus, Buffetiers has been transformed into beef-eaters. Dent de lion has been corrupted to dandyion, from an idea of the bold and flaunting aspect of the flower, whereas its name has reference to the root. Contredanse is spelled country dance, as implying rural or common life pastime, instead of the position of the dancers. Cap-a-pie, armed from head to foot. This has given rise to the homely term of apple pie order. Folio-capo (Italian), first-size sheet, suggestive of foolscap. Chateau vert Hill, near Oxford, well known as Shot over Hill. Girasole artichoke, into Jerusalem artichoke. Laak (Anglo-Saxon) play, has been turned into lark, and even into skylark. Massaniello is universally recognized as the name of the celebrated Neapolitan insurrectionist, who at one time nearly overturned the government of that kingdom. How few who use the word are aware that "Mas-Aniello" is but a corruption of Thomas Aniello, so pronounced by his vulgar companions, and now raised to the dignity of a historical name. Hougoumont is a conspicuous feature of the great field of Waterloo, and a name familiarly used in speaking of the famous battle. In the course of time it will be forgotten that this is a mere mistake, said to have originated with the great general who achieved the victory, catching up, from the peasantry around, the sound of Chateau Goumont, and the real name of the little rural demesne in question.

FISH CULTURE.—A remarkable account has been lately given by Dr. Cloquet, to the Paris Société d'Acclimation, of the results of an attempt to keep salmon in fresh water ponds having no communication with the sea. The experiment was made at St. Cucufa, near St. Cloud, where M. Coste has successfully carried on piscicultural operations on a very extensive scale. The pond chosen for the experiment in question is of small extent, and is supplied by a small stream of fresh water, sufficient to form a cascade. Three years ago the pond was entirely emptied and cleaned out. In April and May, 1855, several thousand salmon, only two months old, were placed in the pond with trout, and, notwithstanding the voracious nature of the latter fish, the salmon have prospered so well that, a few weeks ago, in the presence of the emperor, who takes great interest in the artificial production of fish, no less than 200 kilogrammes weight of salmon was caught by one haul of a net. This result is very surprising; but M. Coste states that he was far more astonished to find that the female salmon were full of eggs. He adds, that he saw several eggs so highly developed that they were on the point of being emitted. These results, which bear the stamp of high authenticity, prove that salmon may be produced and reared in fresh water ponds, under similar circumstances to those by which trout are now so successfully multiplied in various waters around Paris.



ZEPHIRINE DANCING BEFORE THE BANDITS.

THE FIDDLER AMONG THE BANDITS.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER I.

THE people of Marseilles, who have preserved none of their ancient municipal rights but the privilege of carrying a gun, are every one of them sportsmen.

In the north, the land of activity, the sportsman pursues the game, and, providing he can secure it, considers that the trouble to which he has put himself, will lose him nothing of his consideration in the eyes of his countrymen.

In the south, the land of indolence, the sportsman waits for the game to come to him; in the south, the game is expected to present itself to man—for is not man lord of the creation?

There exists at Marseilles an old and solemn tradition, the origin of which is lost in the darkness of ages, to the effect that flights of wild pigeons, at some period or other, pass over the place. This tradition it is that makes every Marseillais a sportsman. Each of the more knowing of these sportsmen has a shooting-post, which is a narrow hut scooped out in the earth, and roofed over with a mass of withered leaves and branches. On either side of this hut stand two or three pines, at the summit of which long *bigues de bois* spread out their naked skeletons; two of these are generally placed horizontally, a third vertically: these *bigues* are called *cimeaux*.

About once every week, the Marseillais sportsman betakes himself to his cave, spreading out the branches so that nothing but his head appears above the earth, and even this is disguised in a cap of a faded green color, admirably blending with that of the withered branches.

In ordinary times, the Marseillais expects the thrush, the blackbird, the ortolan, the beccafico, the redpole, or any other small bird, to favor him with a visit, for his ambition never rises to the quail or the partridge; but as neither thrush, blackbird, ortolan, beccafico nor redpole can have any possible motive

to come and perch voluntarily on the pines where they are expected, the Marseillais sportsman is generally followed by a boy carrying several cages, in each of which is imprisoned one of the species above named. These birds, innocently enough come by, are indifferently of both sexes, the males being destined to entice the lady birds, and the female ones their gentlemen friends.

The cages being suspended to the lower branches of the pines, the disenfranchised occupants call to the free birds, and the unfortunate warblers, deceived by the voices of their comrades, come and perch on the *cimeaux* that are placed horizontally; this, however, it must be observed, only happens in very rare cases.

There the sportsman wait for them; if he is expert, he wings them; if awkward, he misses; generally, the Marseillais sportsman is awkward. Skill, we all know, is a matter of habit.

The Marseillais sportsman visits his post every eight days. One day in eight a bird comes and perches on the *cimeaux*; out of eight birds, he succeeds in shooting one. It consequently results that, taking into consideration cost of land, cost of gun, cost of birds, and expense of post, every bird costs him from twenty to twenty-five pounds.

But on the day that the Marseillais sportsman does succeed in bagging a bird, on that day he is great in the consideration of his family, and equally great in the consideration of his fellow-townsmen. Upon extraordinary occasions—that is, upon the occasion of flights of wild pigeons—the Marseillais sportsman coolly betakes himself to his post with a tame pigeon, which is tied with a string to the perpendicular *cimeaux* in such a manner that he is compelled to be for ever on the wing, the point of the vertical *bigue* tapering off into a sort of lightning-conductor, and the string that retains the unhappy captive being too short to allow of the bird's reposing on the horizontal *bigues*.

The continual flight of the tame pigeon is intended to attract larger or smaller flocks of birds which are expected to pass on their journey from Kamtschatka to Africa. Were pigeons really to pass by, they probably would be quite awake to the stratagem; but, from the days of Phocées, the Marseillais sportsman most frankly allows that he has never seen a pigeon; this, however, does not hinder him from affirming the passage of the birds in question.

At the end of four weeks, the tame pigeon dies of exhaustion, but as these flights of pigeons are supposed to last three months—that is, from October to the end of December—the amateur has to bear the expense of three more pigeons.

During all this time, it is but just to mention that the sportsman does not kill a single bird of another species, the tame pigeon being to them a continual source of terror sufficient to frighten them away.

Thus the Marseillais sportsman remains in his hut for seven or eight hours—that is, from four o'clock in the morning till mid-day. There are some madmen who even carry their breakfast and dinner with them, returning to their homes only with the approach of night.

During a visit I made to Marseilles, I was anxious to be introduced to one of this peculiar race of sportsmen, and on applying to a friend, he promised that if I would meet him that evening at the theatre, and would afterwards sup with him at Sybillot's, he would endeavor to make me acquainted with a singular specimen of this sedentary tribe of sportsman.

I arrived at the theatre at the appointed time, and found my friend already waiting for me. My first inquiry was as to the whereabouts of the promised sportsman.

"There he is, in the orchestra," was his reply.

"What, the third violincello?" I exclaimed.

"No, the fourth. Look! there he is."

"I see him."

"Well! that's the man. He isn't much like a sportsman, is he?"

"Indeed he isn't!"

"Well you will be able to tell me presently what he is made of."

Re-assured by this promise, I directed my attention to the play. When this was over, my friend made a sign to the fourth bass, who replied to it by a corresponding gesture. The one sign meant: "We are going to wait for you at Sybillot's." The other signified: "I am only going to take my instrument home, and will join you in five minutes." Two deaf and dumb persons could not have said more in a less space of time.

In truth we had only just arrived at Sybillot's when M. Louet entered. After we had been introduced to each other, we sat down to table.

During supper, we were endeavoring to establish an understanding between one another. With the exception of the fourth bass, we each told our anecdote; he, however, said not a word. It appears that nothing produces an appetite so much as the movement of one hand horizontally and the other perpendicularly; however, he listened to all we said, without losing a single bite or a single joke, contenting himself with applauding the fine things we had done by means of a nod of the head, and accompanying this expression of his approbation by a little nasal grunt, when the anecdote struck him as being very amusing. My countenance expressed dissatisfaction at this continued silence, but my friend motioned to me that we must allow the appetite sufficient time to satisfy itself that everything would come in its proper place, and that we should lose nothing by waiting a little. At length when the dessert was placed on the table, the fourth bass uttered a species of exclamation which seemed equivalent to saying, "Upon my word I've had a very good supper."

My friend saw that the moment had arrived, and called for a bowl of punch and cigars. Just as the order for these was given the fourth bass threw himself back in his chair, looked first at one, then the other, as if he were beholding us for the first time, and performing his inspection with a benevolent smile; after which, he again remarked, with the soft sigh of satisfaction that belongs to the good liver, "Upon my word, I've had a very excellent supper!"

The cigars having arrived, one was offered to our sporting friend.

"No, gentlemen," he replied. "I never smoke. In my town people never smoked; the habit was introduced by the Cossacks at the same time as boots. For my part, I have never left off shoes, and have always remained faithful to my snuff box. I am a great man for nationality."

And with these words, the fourth bass drew a snuff-box from his pocket and handed it to us. My friend who wished to flatter him on his weak point, took a pinch, observing—

"Upon my word, your snuff is very good; this canister never paid duty I should say."

"Oh dear, yes sir!" was the answer; "only I mix it myself. It is a secret which I learned from a cardinal when I was at Rome."

"What! have you been to Rome then?" said I.

"Yes," replied he; "I was there some nineteen or twenty years."

"I was just going to observe," chimed in my friend, "that as you do not smoke, you ought to tell these gentlemen about your shooting the *chastre*."

"What is a *chastre*?" inquired I.

"A *chastre*!" replied my friend. "Don't you know what a *chastre* is? Only fancy a man who doesn't know what a *chastre* is calling himself a sportsman. Why, the *chastre* my friend, is a bird of omen; it is the *rara avis* of the Latin satirist."

"It is a kind of blackbird," continued the fourth bass, "and excellent when roasted."

"Well, come now, tell him your anecdote about shooting the *chastre*."

"My only wish is to make myself agreeable," said our sportsman graciously.

"Listen, then," exclaimed my friend to me, "and you will hear of one of the most extraordinary pieces of sporting which has been known since the days of Nimrod. I have heard it twenty times, and hear it again each time with a fresh pleasure." Then turning to the fourth bass, "Come," said he, "we are all attention for you to begin."

CHAPTER II.

"You must know, then, gentlemen," commenced our musical friend, "every Marseillais is a sportsman; being a Marseillais, I, of course inherited the predominant passion of my fellow-townsmen."

"In the year 1810 or 1811, I was then only thirty-five—which means to say that I was a little more active than I am now, although, thank heaven! I still enjoy excellent health—I was one morning at my post, as usual, before daybreak. I had fastened my tame pigeon to the stake, and he was fighting away like the deuce, when I thought I saw something by the light of the stars, resting on my pine tree. Unfortunately it was not sufficiently light for me to distinguish whether it was a bat or a bird. I kept quiet, the animal did the same, and I waited, prepared for whatever event might take place when the sun rose. When its first rays appeared, I discovered that it was a bird."

"I fetched my gun quietly from the hut, applied it to my shoulder, and when I had taken a good aim, pressed my finger on the trigger—only fancy, gentlemen, I had been imprudent enough not to discharge my gun the night before, and it accordingly hung fire."

"However, I saw from the manner in which the bird flew away that I had touched him. I followed him with my eyes until he alighted, and then looked towards my post, gentlemen, when, astonishing as it may appear, I discovered that I had severed the string which fastened my pigeon, and the bird had flown away. I saw that as I had lost my decoy-bird, I should lose my time if I continued at my post. I accordingly determined to start in pursuit of the *chastre*, for I forgot to tell you that this bird was a *chastre*."

"Unfortunately, I had no dog. In the *chasse au poste*, the dog becomes not only useless but intolerable. Not having any dog with me, then, to mark the game, I was obliged to beat the bushes myself, but the *chastre* had hopped a considerable dis-

tance, and when I thought him in front of me he suddenly rose at my back. I turned round at the sound of his flight, and had a shot at him on the wing, but the shot was thrown away, as you may suppose. However, I observed some of his feathers flying. I even picked up one of them, and placed it in my button-hole."

"Well, then, if these feathers were flying about, the chastre must have been hit."

"That was also my opinion. I had kept my eye upon him, and plunged forward in pursuit; but you understand the animal had taken wing and got out of range, so I sent a parting shot after him, just at hazard. But who knows where a few grains of lead go to?"

"No, no; a few grains of lead won't do the business for a chastre," said my friend. "The chastre dies remarkably hard."

"It's quite true, sir; for the bird had already received some wounds from my first two shots, in spite of which he rose again for the third time, and came down about three quarters of a mile off; but it was all right from the moment that he dropped down. I had sworn to join his company, so away I went in pursuit; the rascal, however, knew what sort of a customer he had to deal with, I can tell you, and rose every fifty or sixty yards; but it mattered not, sir, I kept firing away. I felt as blood-thirsty as a tiger, and had I got him into my power, assuredly I had eaten him alive, feathers and all. As it was I commenced to feel pretty hungry; happily, however, in anticipation of staying all day at my post, I had brought my breakfast with me and my dinner in my pouch, so I satisfied my cravings whilst I still kept on in hot pursuit. We men of the south, with our hot heads, are rendered ferocious by irritation, and I was irritated to the last point; but the accursed chastre, sir, was bewitched, and might well have been taken for the bird of the Prince Caramalzaman. I left Cassis and Aliat on my right, and came on the great plain that stretches from Ligne to St. Cyr. I had been on foot for fifteen hours, advancing now to the right, now to the left, for had it been a straight road, I should certainly have got to the other side of Toulon. My legs bent under me. As to the chastre, he did not show again. At last I saw night approach, and had scarcely half an hour's sunlight to get up with my bird. I made a vow to Notre Dame de la Garde to hang up a silver chastre if I succeeded in coming up with him. Under pretext that I was not a mariner she pretended not to hear me. Night came on darker and darker; I sent my last shot of despair after my infernal chastre. He ought to have heard the ball whistle, sir, for this time he made such a flight that I vainly followed him with my eyes and saw him disappear in the dark, in the direction of St. Cyr. It was no use thinking of returning to Marseilles, so I determined to go on to St. Cyr and sleep. Fortunately that night there was no performance at the theatre. I reached the hotel of the Black Eagle ready to die of hunger, and asked the host, an old acquaintance of mine, to prepare a supper and a bed; I then sat down with him and told him my adventure. He inquired particularly where I had lost sight of the chastre, and I pointed out the direction as well as I was able. He reflected a moment, then observed, 'Your chastre must be in the brushwood on the right of the road.'

"Indeed!"

"Summon me at daybreak, if you like; I will take my dog and we will go and raise the fellow together."

"By Jove! I am agreeable," replied I. "It shan't be said that a miserable bird gave me the slip, if you think it possible to recover him."

"Certain."

"All right; that is as good as a sleeping-draught to me. I'll be ready for you in the morning."

"As I was not desirous of meeting with a similar misfortune to that I encountered the previous day, I unloaded my gun and washed it. It was dirty, sir; dirtier than you can imagine. The fact is I had fired at least fifty shots during the day. Having taken this precaution, I placed the barrel in the chimney-corner, that it might dry during the night. I then supped, jumped into bed and slept like a top till five in the morning, when my host awoke me.

"As my intention was to return to Marseilles by the same road I had come by, I had, with praiseworthy forethought, filled my game-bag with the remnants of the previous night's supper. To this I had a perfect right, sir, having paid for it. I now slung my game bag over my shoulder, descended the stairs, remounted my gun, and drew forth my powder-flask to load it, but the flask was empty.

"Fortunately my host had a supply of ammunition. Between sportsmen, as you are aware, sir, powder and shot is exchanged like a pinch of snuff among diplomatists. My host offered me his powder; I accepted it. I blew off a cap—then charged my gun. The grain of the powder might have given me cause to doubt its merits, but at the time I heeded not this defect. We started—my host, myself, and Soliman (his dog was called Soliman). He was a first-rate animal, to say the least of him, for hardly had we got amongst the brushwood when he came to a point.

"There's your chastre," cried my host.

"And sure enough there was the chastre, sir, only three paces off. Raising my gun, I took careful aim at him.

"What the dickens are you going to do?" cried out my host to me; 'why you'll blow him to pieces—it will be downright murder; besides, you may probably give my dog a dose of lead into the bargain.'

"That's true," replied I, and drew back a matter of ten paces, just a nice shot. Soliman stood like a rock, sir; he might have been taken for the dog of Cephalus. As you are doubtless aware, sir, the dog of Cephalus was turned into stone."

"No," replied I, smilingly, "I confess my ignorance of the fact."

"Ah—well! the misfortune of which I speak happened to that animal."

"Poor beast!" chimed in my friend.

"Soliman kept on pointing in the most marvellous fashion. It's my impression, sir, that had not his master called to him, he would still have been found firmly rooted to the spot. As it was, he started forward, and the chastre rose. I had him covered, sir, covered him as never chastre was covered before. Bang! I fired. The powder was bad, sir—the powder was bad. Not touched!

"Well, neighbor," said my host, 'if you don't do him more harm than that, it's likely you may follow him to Rome.'

"To Rome?" said I. "And if I do have to follow him to Rome, I am ready for the journey. It has always been a wish of mine to go to Rome; I have ever had a desire to see the pope! Who would hinder me from seeing the pope? Not you! I was furious—boiling over! You understand. If he had attempted to argue the point with me. I think I should have given him the second barrel in the stomach. But instead of this—"

"Ah!" said he to me, 'you are at liberty to go where you like; and good luck attend you. Shall I lend you my dog? You can return him to me on your way back.'

"This was an offer not to be refused—a dog that pointed as he did! 'Yes, I accept!' replied I.

"Soliman, Soliman! go and follow that gentleman."

"Every one knows that a pointer will follow any sportsman that calls him, and Soliman followed me. We set off. It's astonishing the amount of instinct the animal possessed. Only imagine! he had watched the chastre settle, and went straight to the spot. I looked about in every direction, but could see nothing; and while bent with my nose to the ground, in the attitude of search, whiz! up flew the imp of a bird! I fired both barrels at him, sir. Bang! bang! Powder no good, sir! powder no good! Soliman looked at me as much as to say—'What's the meaning of all this?' I felt humiliated at the animal's expression of astonishment. I replied to him as though he were able to understand me, 'Oh, it's nothing; it's of no consequence whatever. You shall soon see how I'll serve him!'

"You would have imagined, sir, that the animal understood every word I said to him! He again took up the scent, and in about ten minutes, came to a point. It was my chastre again, sir. Walking lightly on tip-toes, as though I was treading on

red-hot ploughshares, I advanced to obtain a glimpse of him. He hopped between my legs, sir, literally between my legs! I had lost all command over myself; the first shot was too near, and the second too far off, and the chastre got clear away. Soliman looked at me for a minute or so in a half-bantering way, then started off on his way home!

"This proceeding of his only served to increase my rage. I made a vow that when I had killed my chastre, I would eat him! eat him! From that moment Marseilles was forgotten, and step by step I arrived— Guess where I arrived, sir?"

"I arrived at Hyères. I had never seen Hyères; I knew it by its orange trees. I've a weakness for oranges, and determined to gratify my taste for the luscious fruit; besides I required some refreshment after the distance I had come. Marseilles was forty-two miles in the rear; it would take quite two days to get back again. For a long time I had felt the wish to eat oranges at Hyères, sitting beneath the trees that bore them.

"Accordingly, I sent the chastre to the deuce, sir; for I began to be of opinion that the wretched bird was bewitched. I had seen him pass over the town, and settle in one of the gardens. Who, I should like to know, is to find a chastre in a garden, and that without a dog, too? one might just as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay! Thus thinking, and heaving a deep sigh, I entered an hotel, requesting supper to be prepared, and permission in the meanwhile to eat oranges in the garden, with an understanding of course that they were to be charged in the bill. The permission was given me.

"Being less fatigued than on the previous day, which proves that one may accustom himself to great exertion on the road, I at once descended to the garden. It was the month of October, the very season for oranges. Only picture to yourself two hundred orange trees, all growing together; less the dragon, it might have been taken for the garden of the Hesperides. I had but to stretch forth my hand to enable me to pluck oranges, bigger than my fist. I bit into them—bit deep as a Normandy peasant devours an apple; when suddenly I heard this strange sound, Pi, pi, pi, p-i-i-i-i—pi!"

"It was the song of the chastre," said my friend, taking another cigar.

"I stooped. My eyes caught a stream of light shed by the great bear; and between me and the stars I saw my chastre, perched on the branch of a laurel, some fifteen paces off. I stretched forth my hand to take my gun. Confound the gun, I had left it in the chimney corner. What could I do? I aimed at the bird with my fingers, shouting, 'Ah, sing! sing away! Had I my gun here, you should sing to another tune.'"

"But why did you not go and fetch it?" I asked.

"Fetch it! and meanwhile allow him to escape, goodness knows whither! No, no! I knew better than that. Said I to myself, 'Just listen to this: I have ordered supper. Sooner or later, it will be ready. The innkeeper will then come to apprise me of it. He knows I am in the garden. I shall say to him—Friend, just be good enough to fetch me my gun. Do you see?'"

"H'm!" ejaculated I. "That was a deep idea!"

"Well, I remained crouched, my eyes upon the chastre. He piped, he pruned his feathers, quietly making his toilette, when suddenly I heard the approach of footsteps behind me. I waved my hand, to enjoin silence. It was the innkeeper.

"'Pardon!' said he; 'am I disturbing you?'"

"'No, no,'" whispered I. 'Come here.'

"He obeyed.

"'Look there! There, where I am pointing to.'

"'Well,' said he, 'that is a chastre!'"

"'Hush! Go! Bring me my gun!'"

"'What for?'"

"'Go! Fetch the gun.'

"'Why, would you kill the poor bird?'"

"'Kill him! He is my personal enemy.'

"'But that cannot be.'

"'And why not?'"

"'Because it is too late.'

"'Too late! What do you mean?'"

"'I mean that any one firing a gun within the town after

the angelus, is fined three francs twelve sous, and imprisoned for two days.'

"'Never mind! I'll pay the fine! I'll go to prison! Bring me my gun!'"

"'That I may be declared an accomplice. No, no; we'll wait till to-morrow.'

"'To-morrow! you stupid donkey!' I cried, louder than prudence should have permitted. 'To-morrow he will be gone!'"

"'And what of that? There are others.'

"'But I will have this one. I care for no others. Are you aware that I have followed it from Marseilles? I'll have it, dead or alive! And pluck it! and eat it! Once more, fetch me my gun!'"

"'No; I have already refused to do anything of the kind. I have no wish to go to prison for your sake.'

"'Very well; then I'll fetch it myself.'

"'Go, then; and I undertake to say that the chastre will have flown before you return.'

"'Ah, you will be mean enough to scare it?' said I to the innkeeper, seizing him by the collar.

"'P-r-r-r-o-u-u-u!' went the innkeeper.

"'I clapped my hand to his mouth, hastily.

"'Well, since nothing less will content you, bring me the gun, and I will give you my word of honor that I will not fire before matins. I will pass the night here; and at the last toll of the bell—bang! I kill him!'"

"'Pooh! the word of a sportsman! No; we'll arrange matters differently.'

"'And how?'"

"'Remain, if it pleases you. Your supper shall be brought here; you shall want for nothing. After supper, should you feel inclined to sleep, you have the turf beneath you.'

"'Sleep! Ah, you don't know me! I shall not close an eye all to-night. I am convinced that if I only winked, off he'd go.'

"'And to-morrow—'"

"'Well?'"

"'To-morrow, when the angelus rings, you shall have your gun.'

"'Innkeeper! you take an unfair advantage of my position.'

"'Nay, you can do as you please—accept or refuse!'"

"'Then you will not let me have the gun? Once!—twice!—three times!'"

"'No!'"

"'Then bring me my supper; and move as quietly as you can.'

"'Oh, don't be alarmed. If the noise we have already made has not scared him away, nothing will disturb him. See, he is at roost.'

"'And, indeed, sir, the bird's head was already tucked under his wing; you are not ignorant, sir, I suppose, that the feathered tribe have a habit of sleeping in that manner.'"

"'Yes, I am aware of that.'

"'He had his head beneath his wing, I say; so that he could not see me. In fact, had he been within reach, instead of being perched at fifteen feet distance, I could have taken him, sir, as I take this glass of punch. But, unfortunately, he was placed too high, and I had nothing to do but to sit down and wait patiently for mine host. He kept his word; and, I must say, he was an honest man. His wine was good—though not so good as you have given us to-night, gentlemen. His supper, too, was excellent; but, of course, it will not compare with this, for ours is a Belshazzar's feast.'

We acknowledged the compliment with a bow.

"'But, sir, how weak is man! Hardly had I sipped when I was overcome with sleep. My eyes closed, despite all my efforts to keep them open. I rubbed them; I pinched my thighs; I bit my little finger; all was useless, sir! I was a brute. I might just as well sleep, and I slept. I dreamt that a tree on which was perched my chastre sank into the earth, as do the trees in the theatre at Marseilles. Have you been on the stage there, sir? The machinery is perfect. The other day they

were playing 'The Monster.' M. Aniel, of the Porte St. Martin, played the monster. You ought to know Monsieur Aniel?"

I signified that I had that honor.

"I had occasion to speak to him as soon as the curtain fell. I rushed on the stage, forgetting the trap through which he disappeared. Whew! I fell through the opening, and for a moment I thought every bone in my skin was broken. Luckily, however, the mattress still remained beneath. A property man came to remove it, and found me with arms and heels in the air.

"Do you not want to see M. Aniel?" said he. 'He has just come down this way; and by this time is in his room.'

"Thank you, my friend," I answered, and proceeded to M. Aniel's apartment.

"I simply tell you this to give you an idea of the excellence of the machinery of the Marseilles theatre.

"I was dreaming, then, that the tree on which sat my chastre sunk into the earth, enabling me to clutch the wretched bird. This had such an effect upon me that I awoke with a start.

"The bird had not moved a feather!

"After this I remained awake. Two o'clock struck; three—four. Morning dawned. The chastre awoke, and I was on thorns again. At length the angelus sounded. I did not breathe, sir!

"My host kept his faith. The bell had not long tolled when he appeared with my gun. I extended my hands to take it, never moving my eyes from the bird, and motioning the innkeeper to hasten; but it was not till the last sound of the bell had died away that he gave me the gun. At that moment the chastre uttered one little cry and flew away. I climbed the garden-wall—I stood on it. I could have climbed the steeple of Accoules! He settled in a field of hemp; the animal had not breakfasted, sir, and the cravings of nature must be satisfied. I leapt over the wall, and throwing to the innkeeper a crown in discharge of my bill, I started at a run toward the hemp-field. So pre-occupied was I with my chastre that I did not notice that a *garde champêtre* followed me; and when I stood in the middle of the field, my finger on the trigger and about to fire, I was seized by the collar. It was the *garde champêtre*!

"In the name of the law," says he, 'I order you to come with me to the mayor.' And at that moment the chastre again took to his wings.

"Had I been surrounded by a regiment of grenadiers I could have charged through them all in search of my chastre. Knocking down the *garde champêtre* as though he had been a doll, I rushed from this inhospitable territory. Happily the bird had taken a long flight, which carried me far from my antagonist. Indeed, I pursued it all the day, and this time without my game-bag; so I had to dine off wild fruits, washed down with water from the brooks. I was hot, I was fatigued; perspiration stood upon my forehead, and a ghastly appearance I presented. At length I arrived at the bed of a river, exhausted by drought.

"It was the river Var," said my friend.

"Exactly so; it was the Var. I crossed it, never dreaming that I trod a foreign soil. No matter. I beheld my chastre hopping and skipping two hundred paces before me, in a plain where not a single tuft of grass was growing to hide him. Approaching him with the stealth of a fox, I raised my gun to my shoulder at every ten paces; but he was still out of gunshot, when a confounded hawk, who was whirling round and round above my head, dropped down like a stone, seized my chastre and disappeared with him. I was completely stunned, gentlemen, and now began to feel the injuries I had received in scrambling through the hedges; my stomach, too, was entirely upset by the change of diet. In this state I sank exhausted at the road-side. A peasant passing by, I said, 'Is there no town, village or house near?'

"Gnor, si," he replied, '*c'è la città di Nizza un miglia avanti.*'

CHAPTER III.

"I WAS in Italy, sir, and did not know a word of Italian—and all this for the sake of an accursed chastre. There was only one course for me to take. I got up the best way I could, and

leaned for support upon my gun. I had a mile to walk, and was an hour and a half in accomplishing it. I had been sustained by hope alone, and now, sir, hope deserted me, and I felt all my weakness.

"At last I reached the town, and asked the first person I met for the address of some good inn, for, as you may understand, I was in want of refreshment. Luckily the person whom I addressed spoke the purest French, and directed me to the York Hotel. It was the best hotel in the place.

"I ordered a room for one and supper for four.

"When do you expect your three friends, sir?" said the waiter.

"Never mind, get the supper ready," I replied; and the waiter left the room to do so.

"When I put my hand in my pocket to see how much I could afford for my meal, I drew it back in a cold perspiration. I thought I was about to faint.

"My pocket had a hole in it, sir. As it was about the beginning of the month, and I had just received my salary, I had had several five-franc pieces about me, and the weight of these having caused the hole, they had been left with my bullets on the road from Hyères to Nice. I felt in all my pockets, sir; there was not a crown to be found. I hadn't money enough to carry me over the Styx.

"Thoughts of the supper for four which I had just ordered crowded upon me, and my hair stood on end.

"I rushed to the bell and pulled it violently. The waiter thought some one was murdering me, and hastened into the room.

"Waiter," said I, 'have you ordered the supper?'

"Yes, sir."

"Then stop it at once. Stop it directly."

"But your friends will sup, sir?"

"They have just called out to me through the window that they are not hungry."

"But that will not prevent you from supping, will it, sir?"

"Can't you understand, I cried impatiently; 'if my friends have no appetite, I have no appetite either.'

"I suppose you dined late, sir?"

"Very late, indeed."

"And you will not take anything?"

"No! and be hanged to you!"

"I said these words to him in a tone which frightened him. He went away almost immediately, and I heard him say to one of his companions, who had been inquiring as to who I was:

"I know nothing about it, but he must be some lord, for he is very insolent."

"I, sir, a lord! You know what my position is, gentlemen. The waiter, you perceive, was not much of a physiognomist.

"The position was by no means agreeable. My clothes were torn to shreds and were worthless. Only my gun remained to me, and of the value of that I was ignorant; probably I should get but little for it. True, I had a diamond ring, but this, gentlemen, I could not part with; it was given me by a much-loved friend; and I would rather have died of hunger than parted with it. I bethought me of a proverb, 'He who sleeps, dines,' and presumed it would apply as well to one repast as another. So I covered myself over in bed; and I assure you, gentlemen, I was so tired, that in spite of hunger and misfortune I slept soundly. But I awoke famished as a wolf. Sitting up in bed and twiddling my thumbs, I considered what next was to be done, when suddenly I espied in a corner of the room a violincello. An exclamation of joy escaped me. You will naturally ask what sympathy there could be between a violincello and a man who has neither dined nor supped, save that both have empty stomachs. This, gentlemen: that instrument was like a friendly face in a foreign land; for it may be said that, when a man has held a violincello in his arms for some ten years, some intimate association grows up between them. And then I have often remarked that nothing brightens up my ideas like the sound of the bass. Are you a musician, sir?"

"Alas, I am not."

"But you are fond of music?"

"Generally speaking, there's nothing that annoys me more."

"But when you hear the nightingale?"

"Why, then, I bid him 'be off,' in my loudest voice."

"My friend shrugged his shoulders, in sign of profound contempt, and darted at me an extraordinary look.

"Ah, it is his defective organisation," cried M. Louët, afraid that the general good feeling that reigned amongst us might be disturbed. "The gentleman is more to be pitied than blamed. I pity you, sir!"

"No doubt, M. Louët," said my friend, "when you take your violincello between your legs, ideas flow in on you by fifties, by thousands; you are overpowered by them, are you not?"

"No, sir, no; it was not precisely ideas, but the hotel servants, that hastened to my room. The bass understood and was imbued with my miseries. I drew from it the most melancholy and agonising sounds. In its tones were to be heard my yearnings for my native land—the yearnings of a hungry belly. It was expressive music of the first order. Now, you must know that the natives of the country in which I found myself were not like that gentleman; they adored music. I heard the corridor on which my room opened gradually fill, and from time to time a murmur of applause reached my ears. At length the door opened, and the hotel-keeper appeared. With a last stroke of my bow—a stroke full of genius—I turned towards him. My violincello in my hands, a sense of my superiority over this man declared itself within me.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for thus entering your room," said the hotel-keeper; "but you alone are to blame."

"How? You are master here; you are in your own house."

"I must here observe, gentlemen, that I was costumed like Orpheus, in a simple tunic.

"You seem to be a distinguished instrumentalist."

"I have refused the post of first bass at the Paris Opera." (This was not precisely the case, gentlemen, but I thought that, being in a foreign country, the least I could do was to uphold France.)

"And yet, sir, it was a good appointment."

"Two thousand francs a year and my board. Cutlets and Bordeaux for breakfast every day." (Those viands, gentlemen, suggested themselves, spite of myself.) "And I refused all this for the love of art—to travel in Italy, the land of the sublime Pasciello and of the divine Cimarosa." I flattered the man.

"And you do not intend to remain in our town?"

"And wherefore should I?"

"To give a musical entertainment."

"A new light burst in upon me, gentlemen.

"An entertainment!" cried I, contemptuously. "So you imagine a town like Nice would furnish a paying audience?"

"Why, at this very moment, sir, we are positively overstocked with consumptive English, who come to winter at Nice. In the York Hotel here alone I have fifteen."

"But then it is the best hotel in Nice," I returned, continuing to flatter the man. "It is said that the table is magnificently served."

"You will do me the honor to judge of that yourself, I hope, before leaving."

"Ah, I can hardly promise that."

"But, sir, though it is certainly not for me to advise you, I am convinced that an entertainment in this town would not be thrown away."

"And," said I, in an off-hand manner, "what is your idea of the return it would make me?"

"If, sir, you would only permit me to announce it, and distribute the tickets, I would guarantee the receipt of a hundred crowns."

"A hundred crowns!" I exclaimed.

"It is not much, sir, I am aware; but Nice is neither Paris nor Rome."

"A charming city; and taking that into consideration, yes, if I were sure that I should not have to trouble myself with details, but simply to take my bass between my knees, and charm an audience, receiving a hundred crowns—"

"I again guarantee that sum, sir."

"And my board, as at the opera at Paris?"

"And your board."

"Very well; you may advertise me, you may placard me."

"Your name, if you please?"

"M. Louët, from Marseilles to Nice in pursuit of a chastre."

"Is it necessary that that should be announced also?"

"It is indispensable, seeing that I am in sporting costume. The respectable Nicean public might otherwise charge me with disrespect; of which, on my word and honor, I am incapable."

"As you wish, sir. And what pieces shall I announce?"

"None. Announce nothing. Have all the scores brought from the theatre; I know them all, and will play eight masterpieces at the choice of the audience. That will flatter the pride of the English; for those islanders are full of self-esteem, as you are aware."

"Well," said the hotel-keeper, "I will insure you a hundred crowns and board you. You shall have your breakfast in a moment."

"Allow me to tell you, sir, that I shall judge by this earnest of your good faith generally."

"Don't be alarmed," said he; and when he left the room, I heard him order a first-rate breakfast for No. 4.

"I could scarcely contain myself for joy. I took up my violincello, and danced a saraband.

"As I was leading my partner back to her place, the waiters came in with the breakfast, which was really a first-rate one.

"When you go to Nice, sir—you are going to Nice, I believe," remarked M. Louët to me, "put up at the York Hotel; and if the same man keeps it now, which is very possible—he is a man of about my own age—you shall tell me what you think of him."

"I confess that I sat down to table with a voluptuous feeling. I hadn't tasted anything for twenty-eight hours."

"I was taking a cup of coffee when the hotel-keeper entered."

"Are you satisfied, sir?" said he.

"Delighted," I replied.

"Everything is arranged on my side. The bills are out with your name in them, sir."

"I will do honor to the bill, sir; I will, indeed. Now, can you tell me my best way of getting back to Marseilles? I want to go back to-morrow."

"There is a beautiful brig in the harbor, which sails to-morrow for Toulon. The captain is one of my friends, and knows the sea as well as a fish."

"Oh, indeed. I have never been to Toulon, and should like to see it."

"Well, profit by the opportunity."

"Yes, but the fact is I don't like the sea. That is really the fact, gentlemen."

"Oh, the sea is smooth as glass."

"How long will the passage take?"

"Six hours at the utmost."

"Oh, that's nothing. I will go in the brig."

"The event came off at the time announced; modesty will not allow me to say any more on the subject. I gained exactly a hundred crowns; and the next day, when I had given the waiters an air on the violincello for themselves, I went on board the brig, which was called the Virgin of the Seven Paces, Captain Garnier, commander."

CHAPTER IV.

"SIR, what I had foreseen took place. I had hardly put my foot on the deck, when I saw that it was all up with me if I didn't go down into the cabin."

"After two hours, and just as I was beginning to feel a little better, I heard a great deal of bustle on the deck. Then the drum was beat; I thought it was the signal for breakfast."

"My friend," said I to a sailor who was carrying a load of sabres, "what does that drum mean?"

"It means that the English are coming, my good fellow," replied the sailor, with the frankness which characterises his profession.

"The English!" said I. "Oh, they are very good sort

of people. They brought me three-quarters of my receipts last night.'

"Well, then, there's a very good chance of their taking them all back again from you this morning.'

"And so saying, he walked up towards the gangway.

"Following this sailor came another, who was carrying a heap of pikes. Then came another, who was carrying a bundle of axes.

"I began to think that something strange was going on.

"The noise continued increasing, which did not add to my calmness; when I heard a voice shout out—

"Antony, bring me my pipe.'

"Yes, captain," said another voice.

"An instant afterwards, I saw a cabin-boy carrying the captain's pipe in his hand. I took him by the collar—the tender age of the boy of course excused such a liberty—

"My young friend," said I, 'what's up here? Are they going to have breakfast?'

"Yes, a queer sort of breakfast; there are some of them who'll have to digest a little steel and lead. But I must be off; the captain wants his pipe.'

"Then if he wants his pipe there can't be much danger.'

"On the contrary, he only asks for his pipe when there's something serious.'

"Well, but what is there serious?'

"Go on deck and look!'

"I thought the best thing for me to do was to follow the advice of this child. But it was a difficult thing to accomplish, considering how the ship rolled. At last, however, I managed to crawl up the ladder, and put my head out with all due precaution. At five steps distance was the captain, sitting on the end of a box, and smoking his pipe quite briskly.

"Good morning, captain," said I, with the most amiable smile I could affect. 'It appears that there's something stirring on board.'

"Oh, is that you, M. Louët. He knew my name was Louët.

"It is M. Louët himself. I have been rather ill, as you can perceive, but I am much better now.'

"M. Louët, have you ever seen a naval action?" asked the captain.

"Never, sir!'

"Should you like to see one?'

"Well, sir, I confess there are other things that I could see with greater pleasure.'

"I am sorry to hear that, because if you had wanted to see one—a first-rate one—you could have been accommodated immediately.'

"What, sir!" said I, turning pale in spite of myself. You know, sir, that this phenomenon takes place independently of human will. 'What!' said I: 'there's going to be a naval action. Oh, you're joking, captain! Funny dog!'

"Oh, it's a joke, is it? Get up two steps higher and look out. Do you see anything?'

"Yes, captain.'

"Well, what do you see?'

"I see three very fine vessels.'

"Count again.'

"There are four.'

"Try once more.'

"Five—six.'

"That's something like.'

"Yes, there are six.'

"Do you know anything about flags?'

"Very little.'

"Never mind—look at that large one in the same place where we have the tricolor. What is there on that flag?'

"I know very little about heraldry. However, I think I can distinguish a harp.'

"Well, that's the harp of Ireland. In about five minutes we shall have a pretty tune from it.'

"But, captain, captain," said I, 'it appears to me they are a long way off, and that if you were to spread out all this canvas which is doing nothing, you might escape. I know that's what I should do in your place. I beg your pardon, you know, but that's my opinion; and I am the fourth violincello

at the Marseilles theatre. If I were a sailor, perhaps it would be difficult.'

"If it was a man and not a violincello who said that, there would be a run. Learn, sir, that Captain Garnier never runs away. He fights till his vessel is crippled, then he waits to be boarded, and when the English reach the deck, he goes below, puts his pipe to a barrel of gunpowder, and sends the English straight to the other world.'

"And the French?'

"And the French too.'

"And the passengers?'

"The passengers the same.'

"Come, captain, no joking.'

"I never joke, M. Louët, when the call to arms has been sounded.'

"Captain—captain, I appeal to you, in the name of human nature—place me on land. I would rather walk. I came that way, and I'll go back the same.'

"Shall I give you a piece of advice, M. Louët?" said the captain, as he put his pipe down by his side.

"Give it, sir, by all means. Advice is always acceptable, when it proceeds from a sensible man.' I was very pleased, you see, to give him this species of lesson, in an indirect manner.

"Well, then, M. Louët, go to bed. You have just got out of it, haven't you? Well, go back again.'

"One last request, captain.'

"Yes, sir.'

"Have we any chance of safety? I put this question as a married man; one who has a wife and seven children.' I said that to him, you know, to interest him, the fact being that I am a bachelor.

"The captain appeared to soften a little. I was delighted with my ruse.

"Listen, M. Louët," said he. 'I can easily understand that our position is a disagreeable one for a man who does not belong to the profession. Yes, there is a chance.'

"What kind of one, captain?" cried I. 'What kind of one? And if I can ever be of use to you, I am at your service.'

"Do you see that black cloud in the south-west?'

"I see it as plainly as I see you, sir.'

"It only looks like a breeze, at present; but pray for it to turn into a storm.'

"A storm, captain? But we shall get wrecked if there's a storm.'

"Well, that's the best thing that can happen to us."

"The captain took up his pipe again; but I was delighted to see that it had gone out.

"Antony, Antony," said he, 'where are you, you scoundrel?'

"Here I am, captain," said the cabin-boy.

"Go and get a light for my pipe, for I am much mistaken if the ball isn't going to open.'

"At this moment a little white cloud appeared at the side of the ship nearest to us, followed by a deep sound, such as proceeds from the big drum at the theatre. The bulwarks of the brig flew to pieces, and a gunner who had got up on the stand of his gun to look out, fell down on my shoulder.

"Come, old fellow," said I, 'I don't see any fun in that at all.' As he wouldn't move, I gave him a push, and he fell to the ground. I now looked at him more attentively, and perceived that he had no head.

"This sight had such an effect upon my nerves, sir, that five minutes afterwards I was lying down below, without knowing how I got there."

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH CELEBRITIES.

DR. MADDYN has lately published a volume in England full of his recollections of the great men of that stubborn race. In a few graphic sentences he describes a day with Charles James Fox, the Demosthenes of England. He introduces us to the great orator statesman at noon, when he was "lounging over a late breakfast," sipping his chocolate and amusing himself with

the latest and most piquant Parisian gossip. He is surrounded with books and papers "as miscellaneous as his acquaintances." A stray volume of Tacitus is beside the last Italian opera; the new Racing Calendar is carelessly tossed over his old Eton copy of Thucydides. Everything about the man, in fact, indicates the mingled life of business and dissipation, of study and frivolity, into which he had plunged with such passionate energy. Friends come in, and with them the orator saunters to his club. There all flock round him, charmed with his wit and wisdom, and the Prince of Wales takes him aside for a confidential chat. A ride in the park follows, when the chariot of the Duchess of Devonshire is reached, and with the loveliest of reigning beauties Fox holds long and pleasant converse. He dines with Mrs. Armistead, who should long before have borne the name she afterwards adorned, that of "Mrs. Fox." The dinner is a brief repast, for the presence of the Whig leader is required in the House. He has to answer Pitt on some great question, and though he rises and speaks at first in an awkward and hesitating manner, yet in a few minutes he electrifies his audience, and finishes amid thunders of applause. Then comes the sad conclusion of the hitherto glorious day. The statesman sups at Boodle's, and thence hurries off to the gaming-house, where he remains long after the summer morning has dawned. How humiliating the thought that such stupendous genius could sink so low, and that the mighty orator of the evening should "stagger home to his lodgings a ruined gambler!" With all reverence for that greatest of our American statesmen and orators, the kind-hearted, genial Daniel Webster, there were many points in common between him and Fox. Our excellent friend Charles Stetson could make a very pleasant book out of his experiences of the great expounder.

Maddyn gives us an anecdote of Lord Brougham, which, true or not, is equally amusing. It is only another instance of what a thing of chance is the government of the world. The merchants of Paris expressed the true philosophy of happiness when they begged Nockar, the French minister, to let them alone. A poet has said—

Of governments, it is confessed,
That which is best administered is best,

which is pure nonsense, and very like some of the editorials of our morning journals, since Austrian despotism, if well laid on, comes under the category. All government is a restraint upon human action and impulse; and it would be as reasonable to say that prussic acid, if well administered, is good physic. But now to Lord Brougham.

One day, as Brougham was leaving the House of Lords, he met a friend who was proudly escorting two very handsome young ladies. "Ah! Brougham," was his greeting, "I am sorry you are leaving; because my fair young friends had made up their minds to hear you address the House." "Then," retorted Brougham, casting an eye of admiration upon his expectant audience, "they shall not be disappointed;" and forthwith he returned into his accustomed place among the peers, whilst the ladies were escorted to the gallery. Lord Melbourne was then in office, and when the first pause in the proceedings occurred, up jumps Brougham with a question upon some intricate matter of foreign policy. The poor premier smiles amiably but hopelessly; he is not acquainted with the facts; no notice has been given him of the question; he is very sorry, but must inquire for information. This was all that Brougham required. Once more he rises, but this time with that terrible frown upon his brow and that rugged voice with which he knew so well how to crush an opponent. A philippic against the incapacity of the minister, the negligence with which public affairs were conducted, the shameful supineness and indifference manifested by the advisers of the queen, was poured forth with all the rough, strong, rapid eloquence of which this man alone was capable. Lord Melbourne cowered in his seat; the rumors of this great speech brought loungers from the Commons to listen to what seemed the deathblow of the ministry; Queen Victoria herself heard what was going on, and trembled for her amiable minister. A leading article appeared in the next morning's *Times*, treating the speech as something of the last importance; and it was only made after all to please a pair of pretty women in the gallery, who took it as they

would any other tribute of homage to their beauty—a bouquet, a box at the opera, a whitebait dinner or a new bonnet.

Dr. Maddyn does not seem to have anything pleasant to say about Sir Robert Peel, one of the most repulsive, cold-blooded machines that ever wore flesh about him. Cobbett hit him to a nicety when he said "he had a ball of cotton where his heart ought to be," and that "he had no more soul than a spinning-jenny;" and Disraeli was equally happy in likening him to a roguish lad, who found the Whigs bathing one day, and stole their clothes—alluding to his introducing the very measures he had resisted all his life. We give two specimens of the great bread-cheapener's manners.

One day Sir Robert Peel was riding, near Birmingham, in company with one of the leading professional celebrities of London, then on a visit with him at Drayton Manor. They passed a new and handsome villa, which Sir Robert Peel pointed out as belonging to one of the chief professional men in Birmingham.

"He is," said Sir Robert's companion, "one of the oldest friends I have in the world, and it is nearly twenty years since I have taken him by the hand, although I often correspond with him."

"Oh!" said Sir Robert Peel, "I'll drive you up there with pleasure," and the coachman was ordered to drive to the villa.

"And you must come in with me, Sir Robert," said his companion; "my old friend will, I am sure, be proud of seeing me with the prime minister in his house."

Sir Robert consented to go in.

The greeting between the two old friends was cordial and joyous. The family, also, at first felt much pleasure at receiving Sir Robert Peel. The honors of the house were performed with grace and hospitality. A choice luncheon, admirably served, was immediately set forth, and the prime minister sat down to the table. From the time that Sir Robert Peel entered that villa to his leaving it, he never opened his lips nor joined in the conversation.

"I would not have minded it as far as I myself was concerned," said the eldest son of the gentleman who owned the villa, "but my father is one of the most respectable professional men in England, and in his way just as respectable a man as Sir Robert Peel's father, and I bitterly felt for the affront to him."

Yet Sir Robert Peel meant no affront. It was simply the fault of his manners, which at times were certainly most ungracious.

But while leading the House under the Wellington cabinet, Sir Robert's manners were peculiarly stilted and repellent. At that time, there was sitting in the House of Commons a commercial gentleman who supported the government. He was a contractor and "capitalist," and was the owner of establishments which brought him much under the public eye. He sat on the ministerial back benches, and voted steadily as the whipper-in wished, and votes were of consequence to the Wellington cabinet, shaken as it was by the events of 1829. One evening in 1830, this commercial M.P. was going down to the House about seven o'clock, and, crossing Palace-yard, he saw Sir Robert Peel walking by himself. The contractor stood still, and just as Sir Robert was passing, in a moment of indiscreet familiarity, the government supporter had the audacity to say—

"Is the House up, Sir Robert?"

Those who were present, and who saw the expression of Sir Robert Peel's face, can never forget it. He stared with as much amazement as Bumble, when *Oliver Twist* asked for "more." He gave the contractor an icy gaze of freezing scorn, and did not bestow upon him even a monosyllable.

But if he was a cold, rude, mannerless man, let us not forget that he cheapened the laborer's bread, and perhaps deserves the compliment paid him by a modern poet:

Peel, of all patriots, the only man
Who with a dauntless heart and unblanch'd eye
Grappled that monster foul monopoly,
From which all other men in terror ran:
The fruits of that immortal victory
(More glorious than the field of Marathon),

Will be transmitted from the sire to son ;
 To the last hour of glad posterity !
 Not to a blood-stained flag or brilliant helm,
 Shall Britons point, while Reason's scornful laugh
 Rings like a requiem thro' a desert realm,
 As murder writes the warrior's epitaph ;
 But every household, at its daily meal,
 With grateful hearts shall bless thee, Robert Peel.

We have only room for an anecdote of the far-famed editor of *Fraser's Magazine* :

When Maginn first came to London, he brought letters of introduction to Mr. Croker from some of the most eminent of the fellows of Trinity College, Dublin, where Maginn had signalised himself by his classical attainments. Mr. Croker saw Dr. Maginn at the Admiralty, and asked him to dine with him, naming the day. Maginn consented ; but as chances would have it, on the identical day, a great Tory peer asked himself to dine with Mr. Croker, who, of course, did not like to put him off. He wished to write to Maginn, to give him choice of another day ; but he could not find Maginn's address. At first, he was annoyed, as he doubted whether Maginn would be suitable for his noble guest. However, there was nothing for it but to receive Maginn, and Mr. Croker, who piqued himself on his skill in keeping people down, resolved to give Maginn a hint to hold his tongue, if he talked too much.

Now Maginn was just as fond of a good talk as Mr. Croker, for he excelled at out-pouring as well as down-pouring. He came from Cork, and Mr. Croker came from Galway ; and Maginn had not the slightest idea of being silenced by any Galway man that ever lived. But he soon saw through Mr. Croker's sharply significant hints. He was to take no more of the conversation, though he might of the wine.

"Agreed," said the doctor to himself, who resolved quietly to bide his time.

The conversation turned on the proper way of calling a peer, whether he should take his title from a castle or a locality of some kind, or whether he might be created by his family name. Opinions differed, and Mr. Croker gave his view on it with habitual self-confidence.

"For my part," said the secretary to the Admiralty, "Lyneham is the place where the Crokers first settled, and if I am made a peer, I shall have myself gazetted, not as Lord Croker, but as Lord Lyneham."

No sooner were the words out of Mr. Croker's lips, than Maginn jumped up in ecstasy, and roared out :

"Stop—stop—stop, Mr. Croker !"

The company were amazed ; and then, fixing his eyes on his host, the humorist exclaimed :

"Don't do that—don't do that, Mr. Croker ; for you'd then have to be re-gazetted as Lord Penny-a-line-'em !"

LES GRISETTES.

GRISETTE is a household word, yet very few Americans know its real meaning. *Les Grisettes* form a portion of society which is not without painful interest in *La Vie à Paris*, where vice is cloaked under the recently invented title of *Le Demi-Monde*. A class, as extravagant as it was immoral, existed in France from the minority of Louis XV. to the outbreak of the revolution in 1795. It was the custom of *les seigneurs* to have for their accredited mistress an actress of note, and publicly to contribute to her expenditure, which did not in the least prevent an attachment to one of their equals, or intimate relations with young and poor girls, their inferiors. The actress lived in great state, and was proud if a livery habitually seen at the Palace of Versailles was recognised in her ante-chamber. Confidential *laquais* were kept, and dressed in gray (*gris*), that billet-doux might be conveyed to and fro without too much publicity, whence comes the name of *Grisons* so freely used in the comedies and romances of that period. Poor girls (generally milliner's apprentices, sempstresses, &c.,) employed by *les grandes dames* to receive the letters from the *laquais* so travestied were called by analogy *Grisettes*.

Very unjustly this name was, by degrees applied to all who lived by the labor of their hands, though the greater part of

this class were strictly virtuous, and contented to lead a life of honest industry. At that period the daughters of decayed noble families were taught the trade of making ladies' under clothing, and employed as sempstresses in the work-rooms, and were, like all apprentices of that peculiar branch of trade, distinguished by their modesty of bearing and simplicity of costume. The grisette owes her designation and melancholy profession to the nobles and rich men of that time. The grisette of the present day is less avaricious and more sincere. She devotes herself principally to the student, till the period of his studies is terminated, and he seeks a wife and a fortune. It is impossible not deeply to commiserate these poor girls, destined to a life of shame, or to terminate their existence by suicide, when we remember their extreme youth, scarcely beyond childhood, the sincerity of their attachment and early misery.

The number of grisettes who end their career by poison, drowning or asphyxia is truly horrible, and can be traced only to their dereliction from the right path, and early connection with young men their superiors in intellect and education, and subsequent cruel abandonment by them. Much indignation has, with great justice, been expended on the men of name and rank who originated this evil ; but why pass over the corruption of the present day, which it is still in our power to remedy ? Romance writers and vaudevillists represent the grisette as peculiarly pretty, coquettish and gay ; but truth before all things. Complete the picture, and we see her at thirty broken in health, her character and person a wreck, despised and forsaken by her own class, unable to support her bitter earthly sorrow, and the morrow of that day probably finds her stretched cold and still, an object of warning and commiseration to the visitor of the Morgue.

THE CERTO.—None but the fairest girls presume to stand up and dance in it at first ; just as of old, when none but the demure and vestal virgins moved in its adorative mazes. Anon the tinier girls, with the smallest at one extremity, take their places in the centre, where the ground which their little feet have to traverse is considerably less circuitous than that moved over by the older girls outside the whorl. The dance now goes fast and faster on, as happily it might have done when the ancient vestals themselves forgot, and when, fortunately for them, no tell-tale Athlothete lurked in the echo-repeating groves, in order to report their levity. At the close of the first five minutes the step accelerates considerably, and the younger married women and young men join, as did not those of old in the same dance. Increasing in rapidity as the time progresses, the dance assumes a new step and character ; the girls become excited, and the young men shout and snap their long-pointed fingers, as if disdainful the use of Spanish castanettes. The dance has become an animated spiral multipede. All eyes begin to sparkle, and some to look as starry-like as the two quadruply gilt bosses on their zanarr girdles. The braided locks of the pulchritudinous fair ones, with their infinity of triple plaits, are lent to the mercies of the wind. They begin, all of them, maids, spouses and striplings, to resemble variegated essences only. The pipe draws, the viol groans, the little ones mechanically foot it round ; the warm limbs of the whole congregation seemed to be moved by a fire within them, turning their blood to steam. Every foot is eloquent—every form brilliant with that liberty of soul which enslaves the senses. Not so did the peploe-robed vestals foot it. No need, O Frank ! to gaze now on any particular face in the crowd of dancers ; action has rendered them all beautiful, just as labor renders all men worshipful. Every face looks tumultuous things from out the revolving ring, and the spectators look things quite as hurried in return ; and all goes on merrier and merrier than ever, until by and by the piper slackens for very want of breath, and gradually follows a certain tune again. The flushed maidens, too, slowly re-assume their ancient dignity—hands are busy in imprisoning lately liberated bosoms ; heads are tossed back, to give revolutionary locks the correct fall over the whitest of shoulders.—*Romantic Beauties and Trojan Humbugs.*



"IS THIS PHIAL YOUR ACCUSER?"

AQUA-TOFANA!

THE bells at the quaint old church at Islington—then a lovely suburban village—rang out a merry peal, as a wedding party was assembled at the gates—the ceremony being just over, and the bridegroom and the bride being about to take their departure in order to spend the honeymoon. The bridegroom, richly and gallantly dighted, was a very handsome-looking foreigner of thirty-four or thirty-six years of age—tall, elegantly formed, with suave manners, and a certain lofty though quiet bearing. The Count Carlo Milani—an Italian exile of high descent, and whom misfortune had rendered almost a sacred object in sympathetic eyes—was undoubtedly a man calculated to win a loving woman's heart, and in especial that of the youthful and beautiful creature who, with mingled pride and virgin modesty, leaned upon his arm on this auspicious day.

But he who looked for the first time with the eye of a physiognomist upon the countenance of the Italian, would look a second time, and longer, perhaps; his impressions would also change with that second look, for there was, as it were, an undercurrent in this man's lineaments, expressive of other sentiments and passions than those apparent at the outset.

A strange pallor shone through the olive hue of his skin, and the dark beard, though not black, with the peaked moustache and the long curling hair, enframed a face that gathered by degrees a most unpleasant expression. The eyes, dark and deep, whose usual light was cold and glittering, brooded with a sullen glow, and, on the whole, it was sinistral; sinistral to the close observer—to the careless gaze it was passable—it was handsome.

Adeline Lester, the young creature just made his wife, thought him adorable. She was not twenty—girlish, fair, with golden curls, a rosy mouth and face, and happiness was dancing in her eyes.

She was now embracing her sister—her elder by four years—weeping happy tears upon the bosom that beat with a great, tender pain—with a loving agony and anguish impossible to

conceive; for Penelope Lester, with her calm, noble face, her sad, sorrowful eyes, her brown hair and her stately form—was not the woman to "wear her heart upon her sleeve;" she disdained to show by her face of marble the torture which wrung her heart.

Some few others, male and female—among whom was the Lady Lester, mother of the two girls—a haughty, majestic-looking woman—also formed a portion of the group, and the leave-taking was drawing to a close. The count walked with an easy step and smile to the two sisters, who embraced apart, and said:

"Sweet Adeline, are you ready to depart? The conveyance waits."

Looking up, she smiled through her tears; said "Good-bye;" and, taking her mother's arm, walked slowly away. Count Carlo and Penelope were, therefore, for a moment alone.

"Do you forgive me?" he said, with an inexplicable look.

"I—forgive—you. As you deal with her—so do I—from my soul—forgive you," was the answer.

"How beautiful you are, Penelope," rejoined the count.

"Do you torture me? Are you mad? Do you tell me so now?" she said, with a flash illuminating her clear gray eyes.

He looked rebuked, or strove to look so. He gave a sigh, and, casting a glance after his young bride, said:

"She is the enchantress, you know, Penelope. We cannot control fate."

"Be it so," was her answer; "only I cannot forget, though none else knew it, that you once said you loved me! It was not difficult to transfer the one, and to transpose the other."

"Do you think it cost me nothing?" he began in a tone of extenuation.

"I know what it has cost me," answered Penelope gravely. "If I did not know how thoroughly you have become wrapped in her inmost heart—if I did not believe that love with that poor child is life—if I did not see that she adored you—and I have still some terrible misgiving—Heaven reward you as you shall deal with her—if I did not love her better, far better than my ambitious and worldly mother (that I should say so!)—if it

were not for her, solely and wholly—this marriage had never occurred this day !”

“You do not forgive me yet?” said Carlo, in a soothing and sorrowful voice. “Could I command my instincts, resist her loveliness, and—” He hesitated, for the glance of her eye was greater than his assurance.

“Do not blame me, dear Penelope,” he said winningly. “You will be doubly dear to me as a sister, to whom I shall owe a debt of gratitude.”

“With the casuistry of your reasoning I have nothing to do,” returned Penelope. “I will, perforce, believe what you say; and, since it is I alone who suffer—”

“Do you think, then, that I feel nothing?” began the count, who assumed a look of injured self-love—of being undeservedly reproached.

“You ought not,” she quickly said; “and, if you would have me believe so, I shall doubt you the more. Remember this, however, that to compensate for my suffering and my sacrifice, I shall watch over her.”

He smiled. A cold, icy gleam crossed his face. She beheld it and shuddered; she knew not why.

“I shall watch over her,” she repeated more firmly. “If I have read you wrongly, Count Carlo Milani, you will make of one who loved you once an enemy—of one who will be your constant friend, and pray for your happiness—a foe who will peril and pledge more for her revenge than you may be likely to believe.”

“Do you menace me, then, in addition to reproaching me?” he asked, with his cold smile; “and that, too, when my excuse is yonder—and one so irresistible?” and he pointed to the young girl in her white bridal dress, who was now taking a last fond leave of her mother.

“I say no more, now—only I forgive you. I give you my hand in amity, and God so deal with you as you deal with her, weak and trusting, fond and hopeful—a very child, to cherish and protect. And now, farewell. You take my best wishes with you.”

“Generous, just, noble to the last,” he said, as he bent his fine head over her hand and lifted it to his lips. A trembling ran through all her frame at the contact; because, perhaps, at the moment, the whole story of the treachery with which she had been treated rose before her. Disdaining the sentiment, however natural, that for the moment assailed her, she smiled, and again said, “Farewell.”

A huge, lumbering coach of the period, drawn by a pair of large Flanders horses—the one heavily carved, the others gaudily caparisoned—received the couple. Four armed retainers on horseback followed, while a fifth rode on before to prepare their lodgments during those intervals in which they rested in the course of their journey.

They were going to pass the honeymoon, and to dwell, for a limited period, in a fine old mansion lying deep among the rural solitudes of Norfolk. The place, for three seasons of the year, was an Eden—saving, only, that the blossoming spring gave place to the gorgeous summer, and that again merged into the ripe, golden autumn. In the winter, all without was dreary, desolate and low, but here the sweet nature and domesticities of the young wife shone out brightest, and the winter passed away.

It passed away, nevertheless, heavily, wearily, drearily, for the gay count. He cursed the fog and the cold. He missed his pleasures, his gay associates, his town life, his old dissipations. A second year was not likely to pass over like the first. But, in revenge, he determined to pass this in the delirious gaieties of town life. The court of the Second Charles was among the gayest in the world. Saturnine as Count Carlo seemed, he panted for these enjoyments with all the ardor of an Epicurean.

We must, for a short period, retrace our steps in this story.

In a vast, rambling old manor-house, which formed at that period the chief dwelling in Canonbury, dwelt the Lady Lester and her family—relict of Sir Rowland Lester, a city merchant, who had amassed a considerable fortune, which he had bequeathed in a somewhat irregular manner.

First, a handsome jointure to his widow, a noble marriage

portion for his elder daughter, Penelope, while for Adeline, his pet and darling—so young a “birdie,” that it never struck him she might leave the home-nest first—her portion was so inconsiderable, that, on this particular score, at least, she was not likely to attract suitors. Her beauty, it is true, might win admirers, but Penelope’s was of a higher order of beauty; and thus Adeline’s riches were not such as were likely to awaken the cupidity of any fortune-hunter.

On the other hand, there was a paternal grandmother, Lady Holmford, somewhat aged and very wealthy—her beauty having won her riches and a title—living in remote seclusion in a southern part of England. Adeline was the old lady’s pet; and old Sir Rowland had no doubt that Adeline would finally be her heiress. So that, when dying, if he left her but little himself, her “expectations” might be counted upon as something enormous.

But Adeline knew nothing of this; her mother did not; Penelope did not. Living in this state of happy ignorance, they formed no plans for the future based upon the illusory temptations of wealth in prospect, and therefore the home of the Lesters was one of happiness and comfort.

Nevertheless, Lady Lester had formed ambitious designs on behalf of her daughters. She had become a “Lady” late in life. She had not moved in society much beyond that of the city dames; but when her husband was knighted they visited and received visitors of a higher grade. She was bent, therefore, on her daughters marrying a title. Penelope, both rich and beautiful, could surely command one. Adeline’s almost childish loveliness would surely attract some gallant, some disinterested man to propose for her hand. And in this faith the lady did not fail to toil and scheme, pretty much after the fashion of many worldly mothers; but she at least did not intend to bargain her daughters away, and this was so much in her favor.

In the train of Charles, at the Restoration, came many an adventurer whom the fame of the riches and properties disposable at the caprice of the unprincipled monarch had attracted. Among them, with his dangerous address, his fascinating manners, his misfortunes—their story may be true or false, it matters not much here—with his insinuating tongue, his settled purpose to make a match which should retrieve his broken fortunes and fill with crowns his empty pockets, was the Italian Count Carlo Milani. It happened that a foreign correspondent of the old knight gave him an introductory letter.

Sir Rowland Lester was dead, but the man found welcome at the old manor-house, made himself at home there, established himself in the graces of the family, mastered their whole history, won the love of the large-hearted Penelope, declared himself her lover, proposed even, and was accepted by her; and then—

And then there came home from her grandmother’s house the pet, the flower, the spoilt one of the family—Adeline Lester. And then Count Carlo changed his tactics.

He knew well enough that the beauty of Adeline was not comparable to that of Penelope; that the one was an heiress and the other not. Nevertheless, he also learnt something more, and this decided him on his course.

The curiosity of an Italian nature, nurtured in a school of intrigue, acting upon certain impulses which were ever impelling him, made him resolve to master a family secret, which he felt assured belonged to his family, and the more so because, in their own inquisitiveness, they did not seem to be aware that any such existed.

Thus he deduced a fairly the following process: The grandmother, Lady Holmford, was wealthy. She had no nearer relatives than the Lesters, consequently they were, in all probability, destined to be the recipients of her large fortune. But Lady Lester was independent; Penelope was so also. Adeline was the only one on whom the curse of comparative poverty was likely to fall. But again she was the grandmother’s favorite child, and had been mostly brought up with her. What was more likely, therefore, than that Adeline should be her intended heiress?

By this train of thought he arrived at what was almost a certainty. It was not difficult to make that “assurance doubly

sure." He made a journey, on some plea or other, to that part of the country where Lady Holmford dwelt. Letters and an introduction were given him. He was hospitably received. He mastered the old lady's secret, and found out her intention, which was as he thought. Returning to London, he found that her will had been clearly and legally drawn up, and in favor of the pretty Adeleine, for a fortune the amount of which took away his breath.

He was quickly decided himself, but it was necessary to act warily, to give to his transferred passion the show of being something irresistible, disinterested; for Penelope's straightforward nature was not to be tampered with. It must seem as though he was so struck with the sweet and beautiful character of the young girl—that he was so irrevocably won by her—as to leave him no other course than to deal frankly with Penelope, and put the case to her own strong sense of generosity, rectitude and affection for her sister.

It matters not to enter into the details of the method and means he took. Let it suffice that he was perfectly successful. It so far counted as a merit in Penelope's eyes on his behalf—that he loved Adeleine for her own sake—the utter ignorance existing on the subject of Lady Holmford's will being in every way favorable to him.

We have seen the result, and now must return to the sequel, which was rapidly approaching.

Lady Holmford was dead. To the astonishment of all, the vast wealth Adeleine (Countess of Milan) was to inherit was now made known. Congratulations at first came to the youthful pair by messengers and letters, and no shadow of mistrust remained on Penelope's mind, who, hearing that Adeleine was happy and her husband attentive to her, could not for an instant conceive that there was any association between the legacy and the wedding which had rendered her own life so leafless and barren.

The spring came. The count often journeyed to and from town, and occasionally made several days' stay in the metropolis, having taken magnificent lodgings, and set up a splendid equipage and a household at the court end of the town. Adeleine was now in a way to become a mother, and this was the reason she did not accompany her husband. It was not unnatural, on the other hand, that he should be preparing a splendid establishment, wherein worthily to stow his wife when the auspicious event should be over.

Penelope and her sister often corresponded. Occasionally the former visited the latter, and remained, at times, days with her. She was by no means satisfied with her sister's appearance; she could not reconcile the assumed cheerfulness—the expressions of her happiness and content, forced and exaggerated as they seemed to her, with her mournful aspect, her wan looks, her brooding absence. She began to doubt—to fear.

Besides, on one or two recent occasions of her visits, when she had remained a period with Adeleine, during which Count Carlo was absent pursuing his pleasures, he seemed disturbed at meeting with her—irritated, unnecessarily so, that Adeleine turned pale in his presence—even trembled at his smooth, affectionately hollow words. She began to doubt—to suspect; but she saw the necessity of precaution, for if all was as she imagined, the count must not be led to suppose himself suspected too quickly. His intelligence, so close and secret, was not one to be taken in a moment by surprise.

Things went on thus for some months. Penelope, sheltering some vague and dread secret in her heart, grew grave and the more thoughtful. On any occasion of the count's visit to town, when he called at Canonbury, in reply he would say—

"Poor child! I hardly know what ails her. She droops; the air is not healthy; but she cannot, in her condition, be removed. She is attended by the ablest physician in the town, and I myself, who have studied medicine, apply myself to her case, which is inexplicable. However, we shall soon see her herself again, I doubt not. I take your loves to her. I will say from you, fair mother, how you desire to see her well; from you, Penelope—ah! I well know what to say. Addio!"

And so saying, he would mount his gaudy equipage, with its outriders and flambeaux, if it were night; attended by running footmen, if it were day; and so depart.

The fierce clatter of all this display, while it proved nothing on behalf of the poor pining Adeleine, grated like a shock upon Penelope's heart. She felt herself, against her will, hardening against this gay and elegant count, while anguish, pain of heart, and the terrors of death, might be surrounding her sister.

The evil news came but too soon. One day a hasty messenger arrived with tidings that Adeleine was dead! She had died in the night, and the new-born child lay dead by her side. One more blossom for the garden of Paradise, besides the flower that had been so sweetly, so exquisitely matured. Mother and babe both dead, and safe and sheltered from the storms of the world for ever. Amen!

"Amen!" said Penelope to herself, as she read the hasty scrawl with a black brow, scintillating eyes and compressed lips. "We shall nevertheless see;" and by midnight she had arrived at the sad, forlorn house, with its darkened windows, closed doors, mute servants, and the tall old trees making a sad moan for the pretty bird they had so gently nested—so largely and warmly embraced.

They were both—Count Carlo and Penelope—seated in a private room or study, belonging to the Italian in his lorn country house. An hour before Penelope had sought him in this chamber, having just left that where the beautiful dead ones were peacefully nestling, the babe clasped, as it were, to the cold bosom of the mother, but Carlo was not there. On a table lay open a carved box, taken out of a magnificently carved cabinet. A paper of curious writing lay half unfolded beside it. And out of the box peeped the neck of a small, empty bottle. This bottle had on it a printed label, which the moment Penelope beheld, she drew back, white as a sheet, in terror and trembling, and had but just time to place the bottle in her bosom when the count entered the room.

At that moment she was standing with a pensive, half-indifferent air before a bay window at the other end. A side-glance showed his agitation. He hurried to the table, thrust the paper into the box (evidently not missing the bottle), and the box into the cabinet, and then said—

"Pardon; had you ought to say to me, Penelope? I am so unstrung and unfitted, that I am capable of nothing."

"My poor friend," she said, with a strange smile, "how I pity you! You, who are so full of sympathy and feeling—what must you not suffer!"

"Is it not so?" he said, in turn. "Ah! it is you who still understand me best, Penelope—better, far better than they all did. It is you who know me, and that, if I do not weep and show my pain, it is because nature has not made me a demonstrative creature."

"Aye, I know you," said Penelope to herself, as her quiet eyes kindled in their steady gaze upon him. "You were demonstrative enough when it suited you, for all that."

"You do not speak," he said, taking a chair beside her, while she sat the instant rose. "You would say something—can you bring me any comfort?"

"Comfort already?"

She pointed to the room above.

"It is a little early for that, is it not?" asked Penelope.

He looked uneasy; he sighed; he wrung his hands, and made a gesture of desperation and of deep grief; he tried to sob.

"My day is darkened—my sun eclipsed, Penelope," he said.

"Yes, you must be very sad," responded Penelope so strangely.

"You feel for me, do you not? My heart goes back to the past, Penelope, to our old days, when—ah me! how we reject, neglect and forget the pearls that lie in our path!"

Beneath his words there lurked yet a deeper meaning.

"You do not recur to our old past, do you?" asked the lady.

"And why not, Penelope? Can the love of the living hurt the dead? I know not what I say, but there is a void here—here!"

And he struck his hand upon his breast with a distracted gesture.

"A sepulchre—a tomb—a grave," muttered Penelope.

"I loved you ever," pursued the count, more boldly.

"Hush!"

And she shrank away in exceeding terror.

"Hush! Why?" demanded he, plucking up courage.

"She might hear," replied Penelope in a thrilling whisper.

He almost laughed. If he was superstitious, he did not, at all events, dread the haunting spirit of his dead wife.

"I loved you ever—I love you still!" continued the Italian.

"Would you renew the old broken vows—make the withered roses blow again—call back the vermeil to the blackened leaves? Would you have it that I should be to you the Penelope of old?"

She paused.

"Aye, all—everything for you!" was the reply, delivered in his impassioned voice, and with that melody of tone which smote her like grief.

"Listen, Count Carlo Milani," she said with terrible coldness; "do you study toxicology?"

"Penelope!"

And his eyes dilated wildly.

"Have you read the treatises of Exili? Have you dabbled in the cursed mysteries of that incarnate fiend, the woman Spara, who, in Palermo, was the pupil of Tofana, and who, in Rome, was at the head of a society of poisoners? Have you been giving to my sister the 'manna of St. Nicolas of Burri,' which, in other words, means aqua-tofana? Answer! Is this phial your accuser?"

She held the little bottle before his starting eyeballs.

"Answer! are you not an assassin, a thief and a poisoner? Are you not the murderer of my sister and of her babe, villain? Tremble, villain that you are!"

Black as thunder, malignant as a baffled fiend's grew the man's face—hideous, diabolical, murderous. Stripped of the mask, he cast it aside completely.

"So—so, my fair mistress, you suspect—you spy—you read me, do you? Well, then, since this is the case, I must hold you in check, do you see? You grow dangerous."

"Stand back, incarnate baseness! Stand back, mongrel creature! Oh! do not menace me with your poignard. Listen—the wheel and the gallows, or a galley-slave for life—one of these shall be your doom. Oh, you shall pay all, all this dreadful debt. Nay, I have taken every precaution, and lo! there stands before you the agents who minister to the unslumbering divinity of Justice. Seize him, and bear him away!"

And, foaming, cursing, howling with baffled rage, the poisoner was carried to his prison, to his judge, to his doom. Penelope richly avenged her sister's death; years passed, but she wore her old, warm, happy smile never again.

SKILL LEADS TO FORTUNE.

It will be recollected that one of Sir Walter Scott's sayings was, that "Whatever might be said about luck, it is skill that leads to fortune!" There can be no doubt of this as a general principle. Few self-indulgent and apathetic men do well in any line of life. The skilful, the active and the steadily persevering usually carry off the prizes which turn up in the wheel of fortune. At the same time, something is due to circumstances, as well as to the Power which wisely controls human destiny. Practically, however, the thing to be borne in mind is—that the young are bound to exercise all proper means to secure improvement in their condition. That with a fair share of ambition, prudence and meritorious skill, it may be possible to attain a station of eminence—that is, "fortune," though perhaps not without corresponding responsibilities and cares—we present the following compendious list of distinguished men who rose from humble and obscure circumstances:

Æsop, Publius Syrus, Terence and Epictetus—all distinguished men in ancient times—were serfs at their outset in life.

Protagoras, a Greek philosopher, was at first a common porter.

Cleanthes, another philosopher, was a pugilist, and also supported himself at first by drawing water and carrying burdens.

The late Professor Heyne, of Gottingen, one of the greatest

classical scholars of his own or any other age, was the son of a poor weaver, and for many years had to struggle with the most depressing poverty. The efforts of this excellent man of genius appear to have been greater and more protracted than those of any other on record, but he was finally rewarded with the highest honors.

Bandoccio, one of the learned men of the sixteenth century, was the son of a shoemaker, and worked for many years at the same business.

Gelli, a celebrated Italian writer, began life as a tailor, and although he rose to eminence in literature, never forgot his original profession, which he took pleasure in mentioning in his lectures.

The elder Opie, whose talent for painting was well appreciated, was originally a working carpenter in Cornwall, and was discovered by Dr. Wolcott, otherwise Peter Pindar, working as a sawyer at the bottom of a saw-pit.

Abbott, Archbishop of Canterbury, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and distinguished himself by opposing the schemes of Charles I., was the son of a clothworker at Guildford.

Akenside, the author of "Pleasures of Imagination," was the son of a butcher in Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

D'Alembert, the French mathematician, was left at the steps of a church by his parents, and brought up by a poor woman as a foundling, yet arrived at great celebrity, and never forgot or abandoned his nurse.

Ammonius Saccophorus, founder of the Eclectic Philosophy at Alexandria, was born in poverty, and originally earned his subsistence by carrying sacks of wheat, whence the latter part of his name.

Amyot, a French author of some celebrity for his version of Plutarch, lived in the sixteenth century, and was at first so poor as to be unable to afford oil or candles to assist his studies, which he had to carry on by firelight; and all the sustenance his parents could afford him was a loaf of bread weekly.

COAL IN THE UNITED STATES.

An edition of Professor Henry D. Rogers's "Geology of Pennsylvania" has been issued in London, and has excited much comment in the English journals. The statements of Professor Rogers in regard to the enormous coal fields of the United States excites much surprise, and lead to many speculations concerning their possible development. The coal districts of Great Britain appear as mere specks when compared with those of America. The coal fields of Great Britain in figures amount to 5,400 square miles; those of Europe are only 8,964 square miles; while those of the United States, in the aggregate, comprise no less than 196,850 square miles; added to which the British provinces of North America contain 7,530 square miles. One of the English papers says:

"When we reflect upon what has been achieved by the produce of the coal fields of Britain, and then endeavor to anticipate the mining of the vast fields of the United States upon an extensive scale, we are led to forecast a future of almost boundless enterprise for that wonderful country."

The following illustrations will convey some idea to the reader of the amount of coal there exists in Europe and America. We need not fear any scarcity for thousands of years. Averaging the total thickness of the workable coal in Great Britain at thirty-five feet, we have a total of workable coal equal to 190,000,000,000 tons. In the same way, estimating the total area of the productive coal fields of North America as 200,000 square miles (that is, inclusive of the British provinces), and averaging the thickness of good workable coal at twenty feet, we gain a result of 4,000,000,000,000 tons. Or, to make these results more appreciable: if we take the amount of workable coal in Belgium as one, then that in the British islands is rather more than five, that in all Europe eight and three quarters, and that in all the coal fields of North America is one hundred and eleven. This method of ratio is more intelligible than that of relative superficial magnitudes; and we at once perceive that the United States possesses more than twenty-two times the amount of coal in the mines of Great Britain.



HALL OF THE HOLLOW.

I.

HALL of the Hollow held his land
By a title good in law,
And never a lawyer of the band
Could find therein a flaw.

He dwelt amid as sweet a scene
As any on English ground ;
And from "The Hollow" might be seen
Three fair shires round and round ;

With two fair rivers winding through
Broad meads and orchard-ranks,
Traced by the gayer green that grew
Along their willowed banks.

No foot of that wide vale was his,
And yet his heart would swell
With pride, to think no land like this
Was worthy love so well.

'Twas English ground he looked upon,
So dear, but dearer still
Were those few roods he held his own,
In a hollow of the hill.

His cot was there, his single field,
His yearly lambs that fed ;
His orchard, where in the hill-side's shield
His apples grew ripe and red.

Of wild-rose and of bramble twined,
The fence his field that hedged,
With primrose and with violet lined,
Whence rose the lark new-fledged.

To till his own soil every day,
All times he found it sweet ;
And sweet it was in the time of May
To hear his few lambs bleat :

And through his heart a living gush
Of the summer joy would go,
The apple to see in its virgin blush,
The pear in its bridal snow.

II.

With a request too like command,
Though gold he offered well,
The lord who owned the neighboring land
Had asked him once to sell.

And Hall with sturdy pride had said,
"The land shall ne'er be sold ;
I hold it in my father's stead,
And so my son shall hold."

He had touched his cap with manly grace
To the manor's lord before ;
But on field, or hill, or holler place
He touched it never more.

Whereas, in loyal days of old,
Had more than one stout sire
Followed their lord, a leader bold,
And served him—not for hire.

But then the yeoman and his lord
Sat down to the same cheer ;
Now strangers stand behind the board,
And come and go each year.

Then would the yeoman and the knight
As boyish equals meet ;
Now ne'er the delicate lordling might
Hall's sons so much as greet.

III.

'Tis the mother's happiest time and best
When her babes are round her knee ;
For when the birds outgrow the nest,
'Tis time that they must flee.

and stout was our hero Hall,
Slender and tall his dame ;
And the youths and maids were fair and tall
Of their good blood that came.

One sailed for golden fields afar,
And his ship ne'er reached the shore ;
One maiden married, and to the war
Went one out of their four.

The youth had heard of honors won
In the red war with the Russ ;
Hall grudged his one remaining son,
And only yielded thus :

When still the youth was for the fight,
And England's need was most
Of men to show her vaunted might
Was more than empty boast.

Up in the yeoman's bosom then
Burned the old warlike flame ;
That England should lack Englishmen,
In honor's need, were shame.

He went, and 'mong the brave—no few—
A place did swiftly gain ;
And of his name his country knew,
But—in her list of slain.

His mother, from the evil day
Whose tidings told him dead,
Went about mourning—as they say—
"No more held up her head,"

And soon was down the hill-side borne
And in the churchyard laid ;
And Hall was left, a man forlorn,
With but his youngest maid.

IV.

No longer was the cottage door
In the May noon his seat ;
Sad seemed the hue the blossom wore ;
And sad the lambkin's bleat.

But still as stately was his stride,
With heart bowed to the dust,
As when, his brave sons by his side,
He showed his title just

To the loved birth-soil of his race,
To which it still beat true :
Alice, who fills her mother's place,
Shall fill her brother's too—

Shall wed one born to honest toll ;
And he she weds shall swear
Ne'er to forsake that spot of soil
For land however fair.

One Sabbath noon, the service o'er,
The lord and yeoman met ;
Hall stood his wife's new grave before,
His rough cheek plainly wet ;

And 'twas the lord who bowed the head,
And stretched the friendly hand,
"Between us and our strife," he said,
"Christ and the dead shall stand.

Your son and mine were in the fight,
And mine returns to tell
How, shielding him when wounded slight,
Your brave young Harry fell.

Hall, I remember once you said,
What now I understand,
That I could never fill your stead
While men are more than land."

V.

There sits by Hall's hearth frequent now
A soldier young and pale,
Of noble mien and gentle brow,
Who tells an oft-told tale,
Of siege and battle, tent and field,
Where last, one bloody day,
Hall's stalwart son was nigh to shield
His leader in the fray.

His leader ! he, that slender youth,
From whom in battle-hour
Soldier might turn his steed in ruth,
Or as scarce worth its power,

But that where his clear summons rang
Through smoke and iron hail,
And where his slight form fearless sprang,
Men followed without fail.

And Alice, eager listener too,
Sits, and with swimming eyes,
And quivering lip, and changing hue,
Her task to follow tries.

In vain—she hangs upon his breath,
She hears the bugles blow,
She sees the scene of glorious death—
The blinding tears will flow.

Ah, Alice, Alice, far too sweet
Is thy unconscious grace !
He comes more often than is meet
To gaze upon thy face !

He vests her with his poet-dreams
In more than queenly state,
Until the simple maiden seems
Too lofty for his mate.

Those tears that glow, that flashing light,
Were for his tale, not him.
Beneath the orchard-blossoms white,
All through the twilight dim,

Her tears through happy smiles will gleam,
Her cheeks will brighter glow,
And tenderer light her eyes will beam
Than he can ever know.

VI.

Hall rises from his garden-seat,
Beneath his orchard's pride,
Once more his youthful guest to greet,
And place him by his side.

The old man's look is almost fond—
He loves that tale to hear ;
Alice is in the field beyond—
This is not for her ear.

The old man's hand is on his arm,
The soldier's head is bowed,
The sun is shining on him warm,
But all his life doth cloud.

"My Alice is a promised bride ;
But if it were not so,"
Saith Hall, with all his ancient pride,
"Still, I had bid thee go.

Rather I'd see the hill I love
Laid level in my sight,
Than, raised her father's state above
My Alice wed a knight."

Proud were the land if each would grow
More lofty in his state ;
For stand he high, or stand he low,
A man may still be great.

"God bless thee, lad !—my gallant boy
Gave not his life for nought ;
And some fair lady give thee joy
Of true heart truly sought."

The youthful soldier's step was quick
Down the hill-side that day ;
He stooped not, as he went, to pick
The flowrets on his way.

Nor long his presence blessed his home,
And eased his mother's heart ;
"A soldier's duty bade him roam,"
He said, and would depart.

The day he sailed for India, Hall
His Alice gave away,
And ere long in the Hollow shall
He see her children play.

While lies her noble lover's grave
On Indian field afar ;
He was among the foremost brave
Struck down in that wild war.

A LUCKY MISTAKE.—One Gaultier de la Salle, a bailiff of the island of Jersey, in 1824, resided on his estate, then called "*La Petite Ville*," and had a poor neighbor, named Massey, who was proprietor of a cottage, with a little land near the bailiff's, and had a right of drawing water from a well on the premises of the latter. The exercise of this right being an annoyance to the bailiff, he sought to become the purchaser of Massey's land, or otherwise to dispossess his troublesome neighbor ; and failing in all his attempts, he resorted to a diabolical scheme for gratifying his revenge. In order to accomplish this, he concealed two silver cups in one of his own cornricks, and suborning witnesses to convict poor Massey of the theft, he caused him to be arrested and brought to trial, when he was found guilty. On the morning of the trial the bailiff had directed his men to remove into his barn a particular rick, which he distinctly pointed out to them, and then left his home to assume his office of judge with his brother jurats—a second Judas among the twelve. It happened that the men fortunately mistook their master's orders, and set to work at the other rick, in which they shortly discovered the missing plate. At the moment when sentence of death was being passed on poor Massey, one of the men, who had hurried with all speed, rushed breathlessly into court, holding up the cups, and calling out, "They are found ! they are found !" The bailiff, thrown off his guard passionately rising, exclaimed, "Thou fool ! that was not the rick I told you to remove ; I knew—" A dead pause ensued throughout the court. The jurists consulted for awhile, when Massey was set at liberty ; and after a short trial, De la Salle was convicted of "feloniously compassing the death of an innocent man," and sentenced to death.

BEHIND THE SCENES IN PARIS—A TALE OF THE CLUBS AND THE SECRET POLICE.

CHAPTER XXXV.—LOVE TRIUMPHS.

"Oh, forgive me, dear, dear Madeleine!" cried the sick man, the moment she entered. "Forgive me, dear, good Madeleine, but I have no right to call you so."

The tears welled up and choked the poor girl. She stammered out:

"Do not think of me. Tell me how you are. Are you worse?"

"No, no, not in body, only in mind. Oh! I have passed a wretched night; a night of bitter self-reproach. Oh! it is so kind, so good of you to come, after all my cruelty, my ingratitude, my wickedness."

Madeleine sat down on the little stool.

"Do not excite yourself; give me your hand. It is hot still. How foolish of you to get up in the night!"

"Oh! I could not help it. I thought I should never see you again, never be thought of by you but with horror. Do you, can you forgive me, Madeleine?"

"I have nothing to forgive. I know all now. I understand and appreciate your conduct, for I have heard what Ludowsky told you."

Paul's face fell, and for a moment he was silent.

"I ought to have known that you had repented of that, poor, dear girl; I ought to have seen it in your garb even. But I was blinded by folly; I was mad. Have I not sinned myself ten times more than you, for yours was a sin of too much love?"

"Paul," said Madeleine very solemnly, "did you then believe this man?"

"I—I—not at first. He assured me, he swore to the truth of it. Oh! are you going to tell me it is false? Oh! prove it to be so, let me hear it from your lips; that is enough."

Madeleine's head fell upon her hands; she could not weep, she was so steeped in misery.

"Madeleine, Madeleine," said the sick man, rising in his bed, and trying to seize her hand; "is it false? Oh, say it is false! Say, I have wronged you; that I am a wretch; but do not keep me hanging thus between misery and happiness."

Still Madeleine moved not. She had endured all from this man she loved—scorn, reproach, insult; but to be doubted was too horrible.

"Oh, Madeleine!" he pleaded, "have I then wronged you? Tell me, dear, good Madeleine; tell me that I am a worse wretch than I thought. You who have nursed me so fondly, you who have given me life again, you who yesterday offered me freedom. Oh! if I have wronged you, I can never, never forgive myself; speak to me, Madeleine, you are breaking my heart."

Madeleine raised a face as pale as death.

"Paul, Paul, I have not deserved this—indeed I have not."

Then came the grateful torrent—a wild, rushing flood of tears, and the old pride came back to her. The tendon had been stretched too far, and snapped. She rose slowly, and turned away, to hide tears of which she was now ashamed.

Paul lay in silence, covered with shame.

And Antoine, at his post, saw all this.

The morning was streaming in. Madeleine dashed her tears away, and looked up out of the little barred window at the blue sky. She seemed to be praying.

Presently she moved to the bed, and looked a moment at the writhing shame that lay there. She put out her hand nobly.

"Paul, give me your hand. I have forgiven you even this."

He groaned aloud.

"Paul," she went on, "once I offered you my love, and you rejected it. Last night I should have told you I had no love to give now. I thought I had conquered it. I have prayed hard to conquer it, for it is very wrong."

She trembled violently. But now the true woman came out; the crushed, injured, trampled woman; how nobly she rose to forgive and love again! ay, and suffer again, if need were.

"Paul," she said; "I tell you now a second time, that I love you, that I always loved you. Do you reject me now?"

He groaned, he covered the hand he held with his hot lips. He murmured low—

"O Madeleine! this is too much. I—I have loved you and hated you too well."

He could only gasp it out. The next moment he was lying quivering and gasping on the pillow. Madeleine turned hastily for the wine she had brought, and Antoine saw the proud beam of happiness on her face. She poured a glassful down his throat, and soothed him. He held her hand that she had given him, but could not speak.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ACHILLES WORE THE PETTICOAT, THEY SAY.

At the door, as she went out, Madeleine overtook Elizabeth, who was hanging her head, and walking slowly away.

"He is dead," she said sadly.

"Dead! who?"

"The Count Ludowsky."

"God have mercy on his soul!"

They walked on in silence and entered the little chapel of Notre Dame du bon Secours. The Chinese say: "The prison is always shut, yet never empty. The temple is always open, yet never full." They came from the crowded prison and found the chapel deserted.

Each followed her own instinct in the choice of the shrine before which to pray. Sister Elizabeth went to that of the Blessed Mother herself, and pleaded believingly for the soul that was just gone. Madeleine sought the shrine of St. Mary Magdala.

"O thou whose sin was too much love, and yet with much pure love didst redeem thy sin, look down upon thy daughter, named unworthily by thy blessed name, and strengthen her, guide her, plead for her with the Father! If this be sin, enlighten me. I faint in this doubt. I will wash it out with many tears. But oh, have pity! and guide me rightly in the way that I should go, thou who through many tears hast reached unto glory."

The days passed rapidly in the joy of much hope.

Madeleine ceased to doubt. She had given up the struggle. Love, a human love and yet a law of God, had completely overcome her respect for the decision of the church.

She had not taken the perpetual vows of a nun.

The sisters of St. Vincent de Paule take their vows from year to year. She, or any, was at liberty to retire from it at the end of the year. She had resolved to do so, and to marry this Englishman. As his wife, she could do as much good to all, nay, more perhaps, than as a sister of charity. The sphere of action would be broader. As a mother, she could one day train up young souls that should be stars upon the earth. As his wife she could work with him in the cause of heaven.

And then she looked upon the other side of the medal. If she abjured this love that overwhelmed her, could she ever hope to battle it down and crush it out? In two long years, when he was utterly lost to her, without a thought of meeting him again, she had failed to do so. She saw herself in the future still struggling between the memories of the world, and the exclusive claims of heaven. Surely it were better to make a treaty between them, and grant each its demands. Heaven would not suffer but rather gain by her concession to nature.

She could reason thus, and she needed to reason, for her conscience pricked her a little—a very little. It said to her that her resolve was selfish, and selfishness she hated. Conscience is the fountain of God's truth within us, but it comes to us filtered through the sands of education. Or should we say that a false conscience is built up by the education and the opinions of men around us, side by side with the true one? Was it a true or false conscience that even in St. Paul's day prompted one man to abstain from meats, another to replenish by them the strength that God had given him to use for good; one man to

seek circumcision, another to eschew it? Was it the true or the false conscience which dragged the Sati woman to the pile of her husband, to commit an act from which we revolt as crime? Is it true or false conscience that the polemical ecclesiasts of our church boldly appeal to as the motive of their extravagances? The pious woman of Romanist faith feels a bitter sting of conscience if she refuses alms to a beggar, however professional, or eats meat on a fast-day. The most pious woman of our own church feels no sting of conscience in doing these things. Is it the voice of God that speaks to one and is deadened by the other? Or is it not rather a fictitious conscience, the offspring of education, that urges on the one and not the other? The voice of God must be alike in all. His truth is changeless. If we feel that it is wrong to steal, why did not the young Spartan feel the same? If we think it a crime to murder, and tremble at the murdered form in every dream, tortured by conscience, why does the Thug glory in his sly act and take unction to himself for it? And so you may go on, and never solve the question, save by taking it for granted that a new and fictitious monitor is appointed by society in every soul, and one who so much resembles the monitor that God has placed there, that men gave him the name of conscience.

The conscience, then, that pricked Madeleine was this fictitious monitor, and she had no need to listen to his voice. Yet she did listen so far that she resolved to go very seldom to Montague's cell, only often enough to make all the preparations for his escape. It was nothing that he reproached her with her absence, and complained bitterly of the long, weary hours which she might have enlivened. She pitied him deeply, and loved him more and more; but she thought it right to combat love and pity still, and so she offered her services to the sisters from Coutances, and joined them in tending the sick in the village.

Meanwhile Antoine had settled his own plans of action. He would allow Paul to escape, and be heartily glad when he was out of France, never to return to it; but knowing everything as he did, he should hold Madeleine herself entirely in his own power. He would throw off his disguise, and say to her quietly:—"On the one hand, if you hear me, you retire honorably and quietly from the sisterhood, become my wife, live at Tréno, or where you will, under the name of Vicomtesse Delafosse, and learn at last to love a man who has loved you so long and so well. On the other, you meet with an immediate exposure. I have arranged to have Montague brought back at a moment's notice, and then follows your disgrace, ten times worse because you belong to a religious order; and instead of honorably retiring, you become a miserable outcast."

He did not know Madeleine yet by half.

Meanwhile she thought little of her own fate after the transaction. Her first object was Paul's freedom; but to secure this more thoroughly, and to induce Paul to agree to her plans, she determined that she would have recourse to Antoine, whom numerous little trifles now led her to be certain was no other than Legrand. She would throw herself upon his mercy at the last moment, and reveal all to him.

She did not know Antoine yet by half.

The death of Ludowsky made but a slight change in this man. His enmity had for some time since passed from him to Paul, and he even regretted the count, as an old plaything taken from his hands, and a safety-valve to let off his passion.

At last the long appointed day arrived. Madeleine had braced up her powers for the struggle. The first act would be the worst. After that, it was merely an affair of skilful management.

As Antoine turned the key of the passage to let her through in the morning, she looked up into his face, forced a smile, and said quietly, "Antoine Legrand."

He started. This was quite unexpected. But in a second he altered all his plans, and saw that the discovery might be turned in his favor.

"Ah!" he stammered; you have recognised me, mademoiselle."

"Yes, I have long seen through your disguise, but not knowing why you had adopted it, I have hitherto refrained from

showing you that I knew it. What can have induced you to disguise yourself in this way?"

"I desired, mademoiselle, to forget that I had once been Antoine Legrand. My past has been bad, but it was only an entire change of character that could enable me to throw off all the old associations."

And he hung his head in well-feigned penitence.

"I am sorry, then, that I must speak to you a little of the past, Antoine Legrand. I can do so calmly now, for I have, as you see, renounced the world. Antoine, it is a long time since, and I daresay—nay, I trust—that you are changed, but you once had a foolish attachment for me; you often declared it."

"Ah! mademoiselle, why allude to this? I know that I was once bold and wrong enough to aspire to a heart of which I was utterly unworthy. That heart you gave to heaven alone, and I have expiated my folly in this dismal den, serving the state as I served it before."

"Yes, is it not dismal? is it not dreary? And if it be so to you, what must it be to the captive who is here for life, who has no hope? They say that the torture of hell will consist in its eternity, its absence of all hope of change; is not this prison its prototype? No hope save in the grave, and who knows how long death will tarry?"

He was silent, as if struck by something new in her argument.

"But I was saying, Antoine, that you once felt some interest in me. I know that your good sense now appreciates the course I took. You saved my life once, and you do not know that long ago I once pleaded for yours long and earnestly when it was in danger?"

"How could that be, mademoiselle? Who could threaten it?"

"A man whose good heart melted when the moment came; who had reason to hate you, if any have reason to hate at all; and who, when you lay in his power, spared your life. That man, Antoine, and you know it well, lies in this prison for life."

"No. 6" he asked, in a whisper.

"Yes."

There was a pause, during which Antoine looked down, and appeared to be affected, and Madeleine was watching his face.

"Antoine, your old attachment has, I trust, become a new respect. You would, I think, do me a favor, which will cost you nothing, and for which you will have my gratitude and prayers for ever; more, you know, I cannot give you."

"Coming to the point at last," thought the hypocrite; and replied, "Anything within the scope of my duty, mademoiselle."

Madeleine sighed.

"Your duty, you mean, to those you serve: But there is a duty higher than this, which may sometimes overrule it; I mean your duty to God. This will prompt you to be merciful to your fellow-man. By this you will be able to distinguish between those who are punished for real crimes, and of whose punishment you are one of the agents, and those whose lives are wasted in misery, only because they are objects of terror to an unsteady throne. Do you understand me, Antoine?"

He could not torment her by saying "No," so he answered: "You wish me, then, to assist you in the escape of Paul Montague?"

"I do. I can speak it out to you, for I know you would never betray me."

"Never, mademoiselle; but, before I consent, I must, in justice to myself, know the details of your project. I must guard against any chance of failure which would involve all three in disgrace. Tell me your plan, if you have formed any yet."

She told him all; all that she had pondered many long days when sitting by the sick-bed; confided it all in this selfish, treacherous man.

It was about eight o'clock when Madeleine re-entered the prison that evening. The porter looked as usual into her basket; there was nothing there but the gown she had been so long in making, and she passed on unsuspected.

She was more anxious than ever as the moment drew near,

for now the slightest thing—a little extra suspicion in the porter, a rencontre with Elizabeth, from whom, acting on a right scruple, she had religiously kept the secret; or a turnkey with a lantern—might destroy all her schemes, and bring disgrace on all three. But her greatest cause of apprehension was Paul himself. Up to this last day he had resolutely, though delicately, refused her aid.

"Can I, dearest, accept freedom, while there remains the slightest chance of annoyance to you? If we could leave this prison together, and together fly from France, I would consent at once; but—"

"That is impossible. Elizabeth is not, cannot be in the secret. I would not involve her in such a plot for anything, and then leave her behind to bear the brunt of the governor's fury. If we leave together, the porter, however drowsy, would see two sisters go out. Chance might lead Elizabeth to follow shortly after, and we should not have time to get away before the discovery took place. No, you must go first and alone. I will remain here to give you time, and for the rest I feel certain of this jailor's aid."

"But you have not sounded him, child?"

"No, but I will, this very day. If I win him over, all is well. He himself will let me out, and the porter will suspect nothing."

Paul clung to the hope of liberty in spite of his scruples.

"Win the jailor first, dearest—and you cannot fail to do so—and then I consent."

This she had now done, and she could now insist on his agreeing to her plans. She had, indeed, a fear that his strength would fail; but even against this she took precautions. She had brought him in the morning a bottle of the choicest brandy, which he was to take away with him. He had been sitting up for the last three days, and, at the doctor's request, had been allowed to walk up and down the passage. The sea-breeze, and the emergency itself, she thought, would give him strength. Then the hour she had chosen was the best in the day. It was too early for the lamps to be brought round, and yet dark enough to prevent the porter seeing more than the dress of a sister of charity.

She was full of hope as she entered the cell, and showed him the dress he was to wear.

"I shall go into the passage while you dress. Knock when you are ready; Barberousse is there. You must leave your prison clothes, you know, for fear of detection."

He could almost laugh, as he put on the coarse gray gown she had made for him, with such a wonderful guess at the height and breadth of his figure; but it took him some time to arrange, and delay was serious.

"He must make haste," whispered Antoine to Madeleine in the passage; the lamps will soon be round."

She knocked impatiently.

"Come in," he said, trembling, for every sound brought fear with it now.

She deliberately took off her own broad white cap, and adjusted it to his head. Then she unclasped the rosary from her white neck, the long chain and the crucifix, and hung them round his. Then she forced her purse, full of Napoleons, into the little pocket she had taken care to supply.

"But this?" he said.

"Yes, yes, you will need it all. I shall be with you before morning, and then it is for both, you know. There is no time to lose. You look perfect, my sister—sweet sister Pauline!"

He pressed her lovingly to his breast—one moment, one long fond embrace, and then he was gone, following Antoine down the passage, while Madeleine was locked in the cell, quivering with anxiety, lest any little trifle should bring failure.

Antoine conducted him as far as the door.

Just before they reached it, they heard a turnkey's footsteps approaching.

"Hist!" whispered Antoine; "walk slowly. Keep your head down, and say nothing."

"Bon soir, madame!" said the turnkey, passing, and the danger was over.

Antoine went first, and engaged the porter in a trivial conversation, some silly joke that made the good-humored Cerbe-

rus laugh merrily. It was the last sound Paul heard in that prison. He passed the sentry without, and was free. Free! O what of joy is there not in that little word!

"Thank God, he is gone before I murdered him!" growled Antoine to himself. "Now for triumph. Now for the last throw; but if this fails, let them suffer together. Disgrace is worse than death."

He hurried back, to be beforehand with the turnkey who brought the lamps round. He overtook him just going towards No. 6.

"Give me the lamp," he said, authoritatively. "I'm going to No. 6, and will take it myself. I want you to clean out 85 to-night, as we must move 142 there to-morrow."

He took the lamp, and hurried back.

Madeleine was standing impatiently at the door.

"Is he safe?" she asked eagerly.

"He is outside the prison," answered Antoine, locking the door inside, and putting the key in his pocket.

"Thank God! thank God! O Heaven! I thank thee for this!"

"But he is not yet safe."

"How so? how so? Has anything happened?"

"He is open to pursuit; that will depend on you, Madeleine."

It was the first time in his life he had dared to call her by her sweet name.

"I know, I know," she said, too agitated to perceive this; "but you will stand by me. You have taken all the precautions we have agreed on, have you not?"

"Yes."

"And I will stay here till the last minute—till midnight even—to give him a chance of escape."

Antoine set down the lamp, and leaning his back against the door, prepared to cast the fatal die.

"Madeleine," he said firmly, but not unkindly, "I have assisted you to procure this man's freedom, I am now come to claim my reward."

"You shall have it; name it. You know I am an heiress. Half, nay, all my wealth—"

"Foolish girl! you know me better than to think I would ask money of you!"

"Forgive me! Ask anything, I will give it you."

"I ask your love," he said, calmly and softly.

Madeleine started back in horror, and then drew up with all her ancient pride.

"Sir," she stammered out, "you forget that I am vowed to God!"

"I do not forget it, for I know that it is not so. I know that you will follow this man. You will retire from the sisterhood, and become his wife."

"And if—I intend this, why should you—"

"Because you shall not do so; because, instead of becoming his wife, you shall become mine; because, Madeleine, I have loved you longer and more faithfully than this man, who has treated you like a brute; because I have devoted years, nay, the best portion of my life, to gain this object. I became a spy to ruin Ludowsky, and ruined him. Where is he now? I then claimed your love again, and you answered, with one word, 'No.' I bore it, bore the insult, because I saw that though this man scorned and repulsed you, you madly, foolishly loved him. Yes, Madeleine, I was there when you confessed it to him yourself. Ay, you do well to shrink back. I saw you throw yourself upon his cold, brutal bosom. I heard you offer your hand to him. I saw him hurl you back. I saw you fall and faint, and he left you without a pang. I stood over you, Madeleine, hating you for all that, and drew my knife. I might have stabbed you then, and denounced him as the murderer. I spared you and him—you, to repent, to forget him, to hate him; him, to bring him here to rot in prison, and be forgotten; and now, now, after all this toil and suffering, I will, I must have your love."

He stopped, for he felt that he was losing himself in his emotion. Madeleine, horror-struck at all these revelations, had shrunk back, step by step, to the other wall, panting, trembling with the worst fears.

There was a terrible silence of a few seconds. He thought, vain fool! that she was melting. He waited.

"Madeleine," he went on, more gently, "I deserve your love, for all that I have given you these many years. Remember that I saved your life when you were a child. Remember that I spared it two years ago, when another man would have taken it. I give you a well, a terribly-trying affection, that has endured through insult, through rebuff, through the worst jealousy even. I offer you an honorable position. I, Madeleine, was that same Vicomte Delafosse on whom you looked with kind eyes. I can play the nobleman, you see. I am not so very low, so very despicable. I shall make you a vicomtesse; the title has been granted me. It was my reward for the discovery of that conspiracy. I have wealth, too, and the Chateau de Trénoc, which you loved in girlhood so much, shall be your residence."

Madeleine could have levelled him with one thunderbolt of indignant words; but she had scarcely heard his last speech. She had been revolving how to act, and her object now was to gain time.

"Sir," she said, as softly as she could, "I must again remind you that I am a sister of St. Vincent de Paule."

"And I again reply that you are about to retire from the order, and that you shall do so, and become my wife."

"You must be mad," she answered. "You come to me, and voluntarily confess a tissue of low villainies, of which I had never thought even you capable. You tell me openly that for years you labored to ruin one man, who had done you not a tittle of harm, and who, as you well know, did not stand in your way, if it was I you sought. This man you have helped to kill with your cruelty and your deceptions. Then again you tell me that you stood over me when I was helpless, and drew your knife to take the life of one who had never injured you, and expect me to praise you because you refrained from a foul, cowardly deed, which would have brought you sooner or later to the scaffold! You confess that you intended to throw the guilt of this deed upon an innocent man—a man, who, but for you, would have never been within these walls; and then—then—after all this confession of treachery, cruelty and bloodthirstiness, you ask me to—oh! the word is too sacred to be polluted by applying it to you."

He did not wince. He was fit to receive contempt. How like extremes are! The impossibility of meanness looks often just the same as the endurance of a Christian spirit. But he had now to change his tactics. He turned to the door, and pointed to the holes he had bored in it.

"Madeleine," he said quietly, "do you see those holes? A month ago, when I first saw you in the ante-room—you remember—I came and bored these two little holes. My old habits hung about me. I came here day after day, and night after night, and through those holes saw and heard everything that took place in this cell."

He looked at her, expecting that she would faint at this revelation, but he did not know the brave girl, who knew that unless she held up all was lost.

"And what, sir, has taken place here, of which I should be ashamed!"

"You are a sister of St. Vincent de Paule. You belong to a sacred order, that abhors immodesty. Here you have pressed your lips to a man's forehead, here you have allowed him to clasp you to his breast. Is not that enough? And this I know, I, whom in your madness, you reject."

"What I did, I should do again," she said haughtily, "whether there were a spy to see me or not."

He was a little embarrassed.

"Perhaps," he thought, "she has some reason not to fear even disclosure and disgrace. What can it be?"

Then he went on aloud:

"You surely know that you are wholly in my power. A word from me will suffice to disgrace you, and to have your gown torn from your shoulders in disgust. The sisterhood could not dare to keep you in their ranks, if all were known and published."

"I know it," she said calmly; "I am prepared for the worst, sir."

Once more he was baffled, and compelled to change his tone.

"Madeleine, listen to reason. You know there is a short cut across the sands to Avranches, and that Montague has taken the long road."

He drew out his gold watch.

"I have lost twenty minutes, but that is little; Montague is weak; he cannot walk fast, and must rest from time to time. I give the alarm. Two common soldiers start for the ferry, and will reach it before him. He is brought back, looking ridiculous in his woman's dress, is delivered up to closer confinement, and all hope gone for life."

She was moved, she began to yield, but she could still gain time.

"Reason with yourself, Madeleine. I know you are unselfish. I know you have plotted this escape with little hope of meeting this Englishman again—for his sake alone. Now, your last anchor is gone. I have but to give the word, and he is more a captive than ever. Now, Madeleine, I give you two minutes," he held his watch up, "to decide. Accept my proposals, Montague shall escape to St. Héliers, and I will live only to make you happy, and try to make you love me. Reject them, and I will have him brought back here, and thrown for life into a dungeon."

She rushed forward, and clasped his knees.

"Oh, no, no! You could not; I know you could not do it. No, no! you make yourself worse than you are. You pretend to love me; I believe you do. You cannot—you cannot bring me to such ruin. For my sake, oh, for my sake! if you have any feeling, if there is any truth in the love you profess, give up this madness, and let me go. You could not, indeed, you could not bring me to such misery, to such disgrace. Kill me now, if you will, but spare me that."

She pleaded for herself in words, but with a woman's cunning. In heart she was pleading for Paul.

"Stop!" he said, "I have no time to lose. Refuse or accept."

"I will, I will indeed choose. But you must give me longer. Remember it is a choice for life, once for ever. Give me a night to think of it; or at least a few hours."

"Madeleine, this is folly. You know you cannot deceive me, an old detective. You only want to gain time for this man. I give two minutes, no more."

"Give me at least an hour."

"No, no! Not a minute more. Now, this instant, choose between misery and happiness, or I go."

She clung to him faster.

"Give me half an hour," she implored. "Only half an hour."

"A truce to foolery. I am losing precious time. Now, do you refuse or accept my offer? I am going. Speak!"

"Oh, how can I decide in this plight! Give me at least five minutes."

He said nothing, but drew the key from his pocket.

"Oh, you shall, you must not go! I will keep you here till he is safe. I will. I am strong, and I will do it."

"Fool! I have only to call to the turnkey."

"No, there is no turnkey there, I know it. Oh, I am as sly as you! You shall not go."

She dragged herself along the floor, and drew him by the knees after her.

"Woman, let me loose," he stammered out, furious at being thwarted.

"No, you shall not go."

And she clung to him with all the strength of despair.

He was furious. He seized her arms, tore them violently from his knees, and bounding to the door, thrust the key into the lock. She was upon him in a moment, and struggled for the key. Then this brute lifted up his arm, and struck her violently in the breast. She reeled back with a groan, and he was gone. She raised herself with the last energy of despair, and staggered in agony to the door. She clung to it, and put her face to the bars of the lattice. She heard his steps along the passage rapidly retreating. She tried to cry after him, but her voice, poor thing, could not come. She heard him turn

the key of the passage door. With one great effort she raised her voice, and cried :

"Stop, stop, I accept."

The swinging of the door drowned her words. She heard the key turn on the other side. She shouted, she screamed feebly, all in vain.

Then she fell down flat in a dead swoon.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—ACROSS THE SANDS.

ANTOINE rushed into the governor's room, knocking over a stupid turnkey, and alarmed the mild deputy, who was writing, as usual, at the desk.

"What on earth—?"

"No. 6 has escaped. I have discovered it all. A plot between him and that sister of charity. He left in her dress. She is in his cell now. I must have a sharp and trusty man, and will follow him myself."

"Good heavens! Do you know where he is gone to?"

"Yes, yes. Not a minute to lose. Who is the best man to take?"

"Well, let me see. There is—"

"See! be d—d! I'll take the first that comes. Here, you, Jean, Pierre, what's your name?—the man I knocked over—where are you? A lantern, quick, and follow me out. Let's see. Are you young? Can you run? Good, that will do."

As the man came up in a terrible fright, lantern in hand, "But what in heaven—?" began the astonished deputy.

Antoine did not listen. He was off in a minute, and running or rather leaping down the shelving rocks of the little street, followed by the turnkey, who went more gingerly.

"Come on, you fool, or I shall break your head! We shall lose our game."

The idle cottagers, who were sitting outside their doors, quietly gossiping, saw the running figures with alarm, and jumped from their seats. A stupid gendarme cried out :

"Halt!" and, as they paid no attention, he began to shout, "Stop them, they are fugitives—prisoners."

The people went after them in a twinkling of the eye, and a little gaping crowd already stood at the bottom of the street to prevent their escape.

"Ten thousand devils!" panted Antoine. "You fools, can't you see who it is! I am in pursuit of a prisoner who has escaped."

Then they all began running along with him, but the two jailors soon outstript them and got upon the sands, just as the huge bell in the spire began ringing furiously. They ran and leaped and ran on, and then came a great boom of thunder. It was the alarm-gun.

On they went at full pace across the smooth hard sand, the lamp jerking up and down in the turnkey's hand, and they panting hard, but still running. The crowd followed in the distance, a little way, but soon fell off. Only an active boy or two kept up the race, and came on behind the two pursuers for a time, and then dropped back.

At last they neared the short cut.

"We must go across here," cried Antoine. "Follow me! I know the way blindfold."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't attempt it! The tide is coming in, and the sands are treacherous."

"Tide and sands be cursed! We shall all lose our places. It is a political prisoner."

The turnkey almost dropped the lamp. A political prisoner! That was a terrible catastrophe. Still he hesitated.

"It is sure loss of life," he shouted after Antoine.

"Come on, you fool! I will bring you safely across. Come along. There is no time to lose."

"Suppose you go that way, and I'll run this way as hard as I can."

Antoine veered round and came furiously upon him.

"Come on this moment," he shouted savagely, "or, by the Holy Virgin, I will shiver you to atoms!"

He raised his fist. The turnkey shrank back.

"Go on," he said trembling; "I'll follow."

Antoine rushed forward, as if his life hung upon it, and the

timid turnkey followed, picking his way by the light of the lantern. But the other soon left him far behind.

Antoine called at him again and again, but still rushed on. At last he came to one of those streams of quicksand which run about all over this desert. He had leapt it scores of times, but he could not see in the dark that the returning tide had widened it. He ran boldly at it, sprang from the hard sand, and alighted four feet short of the other side.

The turnkey heard the splash, followed by a loud wild curse. Then a cry for help. He rushed on to the very brink of the stream.

Antoine was splashing and struggling in the midst of it, unable to get his legs up far enough to move forward.

"O God!" he cried, "I am lost! Throw me your lantern, your hat, anything."

The turnkey threw the lantern. It fell just out of the reach of the struggling man. Another terrible curse; and then the lantern sank rapidly in the soft mud. The terrified turnkey took off his stiff glazed cap and made a better aim. Antoine clutched it, and felt hope a moment. Oh! it was terrible to feel himself sinking, to know that the earth was swallowing him up, and there could be no help.

"Cursed fool!" he growled at the wretched turnkey; "have you no stick, nothing, to save a dying man? Fling me your coat, anything that I can lay out flat."

He tore off his coat and flung it to him. Antoine spread it out over the soft mud, and for a little while it supported him; but still he sank, and the sand had now reached his waist. The turnkey who could do no more stood whining and pulling on the brink.

"Shout to those boys!" said Antoine in despair. "Perhaps one of them has a stick. I could reach the other side with it."

The turnkey shouted, but the boys, who had equally feared the short cut, had returned, and were beyond call.

"They do not hear me," sobbed the man.

"Shout louder. Shout, shout, for God's sake!"

He shouted at the utmost of his lungs. The boys heard a distant noise, and mistook it for the cry of the prisoner, whom they supposed to be calling for aid.

They went on, and Antoine sank more and more.

The weight with which he had fallen in his leap had made him sink rapidly at first, but the mass of the upper part of his body now resisted the sand a little, and he sank more slowly. Still the sand, or rather mud, had reached nearly to his armpits. He stretched out his arms across it, and so clung to life.

"You can do no good here," he said in a subdued voice, for the fear of death was upon him. "Run back and go after the prisoner. He is dressed as a sister of St. Vincent de Paule. He is certain to cross the ferry. He must be caught. Run, run, and tell the governor, as my dying wish, that he must be put in dungeon No. 3—yes, No. 3, that is the foulest—remember, for the rest of his days."

The turnkey heard it all, and hesitated.

"How can I leave you here to die, sir?"

"Can you help me, fool of fools?"

"I fear not."

"Then why stay? Run at once. Even now it may be too late. Stop, tell me the time."

"I have no watch."

"Damn you for that; go!"

The turnkey ran back in terror. The idea of such a death made him quiver from head to foot. He stopped once in doubt. "I must not leave him. I must report his death."

But he heard the distant angry shout, "Run, run!" and he fled on. But it was too late. When the turnkey, after running and walking for an hour, reached the ferry, the boat was on the other side, and the ferryman gone for the night. He was exhausted, and could not swim. He sat down on the sand, and cried like a child, because he would lose his place.

The night was clear and calm, and the air balmy. The last glimmer of day had passed away from the western sky, about the level of the ocean. The winking stars had dropped down one by one, and took possession of their blue lands. There was no murmur over the whole of that vast desert of sand, save a distant hissing sound that came from the rising tide, which at

this season would not come up to cover the sands but only to loosen them beneath.

On all that desert there was but one living man—Antoine. He hung in the soft mass by the cross beam of his arms, and sank slowly, slowly into a natural grave.

He felt calmer when he had despatched the jailor. He who had been a schemer all his life, could not bear that his last scheme should fail, though he died in securing it. He might have sent this man back to the Mount for ropes and assistance; and it was just possible that they might have returned in time to drag him out before the last breath, but then his scheme would have failed.

The sand now closed in heavily upon his chest, and he felt at every breath that he was suffocating. His outstretched arms sank a little, but very slowly, and his agony became at last unbearable.

"Oh, what a death," he thought, "after what a life! To die by bits of inches. Would to God the sea would come up and finish me!"

The sea hissed back its answer in the far distance, and came no nearer.

Then came the terrible reproachful conscience within. All the evil of his life flashed back upon him. For the first time he saw that he had lived without a God but himself. He thought of Madeleine's bitter words now. He felt how needless, how heartless, how unavailing had been his implacable persecution of Ludowsky. He now saw how cruelly he had treated poor Madeleine. He reflected what a terrible disgrace awaited her, and he almost thanked Heaven that he should not be there to increase it with his revelations.

"And all this for a woman! yet what a woman! But is a woman, any woman, worth this horrible death?"

And now the sand was close upon his throat. He felt it cold and slimy, pouring in to choke him tenderly. And his arms too were covered. His head alone remained above.

He threw it back, clinging, in spite of his agony, to the last breath of life, and saw the quiet stars look down upon him.

Then came the soft memories of his early days. He was following his father, the dear good old man, in the thick wood, tearing asunder the briars and brushwood, and bounding on full of life. He was a young man, tracking the boar at early morning, with the whelping curs round him, in and out among the black stems of larch and pine. He was rescuing Madeleine, a little lovely child, amid a shower of bullets, and heard the loud "hurrahs" from the castle windows. He was standing in the dewy grass, watching her shadow flit across the blind. He dared not think of more than this.

And now the sand had covered his chin. In another five minutes it would be round his mouth, and all would soon be over. His head lay back upon the mud and sank slowly with him. He saw the heaven with its million stars. It seemed to have no life, but looked like a dull picture.

Suddenly one star left its place, shot with a stream of life across the dark blue and was lost.

"Is there a life beyond that heaven? and shall I reach it—I sinking here into the mouth of hell?"

The sand was on his lips, cold, moist and slimy.

He tried to pray, but he knew not how—the name of God had been to him so long an angry curse, and nothing more.

The sand was in his mouth, wet, salt and horrible. He tried to jerk up his head, to live a little longer, one minute more, to utter the prayer which was nearly ready. In vain. It closed upon his mouth and nostrils. It closed clammy upon his clammy forehead. He was dead. A little more and the sand had shut him in, and left no trace to mark his grave.

The night was calm and clear, and the stars shone.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—MONSIEUR DE BEAUFORT SUCCEEDS AT LAST. WHEN the news of Paul's flight from the château, and his supposed attempt to murder Mademoiselle de Ronville, reached the De Beauforts, the little man collapsed and declined. He could not endure to look at the Chanoinesse, who taunted him openly at every meal.

"Did I not warn you against heretics? Did I not tell you that these English were barbarians? Ah! Monsieur de Beau-

fort, will you look out for another English husband for your niece?"

True, Monsieur de Beaufort ceased to call his servant Thawmass, displaying his inimitable skill in gasping out the soft th, and was heard more than once to say that he thought a French horse would win that autumn at Lamarche—a victory hitherto reserved for the English breed; but this was not concession enough to the spiteful Chanoinesse, and Monsieur de Beaufort pined visibly beneath her triumphant blasts.

At last he could bear it no longer, and escaped to Paris, on the plea of business.

Riding in the Champs Elysées one day with an old friend, he noticed that a young man mounted on a very good animal bowed gracefully to his companion.

"Who is that?" he asked eagerly, for he now never saw a young man save with the optic of business.

"That? oh! young Eugène de Merlet—Eugène!" and the young man wheeled round at the call.

A few nothings passed between the acquaintance, while the little man took an inventory of the young one's attractions. It was true he had a face like a horse's. His nose was long, perfectly straight, and very broad all the way from the eyebrows to the tip. His nostrils dilated openly, like those of a young charger. His receding forehead was in a straight line with the nose, and the still more receding character of the face. His gray eyes were small and weakly. His hair was crisp and curly, but above it was a faultless hat. For the rest, he was well-dressed after the French style, riding in patent leather boots and delicate straw-colored kids!

"*Il est bête, mais distingué*," said De Beaufort, as the young man rode on. Now to be *distingué* was to M. de Beaufort the perfection of a *parti*, next, of course, to the fortune.

"*Mon cher*," replied his companion, M. du Ménil, "*c'est un jeune homme délicieux, délicieux, délicieux*," and he kissed the tips of his gloves enthusiastically.

"Ah! vraiment. Mais il a l'air bête."

"Not at all. He speaks English, and plays the piano, like second Kalkbrenner. His mother is an old friend of mine."

"Ah, *c'est différent*. Has he any fortune?" and he glanced anxiously at his companion.

"Ten thousand a year." (N. B.—In francs not in sovereigns.)

"*C'est assez joli*. With another five—"

"He might commence a *jeune ménage*. Precisely what he wants to do. He is looking out for a wife."

M. de Beaufort heaved a sigh. How he coveted the young gentleman of the weak equine cast of countenance! How he began to love him! But he knew his game, changed the conversation, and rode along for some time.

A barouche passed them, with a young lady on the back seat.

"Ah, *mon Dieu*!" exclaimed the little man, starting and breaking up the conversation. "How like our Clothilde!"

There was no more resemblance between them than between Falstaff and H. M. the Queen of Great Britain, but it served the little man's purpose to say so.

"Ah!" said M. du Ménil, "a very charming young person."

"Yes, but you have not seen her lately. She is now quite a young woman. She is grown *délicieuse, délicieuse, délicieuse*."

And unconsciously, he imitated the enthusiastic gesture of his companion. M. du Ménil winked.

"What a capital wife she would make Eugène de Merlet!"

"Ah! a good idea." As if he had never thought of it before.

"She is accomplished, of course. A member of your family—"

"Yes, she plays divinely. She is young—seventeen—fresh, only one season in Paris, and you know her fortune."

"Hem—I—"

"Five thousand at present. Of course ours will come to her."

"*Fi donc!* a young man like you."

"Well, we must all die."

The conversation changed again. At the end of the ride, M. du Ménil said, with a knowing look: "I am going to the

Faubourg to-night. Madame de Merlet has asked me to look in. I shall—have I your leave?—mention the name of your niece."

"If you wish to—yes," and he tried to seem as indifferent as possible. But he went home, and wrote for his family to come up immediately.

A few more conversations and the curtain rose on the first scene of "*Le Mariage de Convenance*."

SCENE I.

Scene, the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, preferred by the good families for this purpose, as being in the Faubourg St. Germain, and having convenient clusters of pillars. The Chanoinesse and Clothilde, who is very well got up for the occasion, are seen kneeling most devoutly on wooden prie-dieux; the former having taken the precaution to bring a little silk cushion for her own Catholic knees. Behind a neighboring pillar are seen M. du Ménéil, and the young De Merlet, leaning with an air of perfect unconsciousness, but intent on business.

M. du M.—"Have you your opera-glass, Eugène?"

Eugène—"Oui, monsieur, le voici."

M. du M.—"Look now a little to your right, and tell me what you think of that charming little creature kneeling there—"

Eugène (mistaking the person meant, and staring delightedly at a lovely girl close to Clothilde)—"Oh! she is charming, delightful, a lovely creature."

M. du M. (surprised agreeably).—"Well, we must allow something for youth. She is certainly a pretty little thing; but I, no, well, yes, you are right."

Chanoinesse (to Clothilde)—"Try and look interesting. I tell you, you are watched. Raise your head a little. Not too much. There."

Clothilde (across her mass-book, simpering and assuming an angelic innocence of expression)—"Who is watching me, aunty?"

Chanoinesse—"A young man who has heard of your accomplishments and graces."

Clothilde—"Where is he? where is he?"

Chanoinesse—"Take care! Do not let him see that you notice him. Behind that pillar to the left, next to M. de Ménéil." (Clothilde throws as much soul as possible into her piggish eyes, and glances at the equine countenance).

Chanoinesse—"Have you seen him? Then let us go."

SCENE II.

(The street outside. Chanoinesse and Clothilde hurry away in one direction, while Du Ménéil and Eugène saunter off in another.)

Chanoinesse—"That is young M. de Merlet, Eugène de Merlet, a pretty name, is it not?"

Clothilde (passively)—"*Charmant*."

Chanoinesse—"He will soon be introduced to the family."

Clothilde—"C'est bien, madame."

M. du M.—"What do you think of her really, Eugène, candidly?"

Eug.—"I am very much struck with her appearance, monsieur. I already feel a deep interest in her."

M. du M.—"That is well. She may one day be your wife."

Eug.—"Oh, it will be unspeakable happiness!"

M. du M. (aside)—"He overdoes it a little."

SCENE III.

(The drawing-room at M. de Beaufort's, just before dinner. Enter Eugène and M. du Ménéil, the former in great agitation in the hope of seeing his beauty. General introductions all round. Clothilde gets up a great many blushes and simpers for the occasion. Eugène rather stupid.)

M. du M. (whispering to Eugène)—"Talk to her. Make yourself agreeable."

Eug.—"But she is not here."

M. du M.—"Don't be stupid, Eugène. That is her on the sofa."

Eug. (thunderstruck)—"I have been deceived."

M. du M.—"What do you mean?"

Eug.—"It was not she I saw at church."

M. du M.—"It can't be helped. Too late now."

(General conversation, followed by dinner, &c., &c.)

SCENE IV.

(Is too long for insertion. It consists in a conclave between Madame de Merlet, M. du Ménéil, and Eugène, during which the latter feebly protests against the match, till by various arguments and threats he is induced to give in.)

SCENE V.

(Also too long for insertion. Takes place at the lawyer's. M. de Beaufort, Madame de Merlet, Mons. du Ménéil and the notaire, arrange, draw up, and sign the settlements.)

SCENE VI.

(Too common place for insertion. A *mariage de convenance* at St. Germain l'Auxerrois. Present, all the *dramatis personæ*, and a good many more.) Curtain falls.

So Clothilde was "polished off," and M. de Beaufort made happy, and so pretty nearly are all French *mariages de convenance*—that is, nine out of every ten in the register books—made up and carried out. From these, and other like foreign delinquencies, good Lord, deliver us!

CHAPTER XXXIX.—SUSPENSE.

PAUL had escaped indeed, but he found his freedom almost as irksome at first as his captivity had been weary. He had walked for the first two miles with wonderful elasticity, until he reached the white rock. There he sat down, feeling satisfied that his flight was not discovered, and drew out the brandy flask which Madeleine had given him. He had scarcely raised it to his lips when he heard the noisy bells ring out. He doubted if they were for joy or alarm, and quaffed down a mouthful of cognac. Then came the booming gun, and the doubt was solved. He leaped up and hurried on, thinking, as he went, of poor Madeleine.

"Oh! she must be safe by this time. It is much more than half an hour since I left. She has had time to get away, and the discovery of the empty cell has been made by the turnkey with the lamps. It is just the time that he goes round."

He hurried on, scarcely daring to think about Madeleine, and soon a faint sound of voices shouting near the Mount reached him. He trembled.

"They are pursuing either me or her, or both of us. O Heaven, preserve her!"

He now ran, and at last reached the ferry. He was just in time to catch the Charon as he started across the inlet.

He then ran, faint and panting, up the hill, and soon passed through a deserted part of the town, according to the directions Madeleine had given him, and found himself on the road to V—, as he knew from certain indications given. He pursued the road till he came just above V—, and here, where the low cliffs stood against the sea, determined to wait till Madeleine should arrive, however long it might be. He looked about for a convenient hiding-place, partly from his pursuers, if they came, and partly from the passers-by, as he felt not a little ashamed of himself in his strange costume.

"No matter. Achilles wore the petticoat with less excuse than I."

Fortune smiled and pointed out a kind of small arbor, built up of turf and furze by some lonely shepherd, who had to watch his flocks here in windy seasons. He found he could command a view of the road from this covered seat, and at the same time could only be seen himself from the sea.

An hour passed; he felt very feeble, and not a little hungry, but did not dare to sleep. Another hour of waiting; not a being had passed along the road.

"At least they are not pursuing me, and Madeleine may have been detained at her lodgings, waiting for a favorable opportunity to slip away unnoticed."

But when he heard the cocks crow in the village below, he began to be anxious about the poor girl. He knew that the gates were shut at the Mount at midnight, and that she must therefore have left before that time. He began to entertain the

worst fears, and longed to go back towards the Mount in the hope of meeting her.

But this would be an act of great rashness, for all might yet be right, and if he were discovered, all would go wrong. So he waited, and waited in vain, till, unconsciously, he fell fast asleep.

When he awoke it was not only broad daylight, but the sun was half way up the heavens. He felt feeble and stiff, but he could not afford to give way to these feelings. He hastened down to the village, summoned up his courage, and inquired for Quillac's.

"No; the good sister had not been there at all, they had expected her last night. She had ordered a boat to go to St. Héliers, but she had not come. It was a pity, for the weather was so fine, and the passage was never an easy one."

Doubtful what to do, and filled with terrible fears, he returned towards his cot, somewhat comforted by finding that he could act his part sufficiently well to impose on these country people.

As he mounted the hill, he caught sight of a flapping white cap. His heart leaped within him; he could scarcely keep himself from throwing up his arms and running to meet her. She was coming in a little donkey-cart, driven by a country lad.

"Thank heaven, she is safe! It is her. Yes, it is—but—oh! it must be her—no—it cannot. What? No, it is not. Ah me!"

He would have fled, but it was too late; he had been seen, and the real sister in the cart eyed him suspiciously. It was a dreadful moment; he was obliged to go on, for fear of increasing any suspicion the other might have. He assumed the gait which he had studied in coming from Mont St. Michel, as the most appropriate to his costume and character, and walked on demurely, with head bent down, and hands folded before him.

He had time to see, however, that the sister in the cart was young and pretty, and had a pleasant reassuring face.

His heart beat violently, as they came nearer, but what was his alarm when he heard the sister tell the boy to draw up, heard her leap down and come towards him.

He put on a womanish smile, and prepared for the worst.

The sister came up to him without hesitation.

"Good morning, my dear sister," she said in a sweet voice, in which he thought he recognised a little tone of merriment. "Can you tell me the road to V—?"

"You are close to V—, my dear sister," scarcely daring to look at her.

"Ah!" she answered at once, "I thought I was right. You come from Mont St. Michel, do you not?"

"Yes, my dear sister," he stammered out.

She lowered her voice, and said:

"Do not be afraid. I am a friend. Sister Madeleine has **has sent me to you; you are the prisoner that escaped last night?**"

"Is she safe, is she safe?"

"Yes, safe, but— But come down the road. I have all to tell you. We must be out of hearing of this lad."

They walked down the road.

"She has spoken to you of sister Elizabeth, I know. I am sister Elizabeth; I know all. She has told me all. Oh, how could you? how could you, sir, ever consent to her mad proposal?"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! tell me, has she been discovered? Is she not safe?"

The tears came thick into poor Elizabeth's eyes, and for a moment she could not speak.

"Tell me, tell me! oh, I fear the worst."

"It is the worst. Poor, dear Madeleine has loved you too well."

Paul groaned aloud.

"Good heaven! then she has not escaped?"

"No, all is known, and she is to leave this morning for Paris."

"Paris! why Paris?"

"Alas! I can scarcely tell you. I dare not. She will be accused before a Consistory of the Order."

"Oh! my God, my God!"

"Poor thing; she bears it all. She says she cares for nothing, now that you are safe. It is a great sin that she has done, in loving you, sir, but I cannot reproach her, I love her too much; I know how good, how angelic she is."

"I must return at once to Mont St. Michel, and deliver myself up."

"Do not be so rash, so mad. You would only make it ten times worse; you can do nothing but harm, for if you were there, you would be compelled to give your testimony, and at present there is no evidence against her except that of the deputy, who reports the words of the jailor."

"But the jailor himself?"

"Is dead."

"Dead! how?"

"In pursuing you, he was lost in a quicksand."

Paul was silent. It seemed as if his freedom cost much too high a price. Presently he said:

"Oh, I would rather have died in prison, than that all this should have happened. But she swore to me that she had the promise of the jailor, and that all was settled."

"So she had; but this same jailor proved false. She says it is a man you know well. But wait, I can now give you her note."

She drew out a little scrap of paper, on which a few words were written in pencil with a trembling hand.

He read them eagerly.

"Antoine Legrand, Antoine Lefèvre, Vicomte Delafosse, and your jailor, proved himself as great a traitor as he had ever been. He exposed our scheme, and pursued you. He is dead. I therefore know that you must have escaped. With a vague fear that you have waited for me at V—, I write to implore you, for my sake, to escape at once to Jersey. Have no fear for me. That which awaits me is no disgrace in my eyes, in yours, nor, I trust, in the eyes of heaven. In a fortnight, at most, I shall join you at Jersey. I shall be free. I have money. Wait for me at St. Héliers. Come down to the port every day, till I arrive. Elizabeth will tell you all."

Paul could not speak. He hung his head in misery. Poor little Elizabeth looked at him with compassion, but kept silence. At last he said quietly:

"What will be the sentence?"

"I cannot tell. Perhaps only a penance; perhaps expulsion."

He groaned:

"A penance! expulsion! O my God!"

Presently he asked:

"Where will she be taken to in Paris?"

"I suppose to the Central Hospice of the Sisterhood."

"Where is that?"

She gave him the full address.

"Will it be public?"

"Oh, no! of course not. Only the sisters will know it."

And she began sobbing again. After a short pause, Paul asked very gravely:

"Do I look like a sister?"

The young girl smiled through her tears, and looked blushing into his face.

"Yes," she said; "though you are too tall, your complexion is like a woman's, and your face being pale suits the profession."

"Should I be found out among a number of sisters?"

"I fear you would; besides, the moment you speak, suspicion is aroused."

"Then it would be dangerous to go to Paris in this disguise?"

"Most dangerous; remember how much of Madeleine's peace depends on your safety. Remember, too, that even last night messengers were sent in every direction to give notice to the police, and in a day or two a reward will probably be offered for your capture. At present it is not known where you are gone to. The jailor, who told the deputy-governor by whose

méans you had escaped, forgot to tell him where you were gone to, and the turnkey, who went in pursuit of you, only knows that you were to cross the ferry. But of course they will suspect that you came to Avranches, as the nearest spot on this side, and I am surprised they have not followed you here already."

Paul reflected a while, but could see no chance of saving Madeleine from her fate, and his remaining where he was only added to the difficulties.

"I will go," he said. "First a thousand thanks for your kindness in coming all this way for me. Will you give me your hand?"

Elizabeth hesitated, and blushed very deeply. She thought it unbecoming in one of her order.

"I may not," she answered; "but now go."

"Tell Madeleine—"

"I shall not see her. She was to leave soon after I did."

"Adieu, then! Remember me sometimes in your prayers."

Paul arrived in St. Héliers late that night. He had never been there before in his life; but, glorying in the freedom of English soil once more, he walked boldly up to the principal hotel, and asked to see the proprietor. The waiter stared not a little at such an unwonted stranger; and the proprietor, who was a rank Protestant, of the scarlet woman sect, frowned savagely at being disturbed from his evening glass by a foreign nun. A few words in his ear, and all was right. The next morning the nun was transformed, by the aid of mine host and a ready-made clothier, into a respectable Englishman.

For the first time for two years Paul looked at his face in a mirror. He could not recognise himself. The rich silky whiskers and flowing moustache, on which he had once prided himself, were gone. The face that was once round, handsome and fresh, was now long, white, haggard and wrinkled; and in the eyes, which once beamed with mirth and good spirits, was now a settled look of melancholy. This change, while it drew forth a little sigh of vanity, gave him a new confidence, upon which he acted.

He stayed two days more at St. Héliers, writing to friends in England the joyful news of his escape, and doing some now important business in connection with pounds, shillings and pence. He obtained a large sum of money through the bank, and the third day hired a little yacht, took a single sailor into his confidence, and obtained a passport under a false name.

When everything was ready, he set sail for Cherbourg, arrived there at night in time to set out for Paris by the night train, leaving his yacht to wait his return.

Early in the morning he reached that metropolis, and put his head out of the window. The first thing he saw, by way of welcome, was a couple of *mouchards*, whom he had formerly known well by sight, and who must have known him in other days. He determined to put the effect of time's changes to a severe test at once, and walking up to them, asked, in very bad French, where he should find a cab. The men took their inventory of him in a second, but showed no signs of recognition.

He took a lodging on the first floor, nearly opposite to the entrance of the Hospice of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paule, and gave his name as Mr. William Jones, of London, an address quite sufficient to satisfy the police. He had the sofa drawn to the window, and there lay, day after day, watching intently the door of the Hospice.

Now that the greatest excitement was over, he began to feel terribly the effects of his fever; but he turned even this to account. He sent for a doctor, whom he charmed with his subdued manner and his golden fees. The third day that the doctor came to see him he said to him:

"I am expecting my sister to arrive daily from the south of France, and the moment she comes we shall leave for England. Can you do me a service?"

"I shall be charmed to be of use to you."

"Will you let your servant go to the British Embassy for me, take out a passport for myself and sister, and get it visé at the police?"

"Of course; the simplest thing in the world."

"They generally require a personal attendance at the police;

but if you could give me a certificate of inability to leave my room."

"Leave it to me, the thing shall be done."

The next day the passport for "Mr. W. Jones *et sa sœur*," arrived; thus the government of France signed its permission for Paul Montague and Madeleine de Ronville—the one a political prisoner, the other the person who had arranged his escape—to slip through their fingers; a satisfactory proof of the perfect working of that splendid passport system, which our neighbors extol so highly!

Meanwhile the invalid, rapidly gaining strength, lies day after day upon his sofa, with the muslin curtain drawn across the window; and whenever the door of the Hospice opens his heart beats violently, and at every figure that comes out he quickly raises a small opera-glass, and scans it from head to foot. Day after day he sits there, waiting for one who comes not.

CHAPTER XL.—PENANCE.

THE large court of the Hospice is very quiet during the day. The good sisters are all out about their good works, and the sunlight lies calm and unchequered upon the round stones.

In one corner of the court is the small but lofty chapel, with its lancet windows and its sharp gable. The low door is ever open; and from time to time you may see a sister pass through it, seeking solace and strength in silent prayer.

Let us enter.

The east end is rounded into an apse; the altar stands on a dais, raised five steps above the rest of the floor. A dark, solemn gloom is over all, broken only by the blue and red streams that the sunlight pours through the stained east window.

At noon—an hour before the sisters congregate for dinner, when the sun is hottest, and the round stones of the quadrangle almost shine in its glare—the court is very still. It is then that we enter the chapel, for we shall be sure to find it empty.

It is cool within, and silent as death; but it is not empty. On the hard floor, just where that blue robe of St. Vincent himself is lengthened out absurdly on the pavement, just beneath the steps that lead up to the altar, is a woman kneeling. She wears the dress of the sisterhood, the large white cap shades her face, and her feet are shod in that stout, strong, sensible manner which makes women forget their charms in their duties. Her hands are clasped near the ground, her head bent upon her bosom, the attitude of resignation and humble prayer. By her side—strange accompaniment! that savors of the prison—is a little can of water. But forsooth she needs it. She has been there since last midnight, upon her knees, in the same position, and has touched no food. Madeleine de Ronville—Sister Madeleine—is fulfilling the sentence of a three days' penance of prayer and fasting, and now she is so still, that but for the slow heaving of the breast, you would say she was a sculptor's creature, not the work of the immortal hand.

She is growing very weary—very, very weary; but she will not move. Conscience—a false conscience—keeps her still. She has prayed long, prayed simply but earnestly, and she will pray yet more. She has prayed first for forgiveness, making a long confession to the one true Confessor; then she has been assured that it is granted, and already is thanking Him for this absolution, this washing out of all the past.

The hours pass on. At times a sister's step is heard behind her, but she cannot see the look of pity on that sister's face. At times the sunlight plays in colored chequers round her, and makes glory round her head. Then again it slants down the little chapel, till day declines, and it is gone. Thrice a day the sisters come in procession, headed by the chaplain, to prayers. She hears it all, she joins; but she sees nothing, and does not move. They go, and again she is alone.

Then come the long, dull hours of the night. The city hum dies down without. Within, darkness closes with his brother, silence. Then the darkness grows most black and the silence most still; but she fears nothing. She murmurs: "I am not alone. Thou art here, Lord, as Thou art everywhere."

At last her eyes grow very heavy; but she will not close

them. She has forsworn sleep, and she will not faint. She prays for strength to pray on, and it is given her.

With the gray of morning comes hunger knocking at her chest. She will not feel it. Timidly she raises the can to her lips, sips down a mouthful of water, and will be satisfied.

Another long day passes, and when evening comes, she has forgotten the world, forgotten almost that she ever lived in it. Her thoughts are all of heaven. She has been striving hard to reach that point of absorption at which she will understand all the perfect attributes of the One Highest. She has striven to feel that He is everywhere, as tender to each shell among a million on the sea-shore as to the monarch and the statesman who rule half the world. She knows now that He is there in that silent, deserted chapel, and listening to every thought within her mind—even hers, sinner, worm, nothing, as she is.

But her body is failing her, while the soul rises, and unconsciously—yet quite without knowing it—she has fallen forward with her brow resting on the lowest step that mounts to the altar, and her white thin hands are clasped in front of it. She has raised her soul now, she has brought it to the feet of God, and she hears the songs of eternal praise round that glorious Majesty. She sees justice not hard and stern, but smiling with all the tenderness of mercy.

The day pours in, but she knows it not. She is away from there, away from the little chapel, far away in heaven itself. The sisters come and go; she hears them no longer. She lives, she thinks, but even the beating of her heart, which almost echoes in the silent place, is lost to her.

Night comes at last. She has taken no count of time, and knows not that her release is near. Nay, she is so happy now, she would not be released; but a strange sound rouses her a little, and she begins to remember where she is. A low solemn chant is coming up the chapel. Two boys are swinging censers before a priest, who walks slowly on towards the altar. The old superior, bowed with years of much faithful labor, comes next, and two and two the sisters follow with their heads bent down, singing low and sadly.

The priest mounts the steps, and kneels before the altar, while the censers are swung above him. The sisters range themselves around and gaze sadly on the lost one. Then the priest comes forward, stoops, and, taking the white clasped hands, raises her to her knees. They see her beauty—the light of heaven playing on it—and grow sadder.

The priest speaks in a low tremulous voice. He tells her that her penance is over. She does not hear him. He tells her that her fault has been unpardonable in that order. "She has sinned," he says, "against God and against man. Against God, in using deceit and lies; against man, in breaking the most necessary laws of the state. It is ten years since a sister was expelled from this order, and that was for a sin too vile to be mentioned among these pious and modest women. The sin of this woman, if less, places her on a level with such sinners, and she can no longer be your sister. She may repent—nay, I trust she is even now repentant—and I pray God that He will make her penitence truly perfect, and that elsewhere she may bear its fruits; but here it would be dangerous that she should remain. She who has once fallen is never proof against another stumble; and for your sakes, for the sakes of all, it is right that she should leave us, and seek a sphere of good works elsewhere. I know what she would plead, I know she would say her sin was an act of mercy. But I will say to her: 'Woman, the omnipotence of God needed not thy sin.' Take warning, then, pious and excellent sisters, and keep yourselves unspotted from the world."

The kneeling figure had not moved, the head was still bent, but when he said, "the omnipotence of God needed not thy sin," the clasped hands were raised a little, and again fell. It seemed as if a new light had broken in on her mind.

The superior came forward, and wiped the tears from her eyes. "Sister Madeleine," she said, in quivering tones, "called in the world Baroness Madeleine de Ronville, I, by virtue of the authority given me, expel you from this order. You are no longer one of our sisters. Rise."

But she rose not. Only her head sank a little lower into her bosom.

The superior motioned to two of the elder sisters. They came forward and raised her. They took the cap—the broad white flapping cap—from her head, and the long tresses fell, like a pent-up stream released, and covered her shoulders. Then gently, with trembling hands, they tore the gray dress from her body. They clad her with black, and led her gently forward, for she could scarcely walk.

And now the tears flowed fast from all eyes but hers. The priest came forward, the censers swung, and the low chant, the sad chant, was murmured by tearful voices.

When they reached the court, she raised her head and gazed up to the blue heavens, in which the stars were dropping calmly down.

They led her to the great door, and stood around her.

"Adieu! adieu! Madeleine!" was murmured low by many voices, but no more, no kiss, no shaking of the hands, only the full swimming eyes told their grief.

She turned round and looked sadly on one and all. Her lips quivered, and those near her caught the word "adieu!"

The door opened, and then closed behind her—homeless, friendless, disgraced, outcast!

Paul at his window saw her come out. He doubted a moment if it were she. He could not doubt long. He leaped up with joy and bounded down to her side. "Madeleine, Madeleine!" he said, "do you not know me?"

She smiled softly upon him, but did not speak. He thought her mind was gone. He took her gently by the hand, and led her across to his room in silence.

There she gazed at him as one asleep.

"Paul," she whispered, "is it you?"

"Yes, yes, love, I am near you. Tell me what has happened."

"Paul," she said, "give me some human love. I am fainting for friendship, for kindness."

He pressed her to his breast. She laid her head upon his shoulder, and then the kind tears came—came gushing as a mountain torrent—and this woman was happy.

So wavers woman's love 'twixt God and man.

THE END.

A CHAPTER ON RATS.

BY DR. BUCKLAND.

It is a curious but nevertheless well-ascertained fact, that wherever there is a good habitat for a rat, it is quite certain that there a rat will be. The immediate occupier may be slain, but in a few days the favorite spot will be found out and taken possession of by another rat, who will in his turn meet the same fate as his predecessor, and will be succeeded by another deluded victim, who is doomed, as the doctors would say, "to be taken as before."

The rat is a most strict observer of the law. "Be ye fruitful and multiply." In cleaning out the cell containing a little happy family of five rats, of variegated colors—all of which were perfectly tame, and lived in peace and harmony—I felt something among the hay, warm and soft; on taking it carefully out, it proved to be a little tiny rat, hairless and eyeless, but nevertheless endowed, like a biped baby, with the full and audible use of its infant lungs. On hearing its cries, the mother—a beautiful snow-white rat, upon whose head maternal cares were pressing at the early age of eight weeks—rushed forward, and seizing her screaming infant between her teeth, hastily ran off with it. Upon further examination, ten other young innocents were found carefully packed up in the corner of a cigar box, which had been placed in the cage for the use of the colony in general, but which had been kindly vacated by the other considerate rats in favor of the lady who was literally in the straw. The owner is happy to announce that the mother and her little family are all doing well. Such, indeed, is the amazing fecundity of this animal, that they would soon overrun the whole country, and render all our attempts to destroy them fruitless, had they no enemies to lessen their numbers. But this baneful increase is happily counteracted, not only by

numerous foes among other animals, but by their destroying and eating each other. The same insatiable appetite that impels them to indiscriminate carnage, also incites the strongest to devour the weakest, even of their own kind; and a large male rat is as much dreaded by its own species as the most formidable enemy.

I once had three rats brought to me in a cage; in removing one it got hurt. I fed them and put them into a stable. The next morning there were only two rats in the cage, the injured rat having been set upon and slain by his fellow-prisoners. They had not only slain him, but had actually begun to eat him, choosing the head to begin upon. Wishing to see the result, I left him, and in the course of the day, although well supplied with bread and milk, these cannibals had nearly devoured their friend. I have preserved the bones as proof of the fact. I afterwards ascertained that it was one only of these rats that was murderously inclined, for he killed and ate every rat put in to him. In the course of about a month, this brute killed five rats that were put into his cage. He always began at the neck, just behind the ear. A gentleman at Clapham, to whom I gave some rats, had bred a number in a squirrel's cage, which was hung up in a garden. One morning, not long ago, he looked at the rat in it—a white female with young. Instead of the white rat, he found a great brown male of the common kind coiled up in the nest. The white one was gone, and the young ones all killed and partly devoured. This rat must have climbed up a perpendicular smooth iron bar to get at the cage. Out of the hole in the cage, where the intruder got in, the white mother might have got out if she liked, but she preferred staying at home and looking after her young ones.

The Yankees, I am told, take advantage of the cannibal propensities in the rats. A clever Yankee, being much troubled with rats, and being determined to get rid of them, tried every possible plan, but without success. At last he got a lot of rats, and shut them in a cage; they devoured one another till only a single one was left. He then turned this one loose, who, excited with the blood of his fellow-rats, and having become a genuine cannibal, killed and ate all the wild rats he could find on the premises. A good Yankee story.

I was witness to the following circumstance: A dog had been killing some rats for a match, and one wounded rat was left alive in the rat-pit. Twenty other rats were then placed in for another dog. These fresh comers found out the wounded one, and instantly, though there were many people looking on, set upon and killed him then and there. One of the rats seemed to take part of the wounded one, but a gigantic rat left the wounded one he was murdering and attacked the would-be rescuer, and killed him also. This seems a wise provision, though, at first sight a cruel one. If a wounded rat got into a hole, he would linger there perhaps many days in a dying state. His fellow rats, however, soon find him out and put him out of his misery. At the same time it is a salutary check upon their increase, for a colony of rats has thus in itself the elements of self-destruction. Were all to live, there would not be sufficient food for their existence; some must die, and those are killed who are disabled from foraging for themselves. In this way, too, one poisoned rat often kills more, his neighbors eat his body, and with it the poison. But it appears that the rats have found out what poison is, for a gentleman with whom I was conversing on the subject, informed me that he knew a case where poison having been placed down for rats, a pair of old ones drove their young away from it, and filled up the holes where it was placed, so that they should not get at it.

RATS IN A PIGSTY.

During summer the rat resides chiefly in holes on the banks of rivers, ponds and ditches; but on the approach of winter they visit the farm-houses, and the corn-ricks and barns, where they devour much of the corn, and damage more than they consume. They are very fond of pigsties, running about among the pigs, picking up the leavings of the oatmeal out of the troughs, and even nestling down near to the warm body of the fat unwieldy porkers, whose obese sides make not bad pillows for his impudence, the rat.

On one occasion, when a boy, I recollect secretly borrowing an old-fashioned flint gun from the bird-keeper of the farm to which I had been invited. I ensconced myself behind the door of the pigsty, determined to make a victim of one of the many rats that were accustomed to disport themselves among the straw that formed the bed of the farmer's pet bacon-pigs. In a few minutes out came an old patriarchal-looking rat, who, having taken a careful survey, quietly began to feed. After a long aim, bang went the gun—I fell backward, knocked down by the recoil of the rusty old piece of artillery. I did not remain prone long, for I was soon roused by the most unearthly squeaks, and a dreadful noise as of an infuriated animal madly rushing round and round the sty. Ye Gods! what had I done? I had not surely, like the tailor in the old song of the "Carriion Crow,"

Shot and missed my mark,
And shot the old sow bang through the heart.

But I had nearly performed a similar sportsman-like feat. There was poor piggy, the blood flowing in streamlets from several small punctures in that part of his body destined, at no very distant period, to become ham, in vain attempting, by dismal cries and by energetic waggings of his curly tail, to appease the pain of the charge of small shot which had so unceremoniously awaked him from his porcine dreams of oatmeal and boiled potatoes. But where was the rat? he had disappeared unhurt; the buttocks of the unfortunate pig, the rightful owner of the premises, had received the charge of shot intended to destroy the daring intruder.

To appease piggy's wrath, I gave him a bucket-full of food from the hog-tub; and, while he was thus consoling his inward self, wiped off the blood from the wounded parts, and said nothing about it to anybody; no doubt, before this time, some frugal housewife has been puzzled and astonished at the unwonted appearance of a charge of small shot in the centre of the breakfast ham, which she procured from Squire Morland of Sheepshead, Berks.

THE RAT AND RHINOCEROS.

The frequenters of the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park may, if the room be quite quiet and the sun warm, observe numerous rats in the den of the rhinoceros. I have frequently watched them playing about, and running backward and forward over the thick, armor-like hide, as he lies basking in the pleasant sunshine. He evidently thinks them quite beneath his notice, for he makes no effort to drive them away, beyond occasionally flapping his great ear when they tickle him in any tender part. They come to the rhinoceros's house for the same purpose that they go to the pigsty, viz., to get what they can from the leavings of their superiors. The keeper informs me that he not unfrequently finds dead rats crushed quite flat in the straw under the place where the rhinoceros has been sleeping. The poor rat has but a slight chance of escape when the huge carcass of the great beast comes plump down upon him, and settles itself there for a good long sleep. Rats, too, are also found killed in the same manner in the straw bed of the elephant. These rats probably come out of the straw thatch which covers the building where the rhinoceros and elephant live; they are common also in the deer-house, where they come for the oats, of which they are particularly fond. If any person wishes to keep rats alive a long time in a cage, let him give them plenty of oats and plenty of water, for the absence of water will kill them in a very few hours. A fine full-grown rat was brought to me; it appeared in perfect health and vigor, and when I went near it, it ran about the cage uttering its peculiar cry of alarm, and fixing itself in an attitude of defence up in one corner of the cage. I introduced a spoonful of water to it, and in a moment it seemed to forget its ferocity, for it came up hesitatingly at first, and tasted the water; gaining courage, it soon took hold of the spoon with its forepaws to steady it, and greedily drank up all the water. I gave it two or three spoonfuls more, and then some wet bread; the next day it had again some wet bread, but not any water. On looking at it the next morning I found my poor rat in the agonies of death. I took it out of its cage and poured some brandy down its throat, at the same time putting its hind feet in hot water; but in vain, it died in my hand. I

could find no internal cause for its death; but on consulting a rat-catcher, he informed me that it died for want of water, without a doubt.

RATS LOVE COMFORT.

Rats are very fond of warmth, and will remain coiled up for hours in any snug retreat where they can find this very necessary element of their existence. The following anecdote well illustrates this point:

My late father, when fellow of Corpus College, Oxford, many years ago, on arriving at his rooms late one night, found that a rat was running about among the books and geological specimens, behind the sofa, under the fender, and poking his nose into every hiding-place he could find. Being studiously inclined, and wishing to set at work at his books, he pursued him, armed with the poker in one hand, and a large dictionary, big enough to crush any rat, in the other, but in vain; Mr. Rat was not to be caught, particularly when such *arma scholastica* were used.

No sooner had the studies recommenced, than the rat resumed his gambols, squeaking and rushing about the room like a mad creature. The battle was renewed and continued at intervals, to the destruction of all studies, till quite a late hour at night, when the pursuer, angry and wearied, retired to his adjoining bed-room; though he listened attentively, he heard no more of the enemy, and soon fell asleep. In the morning, he was astonished to find something warm lying on his chest; carefully lifting up the bedclothes he discovered his tormentor of the preceding night quietly and snugly ensconced in a fold in the blanket, and taking advantage of the bodily warmth of his two-legged adversary. These two lay looking daggers at each other for some minutes, the one unwilling to leave his warm berth, the other afraid to put his hand out from under the protection of the coverlid, particularly as the stranger's aspect was anything but friendly, his little sharp teeth and fierce black eyes seeming to say, "Paws off from me, if you please!"

At length, remembering the maxim that "Discretion is the better part of valor"—the truth of which, I imagine, rats understand as well as most creatures—he made a sudden jump off the bed, scuttled away into the next room, and was never seen or heard of afterward.

In my college rooms at Christchurch, a bachelor rat had taken up his quarters, but where these quarters were I never could find; he used to appear on the floor when all was quiet, and disappear again on the slightest noise. I never could catch him, but he was a terrible nuisance, for he made a great noise, running about during the night. The scout used to put out the breakfast before the chapel hour, and when I returned I frequently found marks of the rat's paws and teeth on the butter-pat. What became of him in the long vacation I could not tell; on my return to the rooms he soon reappeared. At last I found his retreat; it was under a heap of papers on a side table, and he had made his nest in an old college cap. He had lined it with pieces gnawed off the carpet, and had made a fine store of provisions in the shape of bits of bread, cake, cheese and everything edible he could find about. The collection was so various that I made a catalogue at the time.

RAT-SKIN GLOVES.

We have heard that their skins are used to make gloves. I have inquired in many glove shops in London for gloves of this description; and friends in Paris have also made the same inquiries, but without success. Either they are not used for this purpose, or, what is more probable, the glove-dealers wont own to rat-skins in their gloves. By the way of testing the fact, I have tanned several rat-skins; and the result of my experience is that, in a prepared state, the skins are very thin and very fragile; still, however, they might be made into gloves of a very delicate description.

The thumbs of gloves are generally of a different kind of leather to that of the rest of the glove. Rat-skins would do well for the thumb part of the glove.

TAME RATS.

But capacity for becoming tame and accustomed to the pre-

sence of man is not confined to the "foreigner" rats; I myself have had many tame ones.

When carrying on my observations on rats, I bought a pair of piebalds, and put them in a Ward's case, which formed a capital cage for them. In the course of a few weeks my colony increased to an enormous extent; I had specimens of almost every kind of rat—the pure white albino rat, with pink eyes, the common brown rat, the true black rat, and the snake or ship rat. I had to pay several shillings for my black rat, but he was a fine beast. By taking trouble, I obtained some very remarkable crosses; I had one litter half albino, half black—the white the color of snow, the black the color of coal. Their physiognomy, too, was very peculiar, and a rat from this lot might readily have been taken for a new species; they were really very pretty creatures. I could never obtain a cross between a black and a brown rat, except through the medium of a hybrid in whom the blood of the black breed existed. Of the cross between the brown and white rat I had many live specimens, so many, indeed, that periodically I took a bag full to the Zoological Gardens for the benefit of the snakes.

All my rats knew me well. The moment I came to the room they swarmed round the door of the cage, and I was obliged to keep them back while I put in their food, as a huntsman does to his hounds. At feeding-time there was not a single rat in the cage that I could not take up and handle with impunity; they never offered to bite me. If, however, a stranger tried to touch them, they were all up on their hind legs in a fighting attitude in a moment. The snake or ship rats, however, I acknowledge, beat me. I got two from the docks, and unwisely turned them in with the others. In a few moments a most tremendous fight began—snake-rats versus the company. I put them into another cage by themselves, after having had the greatest difficulty in catching them; and this, first, because the moment I got hold of their tails the skin came off in my hand, and secondly, they were so tremendously active that having caught them I could hardly hold them.

When you wish to catch an ordinary rat, seize his tail, and lift him from the ground; at this instant he will try to turn up and bite, and a most severe bite he will give if you don't keep perpetually twisting him round and round—he then can't turn upward; then having caught him in the right hand by the tail, swing him under the left arm. The rat will immediately endeavor to get away, and so doing fix himself on your waistcoat; bring your arm to your side, and you have him a prisoner; then, if you wish further to examine him, put the fore-finger of the right hand behind his right shoulder and the thumb in front of the left, he is secure and can't possibly bite; don't squeeze too much or he will die, for a rat is a tender beast, and does not require much killing.

The snake-rats, however, managed to twist round; one made his teeth meet in my hand, so I let him go. A day or two afterward I found the remains of his body eaten by the common, or, as I then called them, the wild rats, who used to come nightly to the tame rats' cage to see what they could pick up. This, I think, was the only time I was ever bitten by a rat, but I should, nevertheless, advise a novice to be careful what he is about in his first attempts.

Rat-catchers will frequently tell you that, to prevent the rats biting them, they put some preparation disagreeable to the rats upon their hands; but this is not the truth. It is done by knowing the habits of the animal. I subjoin the experience of an old rat-catcher on the subject:

"Rats may be taken out of the cage very easily; for, if you don't hurt them, they will not bite you; for, by standing together in the trap, they are cowed, and have not the least notion of biting, unless you should happen to squeeze them too hard as you catch them one by one with your hand. There is a wide difference in the temper and disposition of these animals; for some are so savage and untamed, that they will set up their backs, looking very fiercely, and crying out if you do but look at them; but when you meet with one of this kind, shake him well in the cage, together with the rest, and observe when he has put his head among the others, and take him out by his tail, and he will not bite you; but observe, when you have first caught them, do not go to handle them directly, for

then they are so mad and furious that they will bite anything."

I have frequently had rats brought to me in iron cages. On arrival they have shown themselves exceedingly fierce, biting at everything and uttering their peculiar cry of alarm when I went near them. In the course of a few hours they become pretty tame, even eating bread and milk out of a spoon introduced between the bars. In a day or two they take no notice of me whatever, except to beg for food with their noses through the bars when I go near; and here, be it observed, a rat invariably washes himself all over after eating, no matter what. The operation is performed just as a cat does it, viz., by licking the paws. They are naturally exceedingly clean animals; I never yet saw a parasite of any kind on one. When a rat eats, he, by means of his sharp front teeth, gnaws away a mouthful, which he deposits in a sort of pouch formed between his grinding teeth and his cheeks; then he ceases gnawing and masticates his food, by moving his jaws incessantly and without pausing. They move ten times faster than the jaws of a rabbit. When a rat drinks, he laps up the fluid like a dog, and does not suck it up like sheep. A rat generally tastes his food with his tongue previous to eating it.

It is curious to see a rat asleep. I never saw it but once, and that in a case where the animal was ill. It is as difficult to catch a rat asleep as it is a weasel. The rat coils himself into a ball and places his nose down between his hind legs: his tail is curled up round the outside of his body: he then looks like a mass of hair. No part of his body projects but his two delicate ears, which are beautifully adapted for catching the least sound, and which seem to be placed there as sentries; and pretty sharp sentries they are. It is certainly not the case, as has been stated elsewhere, "that the garbage on which rats live poisons their teeth and renders the wounds they make deadly." A rat, though living in and among garbage, is always clean in its person, and his teeth are always beautifully clean. The yellow-looking substance on the front part of the tooth is its natural color, and not the result of the accumulation of tartar.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

THIS great asserter of personal dignity seems to grow more and more on the public mind. His virtues have in them that sterling weight which appeals to the human heart. Even his prejudices are honest; his boast that never in his presence had a profane or indelicate jest been uttered, without drawing down upon its perpetrator his just rebuke, testifies to his nobility of heart. From a recent review we condense a few remarks on his manners and relations. There is something very touching in the fact that poverty compelled the great English moralist and his wife to live apart.

He had seen and felt so much of sharp misery, that he was not affected by paltry vexations; and he seemed to think that everybody ought to be as much hardened to those vexations as himself. He was angry with Boswell for complaining of a headache, with Mrs. Thrale for grumbling about the dust on the road or the smell of the kitchen. These were, in his phrase, "foppish lamentations," which people ought to be ashamed to utter in a world so full of sin and sorrow. The *Quarterly* reviewer reproduces this view of Johnson's character in much feebler language: "His acute sense of the real miseries of life made him intolerant of fanciful complaints. He upbraided Mrs. Thrale for wishing one summer, after a lengthened drought, for rain to lay the dust. He had no sympathy for the pangs of mortified vanity any more than for the lamentations of softness and luxury." Again, in describing Johnson at table, Macaulay wrote the following terse sentences: "He ate at Streatham-park as he had been used to eat behind the screen at St. John's gate when he was ashamed to show his ragged clothes. He ate as it was natural that a man should eat, who, during a great part of his life, had passed the morning in doubt whether he should have food for the afternoon. The habits of his early life had accustomed him to bear privation with fortitude, but not to taste pleasure with moderation. He could fast; but when he did not fast he tore his dinner like a famished wolf, with the veins swelling on his forehead, and the perspiration

running down his cheeks. He scarcely ever took wine; but when he drank it, he drank it greedily and in large tumblers." The *Quarterly* reviewer again reproduces this, with a few circumstantial additions.

With these notions of delicacy his mode of eating was repulsive. His huge body required a vast deal of nutriment for its sustenance, and he devoured his food in a manner which resembled the voracity of a beast of prey rather than the usual moderation of a human being. The veins of his forehead swelled, a perspiration stood upon his face, his eyes were riveted to his plate, and his ears were closed to all that was passing. He would go contentedly for forty-eight hours without tasting a morsel, and declare that he did not suffer the least inconvenience; but whatever he did at all he did violently, and more like a giant than an ordinary mortal. He told Mrs. Thrale that his thoughts were less of dishes than his talk. His general bias nevertheless, was to the side of good living. "Some people," he said, "have a foolish way of not minding what they eat; for my part, I mind my belly very carefully, for I look upon it that he who does not mind his belly will hardly mind anything." In the same spirit he would remark, after his return from a party, "It was a good dinner enough to be sure, but not a dinner to ask a man to."

Amongst the panegyrics bestowed upon the "Rambler," there was one which was especially grateful to its author. After a few numbers his wife said to him, "I thought very well of you before, but I did not imagine you could have written anything equal to this." Her cheering commendation was soon to cease. The "Rambler" terminated with the 208th number on the 14th of March, 1752, and on the 28th Mrs. Johnson died. She expired in the night, and her husband sent immediately for his friend, Dr. Taylor, who found him in tears and extreme agitation. His sixteen years of marriage had not been years of felicity. He told Mrs. Thrale that he and his wife disputed perpetually. She had a passion for cleanliness, and Johnson, who, when on visits in his better days, would turn candles upside down to make them burn brighter, and allow the grease to drop upon the carpet, was not to be restrained in his own house. "Come," he would exclaim, "I think we have had talk enough about the floor; we will have a touch at the ceiling." The food was a topic of dissension as well as the floor, and once, when he was about to say grace, she begged he would not go through the mockery of thanking God for a dinner which, in another minute, he would pronounce unfit to be eaten. But these little broils would not of themselves have embittered existence. The real evil was in the ceaseless contest with poverty which deepened his natural melancholy, and had probably no very favorable effect on the temper of his consort. According to Mrs. Desmoulins, who lived with her for some time at Hampstead, she did not treat him with complacency, and indulged in country air and nice living, while he was drudging in London. The sum was, as he confessed to Boswell, that "his gloomy irritability" had never been so painful as during his married life. The latter days of Mrs. Johnson were epitomised by Levett in a single phrase, "perpetual illness and perpetual opium."

In the sermon which her husband wrote on her death, she is described as passing through these months of sickness without one murmur of impatience, and often expressed her gratitude for the mercy which had granted her so long a period for repentance. Even at this distance of time, when the grave has closed for three-quarters of a century over the sorrows of Johnson, it is soothing to know that, in the midst of his miseries, the final days of their union were tranquil and full of consoling recollections to the survivor. If the course of events had not been favorable to their happiness, it had never extinguished their fondness. For years they had mingled minds and habits; the death of his wife disturbed the whole routine of his existence, and whichever way he turned there was a woful blank. He endeavored to dissipate grief by study, and it was observed that thenceforward he worked in a particular garret. When asked the reason he replied, "Because in that room alone I never saw Mrs. Johnson." He outlived her upwards of thirty years, and to the last he kept the anniversary of her death with fasting and prayer.

THE BLACK CAT—A LEGEND FOR USURERS.

In the village of Carnot, in the neighborhood of Lorient, there lived, a few years ago, a poor widow by the name of Roperch. She cultivated a small farm, for which she paid a yearly rent of two hundred and twenty-five francs, and the proceeds of which afforded her a scanty living. At that time she was in want of ten francs, and borrowed them and repaid them punctually. Some weeks later she borrowed again sixty francs, in order to purchase a cow. When those sixty francs became due she found it out of her power to repay them out of her earnings, and borrowed the money of somebody else, who charged her a very high rate of interest. The heavy obligation which she incurred by this transaction did not trouble her mind much; she took it easy, having discovered that in order to get along, and perpetuate this situation, it was sufficient to borrow larger and larger sums, and to repay capital and interest by the proceeds of new loans. She took this course with a will, and continued in it for ten years with uncommon success.

Her very neighbors, who had been her first lenders, commenced soon to build up a strange reputation for her. As they always and regularly received back the sums they had lent her, with big interest, they offered new loans on their own accord, spread the report that the widow Roperch borrowed of everybody, never refused an offer of money, settled promptly and paid large interest. It did not take long before the widow Roperch was spared the necessity of making a step across the threshold, in order to obtain money; the accommodators flocked in spontaneously, uncalled for, and brought sums, which grew larger and larger. At that time the interest charged was five per cent. a month; at a later period, lenders took as much as ten per cent. a month.

Now, you ask, how could this poor woman inspire her numerous clients with any confidence? It is really hard to tell. A part of them seem to have been seduced by a ridiculous superstition. They believed that the woman was in possession of the "black cat."

The common people in France believe that the black cat is the money-devil, and a full cousin of the supreme devil himself, and that he who owns it can command as much money as he pleases, and has it in his power to make his friends as rich as he wishes them to be. So the few words, "She has the black cat," were a sufficient explanation of the loans she made, and the interest she paid, and quieted every misgiving.

It appears that the widow carefully nursed this stupid credulity. It is true, that her cat was white and not black; but on the other hand, when interrogated, she never denied its magic powers, and did not even object to being called "the black cat" herself. Whenever she received a loan, she made it a point to pay always a month's interest in advance at the rate of from sixty to one hundred and twenty per cent. a year; but she always took care to take this interest-money out of a particular bag, which lay invariably under the cover at the foot of her bed, and this manoeuvre, of course, confirmed the belief that she drew money from a secret source.

Other lenders, strong-minded freethinkers, who had no faith in the black-cat-story, believed firmly that the widow was connected with a powerful company, or that the money borrowed by her went to the government, and was used in the public works. The widow never contradicted these reports; she even spoke several times of "her partners," but, on being asked what line of business she was engaged in, she constantly answered, "That is my secret."

The excitement of the lenders was kept going, principally by the interest; it was natural for them not to insist upon the discovery of the secret of a borrower, who paid the interest in advance at the rate of five and ten per cent. a month, and who always repaid the principal on call. Fortunes accumulated rapidly in Carnot; day laborers became capitalists, vegetable vendors bought country seats. Money rushed upon the widow from all sides. However, she did not use it to improve her way of living or her outside appearance; she continued to work her little farm, and went to market, as she always did before, to sell her milk and butter. There, in the market, many offers of

money were made to her; many lenders would place in her hands or in her basket considerable sums, without even stipulating any terms, and even without telling her their names. A confectioner handed her four thousand francs; others gave her even as much as sixteen thousand francs in one sum. The giving of a receipt was always out of the question, as the widow could neither read nor write; she always paid upon her simple promise.

Greed at last knew no limits. One lender stated that in consequence of these loans he already enjoyed an income of five hundred francs, but that he would not be satisfied until he could raise it to twenty-four thousand francs a year.

During ten years these operations continued without interruption. But in 1857, the restitution of the small sum of four hundred francs being asked from her, she could not pay it, and in the despair of the embarrassment, rose from her chair and attempted to jump into the well. The bystanders prevented her, succeeded in quieting her mind, and no suit being commenced on this occurrence, her credit with the lenders was soon repaired. The rumor spread that the officers of justice protected the black cat, and new loans were effected. But at last the bubble burst. She had again to repudiate some payments, was tried in the civil and criminal courts, and convicted.

Though a very conceivable feeling of shame prevented many lenders from filing their claims, the number of the victims who presented themselves was quite large, and the deficit proved amounted to ninety thousand francs. Then a violent exasperation seized the greedy lenders, who saw their usurious hopes destroyed. Even before her arrest, the widow had to call upon the gendarmerie for protection against a furious mob, who threatened her life. Her garden was ravaged and dug up to the depth of several feet in order to find the hidden treasure, but in vain; and even now, after the trial is over, it is neither proved nor probable that the widow has made a single sou by the operations.

The trial of this affair before the court of Lorient lasted thirteen days. The widow Roperch has been sentenced to five years' imprisonment.

FACTS RESPECTING THE NATURE OF THE SUN.—It has been found by experiments with the polariscope, that the light of gaseous bodies is natural light, when it issues from the burning surface; although this circumstance does not prevent its subsequent complete polarization, if subjected to suitable reflections or refractions. The extraordinary structure of the fully luminous disc of the sun, as seen through Sir James South's great achromatic, and delineated in a drawing, resembles compressed curd or white almond soap, or a mass of asbestos fibres. There can be no illusion in this phenomenon; it is seen by every person with good vision; and on every part of the sun's luminous surface or envelope, which is thus shown to be not a flame, but a soft, solid or thick fluid, maintained in an incandescent state by subjacent heat, capable of being disturbed by differences of temperature, and broken up, as we see it when the sun is covered by spots or openings in the luminous matter. The mass of the sun is, according to Encke, 359,551 times that of the earth, or 355,499 that of the earth and moon together, whence the density of the sun is only about one quarter that of the earth. The volume of the sun is six hundred times greater than that of all the planets combined. It may assist the mind in receiving an image of the magnitude of the sun if the fact be remembered that, if the solar sphere were entirely hollowed out, and the earth placed in its centre, there would still be room enough for the moon to describe its orbit, even if the radius of the latter were increased 160,000 geographical miles. A railway engine, moving at the rate of thirty miles an hour, would require three hundred and sixty years to travel from the earth to the sun. The diameter of the sun is rather more than one hundred and eleven times the diameter of the earth; therefore, the volume of bulk of the sun must be nearly one million four hundred thousand times that of the earth. If all the bodies composing the solar system were formed into one globe, it would only be about the five hundredth part of the size of the sun—a stupendous luminary indeed.



INDIAN WOMAN, CHILDREN AND LLAMA CROSSING THE ANDES.

THE LLAMAS OF THE CORDILLERAS.

MORE than twenty years ago, the learned French naturalist, M. Eugène Rohan, urged the acclimation of that eminently useful animal, the South American llama, in Europe. A deep conviction of the great advantages that agriculture would reap from this naturalization, induced him to go to study on the spot, for a period of more than ten years, and at the cost of continual hardships and self-sacrifice, the natural history and the habits of the interesting family of the *camelus paco*, as well as questions of domestic economy connected with their employment as beasts of labor. M. Rohan has spared no pains to insure his observations a most rigorous exactness and precision. Influenced by the ambition of being useful as well as the desire of self-instruction, he has travelled over the immense chain of the Cordilleras from north to south, and has carefully collected in the different latitudes all the animals of the same species, which seemed to offer peculiar characteristics of organization or habit. He has thus succeeded in composing a very numerous herd, which has afforded him ample material for a comparative study of the llama species; the results of these comparisons have strengthened his convictions and his hopes.

The llama belongs to the family of ruminating animals, and resemble at first sight a small-sized camel. They are found in the chain of the Andes, at a height which varies from six to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, and in temperatures varying according to the elevation of the sites. M. Rohan even found some at the height of twelve thousand six hundred feet; though they are rarely found at so great an ele-

vation. The wool of this last-mentioned species is the most sought after of all, being the finest, longest and most silken.

As a beast of burden the llama is of great utility. It can carry a load of from one hundred to two hundred pounds, depending upon its age, size and strength, and will travel with this for several consecutive months, requiring only a slight rest every eight or ten days. Its flesh, taking out the blood and the bones, weighs from seventy-five to one hundred and one seventy-five pounds according to the size of the animal, and tastes like venison meat. The female gives a delicious milk. M. Rohan estimates the product of its yearly shearing at from fifteen to eighteen pounds, and asserts that some of the animals will yield as much as fifty pounds. The llama may be sheared at the age of two years. If care is not taken to rid it of its wool every year, the animal rubs it off itself against the ground or trees. The skin of the llama is even more strong and elastic than that of the sheep, and has, moreover, the singular quality of being impervious. M. Rohan was enabled to verify this fact by the long journeys that he has made with them, during the longest of which, and in the hottest of weather, he has never discovered the slightest trace of perspiration on their bodies.

The usual height of the llama is from three to three and a half feet, measured from the fore foot to the withers, at three years of age, when it attains its full development.

The zoological characteristics of the llama are as follows:—Stands firm on its feet, with neck stretched out, a bony yet elegant head, bright, sparkling eyes, framed in long, close eyelids, nostrils slightly apart, upper lip partially divided, the lower lip hermetically closing the mouth, the ears without being com-

paratively too long for the body, a little rounded at the tips, always inclined forward when the animal is in good health (the ears of the old llamas almost always lean backwards), and having a quick movement.

The llama is almost always ruminating, and often seen with enormous protuberances on each side of the jaws. It is extremely nice in its drink, always sniffing the water before taking any into its mouth. In the Andes it feeds on a sort of grass called *sicce*, which grows to the height of from two to three feet, and is found at an elevation of eleven hundred feet above the level of the sea.

M. Rohan ascended the mountain of Chimborazo, during his travels, to the height of fifteen thousand feet, six hundred feet higher than the loftiest peak of Mount Blanc, in Switzerland. We give, this month, engravings made from original designs by M. Rohan, representing first an Indian woman and children ascending a peak of the Andes, accompanied by a llama loaded with the scanty baggage of the group, and in the second a view of the llamas or plains around the foot of Chimborazo, which served as a station for the company of our traveller.

These plains are very uneven and covered with lakes and ponds of water. If we consider the fatigue and anxiety resulting from a journey through this rugged country, with a company of fourteen natives and a hundred head of llamas; amid a population influenced both by jealousy and cupidity, led by a thirst for booty to acts of hostility; finally, if we consider the inclemency of the climate and the difficulties of all sorts connected with this perilous journey, we can easily form an idea of the firm and resolute character, as well as the strength of the convictions which guided the intrepid naturalist.

His energy and his vigorous constitution withstood all these trials, and M. Rohan has reaped the hoped-for fruit of his arduous labors. He is now in possession of the most magnificent collection of llamas that have ever been seen. He has already been able to put at the disposition of the governor-general of Havana a picked flock of llamas and alpacas—which have succeeded perfectly in the functions to which they were designed. The French Zoological Society of Acclimation has received, as a present, from M. José Gutierrez, captain-general of the island of Cuba, twenty-four llamas belonging to the flock furnished by M. Rohan, and bearing the certificate of their origin in the star burnt into their left cheeks, a distinctive mark of M. Rohan's cattle. In return for this offering the society has forwarded to the Spanish government, for the governor-general of Havana, a large gold medal of the value of two thousand francs. At the same time it has not been disposed to forget, in its expressions of gratitude, the one whose labors and travels have contributed so much to the advancement of the question of the acclimation of the llamas; and, at a recent meeting, it voted M. Rohan a medal of the first class, as a reward for his persevering efforts.

M. Rohan is now on his way to the Cordilleras, where he is to collect one hundred and fifty head of llamas, to bring back to France, on the account of the Society of Acclimation. The crossing of the ocean is one of the greatest obstacles to the emigration of the llamas, and until now the attempts that have been made in this direction have only met with complete success in the case of M. Rohan. He expresses a perfect confidence in the ways and means that he employs for the transporting of these animals by sea, and in eighteen months from the time of his departure he expects to enter Paris at the head of a troop of one hundred and fifty llamas. That such a success may crown the efforts of this gentleman, whose modesty has alone prevented his name being illustrious, is the hope of every one interested in the cause of science, both in the Old World and in the New.

HENRY MACKENZIE, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN OF FEELING," &c.

DURING the latter portion of his life it was customary, in the Edinburgh literary coteries, to speak of Henry Mackenzie as the bridge which connected the literature of the last century with that of the present—as the only remaining link which united

the men of letters who then flourished with those who flourish now. Considered in such a light, he was greatly coddled, and regarded as a Nestor among modern Greeks—the father, in short, of all who wielded the pen, and made literature a pleasure or a pursuit.

I think I now see him turning round the south-west corner of Hanover street to go along Princes street to the tax-office for Scotland, of which, I think, he was long the resident head—clad in coat; shorts and long gaiters, or leggings of a light gray color; light-colored vest; a black Leghorn hat, the brim somewhat turned up behind; a white neckcloth in the old-fashioned knot of bows and ends; a light-colored wig, under which a few white hairs peeped out at the temples, and in the nape of his long and but lean neck; his cane under his left arm, his somewhat tall, slim figure bent slightly forward, and with short but rapid steps wending his way to his official sanctum.

His novels—"The Man of the World," "The Man of Feeling" and "Julia de Roubigne," with his contributions to the *Lounger* and the *Mirror*, on which his fame rested—have long ceased to be read as they once were, but are still regarded as favorable specimens of Scottish composition, notwithstanding their tedious sentimentalism.

He was penurious, and though always dressed as a gentleman of the old school, yet few wardrobes, during a long life, witnessed fewer changes of raiment than his. A contemporary satirist, who lashed most of the leading characters of the time (close of last century), gibbeted Mackenzie in the following lines, which were repeated to me many years ago by one who was a speaking library of local knowledge:

Talk not of feeling. Some can picture woe
From whose hard eyes no tear did ever flow.
Curse on the stingy, sentimental elf—
"The Man of Feeling" feels but for himself.

In his early days he lived in New street, Canongate, then in George square, and latterly in Heriot row, New Town, where he died in January, 1831.

The first time I saw him in private was in Heriot row. I found him in his study. It was winter, but the room had a cold and cheerless look. A small grate held an economically-built fire, the walls were bare, the color on them had faded, and the entire furnishing was plain and certainly ancient—his writing-table especially struck me as peculiarly so. He was in an arm-chair, in a dark dressing-gown; on his head a black silk velvet cap (*Scottie*, cow), the conical top of which fell to the left side, and was terminated by a black silk tassel. I have already described his person as seen on the street. I now saw him at home, and closely. His face had once been very florid, and age had given it that appearance which is peculiar to such; it was reticulated by innumerable dark red threads, the dried veins through which in early years the abundant blood had coursed which gave him his sanguine complexion; the eyes small and cold, the lips thin, the mouth not large, the forehead good, but the general expression of the countenance hard.

His voice was not pleasant, but strong and harsh in its tone. He was kind in his manner to me, and garrulous in his talk. Spoke of Ferguson the poet, and condemned his infidelity; said of Burns, whom he had welcomed at first, but shrank from afterwards. From this he digressed to angling, of which he discoursed with the gusto of an amateur.

"Do you ever fish?" he asked.

"No, never," I answered.

"That's a pity," he replied, "for, if you did, I could give you good advice—what to do with your trout when you catch them; but as it is, it is as well you should know it. You may yet take to the rod, and my method adds prodigiously to the relish of the fish when they are cooked. I have the privilege of trouting in a fine stream, which runs through a rich meadow belonging to a friend of mine in Batho. It is narrow, but deep and still, with a fine fringe of grass hanging over it. Well, I fish down the one side and up the other, and as I catch I carefully take out the hook, and throw the fish among the grass to flap about till it dies. I never break their necks, and I have found that by treating them in this way it does with them what crimping does with cod—it adds wonderfully to the curdliness and, I think also, to the flavor of their flesh."

Such was the good advice he tendered, and I could not help saying to myself: "This is 'The Man of Feeling.'"

I knew by common report that he was very close handed, but I was not prepared for what appeared to me so strange a way of treating his captives, or that such a cruel method should be adopted by him; solely with the view of obtaining what, after all, might be only an imaginary gratification of taste.

I was aware that Laurence Sterne had written with great pathos, and yet had little, if any, of the milk of human kindness in him, and here was another instance of this moral and intellectual paradox.

This led me to adopt a theory, already broached by the satirist quoted above, and experience has in some measure confirmed my belief in it. It is this, that writers or orators who can picture scenes of sorrow, trial, affliction and suffering, so as to harrow up the feelings of their readers and hearers, and set the flood of their tears a-flowing, are not themselves men of fine sensibilities. I ground the theory upon this, that persons of acute feelings and tender sympathies could not sit down to describe scenes of a melting or harrowing nature. It would be martyrdom to them to attempt it. They might form a vivid idea of such things, but to go through the fiery ordeal of committing it to paper is more than they could bear; their own tears would wash out what their spasmodic attempt had set down. The misery they would endure in contemplating their ideal would actually scare them from working it out.

Whereas, he who knows nothing of this keen susceptibility—whose feelings are of the strong, cool, matter-of-fact mould, never agitated either by the recital or sight of scenes of distress—sets himself to such a task armed at all points, and if he be a man of close observation, and have had much intercourse with his fellow-beings, with an abundant stock of material to draw from—such an one sketches his plan, imagines his scenes, lines them out, looks at them, sees where another pungent touch can be given, another thrilling incident put in, another element of woe introduced, a severe stroke of suffering added; reads and re-reads what he has written, alters, deepens, brings in this little affecting circumstance, that simple trait of nature, this other exquisitely tender incident; rubs down, smooths and polishes his periods, until he works up all to that pitch which experience tells him will open the sluices of sympathy in nine-tenths of his readers or hearers. Yet he is all the while as cold as iced-water. He is at work as an artist, and as much at home and as comfortable in his vocation as any artist can be.

In support of this theory, look into Mackenzie's writings, and you will find many highly-wrought pictures of suffering misfortune and blasted innocence very feelingly represented; yet he had no fine feelings. He was a hard, calculating, selfish man.

So was Laurence Sterne. He rollicked it through France and Switzerland, and wrote an account of his wanderings in his "Sentimental Journey." There are passages in it most exquisitely touching, as is also his story of "Le Fevre" in "Tristram Shandy," over all of which I, and multitudes besides, have wept in bygone days. Nevertheless, while he was jaunting and roystering as a man of pleasure, and writing as a paragon of sensibility, his mother was living, and ultimately died, in a workhouse.

Again: There is a popular preacher, now living in England, who for more than thirty years has kept the key of his people's tears, and opens their fountains at his pleasure.

The late Dr. Joseph Fletcher of Stepney, a man of the most excitable susceptibility, accompanied by a clerical friend of mine, came into the city when this celebrated orator was to preach in the evening a sermon for the benefit of an orphan hospital, and both went to hear him. In the course of his discourse he drew a most melting picture of the woes of orphanism, and dissolved the vast audience. Touch upon touch was given till poor Dr. F. could contain no longer. His tears were falling fast, and turning to my friend he said: "This is too bad. See how he has set every one a-weeping; yet look at him—he is as cold as a statue."

And, to come down to more recent times, I have had sore misgivings as to Dickens. Who has written more powerfully?

With a magician's wand he wakes our sensibilities, and with a touch of it opens the floodgates of our tears. Yet how coolly he paraded his conjugal unhappiness before the world! Now, is not a lack of indwelling tenderness of heart made somewhat apparent thereby?

TYPOGRAPHIA.

JOHN DAY, a distinguished printer between 1546 and 1584, took for his motto, "Arise, for it is day." Those of his apprentices who were not up betimes were aroused by the double application of the motto and the rod.

The earliest improvements made in the mode of printing were the disuse of abbreviations and the numbering of pages, the leaves only having at first been counted. The period at which letters were first put at the bottom of each sheet, to indicate their order, is not certainly known. Perhaps the custom commenced with the copy of the "Baldi Lectura super Codicem," &c., anno 1474. They appear about the middle of the work, and the idea probably occurred to some one while the sheets passed slowly through the press. They were used, as is supposed, at Cologne in 1475, and at Paris in 1476, but Caxton did not make such use of them before 1480.

Proof-readers were often men of note at an early period, the most eminent scholars lending their labors and permitting their names to appear in that character on the title page. Their office was no sinecure, if we may judge from some books and statements which have been preserved. "The Anatomy of the Mass," published in 1561, a volume of one hundred and seventy-two pages, was accompanied by fifteen pages of errata. The editor, who was a monk, explained the matter by saying, in a note prefixed to the errata, that Satan, enraged at his pious work, had wetted the MS. in a kennel until it was nearly illegible, and had then caused the printers to commit many and grievous errors, so that he was put to great trouble in the effort to foil his design. Printers were by no means indifferent, however, to the correctness of their works, and Robert Stephens, celebrated in his day, hung up his proofs in public and rewarded such persons as detected an error in them.

A QUAKER'S CURE FOR SWEARING.—On one of my visits to Mr. Jay, when speaking of Cobbett, and his strong prejudice against many persons, especially Quakers—for whom Mr. Jay entertained great respect, so much so that he sent me to a Quaker's school, where I was the only scholar not of that persuasion—I related to him the following anecdote, which I had from Cobbett's own lips, as illustrative of his prejudice against Quakers, whom he unjustly regarded as liars: "'I was,' said he, 'while residing in Long Island, in America, acquainted with a well-disposed young gentleman of large fortune, whose only fault was the habit of swearing—such a habit that he often declared that he would give half his fortune to get rid of it. This desire came to the ears of a Quaker, who thereupon had an interview with the young gentleman, and said, 'I can cure thee of that bad habit;' whereupon the youth caught hold of the Quaker's hand and gave it a hearty shake, saying, 'How can you perform that miracle?' The reply was, 'I can tell thee. I have heard that thou art going to travel this day for a period of six weeks; thou art just my size; nobody will know thee; thou shalt come to my house, put on the cocked hat, the coat without buttons, the knee-breeches, and the shoe-buckles, and thou wilt find that the strangeness of the dress will have such an effect on thee when thou art going to talk, that it will restrain thee from swearing—as thou perhaps knowest, my friend, that we Quakers never swear.' The young man cheerfully assented to the proposal, and accompanied the Quaker to his house, where after changing his clothes, he took his departure in the garb of a Quaker, and went his way rejoicing. The period of the young gentleman's tour having elapsed, the Quaker all anxiety started on the road to meet him. Having met him, he said, 'Well, friend, how hast thou got on?' The reply was, 'Very well.' 'Hast thou sworn so much with that dress on thee?' inquired the Quaker. The young man, rubbing the sleeves of his coat, replied, 'Certainly not; but I feel a d—d inclination to lie.'"



HALT OF M. ROHAN AND HIS INDIAN ATTENDANTS AT THE FOOT OF CHIMBORAZO.—SEE PAGE 65.

THE BRIDAL.

BY A CONFIRMED OLD BACHELOR.

Not a laugh was heard, not a funeral note,
As our friend to the bridal we hurried;
Not a wit discharged his farewell shot,
As the bachelor went to be married.

We married him quickly, to save his fright,
Our heads from the sad sight turning,
And we sighed as we stood by the lamp's dim light,
To think him not more discerning.

To think that a bachelor free and bright,
And of the sex as we found him,
Should there at the altar, at deal of night,
Be caught in the snare that bound him!

Few and short were the words we said,
Though the wine and cake partaking;
We escorted him home from the scene of dread,
While his knees were awfully shaking.

Slowly and sadly we marched adown,
From the first to the lowermost story;
And we have never heard from or seen the poor man
Whom we left alone in his glory.

A NEW MIND.

"I WILL tell you that lady's story," said my friend, the doctor, after we had left the asylum, and while he was showing me the way back to the railway station; "and you shall judge for yourself whether I am right or wrong in granting her privileges which are not enjoyed by my other patients, and in allowing her to spend some hours every day in the society of my wife and children."

If you had been in the far West of England about three years since; and if you had happened to take up one of the Cornish newspapers on a certain day of the month, which need not be specially mentioned, you would have seen this notice of a marriage at the top of a column:

"On the third instant, at the parish church, the Reverend Alfred Carling, rector of Penlidly, to Emily Harriet, relict of the late Fergus Duncan, Esq., of Glendarn, N.B."

The rector's marriage did not produce a very favorable impression on the town, solely in consequence of the unaccountably private and unpretending manner in which the ceremony had been performed. The middle-aged bride and bridegroom had walked quietly to church one morning; had been married by the curate, before any one was aware of it; and had embarked immediately afterwards in the steamer for Tenby, where they proposed to pass their honeymoon. The bride being a stranger at Penlidly, all inquiries about her previous history were fruitless; and the townspeople had no alternative but to trust to their own investigations for enlightenment when the rector and his wife came home to settle among their friends.

After six weeks' absence, Mr. and Mrs. Carling returned; and the simple story of the rector's courtship and marriage was gathered together in fragments, by inquisitive friends, from his own lips, and from the lips of his wife.

Mr. Carling and Mrs. Duncan had met at Torquay. The rector, who had exchanged houses and duties for the season with a brother clergyman settled at Torquay, had called on Mrs. Duncan in his clerical capacity, and had come away from the interview deeply impressed and interested by the widow's manners and conversation. The visits were repeated; the acquaintance grew into friendship, and the friendship into love—ardent, devoted love on both sides. Middle-aged man though he was, this was Mr. Carling's first attachment; and it was met by the same freshness of feeling on the lady's part. Her life with her first husband had not been a happy one. She had made the fatal mistake of marrying to please her parents rather than herself, and had repented it ever afterwards. On her husband's death, his family had not behaved well to her; and she had passed her widowhood, with her only child, a daughter, in the retirement of a small Scotch town, many miles away from the

home of her married life. After a time, the little girl's health had begun to fail, and, by the doctor's advice, she had migrated southward to the mild climate of Torquay. The change had proved to be of no avail; and, rather more than a year ago, the child had died. The place where her darling was buried was a sacred place to her, and she had remained in it ever since. Her position in the world was now a lonely one. She was herself an only child; her father and mother were both dead; and, excepting cousins, her one near relation left alive was a maternal uncle living in London.

These particulars were all related, simply and unaffectedly, before Mr. Carling ventured on the confession of his attachment. When he made his proposal of marriage, Mrs. Duncan received it with an excess of agitation, which astonished and almost alarmed the inexperienced clergyman. As soon as she could speak, she begged with extraordinary earnestness and anxiety for a week to consider her answer; and requested Mr. Carling not to visit her again, on any account, until the week had expired. The next morning she and her maid departed for London. They did not return until the week for consideration had expired. On the eighth day Mr. Carling called again, and was accepted.

The proposal to make the marriage as private as possible came from the lady. She had been to London to consult her uncle (whose health, she regretted to say, would not allow him to travel to Cornwall to give his niece away at the altar); and he agreed with Mrs. Duncan that the wedding could not be too private and unpretending. If it was made public, the family of her first husband would expect cards to be sent to them, and a renewal of intercourse, which would be painful on both sides, might be the consequence. Other friends in Scotland, again, would resent her marrying a second time, at her age; and would distress her and annoy her future husband in many ways. She was anxious to break altogether with her past existence; and to begin a new and happier life, untrammelled by any connection with former times and troubles. She urged these points, as she had received the offer of marriage, with an agitation which was almost painful to see. This peculiarity in her conduct, however, which might have irritated some men, and rendered others distrustful, had no unfavorable effect on Mr. Carling. He set it down to an excess of sensitiveness and delicacy which charmed him. He was himself, though he never would confess it, a shy, nervous man by nature. Ostentation of any sort was something which he shrank from instinctively, even in the simplest affairs of daily life; and his future wife's proposal to avoid all the usual ceremony and publicity of a wedding, was more than agreeable to him—it was a positive relief. The courtship was accordingly kept secret at Torquay, and the marriage was celebrated privately at Penlidly. It found its way into the local newspaper as a matter of course; but it was not, as usual in such cases, also advertised in the *Times*. Both husband and wife were equally happy in the enjoyment of their new life, and equally unsocial in taking no measures whatever to publish it to others.

Such was the story of the rector's marriage. Socially, Mr. Carling's position was but little affected, either way, by the change in his life. As a bachelor, his circle of friends had been a small one; and, when he married, he made no attempt to enlarge it. He had never been popular with the inhabitants of his parish, generally. Essentially a weak man, he was, like other weak men, only capable of asserting himself positively, in serious matters, by running into extremes. As a consequence of this moral defect, he presented some singular anomalies in character. In the ordinary affairs of life he was the gentlest and most yielding of men; but in all that related to strictness of religious principle, he was the sternest and the most aggressive of fanatics. In the pulpit, he was a preacher of merciless sermons; an interpreter of the Bible by the letter rather than by the spirit, as pitiless and as gloomy as one of the Puritans of old—while, on the other hand, by his own fireside, he was considerate, forbearing and humble almost to a fault. As a necessary result of this singular inconsistency of character, he was feared and sometimes even disliked, by the members of his congregation who only knew him as their pastor; and he was prized and loved by the small circle of friends who also knew

him as a man. These friends gathered round him more closely and more affectionately than ever after his marriage—not on his own account only, but influenced also by the attractions that they found in the society of his wife. Her refinement and gentleness of manner; her extraordinary accomplishments as a musician; her unvarying sweetness of temper, and her quick, winning, womanly intelligence in conversation charmed every one who approached her. She was quoted as a model wife and woman by all her husband's friends; and she amply deserved the character that they gave her. Although no children came to cheer it, a happier and a more admirable married life has seldom been witnessed in this world than the life which was once to be seen in the rectory-house at Penliddy.

With these necessary explanations, that preliminary part of my narrative of which the events may be massed together generally, for brevity's sake, comes to a close. What I have next to tell is of a deeper and a more serious interest, and must be carefully related in detail.

The rector and his wife had lived together, without, as I honestly believe, a harsh word or an unkind look once passing between them for upwards of two years, when Mr. Carling took his first step towards the fatal future that was awaiting him, by devoting his leisure hours to the apparently simple and harmless occupation of writing a pamphlet.

He had been connected for many years with one of our great Missionary Societies, and had taken as active a part as a country clergyman could in the management of its affairs. At the period of which I speak, certain influential members of the society had proposed a plan for greatly extending the sphere of its operations, trusting to a proportionate increase in the annual subscriptions to defray the additional expenses of the new movement. The question was not now brought forward for the first time. It had been agitated eight years previously, and the settlement of it had been at that time deferred to a future opportunity. The revival of the project, as usual in such cases, split the working members of the society into two parties; one party cautiously objecting to run any risks; the other hopefully declaring that the venture was a safe one and that success was sure to attend it. Mr. Carling sided enthusiastically with the members who espoused this latter side of the question; and the object of his pamphlet was to address the subscribers to the society on the subject and, so to interest them in it as to win their charitable support, on a larger scale than usual, to the new project.

He had worked hard at his pamphlet, and had got more than half way through it, when he found himself brought to a standstill for the want of certain facts which had been produced on the discussion of the question eight years since, and which were necessary to the full and fair statement of his case. He at first thought of writing to the secretary of the society for information; but, remembering that he had not held his office more than two years, he thought it little likely that this gentleman would be able to help him, and looked back to his own diary of the period, to see if he had made any notes in it relating to the original discussion of the affair. He found a note referring, in general terms only, to the matter in hand; but alluding, at the end to a report in the *Times* of the proceedings of a deputation from the society, which had waited on a member of the government of that day, and to certain letters to the editor which had followed the publication of the report. The note described these letters as "very important;" and Mr. Carling felt, as he put his diary away again, that the successful conclusion of his pamphlet now depended upon his being able to get access to the back numbers of the *Times* of eight years since.

It was winter time when he was thus stopped in his work; and the prospect of a journey to London (the only place he knew of at which files of the paper were to be found) did not present many attractions. And yet he could see no other and easier means of effecting his object. After considering for a little while and arriving at no positive conclusion, he left the study, and went into the drawing-room to consult his wife.

He found her working industriously by the blazing fire. She looked so happy and comfortable—so gentle and charming in her pretty little lace cap, and her warm brown morning

dress, with its bright cherry-colored ribbons and its delicate swansdown trimming circling round her neck and nestling over her bosom, that he stooped and kissed her with the tenderness of his bridegroom days before he spoke. When he told her of the cause that had suspended his literary occupation, she listened, with the sensation of the kiss still lingering in her downcast eyes and her smiling lips, until he came to the subject of his diary, and its reference to the newspaper. As he mentioned the name of the *Times*, she altered and looked him straight in the face gravely.

"Can you suggest any plan, love," he went on, "which may save me the necessity of a journey to London at this bleak time of the year? I must positively have this information; and, so far as I can see, London is the only place at which I can hope to meet with a file of the *Times* of eight years since."

As he pronounced the last three words, he saw her face overspread instantaneously by a ghastly paleness: her eyes fixed on him with a strange mixture of rigidity and vacancy in their look; her hands, with her work held tight in them, dropped slowly on her lap; and a shiver ran through her from head to foot.

He sprang to his feet and snatched the smelling-salts from her work-table, thinking she was going to faint. She put the bottle from her, when he offered it, with a hand that thrilled him with the deadly coldness of its touch, and said in a whisper:

"A sudden chill, dear—let me go up stairs and lie down."

He took her to her room. As he laid her down on the bed, she caught his hand, and said, entreatingly:

"You won't go to London, darling, and leave me here ill?"

He promised that nothing should separate him from her until she was well again; and then ran down stairs to send for the doctor. The doctor came, and pronounced that Mrs. Carling was only suffering from a nervous attack; that there was not the least reason to be alarmed; and that, with proper care, she would be well again in a few days.

Both husband and wife had a dinner engagement in the town for that evening. Mr. Carling proposed to write an apology, and to remain with his wife. But she would not hear of his abandoning the party on her account. The doctor also recommended that his patient should be left to her maid's care, to fall asleep under the influence of the quieting medicine which he meant to give her. Yielding to this advice, Mr. Carling did his best to suppress his own anxieties, and went to the dinner-party.

Among the guests whom he met, was a gentleman named Rambert—a single man of large fortune, well-known in the neighborhood of Penliddy as the owner of a noble country-seat and the possessor of a magnificent library. Mr. Rambert (with whom Mr. Carling was well acquainted) greeted him at the dinner-party with friendly expressions of regret at the time that had elapsed since they had last seen each other; and mentioned that he had recently been adding to his collection of books some rare old volumes of theology, which he thought the rector might find it useful to look over. Mr. Carling, with the necessity of finishing his pamphlet uppermost in his mind, replied jestingly, that the species of literature which he was just then most interested in examining happened to be precisely of the sort which (excepting novels perhaps) had least affinity to theological writing. The necessary explanation followed this avowal, as a matter of course; and to Mr. Carling's great delight his friend turned on him gaily with the most surprising and satisfactory of answers:

"You don't know half the resources of my miles of bookshelves," he said, "or you would never have thought of going to London for what you can get from me. A whole side of one of my rooms up-stairs is devoted to periodical literature. I have reviews, magazines, and three weekly newspapers, bound in each case, from the first number; and what is just now more to your purpose, I have the *Times* for the last fifteen years, in huge half-yearly volumes. Give me the date to-night, and you shall have the volume you want by two o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

The necessary information was given at once; and with a great sense of relief, so far as his literary anxieties were con-

cerned, Mr. Carling went home early to see what the quieting medicine had done for his wife.

She had dozed a little; but had not slept. However, she was evidently better; for she was able to take an interest in the sayings and doings at the dinner party; and questioned her husband about the guests and the conversation, with all a woman's curiosity about the minutest matters. She lay with her face turned towards him, and her eyes meeting his, until the course of her inquiries drew an answer from him which informed her of his fortunate discovery in relation to Mr. Rambert's library, and of the prospect it afforded of his resuming his labors the next day. When he mentioned this circumstance, she suddenly turned her head on the pillow, so that her face was hidden from him; and he could see through the counterpane that the shivering, which he had observed when her illness had seized her in the morning, had returned again.

"I am only cold," she said, in a hurried way, with her face under the clothes.

He rang for the maid, and had a fresh covering placed on the bed. Observing that she seemed unwilling to be disturbed, he did not remove the clothes from her face when he wished her good-night; but pressed his lips on her head, and patted it gently with his hand. She shrank at the touch as if it had hurt her, light as it was; and he went down stairs, resolved to send for the doctor again, if she did not get to rest on being left quiet. In less than half-an-hour afterwards, the maid came down and relieved his anxiety by reporting that her mistress was asleep.

The next morning, he found her in better spirits. Her eyes she said, felt too weak to bear the light; so she kept her bedroom darkened. But in other respects, she had little to complain of. After answering her husband's first inquiries, she questioned him about his plans for the day. He had letters to write which would occupy him until twelve o'clock. At two o'clock he expected the volume of the *Times* to arrive; and he should then devote the rest of the afternoon to his work. After hearing what his plans were, Mrs. Carling suggested that he should ride out after he had done his letters, so as to get some exercise at the fine part of the day; and she then reminded him that a longer time than usual had elapsed since he had been to see a certain old pensioner of his, who had nursed him as a child, and who was now bed-ridden in a village at some distance, called Tringweighton. Although the rector saw no immediate necessity for making this charitable visit, the more especially as the ride to the village and back, and the intermediate time devoted to gossip, would occupy him at least two hours and a half, he assented to his wife's proposal, perceiving that she urged it with unusual earnestness, and being unwilling to thwart her, even in a trifle, at a time when she was ill.

Accordingly his horse was at the door at twelve precisely. Impatient to get back to the precious volume of the *Times*, he rode so much faster than usual, and so shortened his visit to the old woman, that he was home again by a quarter past two. Ascertaining from the servant who opened the door, that the volume had been left by Mr. Rambert's messenger punctually at two, he ran up to his wife's room, to tell her about his visit, before he secluded himself for the rest of the afternoon over his work.

On entering the bed-room he found it still darkened, and he was struck by a smell of burnt paper in it. His wife (who was now dressed in her wrapper, and lying on the sofa) accounted for the smell by telling him that she had fancied the room felt close, and that she had burnt some paper—being afraid of the cold air if she opened the window—to fumigate it. Her eyes were evidently still weak, for she kept her hand over them while she spoke. After remaining with her long enough to relate the few trivial events of his ride, Mr. Carling descended to his study, to occupy himself at last with the volume of the *Times*.

It lay on his table in the shape of a large flat brown paper package. On proceeding to undo the covering, he observed that it had been very carelessly tied up. The strings were crooked and loosely knotted; and the direction bearing his name and address, instead of being in the middle of the paper, was awkwardly folded over at the edge of the volume. How-

ever, his business was with the inside of the parcel; so he tossed away the covering and the string, and began at once to hunt through the particular number of the paper which he wished first to consult.

He soon found it, with the report of the speeches delivered by the members of the deputation, and the answer returned by the minister. After reading through the report, and putting a mark in the place where it occurred, he turned to the next day's number of the paper, to see what further hints on the subject the letters addressed to the editor might happen to contain.

To his inexpressible vexation and amazement, that one number of the paper was missing.

He bent the two sides of the volume back, looked closely between the leaves, and saw immediately that the missing number had been cut out.

A vague sense of something like alarm began to mingle with his first feeling of disappointment. He wrote at once to Mr. Rambert, mentioning the discovery he had just made, and sent the note off by his groom, with orders to the man to wait for an answer.

The reply with which the servant returned was almost insolent in the shortness and coolness of its tone. Mr. Rambert had no books in his library which were not in perfect condition. The volume of the *Times* had left his house perfect; and whatever blame might attach to the mutilation of it rested therefore on other shoulders than those of the owner.

Like many other weak men Mr. Carling was secretly touchy on the subject of his dignity. After reading the note, and questioning his servants, who were certain that the volume had not been touched till he had opened it, he resolved that the missing number of the *Times* should be procured at any expense, and inserted in its place; that the volume should be sent back instantly without a word of comment; and that no more books from Mr. Rambert's library should ever enter his house. He walked up and down the study considering what first step he should take to effect the purpose in view. Under the quickening influence of his irritation, an idea occurred to him, which, if it had only entered his mind the day before, might probably have proved the means of saving him from placing himself under an obligation to Mr. Rambert. He resolved to write immediately to his bookseller and publisher in London (who knew him well as an old and excellent customer) mentioning the date of the back number of the *Times* that was required, and authorising the publisher to offer any reward he judged necessary to any person who might have the means of procuring it at the office of the paper or elsewhere. This letter he wrote and despatched in good time for the London post; and then went upstairs to see his wife and to tell her what had happened.

Her room was still darkened, and she was still on the sofa. On the subject of the missing number she said nothing; but of Mr. Rambert and his note she spoke with the most sovereign contempt. Of course the pompous old fool was mistaken; and the proper thing to do was to send back the volume instantly, and take no more notice of him.

"It shall be sent back," said Mr. Carling, "but not till the missing number is replaced." And he then told her what he had done.

The effect of that simple piece of information on Mrs. Carling was so extraordinary and so unaccountable, that her husband fairly stood aghast. For the first time since their marriage, he saw her temper suddenly in a flame. She started up from the sofa and walked about the room, as if she had lost her senses; upbraiding him for making the weakest of concessions to Mr. Rambert's insolent assumption that the rector was to blame. If she could only have laid hands on that letter, she would have consulted her husband's dignity and independence by putting it in the fire! She hoped and prayed the number of the paper might not be found! In fact, it was certain that the number, after all these years, could not possibly be hunted up. The idea of his acknowledging himself to be in the wrong, in that way, when he knew himself to be in the right! It was almost ridiculous—no! it was quite ridiculous! And she threw herself back on the sofa and suddenly burst out laugh-

ing. At the first word of remonstrance, however, which fell from her husband's lips, her mood changed again in an instant. She sprang up once more, kissed him passionately, with the tears streaming from her eyes, and implored him to leave her alone to recover herself. He quitted the room so seriously alarmed about her, that he resolved to go to the doctor privately, and question him on the spot. There was an unspeakable dread on his mind, that the nervous attack from which she had been pronounced to be suffering might be a mere phrase, intended to prepare him for the future disclosure of something infinitely and indescribably worse.

The doctor, on hearing Mr. Carling's report, exhibited no surprise, and held to his opinion. Her nervous system was out of order, and her husband had been needlessly frightened by a hysterical paroxysm. If she did not get better in a week, change of scene might then be tried. In the mean time, there was not the least cause for alarm.

On the next day she was quieter, but she hardly spoke at all. At night she slept well; and Mr. Carling's faith in the medical man revived again. The morning after was the morning which would bring the answer from the publisher in London. The rector's study was on the ground-floor; and when he heard the postman's knock, being especially anxious that morning about his correspondence, he went out into the hall to take his letters the moment they were put on the table.

It was not the footman who had answered the door, as usual, but Mrs. Carling's maid. She had taken the letters from the postman, and was going away with them upstairs. He stopped her, and asked why she did not put the letters on the hall table as usual. The maid, looking very much confused, said that her mistress had desired that whatever the postman brought that morning should be carried up to her own room. He took the letters abruptly from the girl, without asking any more questions, and went back into his study.

Up to this time, no shadow of a suspicion had fallen on his mind. Hitherto there had been a simple, obvious explanation for every unusual event that had occurred during the last three or four days. But this last circumstance in connection with the letters was not to be accounted for. Nevertheless, even now, it was not distrust of his wife that was busy at his mind—he was too fond of her and too proud of her to feel it—the sensation was more like uneasy surprise. He longed to go and question her, and get a satisfactory answer, and have done with it. But there was a voice speaking within him that had never made itself heard before; a voice with a persistent warning in it, that said—Wait, and look at your letters first!

He spread them out on the table with hands that trembled he knew not why. Among them was the back number of the *Times* for which he had written to London, with a letter from the publisher explaining the means by which the copy had been procured.

He opened the newspaper, with a vague feeling of alarm at finding that those letters to the editor which he had been so eager to read, and that perfecting of the mutilated volume which he had been so anxious to accomplish, had become objects of secondary importance in his mind. An inexplicable curiosity about the general contents of the paper was now the one moving influence which asserted itself within him. He spread open the broad sheet on the table.

The first page on which his eye fell was the page on the right-hand side. It contained those very letters—three in number—which he had been so anxious to see. He tried to read them; but no effort could fix his wandering attention. He looked aside, to the opposite page, on the left hand. It was the page that contained the leading articles.

They were three in number. The first was on foreign politics; the second was a sarcastic commentary on a recent division in the House of Lords; the third was one of those articles on social subjects which have greatly and honorably helped to raise the reputation of the *Times* above all contest and rivalry.

The lines in this third article which first caught his eye comprised the opening sentence of the second paragraph, and contained these words:

"It appears, from the narrative which will be found in

another part of our columns, that this unfortunate woman married, in the spring of the year 18—, one Mr. Fergus Duncan, of Glendarn, in the Highlands of Scotland——"

The letters swam and mingled together under his eyes before he could go on to the next sentence. His wife exhibited as an object of public compassion in the *Times* newspaper! On the brink of the dreadful discovery that was advancing on him his mind reeled back, and a deadly faintness came over him. There was water on a side table—he drank a deep draught of it—roused himself—seized on the newspaper with both hands, as if it had been a living thing that could feel the desperate resolution of his grasp—and read the article through, sentence by sentence, word by word.

The subject was the Law of Divorce; and the example quoted was the example of his wife.

At that time England stood disgracefully alone as the only one civilised country in the world having a divorce-law for the husband which was not also a divorce-law for the wife. The writer in the *Times* boldly and eloquently exposed this discreditable anomaly in the administration of justice; hinted delicately at the unutterable wrongs suffered by Mrs. Duncan; and plainly showed that she was indebted to the accident of having been married in Scotland, and to her consequent right of appeal to the Scotch tribunals, for a full and final release from the tie that bound her to the vilest of husbands, which the English law of that day would have mercilessly refused.

He read that. Other men might have gone on to the narrative extracted from the Scotch newspaper. But at the last word of the article he stopped. The newspaper, and the unread details which it contained, lost all hold on his attention in an instant, and, in their stead, living and burning on his mind, like the Letters of Doom on the wall of Belshazzar, there rose up in judgment against him the last words of a verse in the Gospel of St. Luke. "Whosoever marieth her that is put away from her husband committeth adultery." He had preached from these words. He had warned his hearers, with the whole strength of the fanatical sincerity that was in him, to beware of prevaricating with the prohibition which that verse contained, and to accept it as literally, unreservedly, finally forbidding the marriage of a divorced woman. He had insisted on that plain interpretation of plain words in terms which had made his congregation tremble. And now, he stood alone in the secrecy of his own chamber, self-convicted of the deadly sin that he had denounced—he stood, as he had told she wicked among his hearers that they would stand, at the Last Day, before the Judgment Seat.

He was unconscious of the lapse of time; he never knew whether it was many minutes or few before the door of his room was suddenly and softly opened. It did open—and his wife came in.

In her white dress, with a white shawl thrown over her shoulders; her dark hair, so neat and glossy at other times, hanging tangled about her colorless cheeks, and heightening the glassy brightness of terror in her eyes—so he saw her; the woman put away from her husband, the woman whose love had made his life happy and had stained his soul with a deadly sin.

She came on to within a few paces of him, without a word, or a tear, or a shadow of change passing over the dreadful rigidity of her face. She looked at him with a strange look; she pointed to the newspaper trampled in his hand, with a strange gesture; she spoke to him in a strange voice.

"You know it!" she said.

His eyes met hers—she shrank from them—turned—and laid her arms and her head heavily against the wall.

"O, Alfred!" she said, "I was so lonely in the world, and I was so fond of you!"

The woman's delicacy, the woman's trembling tenderness welled up from her heart, and touched her voice with a tone of its old sweetness, as she murmured these simple words. She said no more. Her confession of her fault, her appeal to their past love for pardon, were both poured forth in that one sentence. She left it to his own heart to tell him the rest. How anxiously her vigilant love had followed his every word and treasured up his every opinion, in the days when they first met; how weakly and falsely, and yet with how true an affection for

him, she had shrank from the disclosure which she knew but too well would have separated them even at the church door; how desperately she had fought against the coming discovery which threatened to tear her from the bosom she clung to, and to cast her out into the world with the shadow of her own shame to darken her lonely life to the end—all this she left him to feel; for the moment which might part them for ever was the moment when she knew best how truly, how passionately he had loved her.

His lips trembled as he stood looking at her in silence; and the slow, burning tears dropped heavily, one by one, down his cheeks. The natural human remembrance of the golden days of their companionship, of the nights and nights when that dear head—turned away from him, now, in unutterable misery and shame—had nestled itself so fondly and so happily on his breast, fought hard to silence his conscience, to root out his dreadful sense of guilt, to tear the words of Judgment from their ruthless hold on his mind, to claim him in the sweet names of Pity and Love. If she had turned and looked at him, at that moment, their next words would have been spoken in each other's arms. But the oppression of her despair under his silence was too heavy for her; and she never moved.

He forced himself to look away from her; he struggled hard to break the silence between them.

"God forgive you, Emily!" he said.

As her name passed his lips his voice failed him, and the torture at his heart burst its way out in sobs. He hurried to the door to spare her the terrible reproof of the grief that had now mastered him. When he passed her, she turned towards him with a faint cry.

He caught her as she sank forward, and saved her from dropping on the floor. For the last time his arms closed round her. For the last time, his lips touched hers—cold and insensible to him now. He laid her on the sofa, and went out.

One of the female servants was crossing the hall. The girl started as she met him, and turned pale at the sight of his face. He could not speak to her, but he pointed to the study-door. He saw her go into the room; and then he left the house.

He never entered it more; and he and his wife never met again.

Later on that last day, a sister of Mr. Carling's—a married woman living in the town—came to the rectory weeping bitterly. She brought an open note with her, addressed to the unhappy mistress of the house. It contained these few lines, blotted and stained with tears:

"May God grant us both the time for repentance! If I had loved you less, I might have trusted myself to see you again. Forgive me, and pity me, and remember me in your prayers, as I shall forgive and pity and remember you!"

He had tried to write more; but the pen had dropped from his hand. His sister's entreaties had not moved him. After giving her the note to deliver, he had solemnly charged her to be gentle in communicating the tidings that she bore, and had departed alone for London. He heard all remonstrances with patience. He did not deny that the one deception of which his wife had been guilty (subsequent inquiry proved that she had deceived him in nothing else, and that her first husband had died little more than six months after her divorce), was the most pardonable of all concealments of the truth, because it sprang from her love for him. But he had the same hopeless answer for every one who tried to plead with him—the verse from the Gospel of Saint Luke.

His purpose in travelling to London was to make the necessary arrangements for his wife's future existence, and then to get employment which would separate him from his home and from all its associations. A missionary expedition to one of the Pacific Islands accepted him as a volunteer. Broken in body and spirit, his last look at England, from the deck of the ship, was his last look at land. A fortnight afterwards, his brethren read the burial service over him on a cloudless evening at sea. Before he was committed to the deep, his little pocket-bible, which had been a present from his wife, was, in accordance with his dying wishes, placed open on his breast, so that the inscription, "To my dear husband," might rest over his heart.

I need say but little more. You have seen and spoke to the poor creature who was once his wife. When she was first placed under my care, I thought her case hopeless. The mental malady, after she had been with me little more than a month, was complicated by physical malady—by fever on the brain. To my surprise, and to the surprise of my professional brethren whom I called in to help me, she lived through it; and she recovered, with the complete loss of one faculty—which, in her situation, poor thing, is a mercy and a gain to her—I mean, the utter loss of memory. She has not the faintest gleam of recollection of anything that happened before her illness; and, in that happy oblivion, she lives contentedly the life of a child. The veriest trifles are as new and as interesting to her, as they are to your young children or to mine. So far as any necessity for restraint is concerned she might leave my care to-morrow. But her friends know that my wife has grown to love her, as well as to pity her; and that my children would feel it to be a cruel loss if their poor grown playmate was taken away from them. I hope she will be left to live in their society, and to die with nothing on her memory but the recollection of their kindness.

AN INDIAN AUTO-DA-FE.

BY THE LATE LADY MORGAN.

THE secular judges had already taken their seats on the platform; the grand inquisitor and the viceroy had placed themselves beneath their respective canopies, the persons who composed the procession were ranged according to their offices and orders—all but the three unhappy persons condemned to death; they alone were led into the centre of the square, each accompanied by a familiar of the inquisition, and a confessor. The condemned consisted of two relapsed Indians, and the Apostolic Nuncio of India. The pile designed for him was distinguished by a standard on which, as was the custom in such cases, an inscription was written, intimating, "that he was to be burnt as a convicted heretic who refused to confess his crime!" The timid Indians, who, in the zeal and enthusiasm of their own religion, might have joyously and voluntarily sought the death they now met with horror, hung back, shuddering and weeping in agony and despair, endeavoring to defer their inevitable sufferings by uttering incoherent prayers and useless supplications to the priests who attended them.

The Apostolic Nuncio, who, it was intended, should suffer first, alone walked firmly up to the pile, and while the martyr-light flashed on his countenance, he read unmoved the inscription imprinted on the standard of death, which was so soon to wave over his ashes—then, withdrawing a little on one side, he knelt at the feet of his confessor; the last appeal from earth to heaven was now made; he arose with a serene look; the officers of the bowstring advanced to lead him towards the pile; the silence which belongs to death reigned on every side; thousands of persons were present, yet the melancholy breeze that swept, at intervals, over the ocean, and died away in sighs, was distinctly heard. In this awful interval, while the presiding officers of death were preparing to bind their victim to the stake, a form scarcely human, darting with the velocity of lightning through the multitude, reached the foot of the pile, and stood before it, in a grand and aspiring attitude; the deep red flame of the slowly kindling fire shone through a transparent drapery which flowed in loose folds from the bosom of the seeming vision, and tinged with golden hues those long dishevelled tresses, which streamed like the rays of a meteor in the air.

Thus, bright and aerial as it stood, it looked like a spirit sent from heaven in the awful moment of dissolution, to cheer and to convey to the regions of the blessed the soul which would soon arise, pure from the ordeal of earthly suffering. The sudden appearance of the singular phantom struck the imagination of the credulous and awed multitude with superstitious wonder. Even the ministers of death stood for a moment, suspended in the execution of their dreadful office. The Christians fixed their eyes upon the cross, which glittered on a bosom whose beauty scarcely seemed of mortal mould, and deemed them-

selves the witnesses of a miracle, wrought for the salvation of a persecuted martyr, whose innocence was asserted by the firmness and fortitude with which he was ready to meet a dreadful death. The Hindoos gazed upon the sacred impress of Brahma, marked on the brow of his consecrated offspring; and beheld the fancied herald of the tenth Avatar, announcing vengeance to the enemies of their religion. The condemned victim, still confined in the grasp of the officers of the bowstring, with eyes starting from their sockets, saw only the unfortunate he had made—the creature he adored—his disciple! the pagan priestess—the Christian neophyte—his still lovely, though much changed Luxima.

A cry of despair escaped from his bursting heart; and, in the madness of the moment, he uttered aloud her name. Luxima, whose eyes and hands had been hitherto raised to heaven, while she murmured the Gayatra, pronounced by the Indian women before their voluntary immolation, now looked wildly round her; and, catching a glimpse of the missionary's figure, through the waving of the flames, behind which he struggled in the hands of his guards, she shrieked, and in a voice scarcely human, exclaimed, "Brahma receive and eternally unite our spirits!" She sprang upon the pile; the fire, which had only kindled in that point where she stood, caught the light drapery of her robe—a dreadful death assailed her—the multitude shouted in horrid frenzy. Hilarion rushed forward—no force opposed to it could resist the energy of madness, which nerved his powerful arm—he snatched the victim from a fate he sought not himself to avoid—he held her to his heart—the flames of her robe were extinguished in his close embrace; he looked round with a triumphant air.

The officers of the Inquisition, called on by their superiors, who now descended from the platforms, sprang forward to seize him; for a moment, the timid multitude were still as the pause of a brooding storm. Luxima clung to her deliverer—while he, with a supernatural strength, warding off the efforts of those who would have torn her from him—the hand of fanaticism, impatient for its victim, aimed a dagger at his heart; its point was received in the bosom of the Indian; she shrieked, and called upon Brahma!

"Brahma! Brahma!" was re-echoed on every side. A sudden impulse was given to feeling long suppressed; the timid spirits of the Hindus rallied to an event which touched their hearts, and roused them from their lethargy of despair; the sufferings, the oppressions they had so long endured, seemed now epitomised before their eyes, in the person of their celebrated and distinguished prophetess. They believed it was their god who addressed them from her lips—they rushed forward with a hideous cry to rescue his priestess—and to avenge the long slighted cause of their religion; they fell with fury on the Christians, they rushed upon the guards of the Inquisition, who let fall their arms, and fled in dismay. Their religious enthusiasm kindling their long subdued passions, their rage became at once inflamed and sanctified by their superstitious zeal. Some seized the prostrate arms of the fugitives, others dealt round a rapid destruction by fire; they scattered the blazing faggots, and, snatching the burning brands from the pile, they set on fire the light materials of which the balconies, the verandahs and platforms were composed, till all appeared one horrid and entire conflagration.

The Spanish soldiers now came rushing down from the garison upon the insurgents—the native troops, almost at the same moment, joined their compatriots; the engagement became fierce and general, a promiscuous carnage ensued—the Spaniards fought as mercenaries, with skill and coolness; the Indians as fanatics, for religion and vengeance, with an uncurbed impetuosity. The contest was long and unequal; the Hindus were defeated; but the Christians purchased the victory of the day by losses which almost rendered their conquest a defeat.

A GLIMPSE AT OLD LONDON.

GREAT efforts seem to have been used, though with indifferent success, perhaps, for keeping clean the city streets, lanes and highways. Kennels, it would appear, were pretty generally

made on either side of the street (leaving a space for the foot-path), for the purpose of carrying off the sewage and rain water. There were two kennels in Cheapside, at a period when nearly the whole of the north side was a vacant space. The City Conduit (at the east end of Cheapside) is frequently mentioned, and from it, in conjunction with the Thames (the water from which was conveyed in carts), the city derived its main supply of water. A fountain is also spoken of as being situate before the Convent of the Friars Minors in Newgate; and some houses were provided with (so-called) fountains of their own. The kennels of Cornhill are often referred to.

The highways were directed to be kept clean from rubbish, hay, straw, sawdust, dung and other refuse. Each householder was to clear away all dirt from his door, and to be equally careful not to place it before that of his neighbors. No one was to throw water or anything else out of the windows, but was to bring the water down and pour it into the street. An exception, however, to this last provision, seems to have been made in the case of fishmongers, for we find injunctions frequently issued (in contravention of the precaution mostly taken to preserve the purity of the Thames) that they shall on no account throw their dirty water into the streets, but shall have the same carried to the river. The lanes, too, running down to the Thames and the highways between Castle Baynard and the Tower were to be kept free from all impediments, so that persons on horseback might experience no difficulty in going to the Thames.

A certain number of raykers, or rakers, corresponding to our scavengers, were kept at the expense of each ward, whose duty it was to remove all refuse, from the middle of the street, probably, to places duly provided for its reception. Twelve carts, with two horses each, were ordered to be kept in the city for this purpose in Edward the Third's time. Ordinances were repeatedly issued by the city authorities for cleansing the field (*campum*) called "Smithfield," and for keeping clean all hythes, fosses, walls, conduits, the river Thames and the water-course of Wallbrook; proclamation was also made that no one should throw dung, sand, rubbish or filth into the Thames, Fleet or fosses of the city.

In the same regard for the purity of the river it was ordered that all boats taking in loads of rushes, hay or straw, should load only the very moment before their departure; in addition to which each boat bringing rushes was to pay twelve pence for cleansing the place where it was unloaded. The butchers of St. Nicholas Flesh Shambles were evidently in the habit of carrying their offals down to the Thames; this, however, was forbidden by the authorities, and places provided for the burial thereof. No person was allowed, *temp.* Edward III., to bathe in the Tower Foss, or in the Thames near the Tower, under penalty of death! For the purpose of keeping clear the water-course of Wallbrook, every householder on its banks, from the Moor (Mora) down to the Thames, was ordered to keep a rake, the better to intercept any refuse thrown into it.

Alehouses were to be closed at curfew, under heavy penalties, as also were wine taverns, to prevent persons of bad character from meeting to concoct their "criminal designs." No allusion occurs to wine in bottles or flasks; it would seem to have been consumed wholly in draught. The price of Rhenish in Richard the Second's time was eightpence a gallon; Malmsey, then called Malvesie, was just double that price.

It seems to have been a prevalent custom with knavish bakers to make bread of fine quality on the outside and coarse within, a practice which was forbidden by enactment, it being also forbidden to make loaves of bran or with any admixture of bran. The servants of *bons gens* were legally entitled to be present when the baker kneaded his dough. Fines were at one time extensively exacted from the baking trade, but, "by a civic enactment *temp.* Edward II., it is ordered that from henceforth the sheriffs shall take no fines from bakers and breweresses, but shall inflict upon them corporal punishment (by pillory) instead." For a first offence, against the required weight or quality of his loaves, the culprit was drawn upon a hurdle, shoeless and stockingless, and his hands tied down by his side, from Guildhall, through the dirtiest and most densely populated streets, the short-weight loaf pendant from his neck. For the second, he was dragged by the same con-

veyance to the pillory in Cheap, to air himself for an hour and receive the mob's voluntary contributions—animal, vegetable and nondescript. For the third he had a third journey on the hurdle, his oven was ignominiously pulled to pieces, and himself compelled to abjure baker's business in the city of London for evermore. The hurdle appears, however, to have been discontinued in Edward the Second's reign, and the pillory substituted for it in first offences.

Really the baking business must have had many a hard crust in its oven or on its counters in those crusty times. At any rate the staff of life was very frequently used to give its makers a hard rap on the knuckles—hard enough to disable them from future kneading, and so, in a manner, to take the bread out of their mouths. Nevertheless the tricks of trade were numerous and impudent enough to warrant some sharp practice on the other side. There were "rogues in grain" not only among bakers and millers, but among "certain buyers and brokers of corn," of whose artifices, as well as those of butchers and other greasy citizens, together with the diversified punishments liberally awarded them, edifying evidence may be had for the seeking.

ART IN JAPAN.

It was wonderful to see the thousand useful as well as ornamental purposes to which paper was applicable in the hands of these industrious and tasteful people; our papier maché manufacturers, as well as the Continental ones, should go to Yedo to learn what can be done with paper. We saw it made into material so closely resembling russian and morocco leather and pigskin that it was very difficult to detect the difference. With the aid of lacker varnish and skillful painting, paper made excellent trunks, tobacco-bags, cigar-cases, saddles, telescope-cases, the frames of microscopes; and we even saw and used excellent waterproof coats made of simple paper, which did keep out the rain, and were as supple as the best Macintosh.

The Japanese use neither silk nor cotton handkerchiefs, towels or dusters; paper in their hands serves as an excellent substitute. It is soft, thin, tough, of a pale yellow color, very plentiful and very cheap. The inner walls of many a Japanese apartment are formed of paper, being nothing more than painted screens; their windows are covered with a fine translucent description of the same material; it enters largely into the manufacture of nearly everything in a Japanese household; and we saw what seemed balls of twine, which were nothing but long shreds of tough paper rolled up. If a shopkeeper had a parcel to tie up, he would take a strip of paper, roll it quickly between his hands, and use it for the purpose, and it was quite as strong as the ordinary string used at home. In short, without paper all Japan would come to a dead lock; and, indeed, lest by the arbitrary exercise of his authority a tyrannical husband should stop his wife's paper, the sage Japanese mothers-in-law invariably stipulate in the marriage settlement that the bride is to have allowed to her a certain quantity of paper!

The shops and streets of Yedo were the scene of much traffic, but there were here no great staples that we saw likely to yield anything like commercial exports to foreigners. Beyond the manufacturing industry of Yedo, the whole population seemed to us consumers rather than producers; and this is proved by the fact that the freight of goods to Yedo from Nangasaki in native craft was eighty per cent. greater than that of goods from Yedo to Nangasaki; showing that it is entirely an import trade that Yedo holds with the rest of Japan. Coal and copper were the only articles which gave any promise of export; the latter was especially abundant in every form but that of coin; and although there is a current belief amongst the Dutch that the copper mines of Japan are only allowed to be worked to a certain extent, far short of what they would otherwise yield, the abundance of the metal, in all its varied forms of pure copper, brass and bronze, was very striking.

We saw it as a protection upon the piles of their bridges, on the bottoms of the native vessels and the stems and gunwales of very ordinary boats; and the number of their brass guns was extraordinary. We saw brass and copper coverings to the

roofs of their temples and shrines; their altars are loaded with copper, brass and bronze castings; and the skill with which the Japanese work this metal, so as to imitate gold in all the many articles of taste and luxury exhibited in Yedo, called for our constant admiration. No doubt necessity had compelled the artisan to discover some mode of adorning lacker, porcelain, &c., with what looked and wore quite as well as gold or silver; for we were told that the laws were most strictly enforced against the use of any precious metals for any such frivolous purposes. Still the art was a special one, and there is much to learn, we think, on this head, from Yedo or from Miako, from which all the best articles of taste were reputed to come.

Meantime, whilst our curiosity was not half satisfied, and our love for Japan was hourly increasing, the British ambassador and the imperial commissioners were making rapid work with the treaty. We sighed when told there was no hitch which might delay our return to strong-smelling China and its unpoetical inhabitants, and hastened off to the ships our purchases of porcelain, embroidery, carved work, lacker ware and little dogs.

COST OF CEILING PAINTING.—Sir Peter Paul Rubens received for his painting of the grand *plafond* at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, the sum of four thousand pounds. The space covered by this painting is about four hundred yards, so that he was paid nearly ten pounds a yard. Sir James Thornhill, the first Englishman who received knighthood for his ability in art, was paid only three pounds a yard for the laborious work on the ceiling of Greenwich Hospital, and only one pound a yard for painting the ornaments on the walls. The Duke of Montague, says Sir James Thornhill, in his memorial to the commissioners for building the hospital, "paid Monsieur Rosso for his saloon two thousand pounds, and kept an extraordinary table for him, his friends and servants, for two years, while the work was doing, at an expense estimated at five hundred pounds per annum." Signor Verrio was paid for the whole palaces of Windsor and Hampton Court, ceilings, sides and backstairs, at eight shillings a foot, which is three pounds twelve shillings a yard, exclusive of gilding, and wine daily allowed to him, lodgings in the palaces, and when his eyesight failed him, a pension of two hundred pounds per annum and an allowance of wine for life. Signor Rizi had of the Duke of Bedford one thousand pounds for painting three rooms; for the little chapel at Bulstrode, six hundred pounds; from Lord Burlington, for his staircase, seven hundred pounds; Signor Pellegrini, of the Duke of Portland, for work in his house, eight hundred pounds; and for a small picture over the chimney-piece, fifty pounds; of the Earl of Burlington, for the sides of his hall, two hundred pounds. Other instances might be given to show the large amount of employment this now comparatively unused description of house decoration afforded to artists of ability.

A BAD-FEATURED HORSE.—I had one of these forbidding countenanced ones. Had he been a man, and a murder had been committed, you would have been tempted to say, "That is the man who did it; or, at all events, his countenance indicates him capable of the act." So by this horse. I was tempted by his general good looks and action; but I did not like his countenance. I asked if he was good-tempered. His owner (I dare say with truth) said he had never seen anything to the contrary. I got him home, and for many weeks saw nothing I could find fault with. Still I remarked he always kept his eye, as it were, surreptitiously on the man attending him, as if making sure of his point ere he attempted mischief. I was quite sure he was at heart a savage. Some time after, when hunting, he put his two forefeet in a stone hole on the top of a bank. As he had come a good pace to the leap, the consequence was we both rolled over into the next field. He was up a second or so before me, and rushed at me open-mouthed; but on my getting on my legs, he stopped. No doubt, had I remained prostrate, he would have savaged me. I never liked a bad countenance before this; but I then resolved I would never buy another; and I have kept my word.—*Harry Hicover on Horses.*

ANTIQUITIES OF AMERICA

BY DR. WILLIS DE HASS.

AMERICAN ARCHAEOLOGY has not received that attention, even from our scholars, which its importance demands, and no pursuit possesses more of interest to the student or the ordinary inquirer. Stretching throughout the valley of the Mississippi, in all its sweeping latitudes and longitudes—spread over its vast surface, and embedded in its very geological strata, abound these memorials of a people who have utterly perished from the land. Who were they? Whence came, and whither went that race? History is silent as regards them. They have faded from existence, and their names live not even in tradition or legendary song.

But the greatest and by far the most important discovery yet made in American archaeology is that of the inscriptive stone from the great mound at Grave Creek, Virginia, figuring in the present article. This interesting relic—the only alphabetical inscription yet discovered in the western tumuli—was found in the upper chamber of the large mound belonging to the Grave Creek system, June 9th, 1888. The mound is one of the largest and most important in the valley of the Mississippi. It is conical, seventy feet in height by eight hundred and twenty feet in base circumference. It occupies a commanding position upon the Grand River terrace, one-fourth of a mile from the Ohio, and in the midst of an extensive system of works comprising tumuli, circumvallation, &c.

It was excavated in 1838. Two vaults or chambers were then discovered—one at the centre base, the other midway from base to summit. These chambers had been constructed of stone and wood. In the lower chamber were two human forms, with a variety of personal ornaments; in the superior one, a skeleton, with many ornaments similar to those found below; five heavy copper wristlets—three encircling the right and two the left arm, and the stone tablet, now for the first time, accurately figured.



The inscription is alphabetic, not hieroglyphic. It corresponds strongly with the Phœnician and other ancient Mediterranean alphabets, of which the Phœnician may be regarded as the type. What its precise purport, what its history, how it became an occupant of that mound, whether the work of the ancient man of America or the remnant of an intrusive tribe of adventurers from the Levant, are questions for further consideration and elucidation. In any view, it is justly regarded as the most important discovery made in our local archaeology. It has already attracted the attention of learned men on both sides of the Atlantic. At the present time some of the most distinguished savans of Europe are discussing its character. The Baron Joman, one of the most eminent savans of the age, has contributed several papers upon the subject of this inscription, the last of which has just reached us in one of the late publications of the *Bulletin de la Géographie*. This communication was elicited by the able and extended paper of Dr. De Hass, now before the American Ethnological Society, some months since. M. Joman claims for the inscription a Libyan origin.

The distinguished Professor Rafn, of Copenhagen, has written learnedly on this inscription. He claims to recognize in it a predominating Celtiberic type.

Sir J. E. Alexander, of London, has contributed to the Royal Geographical Society an interesting paper on the subject.

Unfortunately, all copies of the inscription heretofore sent abroad have been inaccurate and unreliable; thus misleading those who sought to elucidate its mysterious history. The photograph has now been brought into play, and the copy presented is the first accurate representation made by the public press.

The original tablet is now in possession of Dr. De Hass, and many of our prominent citizens, interested in the progress of archaeology, have examined it with care. It has been brought here to illustrate, with a larger collection of other relics from the mounds, the highly interesting and instructive course of lectures on American Antiquities which Dr. De Hass has been delivering in this city, under the auspices of the Ethnological Society, and in other cities with a like success. These lectures have suggested this article.

Dr. De Hass, who is Chairman of Committee on Archaeology and Ethnology of American Association for the Advancement of Science, intends to prosecute an extensive system of research during the present season.

In this connection it may be mentioned, that two additional chambers remain to be explored in the mound from which the tablet was taken. Researches will be prosecuted with vigor, and valuable results are promised. A general system of surveying and exploration of various and adjacent earthworks is to be undertaken. The friends of science on both sides of the Atlantic will be gratified to hear this information.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

WISDOM is getting too common in this century of enlightenment; we open our chapter with a chunk or two of ignorance. First this:

"Miss, what attitude do you prefer to be taken in?" said a Western daguerreotypist to an inexperienced sitter.

"Green, sir," was the innocent reply.

CHUNK TWO. A New York lady conversing with one of more money than brains, who had just returned from a Southern trip, said:

"So, then, Mrs. C——, you were in New Orleans at the Carnival?"

"No, at the St. Charles."

A GENTLEMAN, of the *bourgeois gentilhomme* sort, in South Carolina, lately proposed to the citizens of Charleston that they should erect a full-length bust (!) in that city to the memory of the celebrated Colonel Hayne.—Ignorance of another sort is that of the heroine of the following story. She tells it herself:

"Ven I first come to Filadelfy to serve, I vas very uncivilized," said Katrine, now a tidy, intelligent servant in a respectable family; "I laugh mooch, and I feel mooch ashamed to remember how I behave ven I know so little. Shon—that was my beau then—Shon, he took me to the theatre one night, when I been in Filadelfy three weeks. We sits in the gallery, and we not see goot, and Shon said he would get a petter seat. So he puts his leg round de post, and shldes down mit de pit, and he looks up and calls out:

"'Katrine! Katrine! coom down! tish a goot view here!'

"And I leaned over, and said I, 'How can I coom, Shon!'

"And he said, 'Just shldes down.'

"So I put my legs round de pillar, and shldes down too. Donder! how de peoples laugh! Dey laugh so dey play no more dat night upon de stage. Everybody laugh, and yell and whistle all over de house! I was mooch ashamed; den, though I knew not any harm! But now, I pushes red every time I dinks of it."

IGNORANCE of the language is embarrassing too, at times. For instance, the following scene in a California court:

A German is called to the stand as a witness. He takes the oath, and brushes back the hair that hangs roughly about his head. His fact is red, and all covered with beard. With all the dignity of a Kossuth, he takes a position, with arms folded, and awaits the first question of the court, which is:

"What's your name?"

"Von Blum," said our German friend, shutting his eyes and grinning.

"Von what?"

"Von Blum, un de ske von hoven."

"What's un de ske von hoven?"

"Yaw!"

"Did you see the fight?"

"Laansman argle, and de vrom pe tagle mit a faw."

To conclude this series of ignorances comes this good and old story of an Irishman's idea of oysters :

One evening a red-headed Connaught swell, of no small aristocratic pretensions in his own eyes, sent his servant, whom he had just imported, to purchase a hundred oysters at the city quay, Dublin. Paddy stayed so long away that Squire Trigger got quite impatient and unhappy lest his "body man" might have slipped into the Liffey; however, to his infinite relief, Paddy at length made his appearance, puffing and blowing like a disabled bellows, but carrying his load seemingly in great triumph.

"Well, Pat," said the master, "what the deuce kept you so long?"

"Long! ah, thin, may be it's you'd have me come home with half my arrant," says Pat.

"Half the oysters?" says the master.

"No, but too much of the fish," says Pat.

"What fish?" says he.

"The oysters, to be sure," says Pat.

"What do you mean, blockhead?" says he.

"I mean," says Pat, "that there was no use loading myself more nor was needful."

"Will you explain yourself?" says he.

"I will," says Pat, laying down his load. "Well, then, you see, please your honor, as I was coming home along the quay, mighty peaceable, who should I meet but Shamus Maginnis

"Good morrow, Shameen," sis I.

"Good morrow, kindly, Padeen," sis he. "What is it you have in the sack?" sis he.

"A hundred of oysters," sis I.

"Let us look at them," sis he.

"I will, and welcome," sis I.

"Orrah, thunder and pratees!" sis he, opening the sack, and examin'n' them, "who sowl'd you these?"

"One Tom Kinahan, that keeps a small ship, there below," sis I.

"Musha, then, bad luck to that same Tom that sowl'd the likes to you!" sis he.

"Arrah, why, avick?" sis I.

"To make a bolsour ov you, and giv them to you without gutting them," sis he.

"An' ar'n't they gutted, Jim, aroon?" sis I.

"Oh, bad luck to the one o' them!" sis he.

"Musha, then," sis I, "what the dhoul will I do at all, at all? fur the master will be mad."

"Do!" sis he, "why I'd rather do the thing for you myself, nor you should lose yer place," sis he.

"So wid that he begins to gut them with his knife, nate and clean; an' afereed of dirtying the flags, begor, he swallowed the guts himself, from beginnin' to ind, till he had them as dacent as you see them here"—dashing down at his master's feet the bag of oyster-shells, to the no small amazement of the Connaught worthy.

BENNETT of the New York *Herald* has a deal to answer for! Those "affectin'" verses which he indited to his "Mary Ann" have set all the prose editors of the land to following his example. The Ohio *Plainsdealer* man, not to be outstripped in Parnassian flights by any Gothamite member of the profession, lately gave utterance to the following, which he entitled "Uncle Simon and Uncle Jim":

Uncle Simon he
Clum up a tree
And looked around to see what he could see;
When presentlee
Uncle Jim
Clum up beside of him
And squatted down by he.

There might be quite a little history written of the unrehearsed effects of the stage. Occupying a prominent place in this just-possible book should be this capital story of "Banishing Rosalind." Sol. Smith, the veteran actor and manager, relates it as having occurred in 1839, during a most successful engagement of Miss Ellen Tree (now Mrs. Charles Kean) in St. Louis:

A most ludicrous mistake of one of the actors, a Mr. Duff, came very near putting a premature end to the performance of Shakespeare's "As You Like It," before the conclusion of the first act. Duff was cast for the character of Duke Frederick, and, being detained from rehearsal by indisposition, he had only studied as far as the wrestling scene, supposing that was the end of the part; so, when that scene was ended, he quietly proceeded to his dressing-room and commenced disrobing. When he had got off all his stage dress but his "trunks," he heard a call made in the green-room, directly underneath, which sounded to his affrighted ear very much like "Duke Frederick and attendants!" Holding his trunks up by the waistband, he hurried down the stairs, exclaiming, "It can't be me! I've finished my part!"

"But it is you," answered the call-boy, "and the stage is waiting for you!"

Rushing forward to the first entrance, he heard Rosalind exclaim: "Look! here comes the duke."

To which announcement Celia added:

"With his eyes full of anger."

But the duke didn't come, and, as for his eyes, they seemed more full of sorrow than of anger, while he stood at the wing, with one hand employed in holding up his trunks (a sort of trousers), and the other in expressive gesticulation.

"Here comes the duke," repeated Rosalind; at which inviting cue poor Duff clasped his hands together in anguish, releasing, for a moment, the waistband of his trunks, which immediately commenced falling, of course, exclaiming, in a loud whisper:

"I can't go on in this way, you know."

As if in fear that he would go on in that way, Miss Tree turned to Celia, and saying: "Let us go and meet his grace," led the way from the stage, and the curtain fell amid a shower of hisses. In a moment I was on the spot. The duke was full of apologies; the fair Rosalind was full of mortification; I was full of perplexity, and the audience was full of ill-humor. What was to be done? It was clear the play could not go on without the banishment of Rosalind from the court, and equally clear that to raise the curtain for the few lines that remained to be spoken, and drop it again, as needs must be done, to allow Rosalind to change her dress, would appear to be trifling with the patience of the public.

"I have it!" exclaimed I. "You, Rosalind, must be banished. I hereby pronounce sentence of banishment upon you. Go, and put on your boy's clothes, and be ready to begin the second act."

"But," interposed Ellen Tree, "what will the audience think?"

"Never mind the audience," I answered; "leave me to settle it with them."

Away went Ellen to dress, and (a little bell being rung) out I went before the curtain.

"Ladies and Gentleman—Extremely sorry, &c., &c., misconception of the gentleman cast for the duke—indisposition, &c.; usual indulgence, &c. &c.—hope you will overlook the blunder, &c., and as the play cannot well proceed without the banishment of Rosalind from the court, I ask permission from you to pronounce the sentence which the duke should have pronounced before his abdication."

General applause and laughter answering these apologetic remarks, I straightened myself up, and assuming, as nearly as I could, the voice and manner of the defaulting actor, I pronounced the sentence in the duke's words.

"Firm and irrevocable is my doom

Which I have passed upon her. She is banished."

The now good-natured audience confirmed the sentence with loud applause, and the performance went on.

The following story is acknowledged to be a "good 'un," but we believe that it has not found its way into the papers to any great extent. The appropriateness of the answers of the youthful hero divest them of any profanity that might otherwise be ascribed to them, and on this ground we give them admittance here:

A few years since, some roguish boys in a town not a thousand miles from the capital of New Haven, persuaded Joseph —, or as he was generally called "Joe," to attend Sunday school. Joe was an over-grown, half-witted, profane lad, and the boys anticipated considerable fun; but the various questions propounded to him were so readily and correctly answered that no one could for a moment suppose that he was not versed in theological lore. Joe was duly ushered in and placed on a settee in front of one on which his friends were seated, and the recitation commenced. The teacher first questioned the class on their regular lessons, and afterwards turned to Joe.

"My friend, who made the world we inhabit?"

"Eh!" said Joe, turning up his eyes like an expiring calf.

"Who made the world we inhabit?"

Just as he was probably about to give the answer, one of the boys seated behind him inserted a pin into his (Joe's) pants, about nine inches below the ornamental buttons on his coat.

"God Almighty!" answered Joe, in his elevated tone, at the same time rising to his feet.

"This is correct," replied the teacher; but it is not necessary that you should rise in answering; a sitting posture is just as well."

Joe was seated and the catechism proceeded.

"Who died to save the world?"

The pin was again inserted, and Joe replied, "Jesus Christ!" in a louder tone than before, again rising from his seat.

"That is also correct; but do not manifest so much feeling; do be a little more reserved in your manner," said the teacher in an expostulating tone.

After Joe had calmed down, the examination went on.

"What will be the doom of all wicked men?" was the subject now up for consideration, and, as the pin was again "stuck in," Joe thundered out, with a still higher elevation of his body,

"Hell and damnation!"

"My young friend," said the instructor, "you give the true answers to all the questions, but while you are here we wish you to be more mild in your words. Do, if you can, restrain your enthusiasm, and give a less extended scope to your feelings."

MORE than one of us, if we only would acknowledge it, go to church for the self-same reason that the laborer of the following story did. But we don't acknowledge it, and there's the rub! We all read the story and say, "There! that just fits neighbor A's case, or 'That's brother Jones all over!' but when it comes to an application of the moral to our own in-

dividual self—ah! that's another thing. We become very suddenly blind. Humility, says Holmes, is the first of the virtues—in other people. And Holmes never said a truer thing. But to our story from which we have so digressed:

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service, with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant; "well, Master Jackson, Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week! And you make a good use of the day; for you are always to be seen at church!"

"Ah, sir," replied Jackson, "it is indeed a blessed day; I works hard enough all the week; and then I comes to church on Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks of nothing."

DOUGLAS JERROLD had the reputation, with people who did not know him, of being a disagreeable man, because he often said biting and sarcastic things. But his life by his son Blanchard is filled with instances of his kind-heartedness. The following proves that this was not reserved for his friends only:

While living at Putney, he ordered a brougham—plain and quiet—to be built for him. He went one morning to the coach-builder's shop, to see the new carriage. Its surface was without a speck. "Ah!" said the customer, as he turned to the back of the vehicle, "its polish is perfect now; but the urchins will soon cover it with scratches."

"But, sir, I can put a few spikes here, that will keep any urchins off," the coachmaker answered.

"By no means, man," was the sharp and severe reply; "a thousand scratches on my carriage would be more welcome than one on the hand of a footsore lad to whom a stolen lift might be a god-send."

A LITTLE incident related by Dickens illustrates the same trait in his character:

Of his generosity I had proof within these two or three years, which it saddens me to think of now. There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my even seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the "Strangers' Room" of a club. Our chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated and at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember), and did not look that way. Before we had sat long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in a most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face, that I can see as I write to you, "For God's sake, let us be friends again! A life's not long enough for this."

We—but read this:

A newly married country couple were put into separate rooms at a hotel in Wheeling, because the man entered his wife's name separate and as miss. The next morning the green husband called one of the porters aside, and whispered, "What did that young fellow over there," pointing to the unsuspecting clerk, "do with my wife last night?" The clerk was astonished and explained, "Oh, yes," says the verdant one, "we've been married four days, and were on our wedding tour; but I didn't know you allowed the men and women to sleep together in these big houses, or I'd made a fuss last night." When they left, he said to the landlord, "Y' u keep first-rate grub, old fellow, but the next time a party come this way who ain't up to snuff, just you explain to them that a man can room with his wife if he wants it."

THIS scene from a bucolic drama affords a capital illustration of the poet's line, "Bad at the best, and beautiful in neither:"

Time, towards evening—place, forks of the road somewhere in North Carolina—big cabin close by—red-head boy whistling—enter traveller, on an old gray mare, both looking pretty well "beat out."

Traveller—"Say, boy, which of these roads go to Milton?"

Stuttering boy—"B-b-both on 'em goes thar."

Traveller—"Well, which is the quickest way?"

Boy—"B-b-bout alike; b-b-both on 'em gets there b-b-bout the same t-t-time o' day."

Traveller—"How far is it?"

Boy—"Bout four miles."

Traveller—"Which is the best road?"

Boy—"T-t-they ain't nary one the b-best! If you take the right hand and go about a n-m-mile, you'll wish you was back; and if you t-t-turn back, and take the l-l-left hand one, by the time you have g-g-gone half a m-m-mile, you'll wish you had kept on the other r-r-road! G'lang!"

ABSENCE of mind is said to be a peculiarity of great men—a circumstance of which men who are not by any means great often take advantage to bolster up their puerile pretensions. But this amusing incident in the life of Sir Isaac Newton is not open to any such cavil:

It is said of Sir Isaac Newton that he did once in his life go a wooing, and, as it was to be expected, had the greatest attention and

indulgence paid to the little peculiarities which ever accompany great genius. Knowing he was fond of smoking, the lady assiduously provided him with a pipe, and they were then seated as if to open the business of Cupid. Sir Isaac smoked a few whiffs—seemed at a loss for something—whiffed again—and, at last drew his chair nearer to the lady; a pause of some minutes ensued—Sir Isaac seemed more uneasy. Oh, the timidity of some men! thought the lady. When, lo! Sir Isaac whiffed with redoubled fury, and drew the captive hand nearer his head; already the repeated salute had vibrated from the hand to the heart, when (pity the damsel, gentle reader!) Sir Isaac only raised the fair hand to make the forefinger, which he much wanted—"a tobacco stopper!!!"

THE question of laboring on the seventh day is pretty effectually answered in this apt reply of an Asiatic deacon. See if you don't think so:

A native deacon, named Hagop, now has the charge of the Protestant Armenian church at Trebizond, in Asia Minor, as there is no missionary there. Mr. Wheeler of Kharpoos says of this man, that he has good abilities, an excellent judgment, a good knowledge of the Bible, and a pleasing address. To show his shrewd quickness in reply, he relates the following anecdote:

"Some years since, the deacon was employed by an English mercantile house in Samsum, and was required to work on the Sabbath. This he steadily refused to do. His employer used all his ingenuity to convince him that it was necessary and right to do so then."

"What!" said he, one day, "if an ass fall into a pit on the Sabbath, does not even the Saviour say that it is right to pull him out?"

"Certainly," said Hagop, "but if an ass has a habit of going every Sabbath and falling into the same pit, then his owner ought either to fill up the pit or sell that ass!"

MANY stories are told of Talleyrand's tact, none in which his wit was more clearly manifested than this:

Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand, that, in contemplating them, he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly-gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she was determined to confound him, and put this question:

"If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?"

"Madam," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the baroness first."

By the time this chapter reaches the eyes of our readers the Pike's Peak humbug will be thoroughly exploded. Already as we write, the plains are dotted with returning emigrants, vowing vengeance upon those whose pretences as to unlimited "finds" of gold had seduced them into the country. They have even threatened to burn down the villages on their route and destroy their offending inhabitants. The comic side of what thus promises to be a tragedy is given by a Pike's Peaker, who relieves himself in the following melodious style:

I'm sitting on the style, Mary,
Away up in the mines;
A looking out for lumps of gold,
And pockets all I finds;
But the lumps I find are precious small
And very few at that,
And I feel that I have been, Mary,
A most orlmighty flat!

NEVER, by'r Lady, have we seen a comparison more elaborately carried out than in this selection from the works of an English writer of note. The force of simile can no farther go:

I have seen the gravity of parsons in the pulpit, lawyers in court, judges on the bench, Quakers at conventicle, demagogues at a meeting of the rabble, the Chancellor in the Lords, the Speaker in the Commons, soldiers at drill, doctors near a patient, clients at a lawsuit, auctioneers puffing a worthless daub, antiquarians over a brass farthing, and Thomas Frog Dibdin over a Wynnkin de Worde; old gentlemen at funerals, and young gentlemen at tailors' bills; bailiffs at an execution, and the hangman at the gallows. I have seen the gravity of an author when his play was damned, and of a coxcomb taking his place at twelve paces; of an attorney drawing out his bill of costs, and of an alderman adjusting his napkin at a city feast; I have seen Mr. Rogers and Belzoni's mummy, but the gravity of each and all taken together does not equal the gravity of a cow chewing the cud.

THE story of a pedigree and the *modus operandi* of a conductor's filchings is pretty well told in this tale with a moral:

We know a jolly railroad conductor in this city, who owns a fine turn-out, and lives pretty fast on a small salary. Remarking upon

his blooded mare to a stable-keeper in the presence of a crowd, the other day, he asked him what he supposed her pedigree to be.

"Pedigree!" exclaimed the stable man, "anybody can tell that. Is it possible you don't know?"

"Of course I don't know—how should I?" responded the conductor. "Pray tell me, what is her pedigree?"

"Why," replied the stable-keeper, "she's out of Railroad by Conductor, of course!"

The crowd took the joke and laughed, and so did the conductor.

A NEW ACCOMPLISHMENT.—First Gent.—"The gentleman leaning on the mantel, doesn't seem to care about dancing or conversation either."

Second do.—"Aw! no—friend of mine—young Fitzpotts—poetical—neva dances—only takes positions—genteel, and not fatiguing—think ah'll give up dancing myself."

A SOFT ANSWER.—"You are from the country, are you not, sir?" said a dandy clerk in a book-shop to a humbly dressed Quaker, who had given him some trouble.

"Yes."

"Well, here is an essay on the rearing of calves."

"That," said Aminadab, as he turned to leave the store, "thee had better present to thy mother."

THE RISING GENERATION.—"What are you writing there, my boy?" asked a fond parent the other day of his hopeful son, a shaver of ten years.

"My compothition, thir."

"What is the subject?"

"Internathional law, thir," replied the youthful Grotius. "But really, I shall be unable to concentrate my ideas and give them relation, if I am conthantly interrupted in thith manner by irrelevant inquiries."

EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED ROMANCE.—The bull roared like the rolling thunder, and I ran like the nimble lightning, and springing over with the swiftness of a star falling from the firmament, I tore my trowsers asunder with a crash as loud as if the globe had been shivered by a comet.

BOUND TO BURY SOMEBODY.—An eccentric English divine was called upon to perform the funeral service of a dead debtor. After the ceremony was performed, and the body was on its way to the churchyard, the sheriff made a descent on the corpse and attached it for debt, as by the then law of England he had the power to do.

"Move on!" said the priest.

"Stop!" shouted the sheriff.

"Move on!" exclaimed the priest again.

"This body is mine!" said the sheriff.

"This body is God's!" roared the priest.

"In the king's name I command you not to lower the coffin!" exclaimed the sheriff.

"Bury the man!" shouted the infuriated priest, "and if the sheriff says three words, take him too! I've read the funeral service, and somebody shall be buried."

* LOVING ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

A youth in love with a maid,
Each night 'neath the window he stood,
And there with his soft serenade,
He awakened the whole neighborhood.

But vainly he tried to arouse
Her sleep with his strains so bewitching;
While he played in front of the house,
She slept in the little back kitchen.

AN IRISH AMERICANISM.—"He is a very unfortunate man," said Dr. Spooner, speaking of a gentleman whose ill-luck is proverbial; "and I really believe if he should fall on his back that he would break his nose."

SHARP.—"I am very much troubled, madam, with cold feet and hands," said a fop to a lady. "I should suppose, sir, that a young gentleman who had so many mittens given him by the ladies, might at least keep his hands warm."

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ADAM AND TOM MOORE.—Tom Moore being at one time forced to absent himself from a pleasant party on account of not having a pair of dress-breeches to wear, sent these lines to his hostess:

Between Adam and me the great difference is,
Though a paradise each has been forced to resign,
That he never wore breeches till turned out of his,
While for want of my breeches I'm turned out of mine.

RICH AND POOR.

"God help me," cried the poor man,
And the rich man said Amen:
The poor man died at the rich man's door,
God helped the poor man then.

ONE WAY TO GET A SEAT.—Into a Boston omnibus, crowded of course, enters a short fat woman, who hands her fare to accommodate-looking elderly gentleman to pass to driver. Elderly gentleman innocently rises to do as requested when stumpy woman complacently plumps down in his seat, and leaves him endeavoring to maintain his equilibrium by digging his finger nails into roof of bus, as said vehicle bumps over cobble stone pavements.

HOW TO GET OUT OF IT.—To all letters soliciting his subscription to anything, Erskine had a regular form of reply, viz., "Sir, I feel much honored by your application to me, and I beg to subscribe"—here the reader had to turn over the leaf—"myself your very obedient servant, &c." Another is excellent: when Lord Erskine heard that somebody had died worth two hundred thousand pounds, he observed, "Well, that's a very pretty sum to begin the next world with."

THE FRENCH MILLINER.

Miss Blank, it is known, is accustomed to say
Many very queer things in a very queer way;
But of all her mistakes, the absurdest and oddest,
Occurred when she called a French *modiste* a modest.

LAUGHTER AND TEARS.—This is beautiful from Leigh Hunt. "God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species."

SOME SATISFACTION.—Contemplating the grand and universal law of irritation, the poet whispers, in tones silver, sweet and solemn—like echoes from the eternal symphony of the stars—that

"Big fleas have little fleas,
And these have less to bite 'em—
While those fleas have lesser fleas
And so, ad infinitum."

DISSATISFIED.—John Phenix went to the theatre once when Mrs. Smith was advertised to appear in "two pieces." After the performance he demanded the return of his money, for he said Mrs. Smith appeared whole during both performances.

NO, YOU DON'T.—Mother—"Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it."

Doctor—"Now remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me."

Tommy—(who has been there)—"Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor."

ECONOMICAL, IF NOT AFFECTIONATE.

William unsheathed his shining blade,
Then fix'd the point against his breast;
He gazed upon the wond'ring maid,
And thus the dire intent expressed:

"Since, cruel fair! with cold disdain
You still return my raging love,
Thought is but madness, life is pain—
And thus, at once, I'll both remove!"

"Oh! stop one moment!" Celia said;
Then, trembling, hasten'd to the door—
"Haste Sally! quick! a pail, dear maid;
This madman, else, will stain the floor!"

A GOOD CARD.—A story is told of an Irish King-at-Arms, who waited upon the Bishop of Kilaloe, to summon him to Parliament, and being dressed as the ceremony required, in his heraldic attire, so mystified the bishop's servant with his appearance, that, not knowing what to make of it, and carrying off but a confused notion of his title, he announced him thus, "My lord, here is the King of Trumps."

A PAIR OF THEM.—"John," quoth the gentle Julia, to her sleepy lord one warm morning at a late hour, "I wish you would take pattern by the thermometer."

"As how?" muttered her worse half, opening his optics.

"Why, by rising."

"H'm; I wish you would imitate that other fizamagig that hangs up by it—the barometer."

"Why so?"

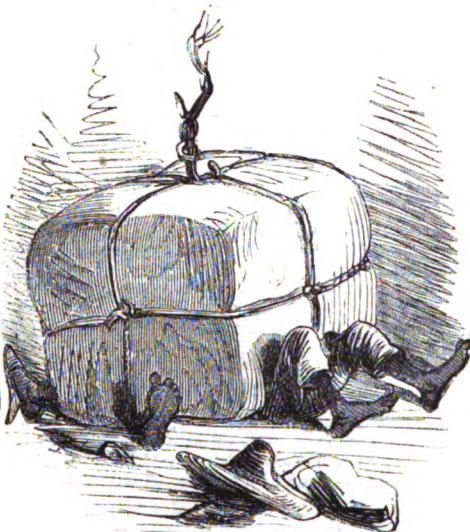
"Cause, then you'd let me know when a storm is coming."

Well matched that.

HAD HIM THERE.—"Madam," said a cross-tempered physician to a patient, "if women were admitted to paradise, their tongues would soon make it a purgatory."

"And some physicians, if allowed to practise there," replied the lady, "would soon make it a desert."

QUOTATIONS FROM OUR SOUTHERN MARKET.

*Cotton falling!**Waiters bring little or nothing.**Niggers are down!**Domestics are becoming scarce.**Field hands unsteady!**In consequence of which the market closed firm on Saturday!*



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR JULY.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

HEALTH for the sick, rest and relaxation to the weary, change to those tired and heart-heavy with the dull routine and monotony of city life—a new scene of pleasure, a fresh theatre for flirtations or lovemaking, for the young and beautiful and happy—these are surely the requirements, the things to be sought at the present season. And as to the *where*? America is wide and large enough, and beautiful and varied enough, also, to afford something to please the taste of all. Saratoga and Newport offer certain charms; Long Branch and Cape May furnish others; the lover of grandeur and beauty may seek them on the White Mountains or at Catskill; the student or professional person, whose paradise—like that of the unhappy Giaour—consists in *rest*, may find a quiet home in some rural spot on the Alleghanies, and gather fresh vigor of mind and strength of body while inhaling the aroma of the pine-trees, and drinking in the pure air of those elevated regions. What matter that we leave our accustomed city luxuries—our every day comforts behind us? that the accommodation is now and then

rough as well as limited, and the table of the homeliest? We obtain among the mountains a sauce more piquant and appetizing than that far-famed sauce of Worcestershire; and learn, while roughing it in those wild regions, that a man's life does not consist merely "in the abundance of the things which he possesses."

Change, then, under one form or other, suited to our different tastes and whims, is the one great desideratum of the season; all the others, in the matter of toilette especially, are only the adjuncts to it. Necessarily, the style of toilette required during the next two months depends very greatly on where those two months are to be passed. For some places, nothing can be too gay or elegant; in others, simplicity will be the perfection of taste and appropriateness.

And needing such a variety, we find ourselves, first, at that enormous building close to the Park, where everybody will find something to suit her. We mean, of course, A. T. STEWART & Co's. Always in the service of our readers, we, within the last few days, visited the leading dress departments of that celebrated house. Among the silk robes were some charming ones,



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à laz, with broad bands in blue ciel and delicate chintz patterns, jotted over the ground; some with pyramidal jardinière patterns, and rich broad bands at each side, in browns, mode and other colors, were also very handsome; with the objection only (to our minds, for we do not know that the feeling is general), that no woman not very tall and proportionately stout—in fact, something of a giantess in her physique—could possibly look well in them.

But among the collection we espied one most lovely robe of that rare tint, the true steel color—broché in white. The design was in three wavy wreaths of daisies, so arranged that medallions were formed between each two. In these medallions were bouquets of flowers; in the upper band, white on a steel ground; in the lower, the tints reversed. The daisies, like those in Nature, of pure and brilliant white. The only drawback to the perfect beauty of this dress was, that the lower skirt was of plain silk; and we cannot help reiterating that the fashion is not, and never will be, becoming.

Very exquisite grenadines had the unusual, but most convenient addition of long scarfs to match. These scarfs are without any making, except the addition of a rich silk fringe at each end. They are of the width of the material, and three to three and a half yards long, woven so that the ends resemble the flounces, and the remainder is like the ground of the dress. Several of the leading New York houses have had shawls to match their choicest grenadines and organdy robes, but these scarfs we have seen only at Stewart's. The scarf is a graceful and pretty finish to the dress, more youthful-looking than the shawls, and fit only to be worn by ladies with slender figures, to whom they are very becoming.

We cannot leave this store without noticing the most beautiful organdy we have yet seen in New York. A double robe, *en tablier*—that is, with the front breadth of the upper dress making an apron-like pattern by itself. A wavy wreath of delicate leaves, something like ferns, and colored of the favorite *lilas de Japon* edged each skirt, and some ten inches above was repeated; the space between being filled with tiny chintz flowers, and on each breadth, at intervals, two bouquets of roses and other flowers of the natural hue and size. These bouquets also formed the centre of the breadth for the tablier, with an arabesque border in *lilas de Japon*, and beyond it again the fern border. The dress was a triumph of art as to design, and as excellent in fabric as possible. Only fifteen dollars, too; cheap and beautiful.

We saw also at Stewart's (where one sees everything), very cheap double-flounced lawn and cambric dresses, and some muslins, with delicate designs and colors covering the ground very well, at thirty-five cents a yard. We know these small patterns are generally thought most appropriate for children's dresses; but we feel assured that they are almost universally becoming even to those of riper years.

There are some splendid carpets in the show-rooms for that article at Stewart's. One of royal velvet, with a medallion in the centre, with four bouquets in natural colors, on a white ground, a circular band at each side of light green, with a dark green pattern damasked in it, and edged with golden brown arabesques, while in the space formed by each circle is another bouquet in natural flowers on a white ground. The corners and fillings in, which made this medallion into an oblong square, had a rich design in crimson, on dark ground, of the same color; and the whole was surrounded by a border of mingled flowers and arabesques of marvellous richness.

Others we saw there equally beautiful, perhaps, in design; but the softness of the greens, the subdued richness of the crimson, and a certain quiet magnificence in this particular specimen, pleased us more than any other. Very exquisite are some of the designs of these medallion royal velvet carpets. We cannot wonder at their popularity.

Leaving Stewart's, we took refuge from the glaring, burning sun, in the well lighted and delightfully cool store of E. LAMBERT & Co., 335 Broadway (corner of Worth), and feasted our eyes on the lovely tints of their jaconets and organdies in the new *lilas de Japon*, finding one of the best assortments in the city. The designs comprise stripes, set figures and plaids, and are from twenty-five cents a yard. We noticed here some deli-

cate gazes—Chambray, a sort of check pattern in different leading colors on white, with a chiné chintz design in each square. But a grenadine barége, in mode color, with a rich lilac design broché on it, was in this material perfectly unique. It was a two-flounced robe, the lower having a pattern equally large with the upper, but not so long. The figure broché was something like a T reversed; and in the space on each side small flowers were scattered. There are tints that harmonise so well together that they look well under all circumstances, and the soft warm gray called mode, with lilac, are among them. This dress is just such as a refined and perfect gentlewoman would select, while it would not be showy enough for most people.

This house will, we think, be found an excellent one for hosiery, calicoes, muslins and family linen generally, to say nothing of a very nice stock of sleeves got up in the newest style, breakfast and dress sets of point and Brussels lace, very excellent handkerchiefs, and so forth; and, as we mentioned last month, they have recently added the attraction to their show-rooms of some very choice and elegant Parisian mantillas. We may add, with truth, that everything here is extremely moderate in price.

STRANG, ADRIANCE & Co. cultivate, as usual, a style of goods remarkable for their showiness, large patterns and generally voyante character. Among them we are glad to see, however, some evening dresses in corn color, broché with white—two flounces. The design is very rich and handsome, and the color so becoming to brunettes, and of late so rarely seen, will quite distinguish itself among the more common tints. The same designs in these silks are to be had in all the leading colors—lilac, pink, blue and mode.

The grenadines of this house are also strikingly handsome, although we still demur greatly to the idea of anything less than a giantess wearing them. The most beautiful in design had a large group of flowers in natural colors, on a deep blue black; outside this was a chiné wreath in shades of wood color, then a white ground all round, and a wreath of flowers in natural colors on it. Bands of blue, wood color and white complete the design, which occupies one entire width of a dress, and almost three-quarters in depth; this is the upper skirt. The pattern in the lower one is similar, but not so deep. The design, the tinting, the combination of colors, are all beautiful; but a woman can have marvellously little self-appreciation—or shall we call it wonderful modesty?—who so attires herself, that the dress and not the person is the object of admiration. Depend upon it, the plainest face that God ever made, if illuminated by sense, spirit and good feeling, is a more pleasing subject of contemplation than any robe that man's ingenuity ever fabricated, even though, bending to a perverted taste, artists have condescended to make for dress patterns designs which would be more appropriate as hangings for some lofty and spacious chamber. Enough of this. Nothing can be beautiful which lacks harmony and fitness; and no robe, the design of which occupies something like a square yard, can be either fit or harmonious.

ARNOLD, CONSTABLE & Co. will be found to have an excellent assortment of choice goods in silks, organdies, grenadines and the other summer fabrics. We saw there some beautiful chiné silks, with plaids of one leading color, and a chintz bouquet in each square. The stock of chiné bayaderes is as extensive as excellent; and we observe some very handsome patterns in broad longitudinal stripes. These stripes, adding length to the figure, should always be patronised in preference to bayaderes by those persons whom Byron so irreverently calls "dumpy" women. The pattern of the dress has a magical effect, very often, in the general appearance; and the result obtained in the various styles of goods is well worth consideration.

The windows of GEORGE HEARN & Co., 425 Broadway, afford us frequent temptation to break the tenth commandment, as we pause to notice the beautiful dresses displayed in them; and when we enter and are shown, not twenty but perhaps a hundred robes, each as it seems prettier than the last, we are tempted too often to wish for a Fortunatus's purse. In truth, the display made by this establishment is very varied and

beautiful; the silks and grenadines being particularly noteworthy.

USDELL, PIERSON, LAKE & Co., 471 Broadway, have but one difficulty, that of supplying their large connection. There are at this moment, some beautiful French muslins, in very rich designs, sold by the yard at fifty cents. Probably in a week not one will be left. The grenadine barèges are truly beautiful, but, there is no getting them. Such is the consequence of an established character for probity and fair dealing, as well as taste the purchase of stock.

JAMES GRAY & Co. have not added essentially to the style of their stock since our last going to press, but it is always extensive and varied enough to gratify their many clients. Nothing is more certain than that each store in New York has an individuality of its own; and that the style of customers may be guessed from the goods exhibited. Everything about the establishment of Messrs. Gray bears an impress of taste and refinement, and the casual visitor or far-off stranger may purchase anything, as it is certain that it will be not merely good in quality, but unexceptionable in style. The same remark will apply with equal truth to the house of E. LAMBERT & Co., of which we have already spoken.

LORD & TAYLOR'S, 255 to 261 Grand street, is unquestionably a very useful establishment, since everybody may get there almost anything they can want. Not merely dresses, laces, hosiery, ribbons, linens, carpets and furnishing goods generally, but even purses and portemonnaies, brushes and combs, cabas for ladies, and suspenders for gentlemen may be found in one or other department of its spacious warehouse. The ribbons we examined were certainly both well chosen and very moderate; and some among them particularly adapted for fluting, were among the cheapest things we have seen in New York.

In an extensive department we saw some good and well shaped stockings, without those seams at the heels which the majority of the stockings here have, and which cause such extreme discomfort in walking. In fleecy goods of the three degrees of thickness, gauze, merino and extra super, a very excellent assortment will be found at Lord and Taylor's. It is the make of Cartwright and Warner, the best manufacturers of the day, and can be depended on for strength, softness and durability.

In another department we saw some India silks, excellent in quality, although not very pretty in pattern, at fifty cents a yard. For children's frocks or morning robes they would be very suitable. The lavella and alpaca cloths are very pretty, and in great variety. Just now they are most popular as travelling dresses, the mantle, basquine, or Chesterfield saque being of the same material as the dress.

In this department we were shown also some extremely pretty challies, and chiné bayadere poplins, with alternate wreaths in natural colors, and chiné bands, alike on both sides very glossy; and we should think very durable.

In another department we were shown some pretty grenadine bareges and excellent silks; and of both the stock seemed varied and extensive, as well as moderate.

The lace and embroidery department is also worthy of a visit. Amongst other things we were shown some French black foundation lace, in very rich designs, two and a half yards wide, at four dollars a yard. Some of the designs of the black lace flouncings are very oriental in character, and extremely rich looking. The widest was about three quarters of a yard.

Carpets in all the leading varieties occupy one story of the building. We were particularly struck with the design and coloring of a three-ply with crimson sprays, shaded on a darker crimson ground. In this coloring especially, light, bright tints, thrown on a darker shade of the same color, have a singularly rich and pleasing effect.

Some of the three-plys are designed in imitation of the old fashioned Brussels. The oak-colored designs on green grounds afford perhaps the best specimens of this imitation, and they wear extremely well.

We will not leave the classic neighborhood of the Bowery without paying a visit to the establishment of HIRAM ANDERSON, 99 Bowery; and first must notice how amazed we are at the extent of the premises and immense variety of the stock

contained in them, for which, in truth, the exterior by no means prepares us. Another source of astonishment (after having obtained some notion of Broadway prices), is the very much more moderate cost of all the articles. Mr. Anderson observes modestly that rents and expenses being so much lower in his locality than in Broadway, he can afford to sell at a smaller profit, and thus gives his customers the benefit of it. Certainly there is difference enough in the cost to well remunerate the purchaser for taking the trouble of going into the Bowery, as our readers will think if they glance over the notes we made there.

In the entrance department we found very rich Paris velvet table covers; oil cloths from three to six feet wide, and mosaic pictures (Crossley's manufacture); these last from two to ten dollars.

On the upper story were shown to us a very large stock of royal velvet carpets; some of the designs were identical with those at Stewart's; and, apparently, of equally good quality. We noticed one, with a smaller medallion, of which four would probably be wanted for one large parlor, which pleased us especially. The medallion was of rich blue and golden bronze, mingled with white; but the ground, of shades of green, so moss-like, so cool-looking, so refreshing to the eyes wearied by the long looking at brilliant tints; just sprinkled here and there with tufts of flowers, as a meadow might be in early spring. Oh, how we enjoyed that carpet! Never before did we so appreciate the beauty of Nature's favorite hue! Never before know, so practically, how good has been the Father of all Good, in making green the prevailing hue of the vegetable world. No wonder, thought we, that fairies and "good people" have appropriated to themselves this most beautiful of tints! Oh, how we envy the future possessors of that carpet, who coming out of the glare and dust and sunshine of the streets, will be able to rest their eyes on its soft and beautiful tints!

But to return to the practical. These medallion carpets are, one and all, so designed that borders and fillings generally to match can be obtained, to make them appear a perfect whole, no matter what the dimensions of the apartment.

To enumerate all the beautiful designs exhibited to us would be impossible; but there was one we admired almost as much as the moss carpet. The design was green arabesques, edged with shades of gold, and filled in with crimson; these arabesques were so designed as to leave medallions of white, on which were large bouquets of flowers in natural colors, among which some yellow roses and buds were conspicuous, without being glaring. The fabric was of the choicest quality; and, like the others, one dollar and seventy-five cents a yard made up.

And here we may notice that many of the best designs in royal velvet carpets are duplicated in the same material of a cheaper, and of course inferior quality. You may get, for instance, the same design at one dollar and seventy-five cents, one dollar and fifty cents and one dollar and twenty-five cents, and can therefore suit your own pocket; only remembering that the best goods are always really the cheapest; and that, if you cannot afford the highest priced article, it would be better to content yourself with a less pretentious carpet—Brussels, or even three-ply—and wait until you could afford a really first-rate material of the expensive kind, than to buy what, however beautiful, will wear out much sooner than the cost warrants.

This same reproduction in a cheaper fabric led us to think that possibly complaints made about the bad wear of carpets may not be always quite justifiable. There are such things as husbands who care more for the expenditure of the moment than for the ultimate wear of the article; there are wives, (at least so we have been told), who do not object to make for themselves a small private purse as time and opportunity enable them to do so. Now does the wife ever choose a first class carpet, and the husband desire an inferior one, of the same design, to be sent home? Does the wife ever receive the necessary funds for the purchase of the best, and buy instead an inferior article, pocketing the difference? We do not say that it is so; but is it not possible? And would not that ac-



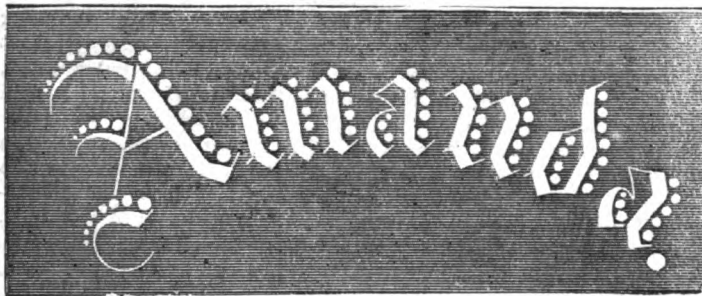
count for a carpet looking shabby at the end of three years that ought to be handsome for five? This question suggested itself to us, and on the principle of doing justice to every one, we give it to our readers, who, like ourselves, may possibly deem it worthy of consideration.

In the same department with the royal velvets we found the old-fashioned Brussels carpets, at one dollar and twenty-five cents a yard. One very beautiful design we remarked, crimson leaves on a darker crimson ground. The oak colors on green are very rich also.

The ordinary Brussels vary from seventy-five cents to one dollar and eighteen cents the yard.

In another apartment, below this one, are the three-ply and patent tapestry ingrain. Many of the three-ply have old-fashioned Brussels patterns, and could, on the floor, hardly be distinguished from them. In no article in this business is there a greater diversity of qualities. The three-ply carpets, as our readers are aware, have three distinct thicknesses, so that when one face is worn off, another, lying underneath, takes its place. If well woven, these are so united as to form but one fabric, when they wear extremely well; but if of inferior quality they readily separate. Then the foot of a chair catches in the upper surface, makes a hole, and tears it up; perhaps the same may be done in some other spot by another article of furniture; and behold, the carpet is in holes and shabby before it has been long down.

The patent tapestry ingrain are excellent carpets for wear; about ninety-three cents a yard. Both these kinds are about a quarter of a yard wider than the others, therefore in fact much cheaper than the mere difference in price.



In stair carpeting there seemed an endless variety—from the Venetian at fifty cents a yard to Brussels and royal velvet at a dollar and fifty.

In this section we also were shown some very superior sheep-skin mats, from four dollars to seven and a half.

The rugs for the hearth and sofa occupy the principal part of another rough chamber; and the variety seemed endless. One, of an eagle soaring, with mountain scenery (which might have been a painting), had an equally perfect floral design on the other side. By this contrivance, the choice pattern would be preserved for high days and holidays. Price, twenty-five dollars.

Another floor is occupied by ingrain carpets, druggets and other oil-cloths. The carpets average from five to seven shillings. The wide oil-cloths are from seven to ten shillings the square yard; while the narrow ones are only two shillings and sixpence to six shillings. The difference consists in the quality necessary for the wide widths, which are always heavier and better covered than the narrow sorts.

A very nice kind of Holland, green, buff and white has also recently been imported by this firm for window-shades. It comes from two to three shillings per yard.

India matting is another speciality here; it is one, one and a quarter, one and a half yards wide; and from thirty-one to forty-seven cents.

In the same department we were shown coconut matting, two yards wide, at one dollar and fifty cents a yard. We believe we are correct in saying that Hiram Anderson's is the only establishment where this extra width is obtainable.

Hemp carpets, India rubber table and piano covers, and gilt shades may also be had here, cheaper, we believe, than anywhere else.

Before leaving the subject of household goods, we will say a few words of our visit to BERRIAN'S, 601 Broadway, and among the novelties congratulate the public on the importation of the "Perambulators," which, however great a nuisance to pedestrians generally, are an inexpressible comfort to nurses, mothers and new babies! They are carriages designed for these latter, differing little from those generally used, except that



they are pushed instead of pulled, which makes a marvellous difference in the amount of exertion required.

The assortment of bags, cabas and travelling-baskets generally is very extensive, as well as moderate; and the establishment is well known for its cedar and camphor-wood boxes; these latter will, we believe, effectually secure furs and woollen goods from the ravages of the moth. At least, we remember well that winter clothes, at home, were always deposited in camphor-wood trunks, and for twenty years no insect ever attacked them. Our friends about to travel will find many pretty and useful articles at Berrian's.

In bonnets we have little to record this month, if we except some charming travelling bonnets, of checked silks, brought out at GENIN'S BAZAAR. Made most tastefully and becomingly, they are fit for any place at which a traveller can rest, however aristocratic; and the price ranges from six to seven dollars.

At Genin's there is now a regularly established bargain counter, at which all sorts of things, principally in the way of ladies' and children's undergarments, may be had at almost fabulous prices.

Of course the stock disappears "like hot cakes," to be replaced immediately by fresh bargains. The misses' dresses and sacques to match, of book muslin, tamboured in colored worsteds, are very pretty and suitable for the season. They are made with great taste, as well as excellent workmanship, and are not to be found elsewhere.

MITCHELL & MCCLINTOCK, 599 Broadway, are also selling at



great bargains a very large assortment of ribbons, dress-trimmings, sleeves and sets, ladies' and children's under-garments, laces, &c. Their stock is, as we have before noticed, distinguished for the excellence of the quality and the *recherche* styles of the goods; to these recommendations we may safely add that of low prices.

LICHTENSTEIN, 381 Broadway, has some beautiful jaspé ribbons, suitable for trimming any of the chiné silks, in various widths from No. 16. There is a new and extremely rich style, also—No. 60, for sashes, a jaspé ribbon, white, with a plaid of four blocks at intervals in one bright color, with black. The pattern now before us has one block black, and the adjoining one (diagonally) of the brilliant tint known in Paris as *rose rose*; the two colors jaspés in the other two blocks. Black and rose satin stripes, very narrow, running in both directions, give outline to the plaids. This pattern is also in Laura Keene blue, French green, *lilas de Japon*, groseille and lavender.

MRS. STEWART, 330 Canal street, has an excellent stock of straw bonnets, flats, &c., in all the newest styles and most fashionable shapes, at lower prices than any other retail house we have visited. The cost is just about that of the wholesale houses.

We have had occasion, while endeavoring to get the saffron hue out of some lace, to test the qualities of the various kinds of starch, and have found very great satisfaction in using Duryea's Glencove Patent Starch. It is singularly pure and colorless, never sticks to the iron, and may be employed even without boiling. Indeed so manifest was its superiority that we have endeavored to arrive at some knowledge of the cause, and find, among others, that the purity of the water at Glen Cove is a natural adjunct in the manufacture. There are, of course, other causes for its superiority: the corn is grown in a particular district, and produces a larger amount of farina, and that of purer quality than is generally employed, while skill and science both find scope in the manufacture. We are sure our readers will thank us for pointing it out to them, if indeed they have not already ascertained its good qualities for themselves.

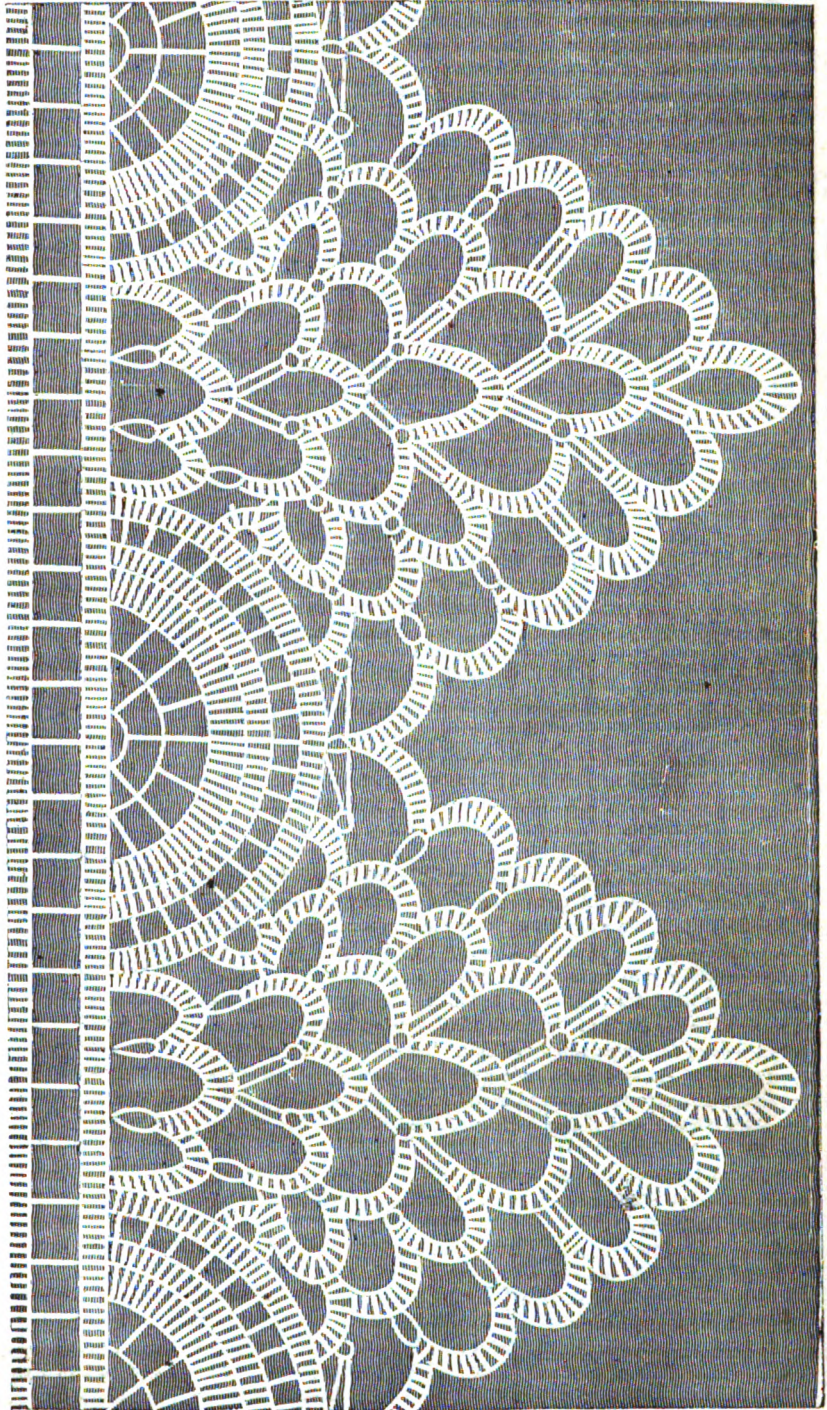
We will close our notes in "What to Buy and Where to Buy It" by remarking the very choice and tasteful stock of ornaments in hair-work, in all the newest designs, to be seen at SHAFFNER'S, 339 Canal street. The prices, too, are not Broadway prices. Mr. Shaffner is, we believe, a conscientious artist, who will really use the material entrusted to him. He is also a large importer of hair, and can furnish braids, tresses, curls, &c., on very moderate terms.

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

To repeat the oft-quoted saying, that "there is nothing new under the sun," will not, perhaps, very much surprise our

readers, whose own experience, even in the course of a very few years, must convince them that, in the toilette especially, each new mode is simply a revival of one more or less ancient. For our own part, we should not be at all surprised to see the short waists and poke bonnets of our grandmothers once more come into vogue; and believe that, one of these days, even hoops will either have disappeared or will be saved only by the fact of their utility—utility as life as well as health preservers, since

DEEP CROCHET LACE.



only very recently several instances have been recorded in which hoops, acting as supporters to the wearers (who were suddenly immersed in the water, and in imminent danger of being drowned), kept them floating until a rescue could be effected. At present, certainly, there is no tendency to the abandonment of hoops or crinoline, but rather an increase of both; this change, therefore, is not just now to be expected. But a fashion has lately been revived in Paris almost as antique as short waists and straight skirts—the fashion of wearing

"Turbans," a style highly becoming to some, if not to many faces. Having been introduced by the Princess Clotilde, who, if not as beautiful as the Empress, is at least younger, and what is equally important in the eyes of the Parisians, the greatest novelty, it is likely to be very generally adopted, even by the youthful and beautiful; while ladies of equally certain age (in another way), will probably return with pleasure to a coiffure which often adds so much to the charms of the mature, while concealing the ravages of time. Of course, although the young are likely to adopt turbans in compliment to the royal introducer, it can only be married ladies who will venture on them. Such a style of head-dress would be wholly inadmissible for any one who is unmarried, whatever her age, unless, indeed, she is so decidedly an old maid that she has no objection to being acknowledged as one. The Princess Clotilde, at a recent reception held by Prince Jerome, appeared in a cerise turban with pearls, and a white silk dress, embroidered in gold. On the same occasion the Empress—Empress Regent, we suppose we ought to call her—wore a white satin robe, ornamented with emeralds, over a skirt with *one hundred and thirty-two flounces!* of somewhat stiff tulle. A wreath of white roses, the foliage composed of emeralds, was the head-dress. It is said that the emeralds on this dress were nearly of the size of a half dollar.

A dress worn by a distinguished beauty, at a ball in the Tuileries, we must also notice for the novelty of its decorations. The material was white tarlatane, trimmed with peacock's feathers. These very showy plumes, mingled with golden honey-suckles and grapes, formed the head-dress. The artistic management of the trimming of this dress gave it a most *recherché* and distinguished appearance.

The popularity of wheatears, in gold, silver or imitation of the natural production, for the trimmings of head-dresses, is very observable. They seem also to be a favorite subject for designs of ribbons and silks; and we have seen some magnificent broad ribbons, broché in bouquets of wheatears, mingled with poppies and cornflowers in natural colors.

In head-dresses, although turbans may be considered the novelty, *par excellence*, yet we find torsades, with handsome tassels, also popular. To those with abundance of hair and well-formed heads, the twisted or plaited band of velvet, wound in and just appearing here and there among the tresses, giving a classic outline to the form of the head, and appearing as if designed for use as well as ornament, is one of the most becoming coiffures in existence. As we mentioned earlier in the season, the hair itself is now worn more displayed than it has been for a long time—a fashion which compels the adoption of tresses which are often the wearer's only by right of purchase. It may be some consolation to those who feel a repugnance to wearing what they fancy to be in many cases the spoils of the dead, to know that that idea is wholly without foundation. The peasantry of many parts of France and Germany, afford the principal part of the extra supply of hair. These girls look on their abundant and silky tresses as a source of wealth, or, rather, a resource against want, as regular and commonplace as any labor of their hands; and the gathering of the hair crop, the rivalry to obtain the best prices, and the feeling elicited by it, have furnished the subjects for many a tale of the poor of central Europe. Nor must the supply given by the convents be overlooked, it being, in fact, no inconsiderable part of the whole quantity brought into the market. These two may therefore be regarded as the sources from whence we have the artificial tresses with which we remedy the deficiency caused by natural poverty of constitution, delicate health or neglect. It is not, at this moment, our province to enter into discussion as to the care of the hair, or to dwell on the merits of this or that preparation designed for promoting its growth and beauty; but we cannot refrain from asserting our belief that the brush, freely applied, is better calculated to produce a fine head of hair than any wash or pomade whatever. How do we render the coats of horses sleek and lustrous? It is the friction of a hard brush, as we all know; and when the groom relaxes in his exertions, the animal's appearance immediately proves the neglect. Surely, in this matter, we may reason from analogy.

While on the subject of hair, we may mention that ornaments of that material are extremely fashionable. Some are

simply set, others have elaborate finishings, with diamonds and other stones set in the richly chased gold. But hair ornaments, generally, are very much worn, both in single bracelets and brooches, and as complete sets. Marquizette ornaments, of cut and highly polished steel, are a perfect rage in Paris; and are worn even as shoe buckles. They are very beautiful and expensive. Some, for mourning, are inlaid with jet. At present, these ornaments are very scarce in New York, the manufacturers in Paris being hardly able to supply the demand of their own city. BOARDMAN, GRAY & Co. have a few; and Madame HILL has all that are to be obtained for shoe buckles.

In the form of dresses we note the decided establishment of the half open surplice body, which at an earlier period we mentioned as being likely to obtain favor. Robes in lawn, muslin, organdy and grenadine are now generally made with bodies full from the shoulder to the waist, and open *en V*, in the upper part. The backs of these bodies is always slightly full at the waist. The corsage is round, and a belt ribbon or wide sash worn with it. The inner body is low, closing up the front. In muslins the high body is edged with fine Valenciennes lace, down to the waist, so that it may be worn with or without a chemisette. This style of corsage is so exceedingly pretty and becoming, that we are not surprised to find it used for some of the light summer silks also. Some are trimmed round the neck, and down to the waist, with a ruching of narrow ribbon to match; but this is liable to be much crushed by a mantle or shawl worn over it. The skirts are still, almost invariably, with double skirts or two flounces. In the former case, our readers will find it advisable to have the lower one made complete, and set on a band by itself, the upper only being fastened to the body. The two are not then liable to be compressed into one, but fall distinctly and far more gracefully; while for folding and packing it is much more convenient.

In colors, the *lilas de Japon*, a sort of peach with a lilac tint on it, is the most worn for robes, in transparent materials; and with the chiné black and white, in silks. Some striped organdies, in this color and white, at E. Lambert's & Co. were very beautiful.

For bonnets, the new color is a bright, unmistakeable yellow; a yellow so deep as to be all but orange. This is sometimes modified into maize, with an apricot tint on it, but nothing so pale as straw color is seen. So brilliant is it, that it seems to be producible only in combination with black, which is, accordingly, always seen with it. Split straws are much trimmed with black and yellow ribbons, to which black lace and the still popular violets are added. The maize ribbons, in the softest shades, are also worn with peach blossom. The two colors go exceedingly well together.

In the trimming we observe a general preference for tufts of flowers, or flat bows of ribbon, edged with black lace, placed on the top of the front; and with long streamers from it, carried down each side, and at last forming the brides. Almost all the straw bonnets are trimmed in this way on the top; the rest of the bonnet and the curtain being comparatively plain. They lie quite flat on the top of the head, with flat bows on the centre of the bandeau in the interior.

For opera and dress hats, crape covered with a coiffure of Brussels or point lace, or with points, or a frill of the same, are among the most stylish fashions. The crapes are usually colored, so as to display to the utmost the beauty of the lace.

Daisies are now almost as popular as violets for trimmings. The brides are always very long and wide; and with a second pair of strings narrower and shorter, the first pair being for ornament and the second for use.

The open corsage we have described renders inevitable a change in the form of the habit shirt. With this style of dress an open habit shirt, cut in the same form, and edged with lace first lying within that of the robe, is the best adapted to it, and the most becoming. Some have a bouillonné of illusion, with a colored ribbon run in, and a narrow lace edging; which has a somewhat more dressy effect. Embroidered habit shirts, with collars, will also be worn; the plain habit shirts being scarcely seen except in breakfast sets.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

As usual, at this season, there is little or no change of style discoverable, Fashion being rather bent on confirming her previous dictates than on promulgating new ones.

The mantles are the most noticeable garments, and in them we have abundant proof of the passion for amplitude which marks the style of the day. From the celebrated firm of George Bulpin & Co., 361 Broadway, we have selected three of the prettiest patterns for illustration, the difficulty at this house being to choose the most striking, where all are elegant and beautiful.

We have been much pleased, also, with the mantles at the late establishment of W. B. Mackenzie, in Canal street, now W. D. Elliott; the goods are all first-class, and so very moderate in price, in consequence of the bankruptcy of Mr. Mackenzie, that the richest mantles are within reach of those who, under ordinary circumstances, could only venture on very plain attire.

For travelling dresses we have seen some charming things, made in the style of the second figure on our Fashion Plate for June; a skirt, with a basque, so long as to form, with a corsage, a second skirt in the tunic form. We saw one of these travelling toilettes, which had just come from Paris, that we shall endeavor to describe to our readers. It was made of bayadere challie, in shades of gray, with a very little blue. The lower skirt quite plain; the basque was almost as long as that in the plate to which we have referred, and trimmed up the front with inch-wide bands of the material, bound with narrow blue ribbon. These bands, put at intervals from the top to the bottom, long enough to go entirely across the shoulders at the top, narrowing gradually to the waist, and becoming longer as they went to the bottom of the basque, had a small plait in the centre; that is, at one edge of the front, so as to make them slightly pointed. Handsome mother-of-pearl buttons, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, were the finish of each end of the straps. Similar straps ornamented each side seam, and the large loose sleeves.

Some very pretty dresses are made in poplin, of the shepherd's plaid (small black and white), and trimmed with ribbon of the same pattern, edged with a color, fluted dahlia style. Pockets are never omitted from travelling Chesterfields and basques; indeed, it seems to be considered the more the better.

A novelty in parasol coverings, at Clyde & Black's, 401 Broadway, is deserving of notice. It is white blonde lace, in a rich design, just covering the parasol. Being so much lighter looking and actually cooler than black, it is far more appropriate to this season.

The mushroom hats, at Genin's, are also a novelty in style. They are white or gray, but colored black in the inside, to protect the eyes (green would have been better). They are trimmed either with straw cording and tassels, or with a ruching of quilled ribbon, terminating in bows and ends. Without being so unwieldy as flats, they afford very great protection to the face, and are, moreover, very comfortable and becoming.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

Fig 1. Bayadere dress of peach-colored silk. The corsage is high and plain, with facings of velvet of the same color, fastened down the front with passamenterie buttons. Two pointed bands of velvet ornament the sides of the skirt; and are similarly trimmed with buttons. Sleeves with *revers* cuffs, somewhat large, and cut open at the back, edged with a band of velvet and a row of buttons.

Fig 2. Ball dress of white tulle, over white gros de Naples. The front is *bouillonné en tablier*, for some two-thirds of the depth; the rest of the skirt being puffed from the bottom up to meet this. Sprays of morning glories and foliage form epaulettes for the shoulders, and are carried en berthe down the corsage, which is also puffed, to match the skirt. Similar sprays outline the front of the dress, and are placed in tufts, at intervals, at the sides. The hair is *crêpé*, and much puffed over the

temples; with sprays of morning glories forming a coronet above, with long branches drooping over the shoulders. The sleeves plain and small, and almost covered by the flowers.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 96.

For summer wear this is one of the lightest and simplest, yet most elegant mantles we have seen. It is of black Paris net, trimmed with narrow black velvet ribbon, fringe and narrow guipure lace. The fringe, which is some four inches wide, completely borders it, and within is a line of velvet ribbon cross-barred. Then comes a row of narrow guipure, in points, each point terminating in a tassel headed by a jet bead. Then another trimming of velvet, in plain lines; this is repeated; but the upper part has a cross-bar line also, as a sort of apology for a hood. Nothing more graceful and light than this can possibly be found.

MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 96.

A circular, slightly pointed behind, also composed of black Paris net, with pyramidal bands of broad velvet ribbon, at intervals from the hood to the border. Between these bands run rows of box plaited gauze ribbons, with moss velvet trimmings between. A pointed hood, trimmed with ribbon, and finished with a handsome tassel.

MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 88.

A burnous, with a deep ruffle or flounce of lace. It is of pusher lace, of a very small and delicate pattern, an admirable imitation of Chantilly. Hood to match, with one rich tassel at the point, and one above. The flounce having a neat, pretty border at the upper edge, is set on with a heading.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 81.

This elegant summer bonnet is composed of white crape, with maize trimming. The curtain is plain, just edged with maize, and set on in box plaits, with a heading. The front is also bound with maize. A tuft of heartsease, intermingled with black lace, is placed on the front, and from it the brides of broad maize ribbon are carried down the sides. There is a bandeau of purple silk, with purple heartsease set on one side, and full blonde barbes.

BONNET. GENIN. PAGE 81.

Bonnet of white silk, drawn and finished with plaiting of silk along the front, which is edged by a rich French blonde falling over from it. The crown is drawn in something of the shape of a fan, and is trimmed with blonde. A tuft of violets, with large green leaves, shaded in auburn tints, trim one side, and extend over the curtain. The interior has a velvet bandeau, with a tuft of violets on one side; broad white brides, with short inner string of maize and violet ribbon.

BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 89.

It is composed of fine split straw, with a rich straw cord and tassels, knotted at the top of the front. Delicate white feathers droop from it on each side; and on one, a blonde barbe falls down almost to the length of the ribbon strings. Interior, roses and clematis.

BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 89.

Bonnet of crape, with folds across the top, from which falls a rich white blonde. On one side, a spray of flowers is placed so as to fall over the curtain, which is somewhat deep and edged with blonde. Bandeau, a wreath of flowers.

HEAD-DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 89.

A charming coiffure, formed by a bandeau of plaited velvet across the top of the head, with a spray of roses and buds, and a long bride of tulle on one side; on the other are bows of tulle, with long flowing end, and a rose placed low, so as to come behind the ear.

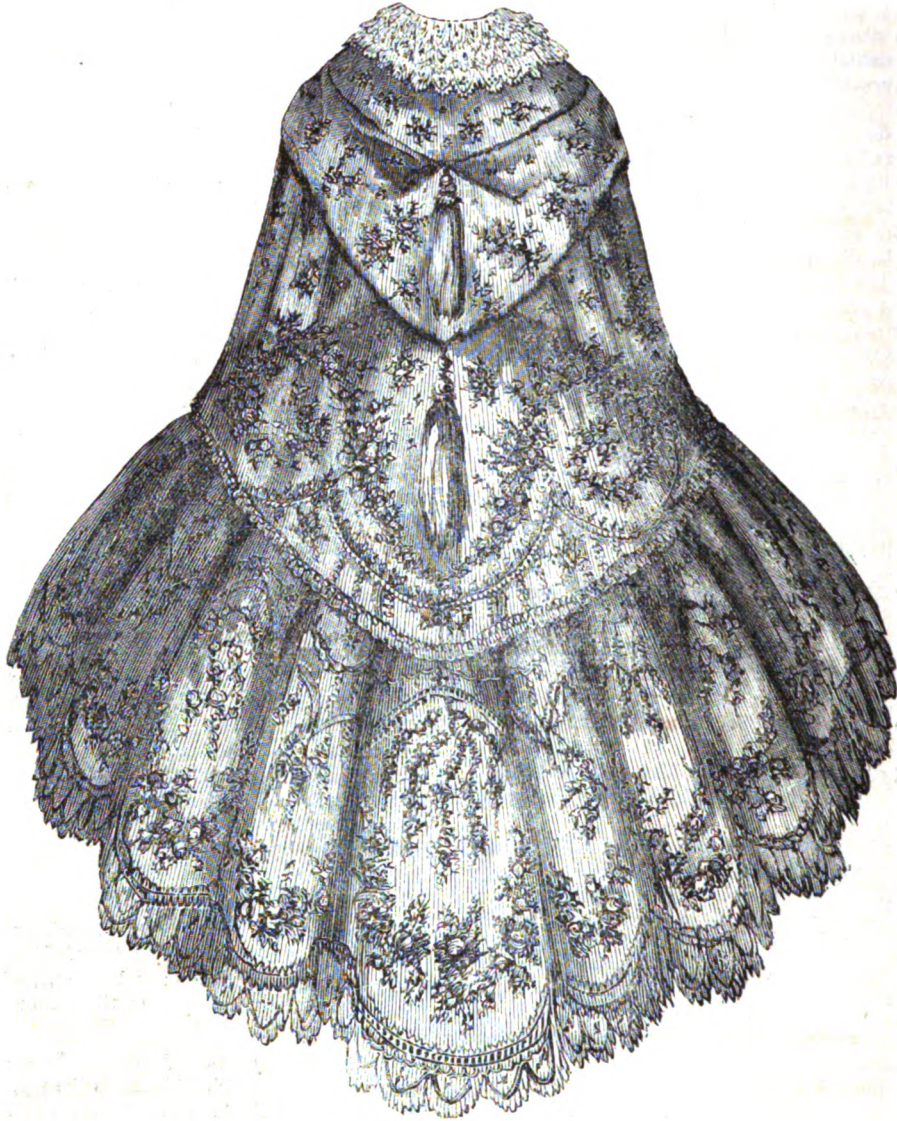
LITTLE GIRL'S HAT. PAGE 89.

Of gray Neapolitan, turned up at the sides; trimmed with scarfs of gray and peach silk, intertwined, and forming large bows on one side, with long fringed ends. A rich cord with tassels drooping on one side, is mixed with the trimming: Broad silk strings.

MUSIC AS A BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

It is of late years that music has been regarded as a branch of popular education; formerly it was treated as an accomplishment intended only for the wealthy, or as a means to earn a living. In a word it either appertained to the Sybarite or to the professor. The advancing intelligence of the time has made music one of the grand moralists and civilizers of our race. Its power over the passions was known to the earliest ages, but like many other powerful agents it was only upon public occasions, such as at divine worship, popular festivals, and artistic musical celebrations. The church, the opera and the concert-

There are few such invigorating and intellectual stimulants as music—we have known a wearied, worn out, harassed and irritable man brought back to his better nature, as Saul was by David's harp, by some favorite air or charming melody, played, as he sat gloomily in his chair, by the sister, wife or the daughter. But its soothing and refreshing power is evident to all—the group that gathers round the organ in the street—the tear that gleams on the exile's cheek when he hears the song of his native land—the roused soul of the warrior as he marches to death to the song of the Marseillaise—the softened and subdued heart, as we stand in some old cathedral, beneath the spell of a solemn chant—all tell how potent a spirit is music, and how great the influence it wields over the human heart.



MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 87.

room confined within their own walls the humanizing and elevating spirit of St. Cecilia.

In our own day, fortunately, music is recognized as a household divinity—a guest, who has taken up his abode at our own fireside, to serve as a charm and a consolation when the labors of the day are over.

It is beginning now to be understood that it is necessary to render home attractive, if we wish to keep our children from haunting saloons and public places. Much of the crime of the world proceeds from the loveless nature of the family parlor. The mind of youth, wearied with the labor of the day, requires recreation, and if it does not find it at home, it will seek it out.

These remarks have been drawn from us by an attempt now making to bring music to every man's home, by giving to him, for a mere trifle, a complete musical library. We allude to Bell & Co.'s Musical Publications, edited by H. C. Watson, one of the most tasteful composers of the age. In order to provide for every class they have divided their serials into three departments. The first is called *The Musical Guest*, and is published weekly; this contains a *melange*, charmingly selected, offering something for every taste—in a word, it contains a pleasant evening's music—here a polka, there a march, now a song, then a favorite overture, a chorus, a sonata or a glee, a madrigal or a catch—these are all arranged with great care.



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 87.

To meet the requirements of the opera-lovers they publish a monthly work, called *The Operatic Musical Guest*, every one of which contains the gems in some popular opera. It has also the advantage of the original Italian words, with a capital translation by the editor, who is a poet as well as a musician, and a very charming one too.

In order to furnish music for the Sabbath, they issue, also



BONNET. WILDE. PAGE 87.

every month, their *Sacred Musical Guest*, containing chants, hymns, psalms, masses, and the now admirable selections from oratorios. All these works are models of external elegance as well as internal excellence, and ought to be found in every man's home; and when we add that the weekly *Musical Guest* is only ten cents a number, and the *Operatic and Sacred Musical Guest* twenty-five cents, we think we have said enough to recommend them to every family.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

CHINESE PINCUSHION, OR PERFUME SACKET. PAGE 92.

This very pretty design will probably be welcomed by some of our younger readers, as enabling them to make with little trouble or expense a pretty gift for a lady friend.

The Chinese pincushion is done in patchwork, for which the prettiest material is ribbon, brocaded in small bright patterns, on variously colored grounds. Generally you can get the same pattern in all the leading colors, and this is what ought to be purchased. The shape of each section is a triangle, of which we give a full-sized diagram. Twenty of these are wanted, namely, five sewed together and all meeting at the point, for each end, and the ten to unite them. Care must be taken in the arrangement of colors; for instance, the five end ones may be blue, amber, lilac, green and cerise. Then, in joining the next row to them, base to base, the colors will go each to the one next to it—blue against amber, amber against lilac, and so on. The other half the ball to be similarly arranged, so that the same color does not come into two pieces which are close to each other. Each section should be cut or stamped out in thin cardboard, and covered with the silk tacked over it. They are



HEAD-DRESS. GENIN. PAGE 87.

then sewed neatly together; and if it be intended for a pincushion it must be filled with bran, if for a sacket, with scent. Each row of sewing is covered by a line of pins, neatly stuck in, if for a pincushion; and a large glass bead is sown at each point, with a smaller one on it. But the seams are covered by a row of gaily-colored beads, if it be used for holding a perfume.

WATTEAU SKIRT-HOLDER. PAGE 92.

These very convenient and even ornamental skirt-holders, are very much in vogue, in Paris, even for ball-dresses, for



LITTLE GIRL'S HAT. PAGE 87.

which purpose they are often much decorated with flowers and floating ribbons. But for ordinary purposes they are made of black silk or velvet ribbon, and trimmed with bows, or other ornaments of the same.

The engraving is one quarter of the original size. The lower part is of round whalebone, bent into the desired shape, and covered with ribbon, wound round it. The ends are fastened to a strap of ribbon, one inch and a half wide; and where the two are united, a cockade or bows of ribbon finish it. The originals are pinned on each side to the dress, but we would suggest that it would be an improvement to make the upper part of the strap double, so that the waistband might slip through it and thus secure it. Or if a waistband be not worn, a ribbon might be substituted.

The skirt-holder falls on each side of the dress, which is drawn through the bow so as to keep it entirely out of the dust or mud. The dress should then have the appearance of the gowns worn by the females in Watteau's pictures.

NET OR COIFFURE FOR THE HAIR IN CROCHET AND NETTING.
PAGE 93.

MATERIALS.—Crochet silk and hook, netting needle, one-mesh the third of an inch wide; one No. 9 bell-gauge; black beads and bugles, of the size in the engraving.

We promised, last month, to give our readers full instructions for making on of those pretty hair nets now so much in vogue. We select a very simple design, the centre of which is done in crochet, and the border in netting.

Begin with eight stitches, which close into a round, and work on every alternate stitch, one dc, with 3 chain between. Continue to work round and round, increasing enough to keep it perfectly flat, and always having 3 ch between every two dc stitches, although of course you miss only two, or perhaps one. When you have done a round about six inches in diameter, work one consisting of an sc stitch on every stitch, not drawing your work at all; fasten off and begin the netting.

Take the large mesh and work 7 rounds on the crochet, doing the stitches of the first so near that the outer round will lie flat. In the eighth round, do 3 stitches in every stitch. Then take the small mesh.

Do one round with a stitch on each stitch.

Next—The same.

Next—5 stitches.

Next—4 stitches. Wind the silk twice round, and miss one loop.

Now use a fine darning needle, with as long a needleful of silk as you find manageable. Do 3 stitches over the 4, and when you come to the long one thread on a bead between two bugles and miss the loop, going on direct to the next T—

Following—2 stitches over 3. Thread a bead between two bugles on each side.

Last round—Do a single stitch between two, and thread on 3 bugles, 1 bead, 3 bugles, before you do the next.

A second border of netting is worked on the crochet, over this. It is done precisely the same, but with three plain rounds instead of seven.

After this thread on the beads in the centre, putting one in every hole, as seen in the engraving.

Scarlet silk, with black beads, has a very pretty effect. You must reject all imperfect and irregular beads and bugles, which would cut the silk and spoil the work.

CORNERS FOR HANDKERCHIEFS. PAGE 84.

AMANDA—In satin stitch and *broderie à la minute*, with Evans's Perfectionné Cotton, No. 36 for ordinary linen cambric, No. 50, 60 or 80 for very fine ditto.

A. D.—Every part of these initials should be worked in fine button hole stitch, except the holes which are sewed over.

EUGENIE.—This design is only suitable for very fine cambric, and the best workmanship. It is done in the most delicate satin stitch, and considerably raised.

FLORA—This chaste and beautiful pattern is similar to the last mentioned, slightly varied.

OUT-CONJURING CONJURORS.

A BOOK entitled "The Confidences of a Prestidigitarian; an Artist's Life," suggests the question: Does any one become great in an art without feeling a love and a vocation for it? Hardly; for the words Love and Vocation are only synonyms for Industry. Robert-Houdin, the ex-quick-fingerer, who has abdicated in favor of his brother-in-law, Hamilton, has just furnished us with a positive proof that the passion and the vocation, and the consequent toil, have been in his case the necessary precursors of artistic success. From his Arcadian retreat on the banks of the Loire he publishes to the world the instructive lesson that man becomes a magician only by the most patient labor; that the tree from which the enchanter's wand is culled is no other than obstinate, persevering work, bedewed and nourished for years by the sweat of the brow.

Robert-Houdin started in life an industrious enthusiast from his earliest years; and though, let us hope, his amusing existence is still good for some time to come amongst his private friends, he promises to continue to be an industrious enthusiast until the term of his earthly career shall arrive. Still in his brain works the accustomed study of dexterous effects; still in his fingers burn their wonted fires. There, remote from the capital, in a quiet hamlet, at that mysterious hour when the clock strikes eight, his pulse quickens, his temples beat, he can scarcely breathe, he feels a want of air and movement; questions put to him remain unanswered. Eight o'clock was the time when his performances commenced; when, peeping through the managerial hole in the curtain, he beheld his audience flocking in; when, proud of their eager curiosity, he rejoiced in his triumphant popularity; or, perhaps, overclouded by a passing doubt, he felt an anxious uneasiness lest some bold bubble of trickery should burst in the blowing. But the supreme moment of tinkling the bell, when the wizard would stand face to face with his admiring judges, brought with it calm and self-possession.

An imaginary audience and imaginary applause have now succeeded to the fleshly reality. But why allow the solemn hour to call forth fleeting visions only? Cannot the dreamy reminiscence be converted into a written reality? Cannot the performances of other days be continued under a different form when the clock strikes eight, with a book for the theatre and a reader for the public? The idea was seductive; so seductive, in fact, that we are now in possession of a couple of volumes damp from the press, somewhat high in price, but far from low in interest, in which we are informed what a hard struggle it costs to establish a reputation for necromantic skill.

It should be premised that Robert-Houdin's most astonishing surprises were affected by means of ingenious apparatus and by the clever application of Nature's ordinary powers, which he was almost obliged to invent and apply by himself alone, without assistance, in order to keep their secret inviolate. Be it stated, by the way, that Robert is a sur—not a Christian—name. Young Robert, having got married to one Mademoiselle Houdin, appended her name to his own, as is the fashion with Frenchmen, to distinguish himself from other Messieurs Robert; exactly as a Scotchman—a Fraser or a Campbell—adds the name of his place to his patronymic, in order to avoid confusion with hundreds of other flourishing Campbells and Frasers. This conjoint surname was afterwards legalised, by decision of the Council of State, to be written currently and entire, linked together by a hyphen, in one stroke of the pen; so that, curiously enough, the second and the reigning Madame Robert-Houdin has succeeded to her predecessor's maiden name. This being explained, the reader may now be informed that the elder Robert was a watchmaker, residing in the old historic town of Blois, and accomplished in several kindred arts. He was an excellent engraver, a tasteful jeweller; he could supply an arm or a leg to a broken statue, and repair a bird-organ or a musical-box. The son, therefore, (born in 1805) learnt to run alone in the midst of all sorts of professional tools, which became his most highly cherished playthings. He might almost have come into the world with a file, a pair of compasses, or a hammer in his hand; for he ac-

quired their use in the same instinctive way as other children are taught to walk and speak. Of course mamma had often to dry the rising mechanic's tears, when the hammer smote the baby fingers by mistake. Papa, laughing at these little accidents, was delighted to witness the boy's juvenile tendencies, and prophesied a brilliant horoscope, somewhat vague in outline, though bright in color.

A neighbor, Monsieur Bernard, a retired colonel, helped to fan the mechanical flame. He had learnt numberless arts during a foreign captivity, which he taught the lad by way of amusement during a long convalescence from a dangerous illness; and so the passion for tools rose to fever height, till recovery put an end to it by sending him to school. On holidays the fit broke out with redoubled violence; and the quantity of implements broke by the young beginner brought Robert senior to serious reflection. Aware that, in a small provincial town, the watchmaking trade rarely leads to fortune, he determined to give his son a liberal education, and sent him to the College (grammar school) of Orleans, where he continued from eleven till eighteen years of age, learning Latin and Greek, and getting into scrapes by the construction of snares and mousetraps, and by rat-catching for the sake of obtaining the motive power to a one-rat hydraulic machine. The superior attainments acquired at Orleans rendered the greatest subsequent service.

And now for the choice of a profession. It was time. The son wanted to be a watchmaker, an inventor and constructor of automata, a professor of everything connected with clockwork. The father willed him to be a notary. To two notaries' offices, therefore, he went, one after the other. At the second, he busied himself, not with law, but with complicated contrivances for a cage full of canaries. If a bird jumped upon a stick, to which it was tempted by a bit of sugar, it was caught in a trap; if another bird perched on another stick, it touched a spring which set the prisoner free. In certain corners there were unexpected shower-baths; and every inhabitant of the cage was made to earn his living by dragging with his bill a little cartful of seed. Young Robert, pronounced incorrigible and unfit for the notariat, was apprenticed at last to a watchmaking cousin at Blois.

There he worked at horology with diligence, and went to an old book-shop to purchase a treatise thereon. The bookseller, thinking of other things, handed instead to his customer *The Amusements of Science*, containing chapters on the demonstration of tricks with cards, how to guess anybody's thoughts, how to cut off a pigeon's head and then bring it to life again, and so on. The bookseller's mistake turned out the most important event of the young aspirant's life. He stole hours from his sleep to devour its pages and to put its precepts into execution. But although the author explained his tricks in a manner which was not difficult to understand, he took it for granted that his reader was already possessed of the skill to execute them. Robert had not that skill, and there was nothing in the book to help him to attain it. He was like a man who should try to copy a picture without the slightest knowledge of drawing and painting. With no teacher to guide his steps, he was obliged to create the rudiments of the science which he wanted to study.

As to the fundamental basis of prestidigitation, he soon became aware that the agents which play the principal part in the exercise of this art are the organs of sight and touch. He understood that, to attain perfection as nearly as possible, the prestidigitator must develop in himself a more rapid, delicate and certain action of these organs than is possessed by the majority of mankind; for the reason that during his performances he ought to embrace at a single glance everything which is passing around him, and should also execute his passes with infallible dexterity. He had often been struck with the facility with which pianists were able to read and execute, at sight, a piece of vocal music together with its accompaniment. It was evident, for him, that by practice it would be possible to create a faculty of appreciative perception and readiness of touch which should enable the artist to read simultaneously several different things, at the same time that his hands were occupied with a complicated performance. That was exactly

the faculty which he was anxious to acquire, in order to apply it to prestidigitation; only, as music was unable to furnish the requisite elements, he had recourse to the juggler's art, in which he hoped to find, if not similar, at least analogous results.

It is well known that practising with balls wonderfully develops the sense of touch; but is it not clear that it equally cultivates the sense of sight? In fact, when a juggler tosses into the air four balls which cross each other's course in different directions, must not this sense be trained to great perfection, to enable his eyes, at a single glance, to follow with the extremest precision each one of the stubborn projectiles through the various curves which the performer's hands have impressed upon it?

Just at that time, there happened to be at Blois a chiropodist of the name of Maoux, who possessed the double talent of juggling with that of extracting corns. In spite of his abilities, Maoux was far from rich. The aspirant knew it, and so managed to obtain lessons at a price in accordance with his moderate resources. In fact, for ten francs he purchased his initiation. He practised his exercises with such persevering ardor, and his progress was so rapid, that in less than a month he had nothing more to learn; he knew as much as his master, except the art of extirpating corns. He had attained the high accomplishment of keeping four balls going in the air at once. But this did not satisfy his ambition; he desired, if possible, to surpass the faculty of reading by appreciation, which he had so much admired in pianists. He placed a book open before him, and while the four balls were flying through the air, he accustomed himself to read without hesitation. This feat will probably surprise the generality of readers; nevertheless, immediately after recording the above, Robert-Houdin, after the lapse of thirty years (during which time he never performed publicly with balls) repeated the experiment for his own private satisfaction. His skill, however, has somewhat declined: it is with three balls only that he can now read with ease.

The self-cultivation of the simultaneous exercise of other faculties followed, and made the magician what he was, and still remains. The course of training is very interesting to follow in the "Confidences;" and the result is quite on a par with Julius Caesar's power of dictating to four different secretaries at once, or with Gifford's learning the Latin Grammar while he was cobbling shoes. It is, in fact, a kind of attainment which must be acquired to a greater or a less degree by all who are called upon to play a leading and important part in life. Where would the commanding officer in a hard-fought battle, the orator in a stormy debate, the operating surgeon in a difficult case, or the conductor of a multitudinous orchestra attacking a new and difficult oratorio, find himself, if he could not see, and hear, and think of, and arrange, a good many things at once?

A prince of conjurors is therefore made, not born. Robert-Houdin advanced in his art by very certain but slow degrees, which are worth following in his autobiography. The first performance of *Soirées Fantastiques*, in Paris, did not take place till 1845, when he was very nearly forty years of age; and all his life had been spent in hard study and constant practice of things relating to his ultimate profession. It was his decided opinion (and he acted upon it) that, however flattering may be the early success earned in the midst of acquaintances and friends, a man, to be received as really adroit and capable of performing incomprehensible feats, must be of an age proportioned to the long course of training by which he is supposed to have attained his superiority. The public will grant to a man of five-and-thirty or forty the right of bewildering and surprising it by means of entertaining deceptions; to a younger man it will refuse that privilege. Robert-Houdin had the tact to take the tide of fortune at the flood. After less than seven years of a triumphant career at home and abroad, he retired, for the sake of health and quiet, and with a competence and a reputation increased by the results of a few more last and very last performances in Germany and Africa.

The crowning act of his public life was one of the most honorable in his whole career. Two years after he had retreated



CHINESE PINCUSHION, OR PERFUME SACKET. PAGE 89.

from the fantastic scene, to breathe his native air in peace and tranquillity during the rest of his days, he was called upon, by authority, to give a final display of his ability. What greatly determined his acceptance of the task, was the knowledge that his mission was marked with a quasi-political character. The artist's pride and self-esteem was flattered by his being called upon to render service to his country. He might boast that he was enlisted almost into the ranks of diplomacy.

It is well known that the greater number of the insurrections which have had to be repressed in Algeria were excited by native agitators who professed to be inspired by the Prophet, and who are regarded by the Arabs as the envoys of Allah on earth, for their deliverance from the oppression of the Roumi or Christians. These false prophets, these holy Marabouts, whose supernatural power is no greater than yours or mine, contrive, nevertheless, to inflame the fanaticism of their co-religionists by means of a small stock of conjuring tricks, which are as primitive as the spectators before whom they are exhibited. It was of great importance to the government that their adverse influence should be neutralised; to effect which, they reckoned

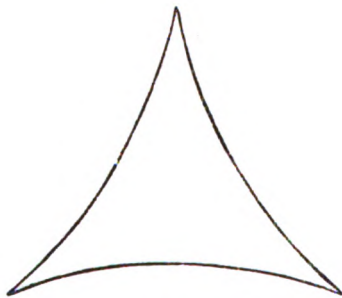


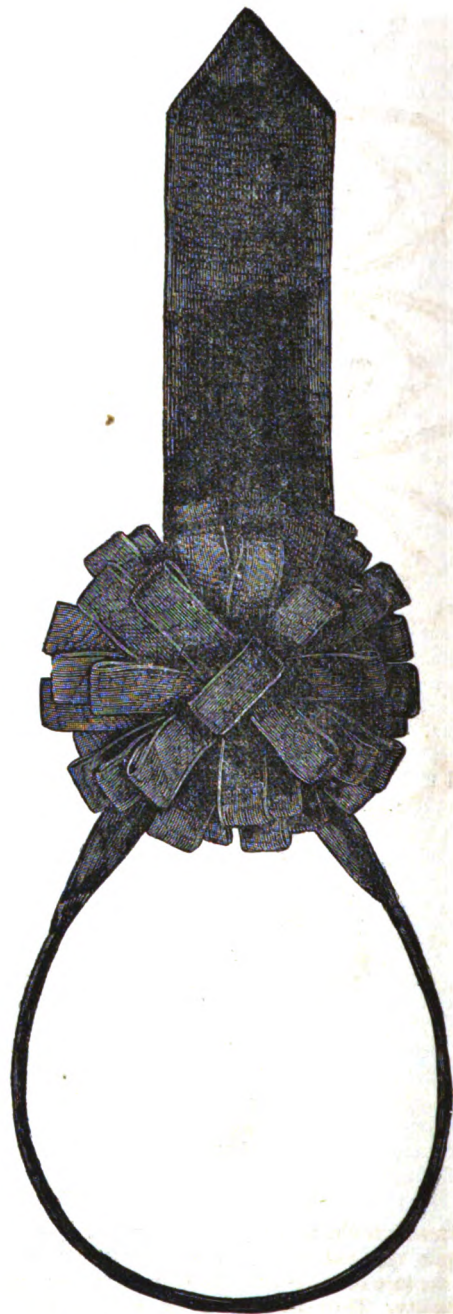
DIAGRAM OF CHINESE PINCUSHION.

upon Robert-Houdin. They hoped, with reason, to make the Arabs understand, by the aid of his performances, that the feats of the Marabouts are nothing but child's play; and that, in consequence of their very childishness, they could not be miracles worked by saints and apostles sent by the Most High for their confirmation in the faith. As a natural corollary, they would be led to reflect that their conquerors are their superiors in every respect, and that, even as far as sorcery and witchcraft

are concerned, they have nothing to compare with what France can produce.

The government received the Prestidigitator with official honors, and lodged him like a prince in a handsome apartment commanding the extensive roadstead of Algiers. The sea, remarks the ex-conqueror, is always pleasant to behold from a window. Madame Robert-Houdin was also welcomed in handsome style as a government guest.

Before the official representations were given, a few preliminary performances took place in the town, to serve as a sort of pilot-balloons and indicate the direction in which the wind of public opinion might blow. Although the houses were crowded with European spectators, the resident Arabs came in sparing numbers. You may even carry the water to the horse, without being able to persuade him to drink. These men, of an indolent and sensual disposition, prefer stretching themselves on a mat and smoking in quiet, to the finest theatrical spectacle in the world. Consequently, the governor, who knew them thoroughly,

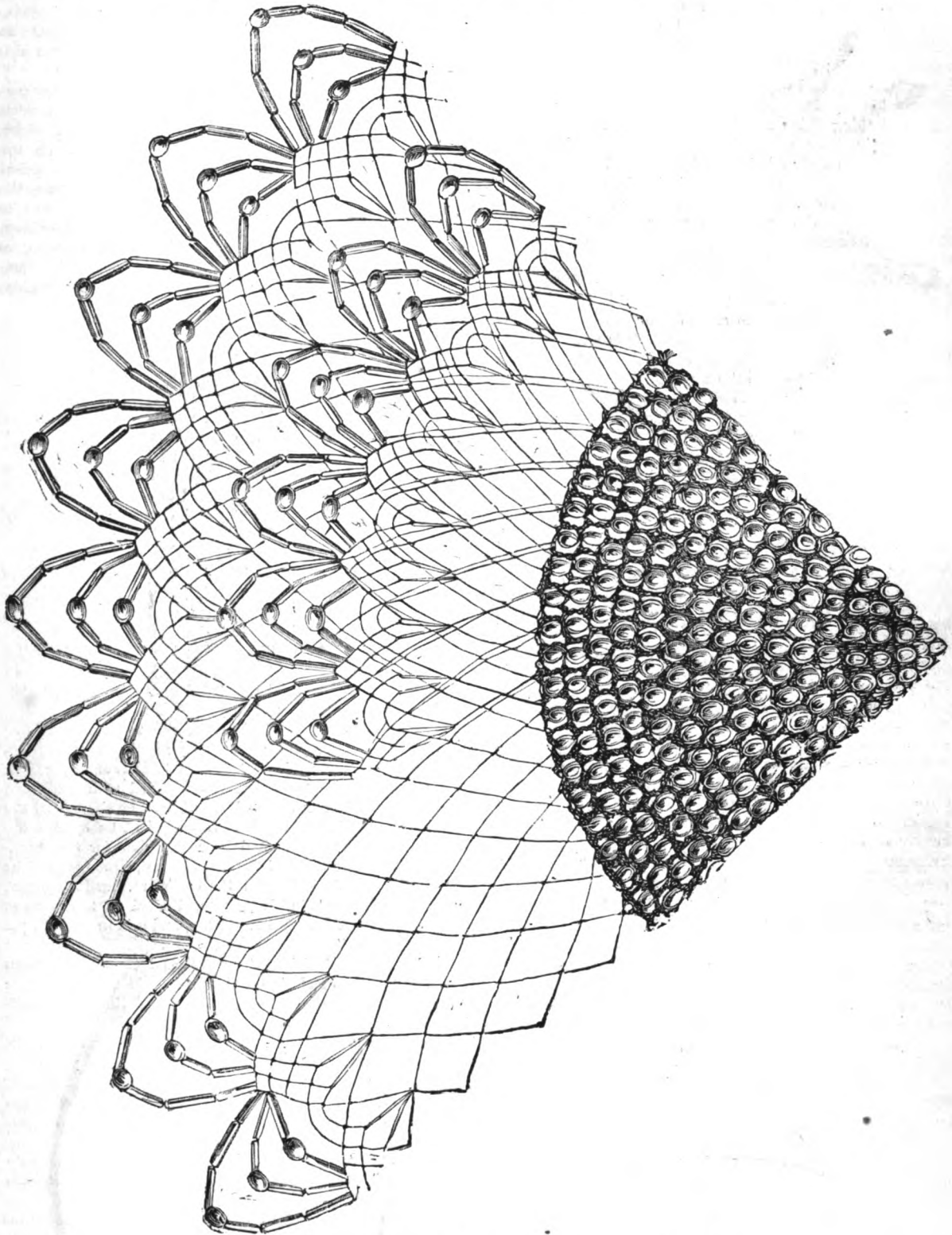


WATTEAU SKIRT-HOLDER. PAGE 89.

never invited them to any festival ; he summoned them in a military style. It was thus that they were assembled to see Robert-Houdin.

Every goum or village, ranged in companies, was separately

closely packed side by side on benches, but made vain endeavors to double up their legs beneath them, like tailors seized with an industrious fit. To the Calds, the Aghas, the Bach-Aghas, and other titled Arabs, were allotted seats of honor :



NET OR COIFFURE FOR THE HAIR IN CROCHET AND NETTING. PAGE 90.

introduced into the theatre, and conducted in perfect order to the seats that had been previously assigned to them. Then came the turn of the chiefs, who took their places with becoming dignity. Their installation was a slow piece of business, because they could not understand the meaning of people being

they occupied the stalls of the orchestra and balcony. Amongst them were admitted a few privileged officers ; and, finally, there was a liberal sprinkling of interpreters throughout the house, to translate the magician's spoken words.

At the rising of the curtain, the wonder-worker, greatly im-

pressed by the spectacle of his assembled spectators, felt, nevertheless a strong temptation to laugh; for he presented himself, wand in hand, with all the gravity of a real sorcerer. Put it would not do to yield to the impulse. His object was not merely to afford a little amusement and recreation to a curious and good-natured public; he was required to make a strong and telling impression upon an assembly of coarse imaginations and prejudiced minds; for he had undertaken the part of a French Marabout. Compared with the simple tricks of their pretended sorcerers, his exploits would pass for veritable miracles.

The first thing which startled the gravity of the audience, was the production of cannon-balls out of a hat; and it excited them to express their admiration by the most whimsical and energetic gestures. The inexhaustible bottle, with its variety of wines and liqueurs, was unrepresentable to a Mahometan public; so it was altered to a magical supply, first of comfits, and afterwards of excellent hot coffee, a bowl of which was filled as fast as it could be emptied.

The first cups offered were accepted with the greatest hesitation. Not an Arab was willing to moisten his lips with the beverage which he believed to come from the devil's kitchen. But, insensibly seduced by the perfume of their favorite liquor, as well as urged by the solicitations of the interpreters, a few of the boldest ventured to taste the magic draught, and soon their example was generally followed. The vase answered every demand that was made upon it (as the bottle would have done); yet was carried away still full of coffee.

Tricks like these did not suffice to fulfil the object of the mission, which was to astonish the natives, and even to frighten them by the semblance of supernatural power. For this purpose, the performance was made to conclude with a selection of wonders of the most impressive character.

The wizard possesses a small box, but of solid construction, which, when placed in the hands of the profane, becomes heavy or light at the rightful owner's will. A child can carry it with ease; or, the strongest man cannot make it stir. Even when produced in this simple form, the trick had considerable effect; but, on the present occasion, it was worked up to a still more dramatic shape. Box in hand, Robert-Houdin advanced to the middle of the pit, and addressed the Arabs: speaking slowly, to give the interpreters time to translate:

"After what you have seen, you cannot deny that I am gifted with supernatural power. You are right. I am going to give you an additional proof, by showing you that I can take away the strength of the strongest man amongst you, and restore it at will. Let him who thinks himself able to brave the ordeal, draw near."

An Arab of middle stature, but well made, lean and muscular, as are all the Arab Hercules, boldly advanced to meet the challenge.

"Are you very strong?" asked the wizard, looking at him contemptuously from head to foot.

"I am," he carelessly replied.

"Are you sure that you will always retain your strength?"

"Always."

"You are mistaken. In one instant I mean to take away your strength, and make you as feeble as an infant."

The Arab smiled disdainfully, in sign of his incredulity.

"Here, lift this box."

The self-confident Samson stooped, raised the box, and coldly said:

"Is that all?"

"Wait a moment."

Then, with all the dignity which his part required, the sorcerer waved his arms imposingly, and pronounced the solemn words:

"You are now become weaker than a woman. Try to lift the box."

The Arab making light of the conjuration, seized the box a second time by the handle, and gave it a violent shake to lift it; but this time the box resisted; and, in spite of the most vigorous efforts, remained completely immovable. In vain did the Algerian Samson exhaust upon the unlucky box an exertion of strength which would have sufficed to lift an enormous weight. Worn out at last, panting and red with rage, he

stopped, became thoughtful, and seemed to begin to comprehend the influence of magic. He was on the point of retreating; but to retreat would be to avow himself vanquished, a confession of his weakness; the man whose muscular vigor had hitherto been respected, must acknowledge himself no stronger than a child. This thought made him almost mad. Deriving fresh energy from the encouragements which his friends addressed to him by voice and gesture, he replied by a look which seemed to say, "You shall see what a son of the desert can do." He stooped once more to lift the box; the wiry fingers of both his hands were twisted in the handle, his legs, planted on each side like a couple of pillars of bronze, served as supports to the supreme effort he was about to attempt. No one doubted that, under the powerful strain, the box would be broken into a hundred pieces.

Prodigious! The champion so strong and haughty only a minute ago, now bows his head; his arms riveted to the box, are violently contracted towards his chest; his legs totter; he falls on his knees, uttering a cry of pain.

An electric shock has been sent from the back of the stage, at a given signal, to the handle of the box. Hence the contortions of the baffled Arab. To prolong his sufferings would have been barbarous; the electric current was therefore immediately interrupted. The strong man, released from his terrible bondage, raised his hands above his head, exclaiming in terror, "Allah! Allah!" Then wrapping himself in the folds of his burnous, as if to conceal his shame, he rushed through the rows of spectators, and darted out of the house. The audience, grave and serious, whispered the words, "Shitan! Djenoun!" (Satan, Genie), and seemed to wonder that Robert-Houdin did not display the physical characteristics usually attributed to the Prince of Darkness.

One of the means employed by the Marabouts to increase their importance in the eyes of the Arabs, and consequently to confirm their domination, was their pretension to invulnerability. One of them, amongst others, used to order a gun to be loaded, and then had it fired at him at a short distance. In vain the gun-flint scattered its sparks; the Marabout uttered a few cabalistic words, and the gun missed fire. The mystery was shallow enough; the charge failed to explode as usual, because the Marabout had previously stopped the touch-hole.

The French authorities had urged the importance of discrediting these self-styled miracles, by meeting them with a more masterly marvel. Robert-Houdin had his affair for that. He announced to the Arabs that he was gifted with a talisman which rendered him invulnerable, and that he challenged the best shot in Algeria to hit him. Scarcely had he spoken the words, when an Arab, who had been remarked for the attention with which he watched the performance, strode across four rows of stalls, rushed through the orchestra, hustling flutes, fiddles, and clarionets in his passage, climbed on to the stage regardless of burns from the footlights, and said in French, "I mean to kill you."

An immense burst of laughter was the general answer given to the excited Arab and his murderous intentions, at the same time that an interpreter informed the wizard that his unamiable customer was a Marabout.

"You mean to kill me?" replied the artist, imitating his accent and his tone of voice. "Very well. I tell you that, sorcerer as you are, I am a still more potent sorcerer, and that you will not and cannot kill me. Take this horse-pistol; examine it, and make sure that it has not been tampered with, nor undergone any preparation."

The Arab blew into the barrel several times, and then into the touch-hole, taking care to feel the puff of wind with his hand, to be certain that there existed a proper communication from one to the other. After examining the weapon in all its details, he said: "The pistol is good, and I will kill you with it."

"Since you make such a point of it, to be doubly sure, put in a double charge of powder, and wadding upon it."

"I have done so."

"Now take this leaden bullet; mark it with a knife so as to know it again, and put it into the pistol, covering it with more wadding."

"I have done that."

"You are quite sure now that your weapon is loaded, and that it will not miss fire. Tell me; do you feel no scruples, no unwillingness to murder me in this way, although I authorise you to do so?"

"No; because I wish to kill you," replied the Arab, coldly.

Without answering, the intended victim stuck an apple on the point of a knife, and stepping back a few paces, ordered the Marabout to fire. "Take aim at the heart."

His adversary took aim, without manifesting the slightest hesitation. The shot was fired; the projectile buried itself in the middle of the apple. The talisman was presented to the Arab, who recognised the bullet which he had marked with his own hands.

It is doubtful whether the general stupefaction was greater than that caused by the preceding trick; the spectators, under the influence of surprise and alarm combined, looked at one another in silence, and seemed to ask in mute language, "Where, the devil, have we got to?" But a laughable scene soon unbent the majority of the countenances present. The Marabout, stunned as he was at his failure, had all his wits about him nevertheless. Taking advantage of the opportunity when he returned the pistol, he laid hold of the apple, and immediately thrust it into his girdle, and would not give it back again at any price, believing, doubtless, that he had secured a most incomparable talisman.

For the concluding wonder, the assistance of an Arab was required. At the solicitation of several interpreters, a young Moor, some twenty years of age, tall, well made, and clad in a rich costume, consented to mount upon the stage. Bolder, or probably more civilised, than his brethren of the plain, he resolutely strode up to the conjuror. He was made to approach the table, which stood in the middle of the stage, and requested to observe (as also were the spectators) that it was thin and perfectly isolated. After which, without further preamble, he was begged to mount upon it, and was then covered with an enormous cloth extinguisher open at the top. Drawing then this extinguisher and its contents to a plank, whose ends were held by the operator and his servant, they advanced with their heavy burden to the footlights, and there upset the whole. The Arab had disappeared; the extinguisher was completely empty!

Then was seen a sight not easy to forget. The Arabs had been so forcibly impressed by this last exploit, that, urged by indescribable terror, they rose in all parts of the house, and immediately took to a general retreat. The crowd was especially compact at the doors of the balcony; the emotion which the great dignitaries felt was proved by the hurry they were in to leave the theatre. In vain one of them, the Caïd of the Beni-Salah, bolder than his colleagues, endeavored to restrain them by shouting, "Stop! Stop! We cannot allow one of the faithful to be lost in this way. We must absolutely know what is become of him, and what they have done with him. Stop! Stop!" The faithful ran away, all the same; and the courageous Caïd, following their example, soon joined the stream of the fugitives. They little expected what awaited them at the doors of the theatre. Scarcely had they descended the steps of the colonnade, when they found themselves face to face with the resuscitated Moor. As soon as the first alarm was over, they thronged round the man, felt him, and questioned him, until, tired of their endless interrogatories, he took to his heels, as the best thing he could do.

The well-known gun and extinguisher tricks had done the business. Thenceforward the interpreters, and all who had intercourse with the Arabs, were ordered to explain to them that these pretended miracles were merely the result of skill, inspired and guided by an art called Prestidigitation, which has nothing whatever to do with sorcery. The Arabs accepted the explanation; the chiefs even presented Robert-Houdin with an address written in verse, and a masterpiece of native caligraphy. After being sealed by every member of the deputation, it was delivered with the speech, "To a merchant, we give gold; to a warrior, we offer arms; to thee, Robert-Houdin, we present a testimony of our admiration, which you may bequeath to your

children. Pardon us for bringing so little; but would it be right to offer mother-of-pearl to him who possesses the pearl itself?" An Arab remarked, "Our Marabouts will now have to work very extraordinary miracles indeed, if they wish to astonish us."

The French Marabout had an opportunity of witnessing the boasted miracles of his native rivals, the Aïssaoua, a religious order, whose profession is the exhibition of supernatural power. Like the dancing dervishes, they previously work themselves up to frenzy in the presence of their chief, the Mokaddem. When the requisite pitch of madness is attained, they walk about on their hands and knees, imitating the movements of quadrupeds. Their bodies are bathed in perspiration; you would say that they were impelled by a muscular force which has ceased to be under the control of reason, and that they have forgotten that they are human beings. It is in this state that they begin their juggleries. They call the Mokaddem their father, and ask him for food. To some he distributes bits of glass, which they crunch between their teeth; into the mouths of others he thrusts iron nails, but they contrive to stick their heads under the Mokaddem's burnous, so as to reject them unseen by the spectators.

It was said that the Roman Augurs could not look at one another without laughing; the same thing would happen to the Aïssaoua, if Mussulman blood did not flow in their veins, so clumsy are their miracles, the greatest of which are easily explicable. To thrust a dagger into the cheek is simulated by pressing the cheek with a poignard as blunt as a paper-knife. The skin, instead of being pierced, is simply pushed an inch or an inch and a-half between the molar teeth, between which gaps are purposely made, exactly as would happen to a thin sheet of india-rubber so treated. This trick succeeds especially with lean and aged persons, who have the skin of the cheeks very elastic. To eat the leaves of the prickly pear is easy for sorcerers, who take care not to show the leaves to prove that they have not undergone any preparation to render them inoffensive. But supposing them to show really prickly leaves, and to change them afterwards for smooth ones to be eaten, it would only be a conjuration of the fifteenth magnitude. Another miracle is performed by two Arabs holding a sabre, one by the hilt and the other by the point; a third Arab raises his clothes, so as to leave his abdomen completely naked, and then lies down on his belly on the edge of the sabre, while a fourth mounts on his back, seeming to rest his whole weight upon his prostrate brother. The trick is not difficult to fathom. They do not show the public that the sabre is sharp; in fact, there is nothing to prove that the edge is sharper than the back, although the Arab who holds it by the point affects to wrap it carefully in a handkerchief, imitating thereby the jugglers who pretend to have cut their fingers with one of the daggers they are about to make use of. Moreover, the Invulnerable turns his back on the public; which allows him to slip down his garment to serve as a pad between his belly and the sword. Lastly, when the fourth actor mounts on his back, he rests his two hands on the shoulders of the Arabs who hold the sword, in such a way that they are made to bear the whole weight of his body. The fact is thus reduced to the power of bearing a certain amount of pressure upon the abdomen, which can be done without the least danger and very little pain.

An Aïssaoua may safely put his hand into a sackful of serpents, when he knows that the vipers have had all their fangs drawn; or, perhaps that instead of vipers they are only innocent snakes. His tricks with red-hot iron fail to astonish those who have studied the phenomena of the spheroidal state. At a subsequent period, Robert-Houdin repeated Monsieur Boutigny (d'Evreux's) experiment of plunging his hands into melted iron as it flowed from the furnace; it felt, he says, like touching liquid velvet. The Aïssaoua strike their arms till they make blood flow, and then cure the wound instantly; one would think that a small sponge filled with a red liquid and concealed in the hand which strikes, would suffice to produce the prodigy. By simply wiping the arm, the wound is naturally cured. It is possible to make wine flow from a knife-blade, or from a finger, by squeezing a little sponge properly concealed. If, according to the proverb, it is impossible to get blood out of a gate-

post, it is not impossible to seem to get it. Such are the miracles on the faith of which fanatic armies, at the bidding of their chief, have marched to meet certain death with joy and delight.

A BRIGAND CHIEF.—A letter from Constantinople, in the *Gazette du Midi*, says: "Accounts from Aleppo state that Mehemed Rechid Pacha, the Governor-General of the provinces, has just rendered a signal service by effecting the arrest of Karaeid Oglou Ali, a brigand chief, who for the last twenty years, has been carrying on his depredations on the roads

did not give him time. They seized on the rebel, his son, and his brother, cut off their heads, and carried the bloody trophies to the commandant. The heads are now stuck on poles in the market-place at Damascus."

WILLIAM PITT.—The sight of Pitt's person (says Cyrus Redding) was not calculated to strengthen his youthful advocate, for such I was then. His countenance, forbidding and arrogant, was repellent of affection, and not made to be loved, full of disdain and self-will, and, as a whole, destitute of massiveness; his forehead alone was lofty and good. He walked with his nose elevated in the air; premature age was stamped upon his



MANTLES BULPIN. PAGE 87.

about that city. The terror he had everywhere inspired gained for him the name he bears, 'The Son of the Black Giant.' The governors of Adana and Marasch, two neighboring towns, had in vain sent out expeditions against this formidable chief, who, with his band, not only pillaged villages, and robbed and murdered travellers, but encouraged a spirit of revolt among the mountaineers of Ghivout Dag, whose warlike spirit is well known. Owing to the measures taken by Mehemed Pacha, Karaeid, with three of his companions, was placed in the hands of justice. Letters have been received from Beyrout, which state that Ismail Heir Bey, the rebel chief of the district of Safta, who, after his defeat in the late disturbances, took refuge in the village of Ansaries, on the territory of Hama, was pursued so closely by the Ottoman troops, under the command of Moustafa Pacha, that he surrendered to them. The Pacha was disposed to treat him with clemency, but the inhabitants

haggard features. It was said he had no affection for the female sex. As I recollect, he seemed nearly as tall as myself—in flesh the merest scarecrow, which perhaps made him seem taller than he really was, having, by the use of alcohol, attenuated the muscular fibre. The legs of the minister were mere ramrods, just fit, as one of the comedians said of those of a friend, to clean out a German flute. He soon went back to town, leaving Lord Melville behind. Pitt's figure is yet before mine eyes, his legs cased in brown-topped boots, at that time the fashion; the boots sustained by a strap behind from a knee-band of the greenish-colored breeches, which were secured by a buckle to the boot-top, showing the white cotton stocking, conspicuous on walking behind the statesman, or any one dressed in the prevalent mode. He wore powder, and showed marks of feebleness. As he passed all eyes were directed towards him, solitary, destitute of sympathy with his kind—with everything.



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ANNIE BROWN ; OR, THE TRUE HEART OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. JEWETT.

I WELL remember that years ago (I don't know that I need specify how many, but when I was somewhat younger than I am now) I used to skim over pages of other matter, to cull the choicest bits of romance, lingering over the dialogues between lovers, the impassioned declarations, the parting agonies, &c. ; following the golden thread in all its intricate windings

through the web of the story, till it was no longer distinguishable in the common homespun of everyday life. I say when I was younger, I used to do and feel thus : I am not quite sure that the same acknowledgment would not suit me now. I see no reason why I should be ashamed, even at my age to confess that I still believe in love, and still have a relish for love stories, still plead guilty to the charge of being romantic, and although somewhat cooled in my enthusiasm by the rough usages of the world, I still worship in the most secret shrine of my heart an ideal which, I believe somewhere in the ages, I shall find realized.

In the following story, which is after all but a few stray



"AT THE MOMENT SHE WAS SPEAKING, A VIVID FLASH, FOLLOWED INSTANTANEOUSLY BY A DRAFENING PEAL OF THUNDER, STARTED THEM BOTH TO THEIR FEET."

leaves from the records of common life, I am simply to tell the truth. I will not make any apology for writing a love story. I follow in the path which many have trod before, and many more are and will be beguiled into treading the same path. I only hope that those who are kind enough to accept my invitation and set out with me, will find enough of common interest and sympathy uniting us to keep with me to the end.

Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove;
O no! it is an ever fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

SHAKESPEARE.

PART I.

THERE had been an unusual excitement at Parson Copeland's for more than a week, in anticipation of Frederick's return from college. Frederick was the oldest child and only son. A part of the minister's small salary had been laid aside year after year, together with what could be spared of the proceeds of the farm and dairy, with still other additions from time to time of small sums of money, the results of feminine industry and self-denial, and by these means the college expenses had been paid.

At the close of his last year, and just as the question arose what his future course was to be, what profession he would choose, and how further resources could be obtained, the death of a distant relative left a few thousand dollars at his disposal, by which he was enabled to carry out one of his favorite projects, and accompany his friend and fellow-graduate Max Davenport to Europe, to improve himself in various ways by a year's residence abroad. His plan of life was rather indefinite, but his impulses were strong; visions of what he should gain by improving this golden opportunity floated in gorgeous indistinctness before him, and his impetuous desires hurried him in pursuit of the ideal happiness.

The old minister had his doubts of the wisdom of the scheme, and spoke them plainly. He knew his son's character well, and feared, not without reason, that he would contract the habits of a wanderer, and lose the capacity of becoming a respectable and useful citizen. Parson Copeland was old-fashioned and rather set in his opinions, but he did not approve of thwarting on every hand the desires of youth. With regard to Frederick, he saw plainly that his wisdom, if he attained any, must come through his own, not another's experience, and after giving him in a long and affectionate letter the benefit of his opinion and advice, left the decision to his own responsibility. The result was as might be expected. He determined to go, and over-ruled his father's objections with a great many arguments, which proved the strength of his impulses, and tenacity of his purposes, if nothing more. And now he was expected home. The weeks, the days and the hours had been counted by the little circle, who loved him dearly. Everything had been put in order for him. It wanted but a few moments of the time when the stage usually made its appearance. Parson Copeland sat quietly in his study, from the window of which he could see the coach as it made its grand entrée into the village. The mother was vibrating from the kitchen to the street door, divided between her maternal yearnings and the solicitude about the supper that had been devised for his special appetite. Lucy was fluttering about like a restless spirit, impatient and anxious, and half afraid to meet her brother; and Annie Brown, the neighbor's daughter, who always had been as one of the minister's family, was sitting by the parlor window, quite hidden by the vines which were trained from pillar to pillar of the rustic porch in front of the cottage, holding in her hand a handkerchief, in the corner of which she had just traced with red thread the initials F.C. She looked at the two magic letters until they faded from her sight, and his image filled their place for whom they were designed.

All of a sudden she is startled from her reverie by the noise of the horn and the sound of coach wheels. She had come there to meet him on his arrival, but she steals a hasty look at the stage, and all in a tremble she hurries from the room out the side door, through the garden-gate, and does not stop until

she finds herself in her own little chamber. Both hands are pressed tightly across her bosom. Poor girl! there is such a tumult there, and yet she has been anticipating this hour for weeks. Through a loophole she has made in the white curtain at her window, she sees everything—sees him bounce from the vehicle, embrace his father, mother and sister, sees him stoop to pat the old dog's honest head—and her bosom swells with the thought, how good he is not to forget even the old dog, blessings on his kind heart! The candles are burning in the family sitting-room, and the table is spread for tea. She was to have been there. They will tell him so when they sit down, and they will all wonder why she fled from the house; will he not understand it, or rather, can he misunderstand it? Still she sat watching the little group, every one of which was dear to her heart, for it was his father and mother, his sister Lucy, and he was her lover. The old people knew it, everybody in the village knew it. They had loved each other since they were old enough to play together.

And now supper is over and she can see Frederick walk back and forth in the room. Had she only stayed the embarrassment would have been over, she would have greeted him, and felt like herself again; now it is something to be gone through, something she longs for, yet dreads. Suddenly the little room became too small for her, and she stole out into the garden to breathe more freely in the cool, fresh air, and while she was straining her eyes in one direction to see what the various members of the family were about, she could not of course see a tall figure emerge from the locust trees at the other end of the garden, and before she had time to think of it, it was over, that meeting, that kiss, which assured her she was dear as ever.

And now we will leave them to the bliss of which poets sing, to the moon and stars that tell no tales.

Our young friends were happier even than they were conscious of themselves in this the cloudless spring of their affections. There were no disturbing influences to mar their enjoyment. The passion that consumes comes not with early love. Even the fact of their approaching separation could not take away from their fulness of enjoyment, as from day to day they met in a simple, natural manner, or walked at evening over the hills familiar from childhood, talking of all they felt and thought and hoped for in the time to come.

The last evening of Frederick's stay had come. It was a sweet Sabbath evening.

"We must be all alone, Annie," said he as they walked to the door together after tea. "Let us take a walk."

"Shall we go towards Greylock?" asked Annie; and to Greylock they went. There was no one to question, no one to interfere, no gossip.

The path was a favorite ramble of the young people of the village, winding through fields and meadow-land until it terminated at the base of a wooded hill. Slowly they strolled on, till they reached the rock which divided the narrow path, and seemed to rise as a wall before them. The sun was setting behind the mountain. The whip-poor-will sent up its mournful, quivering note from the depths of the wood, and the low murmur of the pines came on the ear like the ebb and flow of the sea.

"Do you remember those sweet lines, Annie?" said Frederick. "I can't recall them exactly:

Who that can forget the hour they met
To breathe in some lone grove their first young vow,
When summer flowers with starlight dews were wet,
And winds sighed soft around the mountain's brow."

"Yes," replied Annie, "but that is not all."

"I know it, but we do not care for the last line," said Frederick.

"Yet it belongs to it. We must not garble the poet's verse."

"But he was old when he wrote it, when we are old we will add the last line. Do you remember it word for word?"

"Yes, this is it:

And all was rapture then, which is but memory now."

"Oh!" exclaimed Frederick heaving a deep sigh, "it makes me sad. I won't believe that what is so much rapture now can ever yield to memory. It will always be rapture to love."

"How dark old Greylock is getting," said Annie after a moment's silence. "Let us go back."

"No, let us sit here. You are getting superstitious. Don't look at the mountain, but turn to the valley yonder. See how the river runs like a thread of gold through it. I don't like shadows Annie, I won't look at them. Let us call that river the stream of our united lives."

Annie turned her eyes in the direction her lover pointed out.

"It is very bright and golden," she said; "but there is a fascination about old Greylock, and although it makes me sad, I like to look at it, I like to feel sad. And isn't it, after all, a truer picture of our lives than the river, for between us and the future there is a dark mountain. I cannot see anything but that now."

"And I will not see that at all events," said Frederick. "You must have faith, for that removes mountains."

"What kind of faith?" asked Annie.

"Faith in me—in my love—in my constancy."

"I have that, all that," said Annie sadly.

"You think I am selfish in going—in leaving you. Tell me the truth, Annie. Say but one word and I will change my plans. It is not too late. I will do anything for you."

"No, I don't think you selfish," replied Annie. "I would not have you change your plans for me. You think you could be happy to give them up for my sake, but you could not. I know you better."

"Annie, do you doubt my love?"

"Not in the least, but I know you well enough to know that what you have set your heart on you cannot give up without being unhappy. You would always be thinking I might have done it, and gained so much, and been so happy. I know exactly how it would be."

"But had I not set my heart on you long before I thought of going to Europe?"

"I can't exactly explain what I mean, Frederick," said Annie. "I haven't words, but I know exactly what I mean. I don't wish you to give up any cherished plan for my sake. I don't want to stand in the way of your happiness or your ambition."

"I am afraid you are too proud, Annie," said Frederick. "You don't wish to owe too much to my love. Doesn't love delight in sacrifices?"

"There cannot be any such thing as sacrifice in love."

"Then suppose I make you my wife and take you with me. I have money enough. We can live for almost nothing on the Continent."

I could not leave my mother. I shall not have her long, but while she lives I must stay with her. But don't let us talk of this any more. It is getting quite dark, and there is a cloud coming up from behind old Greylock. Had we not better go home?"

"Annie," said her lover, "are you sure that you really love me enough to be willing to marry me? You don't seem happy to-night."

"Can I forget to-morrow?" asked Annie, reproachfully. "Remember how much sadder is the one left behind, than the one who is going. You will have change and novelty and excitement, and I shall have only my duties and my sad thoughts for company."

"Annie, I will not go."

"Frederick, you must, and I will not be selfish any longer."

"I believe I am selfish, dearest; but I can't help it. I feel as if I had two natures, and they both are so strong that I don't know which is the stronger. When I am with you the ambitious nature sleeps, and I am quietly happy, and I think I could be so for ever; but when I go into the world, the restless spirit rises and is clamorous for excitement. I am young, hot blooded, full of enthusiasm. I must work it off somehow. Bye-and-bye, I shall get more settled; I shall have tried life, and perhaps found it wanting; but I know I cannot be satisfied till I have tried it. But don't think I shall bring you back a heart whose fires are burnt out. No, dear! But knowledge of the world will make me more worthy of your love; stronger for you to lean upon. Yes, Annie, I must work out my destiny at all hazards."

"I don't like the word destiny, Frederick; it is a hard, cold, uncompromising word."

"Don't you believe in fate, Annie?"

"No, I believe in Providence."

"What a pious little girl she is," said Frederick, in a tone of raillery. "But, seriously, I wish I had your childish faith."

Annie started from his side, as she exclaimed:

"And don't you believe in Providence, in a Father in Heaven who orders all things for us?"

"You recoil from me as if I had confessed myself an infidel," said Frederick. Then drawing her to him tenderly, he added: "I will not be a hypocrite, Annie; I wish I had no doubts; I wish I could feel as you do, but I cannot. You know, dearest, that all minds are not alike. God knows I should like to take many things on trust; but it is impossible. I mean to be a good man. I reverence simple, straightforward goodness. I honor religion, but—Don't let us talk on such serious subjects this last night. You must pray for me if you think I am wicked; your love can effect anything—everything."

"I will always pray for you, Frederick."

"Then I must be safe; I shall not go very far astray. Come now, darling, let us talk of other things."

A spell seemed to have fallen upon them, and they sat in silence.

"I think," said Annie, at last, "we had better go home. The cloud is rising fast, and I hear thunder; we can sit in the porch and watch the storm."

Frederick rose in silence, and drew Annie's arm within his own.

"You are vexed with me," said she, timidly.

"No, but I am all out of sorts. That dark cloud has infected us both with gloom. I can't shake it off. Something whispers to me that you doubt my power to make you happy; that you fear for me; that you think I may become a bad man. Speak the whole truth, Annie; no matter what pain you give. Do you from your inmost heart love and trust me?"

"From my inmost heart, Frederick, I love and trust you; and I know that what I feel for you I can never feel for any other human being. I know that whatever you are—even if it were possible for you to become a bad man—I must love you, must seek you out from all the world, must belong to you or to no other."

"Then I can never be lost; whatever may be my temptations, Annie, your love will save me."

Still, as they walked slowly homeward, under the shadow of the gathering storm, they said but little. The rain began to fall just as they reached the porch, and under its shelter they sat down together.

"How gloriously beautiful the lightning is," said Annie, and at the moment she was speaking, a vivid flash, followed instantaneously by a deafening peal of thunder, started them both to their feet.

"Good God!" exclaimed Frederick. "Annie, are you safe?"

"Quite safe," replied Annie; "but wasn't it terrible. It must have struck somewhere near; I thought I heard a crash."

"I see it—I see it, Annie!" exclaimed Frederick. "That last flash showed it plainly. Our old elm shivered from top to bottom."

"I wish it had been some other tree," said Annie, sadly.

"You must not be so superstitious, Annie," said Frederick, deprecatingly. "I thought you were above it; I thought you had more reason and common sense."

"It seems to me everything is ominous to-night," replied Annie; "but I will get the better of it."

"With all your faith in Providence, to believe in omens," said her lover.

"I know it is wrong," said Annie; "I see the clouds are breaking; that is a happy augury. Dearest, dearest Frederick, I have been foolish and unkind; will you forgive me?"

He pressed her to his bosom, and sealed her lips with his ardent kisses.

"I am not worthy of you now, Annie; but I hope I shall be.



THAT MEETING, THAT KISS, ASSURED HER SHE WAS DEAR AS EVER.

I hope I shall be a good man, that you can rely on me, and a great man, that you can be proud of me."

What further passed between them, on this their parting evening, need not be told. There are bounds which even a tale-teller should scrupulously respect. The clouds had all vanished, and the heavens smiled upon them as they said farewell.

PART II.

LETTERS FROM FREDERICK TO ANNIE.

GENEVA.

You will wish to know precisely how I live and what sort of people surround me. I will try and give you an idea of my present home. In the first place, I must explain how I happen to be here instead of where I expected to have been. I was about to say what destiny led me here, but I remembered your dislike of the word. I shall try and believe with you it was Providence that directed my steps to this charming home. I believe I have mentioned to you before that Max had a sister living in Geneva, a *divorcée*, who some two or three years ago came hither to educate her only son, ostensibly, but really to escape the gossip of a large circle of particular friends and acquaintances who overwhelmed her with advice and sympathy. I did not tell you, however, for I did not know until I saw her, what a charming woman this same sister was. Either Max is wanting in appreciation—a very common defect in near relatives—or I was deficient in curiosity, a very natural consequence of having my capacity for admiration filled by a certain fair maiden to whom I have sworn allegiance. Yet I assure you, Mrs. Ludlow that was, Mrs. Davenport as she chooses now to call herself, Emilie as she desires me to call her—is a jewel of a woman. Don't be jealous, Annie. She is not, it is true, quite old enough to be my mother, but will answer very well for an older sister. I will not be so ungallant as to guess at her age, since she succeeds admirably in concealing it. She is old enough to be the mother of a lad of fourteen.

We had been with her but a week when she had contrived, heaven knows how, to change all my plans, substituting others which she convinced me really suited me better than my own. She offered me the situation of English tutor to her son, with a salary more than sufficient for all my expenses. And thus you see my little legacy will remain entire for us to begin housekeeping with. By the way, let me introduce you to her—Miss Annie Brown, Mrs. Emilie Davenport. Yes, I have

already so far grown into her confidence as to tell her our little secret; and you see, if she should be the least inclined to flirt, she does it at her own risk.

Extract Second.

I know you will congratulate me on a decision which affords me at the same time a delightful home, good compensation and plenty of leisure, to say nothing of the pleasure of intellectual society and true friendship. Now I can look forward to that same rural home as a reality, and not the baseless fabric of a vision. What a fortunate fellow I am!

Extract Third.

If anything can compensate for this painful separation from you it is the friendship and sympathy of this admirable and gifted woman. The story of her domestic trials, which I got out of Max yesterday by dint of hard questioning, fills me with compassion for her and indignation against the brute who had the legal right to make her life wretched. I wish you knew Emilie, my darling Annie, you would love her, and she would be a sister to you. If I could have foreseen my present good fortune you might have been with me—my wife. I should love to see your beautiful nature developing itself in this genial atmosphere. When I look at her artistic life, surrounded as she is by so much that is poetic and refining, filling so gracefully her high position, and so considerate of all around her, I cannot bear to think my Annie, fitted by nature to adorn an equally high station, should be condemned to a monotonous round of daily cares. But it shall not always be so. It shall be my privilege to toil, to make myself rich and great, that you may reign queen of the paradise I will prepare for you, as you are queen of my heart and soul.

There is a picturesque cottage near madame's house, now occupied by an Italian artist named Leopoldo Girardi, one of many poor wretches who live on this fascinating woman's smile and die if she but frowns. I suppose it is one of the unavoidable penalties a woman must pay for being too bewitching; but madame has too much heart to triumph over her luckless adorers, although not heart enough to reward them all. But to return to the cottage. I often let my fancy run wild in picturing what our life might be if you were mistress of it and it was our own home.



ANNIE BROWN, THE NEIGHBOR'S DAUGHTER, WAS SITTING BY THE PARLOR WINDOW.



IN A MOMENT MORE, MAX, PALE AND BREATHLESS, STOOD BEFORE THEM.

Society here differs widely from society at home. Here it is the married ladies that are "followed, flattered, sought and sued;" and if one is desirous of flirting she can have a glorious time, without shocking public opinion. I would not sully your white soul by initiating you into the details of fashionable life here; but what would you think of a state of things in which marriage, instead of affording a protection to purity and virtue, is a cloak for intrigue and licentiousness?

Extract Fourth.

—ou ask me how I pass my time. You don't know what a difficult task you have assigned me—to furnish a chart of my daily life. Impossible, Annie, impossible. But let me try, just to gratify you; and yet I fear very much it would not gratify you to know how little I accomplish.

What is time? Days come and go, from whence and where? I wish to heaven I could tell; but I am borne on with them—to what? Another poser. I have decided for myself, that it is not best to bend upon our daily life too rigid a scrutiny; for if I stop in the current to look behind or before, I get mopy and dissatisfied, whereas if I let it bear me on as it will, without pausing to reflect, I enjoy myself mightily. I am inclined to the opinion that father was more than half right in what he said about young men going abroad. And then again I sometimes fear it was a foolish thing in me to accept my present situation. My teaching occupies but a few hours of every day, and what becomes of the remainder would puzzle anybody to tell; I'm sure I don't know—I only know I am not doing a tithe of what I intended, nor do I care to do anything that requires the least resolution. I feel that I owe certain attentions to Madame Davenport in return for her kindness to me, and if she wishes an escort to the theatre or opera, or for a day's diversion in the country, I volunteer my services; for Max, obstinate fellow, won't be turned out of his course for any woman. He is studying most heroically. Indeed, my dear Annie, I am often startled for a moment to see how entirely I live without a definite object. I find myself unconsciously pursuing the very mode of life madame advocates for herself—gathering the nectar from flowers that bloom from hour to hour. You cannot

fail to perceive that I am dissatisfied, vexed and out of sorts. The straight line that was to conduct me to a desired end is no longer clear to my perception. What shall I do? Can I reach it in a roundabout way?

Extract Fifth.

How many times I wish myself back to the antiquated farmhouse beside the old parsonage, with its gable roof and dormer windows, or sitting on the old bench under those elms. Ah! I forgot for the moment the wreck of our favorite trysting place. I am forgetting everything—but you, Annie. I am getting gloomy and superstitious, and I have such horrid dreams. One hour by your side, gentle one, would lay the little devil quiet that haunts so many of my waking and sleeping hours. I don't know what is the matter with me. I guess, as your father says, I am bilious. I think I shall take leave of absence next week and go to Italy.

The intervals between the letters sent home are becoming longer and longer. Then follows one of a date some weeks later than the last:

Extract Sixth.

Your letter, my dear Annie, put the finishing stroke to my misery. My poor, poor father! a helpless paralytic! That useful, active life cut down in an instant. I feel that I ought to fly to him; but what could I do? I am cut loose from all my moorings—I am adrift on a sea of perplexity. I cannot follow my father's calling—I am not made for it. The second year of my engagement with Mrs. Davenport has just begun. I did not know of anything better to do. The boy is devotedly attached to me, and his mother urged me in his behalf. I had partly made up my mind to go home. I want you to settle this turbulence in my soul with your calm and gentle presence. The current of our lives would flow together once more, and the great purpose of existence would seem clearer if we were living for each other.

A still longer interval is followed by the accompanying extract:

Extract Seventh.

What trials my poor Annie is passing through; and I, whose

breast should be the resting-place for her weary head—I, whose sympathy and care should comfort and strengthen her, I am away. Your letter, so like yourself, touched my heart of hearts. You must now occupy the place of mother to the little ones. How can you ever be spared to brighten another's home?

Mrs. Davenport has joined us in Florence. She talks of giving up her house in Geneva and passing next winter in Rome. Arthur is once more under my tuition. His mother said he insisted upon coming here, and she confesses that she can deny him nothing. I have resolved now to float on the tide of circumstances, till they conduct me to some point from which I can cast anchor, look around and take a new start in life. There is such an intoxicating influence in this kind of existence, it takes the metal out of a man, particularly if he have not been tried and hardened in the fire of experience. Perhaps I am going through the hardening process now? Nobody here has any business. Music, painting and poetry blend in the very atmosphere and surround all objects with rainbow hues.

Extract Eighth.

Last week we passed at Naples. Madame read to us one afternoon Shelley's lines, written in dejection, as he looked out upon the bay. Read it, Annie; you will find the volume among my books.

Extract Ninth.

So the new minister is getting very popular. What with organ-playing, German classes, &c., &c., he is making great havoc among the young feminines. Does he carry the sanctity of the cloth into his pedagogical lectures? I have taken an unaccountable spite against the fellow. I have not much reverence for the clergy, anyhow, and a sanctimonious young parson excites my spleen. It would save a deal of trouble to put one's conscience in the safe keeping of a priest; I would turn Catholic if I could. I hope you don't let young Wilnot probe the depths of your soul to get at your religious experience. These consecrated specimens think themselves entitled to tread the "primrose path of dalliance." By-the-bye, I never have alluded to your diary. I hope you are more faithful to it than I am; but I mean to begin again when I get out of my "fisgigs."

Possibly the foregoing extracts may have accomplished the purpose for which they were given; let me now describe Emilie Davenport.

It has been often said, and not without foundation in truth, that women are harsh and severe in their judgment of each other, condemning often most relentlessly the very errors and weaknesses to which they would be most liable should opportunity and temptation prove strong enough. I wish to be just, consequently I shall be charitable.

Mrs. Davenport was a beautiful and fascinating woman. She was vain and fond of admiration; she knew it, and knew it was her weakness. She knew she was capable of something nobler and deeper than her life afforded; she aspired towards it, she yearned for it. She was not happy; but she did not know—no one had ever directed her, experience had not taught her—how to obtain what she desired.

She married early in life a man who captivated her fancy by his outward attractions and grace of manner. A man whose knowledge of the world had taught him the art of pleasing woman. He had no love for her, but for her fortune. He had no capacity for love, and with all his refinement of manner he was depraved and low in his tastes, and a libertine. It was not long before the illusion of fancy dropped away and the naked fact stood before her, that she had made a grand mistake. She writhed under this discovery, and her excited imagination exaggerated the wretchedness of her condition, till it seemed to her almost unbearable. Love turned to loathing, as by degrees he gave himself up to habits of intemperance and licentiousness, and she left him. Friends remonstrated, advised, tried to bring about a reconciliation, whispered, as often female friends will do, it is her fault, she has not been what she might, or borne patiently what she ought; she is proud, gay, fond of adulation; possibly she has driven him to find excite-

ment elsewhere. She heard all that was said, felt it as injustice, but pursued her own course, obtained a divorce, and with a feeling of antagonism against the world she had left, sought a new field of excitement abroad.

With superior intellectual culture and native genius, she also possessed the captivating art of conversation, more winning than personal beauty, and to this more than to her personal attractions she owed her power of fascination. Beyond this, she had a warm, passionate nature, generous sympathies, and a heart capable of the most devoted love. All her wealth of affection, in the absence of other objects, was lavished upon her son. Her intellect, her vanity were satisfied by the homage of society, and by her love of mental culture her affections were centred upon her boy Arthur.

Outwardly her life in Geneva was rich and enviable. She had daily intercourse with great and gifted minds, and what she wanted in depth was made up in tact, and that intellectual insight which enabled her to place herself *en rapport* with a speaker or writer, giving the impression of more knowledge and higher appreciation than she really possessed or was capable of attaining. Outwardly she was a worldly woman, and in the excitement of her life she was unconscious of what a casual observer could not discern, that within was a heart unsatisfied by the homage and flattery that was her daily food. Poor Emilie! religion was with her a sentiment, a dream, a something that would come when other things had gone; a sun that would break upon her benignantly when the gorgeous lights that now shone on her path grew dim. She invested it with sanctity, observed all its forms with reverence, and nothing more.

She had a power of attracting both young and old of the other sex. She knew it, loved to use it, and believed it innocent. But not to give a onesided aspect of her character it is but justice to speak of the kindness, the tenderness, the quick sympathies that drew to her the young in confidence, the sad and the unfortunate secure of help and compassion, the poor to whom she was a benefactress, the weak and erring who felt that she did not despise, and never would lend a feather-weight to the unchristian denunciations of society, to crush and condemn them. It was this tenderness of her nature that made her loved, while her brilliant qualities and attainments made her admired.

Was not daily intercourse with such a woman a dangerous juxtaposition for our hero? I aim to tell the truth, and I must tell it at the expense of those whom I would be glad to represent as gods instead of human beings, philosophers and saints instead of men and women. We can all look coldly on our fellow-beings and pronounce what ought to be, how they ought to act under certain circumstances, what is right, what is the only right; and when they disappoint us, when they go astray, we can condemn; but we cannot, one of us—the wisest, the strongest, the best of us—say or know what we should do under the circumstances. It ought to fill us with humility to know this, with such humility as is a far greater security against evil than a too strong self-reliance.

Well, I hate to come to it, but I must. I am sworn to tell the truth. I hate to dispel in others the illusions that have long ago been swept away from my own mind. I hate to tell of the weaknesses of my friends, although I ought to know—and you, reader, ought to know and do know, if you look into yourself—that human nature is weak. We do not, we cannot disappoint our friends so often or so bitterly as we disappoint ourselves. The only being whom it is impossible for us not to disappoint is He, so far above us, enthroned in love, in light, who sees through every intricate winding of our souls, "who knows our frame and remembers that we are but dust," a fact that we are prone to forget in our judgment of others.

I will not tell the whole truth; it would take too long to describe the progress of an attachment that, when it first came plainly before the consciousness of the parties, made them both tremble. With the discovery that they loved each other came the conviction that they must part—part without delay, without committing themselves to a fuller explanation—but part, although it should cost them life. Why?

On his side was honor, filial duty, self-respect violated; on

hers, what folly! to wed a boy, and run that fearful risk, more dreadful than anything to woman, of outliving the love which is her life; of being old when her husband is in the vigor of manhood; of knowing that the charms that won him, that held his fancy, that gratified his pride, have all faded. No; what woman could bear that? But passion entreated, and the doubts became fainter. Ten years of love! If it last but ten years, is not that better than a life without it? Then followed more generous impulses, thoughts of her who loved him; not as she loved, oh no! none but the starving know the luxury of food; her heart had never been hungry; she had loved him always, always been loved by him. Then, how must she have grown to depend on that love! But she is young; ah! passion is selfish. Emilie's life, as she looked back upon it, seemed so barren, and only now had she begun to live; she had been so tried, driven as her only resource to feed on the empty husks of worldly applause; now existence was so rich, so full, nothing seemed too high for her aspiration, too difficult for her attainment. But the world sneers its ridicule; this made her quail a moment. Again the fire blazed up, and the world shrivelled as a scroll. Then came thoughts of her boy; but he would soon leave her, and she would then be alone. Alone, that dreaded destiny; alone, with no one to love.

While these conflicting emotions were struggling within her, the door opened, and Frederick entered. He looked pale and haggard; he had often looked so of late. Why had he come in? It was not his habit of an afternoon. Arthur had been absent since morning, leaving home with the intention of remaining away several days.

Mutual restraint succeeded his entrance.

"I intrude," said Frederick, after a few moments' silence, while he remained still standing. "I was looking for the book of German songs."

"Oh! I took it to my room," said madame, "I will get it."

"Don't trouble yourself; you will perhaps repeat the lines to me that I wished to refer to."

"On condition that you will sing them to the same air I heard you practising yesterday."

Frederick sung well, and he knew it. This time he out-did himself. It was a passionate love song, and

The deep, the low, the pleading tone,
With which he sang another's love
Interpreted his own.

The spell of silence was broken, vows more passionate than the wildest poet could transcribe were spoken, vows of eternal love that nothing could ever quench. They were happy, strangely, madly happy, for there was for them at that moment neither past nor future. A heavy and hurried knock at the door brought them to consciousness of the existence of human beings outside themselves. In a moment more, Max, pale and breathless, stood before them.

"My God! what is it? what has happened," gasped his sister.

"Arthur has been thrown from his horse, and now lies insensible at the house of Dr. F."

"How rash you have been, Max. See your sister's fainting," said Frederick.

"This is no time to faint," said Max, impatiently. "Emilie rouse yourself."

"Am I dreaming?" exclaimed his sister, trying to rise, and looking round her wildly. "Did you say Max was hurt? Oh take me to him, now, now. I am well, I am strong—tell me am I awake or is it all a dreadful dream?"

"My dear sister," said Max, tenderly, "you must calm yourself. Arthur is dangerously hurt, but we will hope for the best. Let Katrine bring your things. The carriage is here. I will go with you. Frederick, give her a glass of wine while I hurry the maid."

"Oh, my dear Frederick," said Emilie, as she took the glass with a trembling hand, "this blow has stunned me. I am helpless as a child. God has punished me. He has done for me what I never could have strength to do myself. Frederick, if Arthur dies, I am a broken-hearted woman. And he will die. I feel it here," pressing her hand upon her bosom.

"I pray God, my dear madame, it may not be as you fear. Take comfort and hope."

"I will try, oh! yes, I will try. Nobody can help me now. No one but God, and I feel as if I didn't know how to go to Him."

(To be continued.)

ICEBERGS.

Few sights in nature are more imposing than that of the huge, solitary iceberg, as, regardless alike of wind and tide, it steers its course across the face of the deep, far away from land. Like one of the frost giants of Scandinavian mythology, it issues from the portals of the north, armed with great blocks of stone. Proudly it sails on. The waves that dash in foam against its sides shake not the strength of its crystal walls, nor tarnish the sheen of its emerald caves. Sleet and snow, storm and tempest, are its congenial elements. Night falls around, and the stars are reflected tremulously from a thousand peaks, and from the green depths of "caverns measureless to man."

The visible portion of an iceberg is only about one-ninth part of the real bulk of the whole mass; so that if one be seen 100 feet high, the lowest point may, perhaps, be away down 800 feet below the waves. Now it is easy to see that such a moving island will often grate across the summit and along the sides of submarine hills; and when the lower part of the berg is roughened over with earth stones, the surface of the rock over which it passes will be torn up and dispersed, or smoothed and striated, while the boulders, embedded in the ice, will be striated in turn.

But some icebergs have been seen rising 300 feet over the sea; and these, if their submarine portions sunk to the maximum depth, must have reached the enormous total height of 2,700 feet. By such a mass any rock or mountain top existing 2,400 feet below the surface of the ocean would be polished and grooved, and succeeding bergs depositing mud and boulders upon it, this smoothed surface might be covered up and suffer no change until the ocean bed should be slowly upheaved to the light of day.

In this way submarine rock surfaces, at all depths, from the coast line down to 2,000 or 3,000 feet, may be scratched and polished, and eventually entombed in mud. It is upon this theory only that we are able to account for the many huge boulders that lay scattered about upon the mountain, valley and plain.

HORROR OF WAR.—The following extract, from the *Gazette* of St. Petersburg, of the 20th April, 1813, has, in these new days of European strife, an awful interest:—"In conformity to the directions issued by government for the complete destruction of the dead bodies of men and horses belonging to the enemy, which fell in battle or perished from the cold, and had not long been committed to the earth, the following reports have been transmitted by the governors of different provinces: In the government of Minsk, up to the end of January, 18,797 dead bodies of men, and 2,746 of horses had been burnt; and there still remained to be burnt, of the former 30,106, and of the latter 27,316, the greater part of which were found on the banks of the Beresina. In the government of Moscow, up to the 15th of February, 46,754 dead bodies of men, and 27,894 of horses had been burnt, besides a number of others that were buried. In the government of Smolensk, up to the 2nd of March, 71,735 dead bodies of men, and 51,430 of horses had been committed to the flames. In the government of Wilna, up to the 5th of March, 72,292 dead bodies of men, and 9,407 of horses had been put under ground. In the government of Kaluga, up to the 11th of March, 1,017 human corpses, and 4,384 dead horses had been burnt. The sum of the whole was 213,516 human corpses, and 95,816 dead horses, exclusive of many others either burnt or buried, of which no account was taken. The strictest measures have been taken for destroying, before the approach of spring, the dead bodies that may be found in the rivers or woods."

MARSTON MOOR.

BY WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED.

To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the clarion's note is high!
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas, the big drum makes reply!
Ere this hath Lucas marched, with his gallant cavaliers,
And the bray of Rupert's trumpets grows fainter in our ears.
To horse! to horse! Sir Nicholas! White Guy is at the door,
And the raven whets his beak o'er the field of Marston Moor.

Up rose the Lady Alice, from her brief and broken prayer,
And she brought a silken banner down the narrow turret-stair;
Oh! many were the tears that those radiant eyes had shed,
As she traced the bright word "Glory" in the gay and glancing thread;
And mournful was the smile which o'er those lovely features ran,
As she said, "It is your lady's gift, unfurl it in the van!"

"It shall flutter, noble wench, where the best and boldest ride
Midst the steel-clad files of Skippon, the black dragons of Pride;
The recreant heart of Fairfax shall feel a sicklier quail,
And the rebel lips of Oliver give out a louder psalm,
When they see my lady's gewgaw flaunt proudly on their wing,
And I hear her loyal soldiers shout, 'For God and for the King!'"

'Tis noon. The ranks are broken, along the royal line
They fly, the braggarts of the court! the bullies of the Rhine!
Stout Langdale's cheer is heard no more, and Astley's helm is down,
And Rupert sheathes his rapier, with a curse and with a frown,
And cold Newcastle mutters, as he follows in their flight,
"The German boar had better far have supped in York to-night."

The knight is left alone, his steel cap cleft in twain,
His good buff jerkin crimsoned o'er with many a gory stain;
Ye! still he waves his banner, and cries amid the rout,
"For Church and King, fair gentlemen! spur on, and fight it out!"
And now he wards a Roundhead's pike, and now he hums a stave,
And now he quotes a stage-play, and now he fells a knave.

God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! thou hast no thought of fear;
God aid thee now, Sir Nicholas! for fearful odds are here!
The rebels hem thee in, and at every cut and thrust,
"Down, down," they cry, "with Belial! down with him to the dust."
"I would," quoth grim old Oliver, "that Belial's trusty sword
This day were doing battle for the Saints and for the Lord!"

The Lady Alice sits with her maidens in her bower,
The gray-haired warder watches from the castle's topmost tower;
"What news? what news, old Hubert?" "The battle's lost and won
The royal troops are melting, like mists before the sun!
And a wounded man approaches; I'm blind, and cannot see,
Yet sure I am that sturdy step my master's step must be!"

"I've brought thee back thy banner, wench, from as rude and red a fray,
As e'er was proof of soldier's thew, or theme for minstrel's lay!
Here, Hubert, bring the silver bowl, and liquor quantum suff.
I'll make a shift to drain it yet, ere I part with boots and buff;
Though Guy through many a gaping wound is breathing forth his life,
And I come to thee a landless man, my fond and faithful wife!"

"Sweet! we will fill our money-bags, and freight a ship for France,
And mourn in merry Paris for this poor land's mischance:
For if the worst befall me, why better axe and rope,
Than life with Lenthall for a king, and Peters for a pope!
Alas! alas! my gallant Guy!—curse on the crop-eared boor,
Who sent me with my standard, on foot from Marston Moor!"

THOSE "GOOD OLD TIMES."

WE waste a great deal of virtuous pity on the uncomfortable position of our ancestors at almost any period of history in which their habits are known. As to our remote connections in the Druid time, there is certainly not much ground for envy, if they were not altogether so much to be commiserated as we complacently suppose. It must have been unpleasant to have had the chance of being burned in a wicker basket—a contrivance evidently, from its shape and destination, the forerunner of the crinoline of the present day; nor does it suggest any agreeable ideas to have been a resident of Salisbury Plain, with only such nominal protection from winter snow as the imitation tartan produced by tattooing could supply: but to make up for these drawbacks there must have been great excitement at the assemblages within the mystic circle; the processions up those swelling downs must have been gorgeous and

delightful; and as to the dance under the mistletoe, with all its rites and incantations, it must have rejoiced the hearts of the ancient Britons to an extent unknown to the liveliest of of their descendants at a ball at Almack's.

The Saxons had not much to boast of in the way of domestic comfort. It would have been impossible for Sir Charles Grandison to have retained any of his refinement if he had lived in a pigsty, and fed out of a trough. But the Saxons did not care about refinement, and would have thought Sir Charles Grandison the most ridiculous of men. They were great, strong, healthy, happy-hearted fellows—gluttons of the most amazing powers, and drunkards beyond the reach of headache. They thought their houses palaces as long as their casks overflowed with beer; they devoured a bullock at their simple family meal, and fought tremendous battles with the thigh-bones. They were always in the open air—ploughing, fishing, hunting, fighting—a very merry existence, where every day seemed a fresh Donnybrook fair; and for a broad-shouldered, strong-stomached youth—say from eighteen to twenty-seven—by no means to be classed with the miseries of human life.

Normans were very happy too; they had their feuds and tournaments, their forays and festivals. Our great progenitor, Ralpho de Fragetete—you will observe we are all descended from the flower of the nobility, the lower orders probably not being allowed to marry—Ralpho de Fragetete, we repeat, seems the perfect image of a favorite of the gods. He is as strong as a horse, and his horse is fit for a brewer's dray; he is a man of action, and never gets into low spirits; he orders his table to be spread, and the district is ransacked for flesh and fish and fowl; he has no bills at Christmas, and thrashes every human being in the house, from madam his wife to the poor Saxon priest who resides in the kennel, to be near at hand if absolution is required. He has hunting-meetings with the other lords, and, in absence of the deer, encases a shepherd in a perfumed skin and runs him to earth, to the great delectation of horse and hound. And this we hold to have been a life of intense animal enjoyment to our distinguished ancestor, Earl Ralpho, whatever it may have been to the humbler members of his establishment.

As to breakfasting with the maids of honor of Queen Elizabeth, it has been the greatest source of regret to us from our earliest years, that the fact of being of this nineteenth century of time puts it out of our power to share their festal board. Oh the jolly conversations, seasoned with court scandals about her majesty's cosmetics, we should have heard, while beauteous Isabel de Vere handed the frothing pewter across the table to bright-eyed Adeline de Courcy! None of your cups of coffee or deleterious tea, but Meux or Hanbury to the brim, to wash down the pound of steaks which formed the solid portion of the *déjeuner à la fourchette*. "What could they do? How could they possibly exist without their pekoe and small slice of toast, their little lump of sugar and dribble of cream? Poor girls! up so early in the morning too, dressing by candlelight, and feeding on such viands, they could have no feelings of delicacy or romance. I pity them with all my heart."

But they decline your pity, dearest Miss Poggins, and retort with the most unmistakable compassion on the condition of their fair sisters of the present day. Had they any dyspeptic symptoms about them?—any nerves?—any headaches?—any faints? Were they perpetually coddling themselves by the side of warm fires, and terrified at a draught of air? Fine, well-grown, buoyant, girls, with muscles like an Arab racer, and a power of walking like Captain Barclay, and of dancing like a stronger Taglion! troubling their happy thoughts neither about winter snow nor summer heat, reading no novels, writing no letters, but busy in all the duties of the house; working nightcaps for their noble fathers, making gooseberry wine and pickles with their noble mothers, galloping over the open downs with their brothers, singing Herrick's songs to the lute, going to see a new play of Shakespeare, and a new masque of Ben Jonson. And as to refinement and romance, what is there inconsistent with romance and refinement in cheeks wherein discoursed with exquisite sweetness the pure and eloquent blood, in teeth whiter than mayflower, and breath like mignonette?



SHE DID NOT RISE FROM THE SOFA, BUT HELD OUT BOTH HER HANDS TO THOMAS KAGE.

THE POSTERN-DOOR.

CHAPTER I.

MISS CANTERBURY was sitting by her dressing-room fire one winter's evening in the twilight, when the chamber-door softly opened, and her sister came in.

"Olive," she exclaimed, "will you go into the drawing-room. Who do you think is there?"

"Who?" questioned Miss Canterbury, wondering what had put Millicent's face in a glow.

"Thomas Kage. He came down by the train. He wants to see you."

Millicent—or Leta, as they called her—sat down as she spoke, and Miss Canterbury prepared to descend.

"Are you not coming also, Leta?"

"No: I am not wanted."

"Your visit is unexpected," said Miss Canterbury, as she heartily shook hands with Mr. Kage, "but I am very glad to see you."

"My visit is to Millicent," he observed. "I have come to ask her to be my wife. I should have asked it long ago, but that briefs did not come in quick enough; they have taken a turn of late."

"And what does Millicent say?"

"Millicent ran away, and said nothing," he answered, with a smile.

"A good sign," laughed Miss Canterbury. "I fancy you and Leta have understood each other for some time," she added. "Is it not so?"

"Tacitly, I think we have. And I hope Millicent has understood why it was only tacitly. I was too poor to speak."

"Millicent's fortune would have helped you on, Mr. Kage."

"It is that fortune which has kept me from her," he replied.

"It need not. It is only ten thousand pounds."

Thomas Kage raised his eyes, bright with amusement, to Miss Canterbury's face. "Only ten thousand! A very paltry sum, no doubt, to the Miss Canterburys, reared to their hundreds of thousands, but a Golconda to a struggling barrister."

"Reared to their hundreds of thousands; yes!" retorted Miss Canterbury, with a swelling heart; "but not enjoying them."

Mrs. Dunn, once Lydia Canterbury, came to dinner; she was

visiting another sister, Jane, who had married the rector, Austin Rufort. The three sisters, assembled at dinner, presented a marked contrast. Olive, lofty in mind, lofty in manner, tall and handsome; Mrs. Dunn, short and stout, and an inveterate talker; and Millicent, much younger than either, quiet and graceful.

"Mr. Kage," impatiently began Mrs. Dunn, the instant the servants had withdrawn after dinner, "who gave the poison to that child, little Tom Canterbury?"

"That is a problem I cannot solve," was his reply.

"I was abroad at the time of the dreadful occurrence, and I know nothing," she proceeded; "you were on the spot. Do tell me the particulars."

"He had been dangerously ill with inflammation of the chest, but was getting better; in fact, was nearly well," said Mr. Kage, "and his mother, Mrs. Dawkes, determined to take him to the Rock for change of air. That same morning, the one they ought to have started, he was found dead in his bed."

"And had died from a dose of opium. But now, who gave it him?"

"The facts were shrouded in mystery," continued Mr. Kage, "and the coroner's jury returned an open verdict. The nurse was perfectly trustworthy, and the child had not been out of her sight the whole of the previous day. She undressed him, gave him his regular medicine, and put him into his bed by the side of her own. She heard nothing of him in the night, and in the morning, when she came to take him up, he was dead."

"What was that medicine?" suspiciously asked Mrs. Dunn.

"Harmless, proper medicine, as was proved at the inquest. He had been taking a dessert-spoonful three times a day."

"Some one must have got into the bedroom and administered the poison, that's clear," said Mrs. Dunn. "The nurse, Judith, was trustworthy; I'll give her that due. She was one of the housemaids at the Rock, before we left it, or my father had made a simpleton of himself by marrying that flighty child, Caroline Kage. When the changes came, and the new baby was born, Judith became its nurse. Yes, she was to be trusted, but somebody must have got into the chamber while she slept."

"No one went in," said Mr. Kage.

"Oh, ay, I know it was so asserted," contemptuously returned Mrs. Dunn, "but the boy could not have found a bottle of laudanum in his bed, uncorked ready for use, and swallowed it down. It does not stand to reason, Mr. Kage."



"WHEN HE SAW ME HE STARTED, LIKE A GUILTY MAN, AND HURRIED SOMETHING UNDER HIS COAT."

"Judith deposed that she never left the room after the boy was in bed not for one second. She put up some things that would be wanted for the journey in the morning, and then went to bed herself, the door being locked, and it was so locked when she rose in the morning, no one having entered."

"Well, all I know is, that poison cannot be taken into a child's stomach, without its being put there; and you are the first person that ever I heard say it could, Mr. Kage."

He glanced at Mrs. Dunn with a spice of merriment; but for the grave subject, he might have laughed outright. "Did I say it could?"

"Just as good—when you assert that nobody was near him but Judith, or went into the room."

"Judith never left him; that appears to be a fact," observed Miss Canterbury. "The medical men thought the poison had been taken about evening time, did they not?"

Mr. Kage nodded.

"Mr. Dawkes has been a fine gainer," rejoined Mrs. Dunn. "Tom Canterbury's splendid fortune fell to her—"

"Hush, Lydia," interposed Miss Canterbury. "However we may have felt disposed to cast previous reflections on Mrs. Dawkes, we can but have the sincerest sympathy for her in her great misfortune. I believe she idolised the child."

"She was very fond of him," said Mr. Kage, "and her grief was pitiable to witness. She clung round me, and asked if I could not bring him back to life. I went up in the afternoon as soon as I heard of it, and I found her almost beside herself. Major Dawkes had just gone out about some of the necessary preparations, they said, and she was alone. She clung to me, as I tell you, in a sad state; I hardly knew what to do with her."

"She came down to the Rock a mere skeleton the day after the funeral," remarked Miss Canterbury. "We were shocked when we called upon her. She briefly told us the particulars, tallying with what you have now related, and said she should never forget the blow during life. I thought as she spoke that she little knew how time heals the worst pangs; but I fear my thoughts were too fast, for she does not recover either strength or spirits. She lives a secluded life, and her present husband's sister, Miss Dawkes, is with her."

"The major passes most of his time in London," abruptly remarked Thomas Kage.

"He passes it somewhere," replied Miss Canterbury; "he is rarely at the Rock."

"At any rate he has gained by the bargain," cried the incorrigible Mrs. Dunn. "It is a magnificent fortune for him to have dropped into, all unexpectedly, through the demise of a little stepson."

"It is his wife who has dropped into it, not he," remarked Miss Canterbury.

"As if he did not have the fingering of it," retorted Mrs. Dunn.

"Millicent," whispered Mr. Kage, as they stood apart after retiring to the drawing-room, "I have had no direct answer; but I am easy, for I know the signs of rejection well, and you do not wear them."

"Have you been rejected, that you know them well?"

"Once—years ago."

"By Caroline Kage," she whispered.

"Even so. I meant to tell you about it, Millicent. That I did love her—how deeply!—matters not now, and has not mattered ever since. She broke the spell too rudely."

"When she left you to marry my father—or rather his fortune, for that was what in truth she married. But she did love you, Thomas: I saw it then; and she has loved you, or I am mistaken, since my father's death."

He knew she had; but he was strictly honorable, and that love and its knowledge would be buried within the archives of his own breast for ever.

"Mr. Kage," interrupted Olive, "here is a note for you."

Mr. Kage turned, and a servant handed him a note on a salver. He wondered who could be writing to him there and then. But when he looked at the superscription he saw it was from Mrs. Dawkes.

"How can she have known you were here?" exclaimed Millicent.

"I saw one of the Rock servants at the station when our train arrived. He must have mentioned it to his mistress."

Mr. Kage opened the note. It contained an urgent request that he would go at once to the Rock—would return with the messenger.

With a word of apology to Miss Canterbury Mr. Kage withdrew. Waiting for him was Mrs. Dawkes's maid, Fry; and they proceeded to the Rock together.

"I hear your mistress is not in a good state of health," he observed.

"She's just in that state, sir, that unless a change takes more speedier than it's possible, she will not last long."

He was deeply shocked, but he made no comment, though he could not help but think there was something unreasonable in her thus grieving to death for the loss of a fragile child. "Is the major at the Rock?" he inquired.

"No, sir. His sister is living with us. My mistress has been wanting to see you so much, sir, that she thought of sending to London for you; and she says it's nothing but a providence that has brought you down."

They approached the Rock, and when near the front entrance Fry suddenly made a détour to the right. "This way, please, sir?"

"This way!" echoed Mr. Kage. "Wherefore?"

"Missis don't want your visit to her known, sir," answered Fry, in a confidential whisper; "and I'm going to take you in by the iron postern-door in the south wing. A rare trouble I had to unlock it to-night, for it has not been used since the time of young Mr. Edgar Canterbury. It opens on a staircase, which leads right up to the rooms, and Mr. Edgar used to steal in and out that way, for his father was fond of keeping a tight hand upon him. Missis has changed her apartments since last autumn for those in the south wing."

"To whom does Mrs. Dawkes not wish my visit known?" he demanded, in astonishment. "To the servants?"

"To Miss Dawkes. You must not mind the dust on the stairs, sir."

It sounded mysterious, especially Fry's tone; but Mr. Kage asked no more.

Fry opened the small door spoken of and disclosed a narrow staircase, lighted by a hand-lamp placed on one of the stairs. He ascended, and, crossing the corridor at the top, was immediately in the presence of Mrs. Dawkes.

But shocked as he had been by Fry's account of her state, far, far more shocked was he to see her. The room was small but handsome, and she sat on a sofa near the fire; her features were white and attenuated, her cheeks and lips scarlet with inward fever, and a black circle was drawn round her wild, bright eyes. She did not rise from the sofa, but held out both her hands to Thomas Kage. He advanced and took them.

"Fry," said Mrs. Dawkes, bending aside to look at him, "stop in the room next the baize door. If she comes to it, call out to her that I am not visible to-night; but don't unlock it to answer her."

"All right, ma'am," answered Fry, leaving the room.

Thomas Kage still retained her hands, looking the pity he would not express: he thought her culpably wrong to give way to such grief. She gazed up into his face with a yearning look.

"You said, years ago, in this very house, that you would, from that time, be my brother, my true friend. I have put aside the old feelings; I have indeed; but I want a friend. Will you be one?"

"You know I will, Caroline. Your true friend: your brother."

He relinquished her hands, and sat down by her.

"I have had a door put up; you might have seen it had you looked to the other end of the corridor; a green baize door that fastens inside. I made the excuse that the apartments in this wing were cold, and I would have them shut in from the draught."

It was not so much the words that struck upon Thomas Kage as being unaccountably singular, it was the manner, the tone in

which they were uttered. She spoke in a hushed whisper, and turned her eyes to different parts of the room, as if in dread of being watched from the walls.

"I think I dreamt of this evening; of your coming here," she continued; "I am sure it has been presented indistinctly to my mind. And I knew that I could not talk to you undisturbed, so I had the door put up: for that; as well as to keep her out—and him. She's a spy upon me. She is."

A strange fear had come over Thomas Kage as he listened. Was she insane?

"I know she is placed over me as a spy: I can see it, and so can Fry: but I am now in that state of nervous weakness that any great scene of agitation might kill me, so I do not exert my authority to turn her out. But I am the Rock's mistress, and I will be as long as I live: and I sent for the man, and gave my orders, and had the door put up. She does not know of that staircase."

"Caroline, you are feverish; your mind is excited," he soothingly said. "Can I get you anything to calm you, my dear?"

"I am no more feverish than usual. And as to excitement—let any one lose a child in the way I did, and see if their mind would ever calm down again."

"But you do very wrong to indulge this excessive grief. I must point out your errors, Caroline: you know I always speak for your good, your welfare."

"Oh yes, I know you have," she interrupted, in a tone of anguished remorse. "If I had but heeded you! You told me such a will ought not to be made; you told me the money would not bring me good. If I had but heeded you! You told me Captain Dawkes was not a fit husband for me—Thomas, I accepted him in a fit of angry passion; of pique against you."

"These events are past; why recal them?"

"Why not recal them? I am passing from the world, and I would not that you should think I go blindfold to the grave: though I may have lived blindfold."

"I ask you why you give way to this unaccountable sorrow. It is a positive sin, Caroline, to talk of grief sending you into the grave. Your child is better off; he is at rest; he is in happiness."

"I am not grieving for him. I have learnt to be glad that he went before me."

"Then what is all this? You are seriously ill in mind, as well as in body; what distress is it?"

"I have inherited a touch of papa's complaint; you know he was thought to be consumptive. I was very ill when Tom died, and the shock of that prevented my rallying. In short, it is that which has killed me."

"The grief?"

"No, not the grief."

"The shock, then?"

"No, not the shock. It's the wretchedness altogether. Then things are preying upon me; things which I cannot speak of; and whenever he is at the Rock I am in a dreadful state of nervousness, and her being here angers me and worries me."

Mrs. Dawkes's words were by no means intelligible to their hearer, though he had dismissed the fear for her sanity.

"I do not comprehend the half of what you say, Caroline. What things are they that prey upon you?"

Mrs. Dawkes shuddered. "I tell you I cannot speak of them. Thomas, will you serve me?"

"Certainly I will. What is it that you wish me to do?"

Mrs. Dawkes glanced over her shoulder, in apparent dread of being heard, and then bent towards her cousin and spoke; but in so low a tone he could not catch the words.

"I—want—a—will—made," she slowly repeated.

"Have you not made one since the child died?"

"No. No."

"Then it is right and proper that you should. And without delay."

"Will you contrive that I shall do it? Will you help me? Will you take my instructions, and get it executed?"

"My dear, what ails you?" he rejoined. "The shortest way, the best way, is for you to send for Mr. Norris and give your instructions to him."

"That is the very thing I cannot do," she said. "She, Miss Dawkes—is keeping guard over me, to see that I don't make one."

"Caroline, how can you have taken these ideas in your head?" he remonstrated, reverting again to the doubt whether her nervous state did not border on insanity. "A woman, with the immense property that you possess, is bound to make a will."

"If I die without one, everything goes to my husband. Money and land, and the Rock. Everything goes to him."

"Of course, if you leave no will."

"Then do you not see now why he does not want me to make one; why he will not permit me to make one; why he puts his sister here, to watch over me that I don't make one, while he is away on his own pleasures?"

"I hope not," Thomas Kage replied, gravely. "Major Dawkes must feel that he has little right to the whole fortune of Mr. Canterbury."

"He has no right to it, and he shall not have it," she vehemently broke forth. "Oh, Thomas, Thomas," she continued, changing her tone to one of wailing, "why did I not listen to you, when you begged me not to suffer the money to be so left—not to inherit it, contingent on the death of my child?"

"Hush, Caroline. Do not, I say, recal the past."

"What possessed Mr. Canterbury to make so dangerous a will? what possessed my mother and me to incite him to it?" she cried again. "I wish it had been burnt; I wish the money and the Rock had been sunk at the bottom of the sea."

"It was an unjust will, bordering, as I think, upon iniquity; but why do you call it a dangerous one? I do not understand the term, as applied to Mr. Canterbury's will."

"Do you not understand it?" she pointedly asked. "I sit here, in my solitude, in my terrible nervousness, and dwell on many things, real and unreal, on the past and on the future; and I have fancied that you foresaw how it might become dangerous, that day when you so earnestly warned me against suffering it to stand; when you seemed buried in visions of time to come; and when I asked what the visions were, you answered that your thoughts had gone roaming without leave."

He remembered it well; he did not choose to say so. "We were speaking of the real, Caroline, not of the ideal," he resumed. "I am unable to comprehend your position. You are mistress of this house and of its servants; why not act as you please in it, and be its mistress. Send for your mother here, and—"

"My mother!" interrupted Mrs. Dawkes. "Don't you know that she is ill? She had a stroke of paralysis in the autumn, and lies in her bed childish. Little good has the money brought to her."

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied. "But to return to yourself. If the presence of Miss Dawkes is unpleasant to you, politely request her to terminate her visit. Try and shake off this nervousness, my dear; for nervousness it is, and nothing else."

"If I only stirred in the matter, if I only said to her Go, it would bring him; they are acting in concert."

"What if it did? Though he is your husband, he cannot take from you your freedom of action. The house is yours, the money is yours, and he has no legal control whatever over either."

"But there would be dreadful scenes, I say, and they would shatter me; and besides," she whispered, with a shudder of horror, looking again apprehensively around, "I might be poisoned."

"Oh, Caroline!"

"Tom was, you know," she continued, staring at him with her wild eyes. "And I must make the will first."

Was she wandering now? Mr. Kage wondered.

"I wish to leave this wretched fortune—wretched it has been to me and mine—to its rightful owners; I wish to repair the injustice that was committed on the Miss Canterburys. Will you advise me whether Olive—"

"I cannot advise you on the disposal of your money," he interrupted, in a voice of alarm. "Neither will I inherit any

of it, neither will I be the executor. Leave it as you think well yourself; I must decline all interference."

"Not advise me! What can be your motive for the refusal?"

"The motive is of no consequence, Caroline."

"Tell me the motive; the dwelling, else, on what it may be, will worry me for days and nights. Thomas, do tell me."

"I am engaged to Millicent Canterbury," he replied, in a low, unwilling tone.

She looked down on her clasped hands, and did not speak. But for the crimson that rushed over her face and neck, he would have thought she did not hear.

"Well, be it so," she said at length. "Thomas, I am glad to hear it; or I shall be, when the first of the news has a little passed. You could not have chosen a better girl than Leta. Indeed I am glad of it; I am not so selfish as to wish you not to marry."

"You see, therefore, why I cannot, and will not advise, as to leaving money to the Miss Canterburys," explained Mr. Kage. "Individually, I would prefer that you did not, for it may be the means of separating me from Millicent; on the other hand, they have claims on their father's estate. I cannot advise or interfere."

"Chivalrous and honorable as usual! You are too much so, Thomas. Had you been less so—"

"What then?" he asked, for she did not continue.

"This conversation never would have had place, and my child would be here, and I should not be dying."

What she said was too true; and he knew it.

"How can I get a will made?" she resumed.

"Let Mr. Norris come to you in the way I have done to-night, and take your instructions."

She appeared to catch eagerly at the suggestion. "So he might! I had not thought of it. The fact is, it was only when I heard you were in the neighborhood, and I was worrying to contrive how I could get to see you alone, that Fry suggested the opening of the postern-door. Yes, yes, Norris is honest, and I will send for him. I shall leave my husband nothing, Thomas."

"Leave him nothing! Nothing? Is that justice?"

"Justice and mercy too. I leave him my silence; and that is more mercy than he deserves. He poisoned my child."

"Hush!" rebuked Mr. Kage.

"He poisoned my child," she persisted.

"Caroline, this is an awfully grave charge."

"It is a true one. I have known it all along. I knew it when the coroner's inquest was sitting; I knew it when you all went to put him in the grave. He had a bottle of laudanum in his dressing-room, but I believe none in the house, save myself, had noticed that he had it, and lucky for him they had not. That laudanum bottle had been there for weeks, untouched, but it was missing from its place the evening before Tom died. I looked for it, and it was gone; I wanted some to put to my tooth; was it not strange that that very night, of all others, I should have looked for it; and but that night?"

Mr. Kage made no reply. He was as one lost in thought.

"I went to bed early that night, at eight o'clock, and, after I was in bed, I got up to fetch the laudanum bottle from his dressing-room. It was not there. I was thunderstruck at its absence, because I knew it was always there. Soon afterwards he came in, and when he saw me he started, like a guilty man, and hurried something under his coat as he went into the dressing-room. It was the bottle; I remembered it afterwards; and the next morning it was in its place, no one but himself having gone through my room that night."

"Allowing all this—I cannot disbelieve you—how could he have administered it to the child? Judith never left him."

"He did not administer it. Judith gave the poison."

"Judith!" uttered Thomas Kage.

"Judith; but not intentionally. She believed, poor woman, when she gave him his dessert-spoonful of mixture that evening that she was giving him his proper medicine. The mixture bottle was taken away from the nursery mantelpiece, and the laudanum bottle substituted, while Judith had brought the child down stairs to me, and the nursery was empty. Afterwards, when the evil was done, and they had gone into the night-nursery, the bottles were changed again, and he came sneaking down with the poison in his hand, little thinking that



"THE POSTERN DOOR?" GASPED MISS DAWKES; "I DID NOT KNOW THERE WAS ONE."

I had been looking for it. I saw the next morning that some had been taken out."

"Were the bottles alike?"

"Exactly alike: green-glass bottles; and about the same quantity of stuff in each; and the color of the mixture and of the laudanum tallied. The labels were not alike, and Judith cannot read writing."

"Ah!"

"'Tincture of opium. Major Dawkes,' was on the one; 'The mixture. Master Canterbury,' was on the other. Judith came to me in great distress a few days after we arrived here, and said she must confess something that was preying upon her mind. It was, that after she had given the dessert-spoonful of mixture to the child that last evening, she was putting in the cork when her eye fell on the words of the label, and she thought they looked different—not the same she was accustomed to see; but she had concluded it was her fancy, and put the bottle on the mantelpiece again. The next morning, when she looked, the old familiar writing seemed to be returned to the bottle. Can you wonder," added Mrs. Dawkes, in an altered tone, "that I have lived in fear—in nervous dread—that I dare not provoke an open rupture with him?"

"Did you do well to conceal these circumstances?" inquired Mr. Kage, in a low tone.

"Had I known them—had they presented themselves to my mind at the moment of my boy's death, I should inevitably have proclaimed them to the world. But Fry was hasty with her opinion that he must have died in a fit, and I adopted it in my wild grief. When the doctors had held their *post mortem* examination, and declared the cause of his death to be opium, then the truth flashed upon me—in a confusion of ideas at first, but, little by little, each distinct point grew and stood out with awful clearness."

"He came down to my chambers that night, asking me to advance some of the child's money," murmured Thomas Kage.

"Oh yes, that was part of his cunning scheme to divert suspicion from him; and his stopping out all night, that was another," bitterly responded Mrs. Dawkes.

"Did you ever hint at your suspicions to him?"

"Only once. I could not—my very heart sickened, revolted against it. On the day of the inquest, after it was over, he came in to condole with me—hypocrite!—and I suddenly said to him, 'That bottle of laudanum which you keep in your dressing-room was away from it the evening before Tom died; where was it?' He turned as white as ashes—his lips were ghastly and tremulous as they strove to say it was not away, so far as he knew. That look alone would be sufficient to prove his guilt. I said no more; I only gazed steadily at him, and he turned away. I could not be the first to accuse him; he had been my husband: had any one else done so, I should have said what I knew. I came down here the next day with my dreadful secret. He comes sometimes; but we have lived an estranged life ever since; and she is here—my keeper."

Mr. Kage leaned his head upon his hand.

"Yes, I am here with my dreadful secret," she reiterated, and he is living in a whirl of gaiety, of sin. I sometimes wonder whether it is burdensome upon him also in the silence of the accusing night."

"A dreadful secret, indeed!" he echoed, wiping his brow. "Caroline, why did you tell it me?"

"Not for you to accuse and betray him, not to repeat again. When once this conversation is over, you can bury it in the solitude of your breast, and leave him to his conscience and the future. But I could not go to my grave without telling you what has sent me there."

Mr. Kage sat thinking, thinking over the chain of events from their commencement. The foolish marriage of Mr. Canterbury with this young girl; the unjust will; the dangerous clause of the fortune reverting to her, should the child die! Yes, dangerous; Mrs. Dawkes had called it by its right name. Dangerous, should she marry a needy and unscrupulous second husband.

"Oh, but it was an awful temptation!" he exclaimed aloud; "awful, awful to such a one as Dawkes. Poor man!"

"You say 'poor man!' You pity him!"

"Not his guilty weakness in yielding to it, not his wicked sin; but I pity him for his exposure to the temptation. Better that Mr. Canterbury had left his money to his daughters, after the child; better he had left it to the county hospital."

"Did you think of this horrible contingency when you urged me, almost with a prayer, not to inherit after my child?"

"Do not recur to what I thought," he sharply cried, as if the question struck an unpleasant chord within him. "I am given to flights of fancy, and don't know what I may have thought."

Mr. Kage rose, took her hands as before, and bent over her. "I shall come in state to the front entrance to-morrow, Caroline, and pay you a formal visit, as though we had not met since you left London."

"Since the day of my boy's funeral," she repeated. "Do so. She will be in the room all the time: there's no chance of any visitor being allowed to see me alone. Good night, good night; we shall not meet many times in this world."

"Caroline," he lingered to whisper, "are you prepared for the next?"

"I think of it as a rest from weary sorrow, I think of it as a loving place of pardon and peace; I wish I was better fitted for it."

"Why do you not send for Mr. Rufort?"

"She would not let him come; not to see me alone."

"She must let him—she shall let him."

"Let me get the will made first, and I shall be more at ease."

"Good night, my dear child. Keep up your spirits."

Mrs. Dawkes touched a bell, and Fry came flying out of a room at the end of the corridor, one close to the new bairn door. Thomas Kage saw the door as he looked that way. Fry conducted him down the dusty stairs, and out at the rusty door; and he went on his way, lost in pondering over what the night had brought forth.

CHAPTER II.

ONCE more a stately funeral issued from the Rock. It was in May; Mrs. Dawkes had lingered longer than expected by herself, by her medical attendants, or by Mr. Rufort, who, towards the last, had been much with her. A telegraphic message, sent by his sister, apprised Major Dawkes that the end was at hand; but he did not hurry himself to obey it, and arrived when the closing scene was over. Mr. Rufort put into his hands a note left by his wife; it simply gave directions for her funeral, mentioning those she wished to attend it, and desiring that the Miss Canterburys should be at the Rock the day it took place.

Major Dawkes was all suavity. Had his late wife wished that the whole parish should be there, he would cordially have invited them. The magnificent mansion, with its costly appendages, and eight or ten thousand a year, was a golden nugget for Major Dawkes to have dropped into—and that there was any doubt that he had dropped into it, never for the faintest shadow of a moment crossed his mind.

"You see now the utility of my taking care that Caroline made no will," he observed to his sister, complacently rubbing his hands. "She might have been bequeathing part of the money to those Canterbury women. I shall set you comfortably up for life, Harriet."

The funeral of Mrs. Dawkes issued, we say, from the Rock. Upon its return, after leaving her in her silent home, several of the followers re-entered it. Major Dawkes a little wondered why they did so, for he supposed their business to be over, but he politely marshalled them to the library. In that room sat the four daughters of the late Mr. Canterbury; Olive, Mrs. Rufort, Mrs. Dunn, and Millicent. Mr. Norris, who had come up with the gentlemen, addressed Major Dawkes.

"Shall we proceed now, sir, to read the will?"

Major Dawkes looked at him. "Whose will?"

"Your late wife's, sir."

"Mrs. Dawkes made no will."

"Pardon me, major; Mrs. Dawkes executed a will, all in due order. She wrote to me a few days before her death, stating it

would be found in the large drawer of this bureau, quite at the bottom, beneath the leases and other papers."

The lawyer touched a piece of furniture as he spoke, but the widower smiled with incredulity. "When and where did she execute it, pray?"

"In this house, some months ago," replied Mr. Norris. "I made it."

Miss Dawkes spoke up, in a somewhat intemperate tone. "Mrs. Dawkes made no will in this house; and you never were here, Mr. Norris."

"I beg your pardon, madam. I came here and took Mrs. Dawkes's instructions, and when the will was prepared I came again, and brought witnesses with me to attest her signature."

He spoke so calmly, in so matter-of-fact a tone, that the major was startled. He turned a look, full of evil, upon his sister.

"It is false," she cried; "it is a conspiracy concocted amongst the Canterbury family to deprive you of your rights. I will pledge myself to the fact that Mrs. Dawkes made no will; she could not have done so without my knowledge."

"Your not having been cognisant of this is easily explained, madam," returned Mr. Norris. "Mrs. Dawkes became possessed of an idea that she was not quite a free agent in her own house; she therefore caused the baize door to be erected, which you know of, to shut in her apartments, and she unfastened the small postern-door in the south wing, which opened to them, and so admitted her visitors. You can inquire of her maid, or the butler."

"The postern-door?" gasped Miss Dawkes; "I did not know there was one."

"Possibly not; you are a stranger here, and the door is very much hidden by trees," remarked Mr. Norris.

"The shortest way to settle it, is to look in the drawer and see if there is a will," interrupted Mr. Carlton of the Hall. "I am told that I am one of the executors."

"You are," said Mr. Norris. "And Lord Rufort is the other."

Lord Rufort sat still in his chair, too stately to be moved by that or by any other information, and there was a pause. "We wait, sir," he said to Major Dawkes.

Major Dawkes was at bay. "My lord, there is no will. I will equally pledge myself to it with my sister. It will be useless to examine the place."

"As you please, Major Dawkes," said Mr. Norris. "The will was made and signed in duplicate; and I took charge of the other copy. 'To guard against possible accidents,' Mrs. Dawkes said. I have it with me."

Major Dawkes, foiled, and doubly at bay, searched for the key and opened the drawer. There was the will. He could have gnashed his teeth, but for those around. He sat down and bit one of the fingers of his black kid glove. "She may have left half the money away from me, after all!" thought he.

The will began by premising that no person whatever was a party to its contents; that it was her own uncounselled act and deed, biased by a sense of justice alone. There were a few trifling legacies to servants and friends; and then Mr. Norris cleared his throat, and Major Dawkes was red with expectation.

"I bequeath this mansion, the Rock, and all that it contains, plate, furniture, books, pictures, to Olive Canterbury, absolutely. I bequeath the whole of the money of which I may die possessed, the lands, the houses (save and except the Rock), to the four daughters of my late husband, George Canterbury, to be shared by them in equal portions. I bequeath to Thomas Kage my gold watch and chain, with the locket, key, and seal attached, and I beg him to accept them as a token of gratitude for his unvarying kindness to me and his solicitude for my welfare. And I bequeath to my present husband, Barnaby Dawkes, the sum of five-and-twenty pounds, wherewith to purchase a mourning ring, which he will wear in remembrance of my dear child, Thomas Canterbury."

Such, shorn of its technicalities, was the will.

Major Dawkes sat, a pitiable object to look upon, the perspiration breaking out in drops over his livid face; was it his entire disinheritance, or the peculiar allusion to Thomas Canterbury, that caused his skin to wear that deathly hue? He was

a ruined man; yesterday he stood on a high pinnacle, vaunting in his wealth and position; to-day he was hurled from it, and hurled from it for ever.

He felt reckless. "I dispute the will," cried he, in his desperation. "Mr. Norris, you will take my instructions, preparatory to setting it aside."

Mr. Norris smiled. "You forget that I am solicitor to the Canterbury family."

"Why you might just as well tell the sun not to shine, as try to set aside a plain will like that, major," cried Mr. Carlton. "Though I sympathise with your disappointment, Dawkes," he added, "and cannot imagine how you could so mortally have offended your wife, as to be cut off with nothing."

"Very strange indeed!" remarked Lord Rufort. And "Very strange indeed!" murmured everybody else, with the exception of Thomas Kage.

The Honorable and Reverend Mr. Rufort stepped forward, and held out a small parcel towards Mr. Kage. "It is the legacy mentioned in the will," said he; "Mrs. Dawkes gave it into my charge to convey to you." And Thomas Kage rose and took it, a vivid flush of bygone recollections dyeing his face.

"I wonder you had not a better memento than that; a good legacy, for instance," exclaimed the unceremonious Mr. Carlton to Thomas Kage. "You were her nearest relative, save her mother."

"When my brother gives his opinion that the will has been concocted, he only states what is no doubt the fact," interposed Miss Dawkes. "Perhaps you were one of her advisers in it, sir."

"Indeed no," returned Mr. Rufort, to whom the lady had spoken; "I had nothing to do with the will in any way. Mrs. Dawkes once said to me that her pecuniary affairs were settled, and that is all I ever heard. Had any one asked me, previous to this hour, to whom her fortune was most likely left, I should have answered, to her husband."

"Major," whispered Mr. Norris, as there was a general rise to leave, "you will give up possession at your earliest convenience. Not at your inconvenience, you know; Miss Canterbury would not wish that."

"Give up possession?" Ay, give up possession of all; his day was over. He watched their carriages drive away, and entered upon his future; a future compassed about with the stings of guilt and remorse. What had he gained by his dark deed? Not the golden Utopia he had promised himself, but poverty, and guilt and shame. His wife gone, her money gone, and the Rock gone; all the good things were gone from him for ever; and he tore his hair, in his wild rage, as the thought came over him, that but for that dark deed he would be rejoicing in them yet.

Thomas Kage alighted at the house of Miss Canterbury, with herself and Millicent. "Shall I come in?" he asked.

"Shall you?" echoed Olive; "why should you not?" "What has passed this morning bars my right to do so—at least on the previous footing," he continued, when they had entered. "Millicent," he added, going up to her, "this is a cruel blow, for it ought, in justice, to deprive me of you. But it is only what I looked for."

"What now?" cried Olive.

"I have got, by dint of scraping and saving, a thousand pounds laid by in the bank to purchase furniture and such like. Millicent is now worth something like a hundred thousand. How can I, in honor, still ask her to become my wife?"

Millicent Canterbury turned red and white, and hot and sick, and finally burst into tears. Olive, on the contrary, felt inclined to laugh.

"It is the first time I ever heard a rising barrister—looking forward to the woollack no doubt in his vain heart—say that a hundred thousand pounds was a thing to reject or quarrel with. Would you have liked it to be a million, sir?"

"Miss Canterbury!"

"Ay, Miss Canterbury, indeed! Look at Leta. I dare say she has had her visions as well as you: the lord chancellor and his wig rule England, and she rules the lord chancellor, may have been one of her ambitious flights for the far-off future."

No slight temptation to a young lady, let me tell you; and now you want to upset it all!"

"It is the money which upsets it."

"Poor child!" cried Olive, advancing, and stroking Millicent's hair, "you have cause for tears. He says he will not give you a home now, and I am sure I will not give you one; I won't harbor a rejected and forlorn damsel at the Rock."

"What am I to do?" he quickly asked.

"Do!" echoed Miss Canterbury, in a different tone. "Ask Millicent. Money separate you! What next? I never was ashamed of you till now, Thomas Kage."

She left the room, and the next moment Millicent was sobbing on his breast, and he holding her to it. Separate, indeed!

"Mrs. Dawkes's will, in a different way, is as strange a one as my father's," observed Miss Canterbury to him. "Can you account for it?"

"I do not wish to account for it," was the evasive reply of Thomas Kage.

"I think with Mr. Carlton that it is very strange she left nothing to you. But I have a suspicion you stopped her doing so."

"I told her I would not accept it if she did."

"But why?"

"The money, in point of right, was not hers to leave; and what claim had I on Mr. Canterbury's property? No, I would not have accepted a shilling."

"Well, you are honorable!" exclaimed Olive, looking at him. "But to think that our own money should have come back to us!" she continued. "It did not bring altogether luck or happiness to those to whom it was left."

"Indeed it did not," warmly replied Thomas Kage, and he knew it far better than she did. "Be assured of one thing, Miss Canterbury—that an unjust will never prospers to the inheritors. All my experience in life has proved it to me."

And be you assured of it also, reader, for it is a stern truth.

GLIMPSES OF TURKISH LIFE.

BY REYNAK HANUM, THE ORIENTALISED AMERICAN LADY.

My First Experience in the Circassian Slave Trade.

THE Circassian mountains, which extend from the Black Sea to the Caspian, are about seven hundred miles in length, and cover an extent of land nearly equal to the whole surface of England and Wales. Their lofty peaks tower to the heavens, and are many of them covered with eternal snows; and in their yet almost unpenetrated bowels are doubtless concealed treasures of gold and other precious metals.

But few have been the human footsteps that have ventured to track these ancient hills, even in these days of modern enterprise, so that almost as little is known of them to us as to the brave heroes who, with Jason of olden time, gazed upon their upturned peaks, when they stepped from their tempest-tossed bark to roam the shores of Colchis and secure the far-famed Golden Fleece.

The northern declivity and surrounding country has ever, from the earliest times, been inhabited by barbarous and roving tribes, who, shut up among their wild fastnesses, have at this day but few marks of the civilising progress of ages. Even now the Circassians, the present inhabitants of this still primitive country, have no towns, but form temporary villages, which they frequently transfer from one spot to another. They live a sort of wandering gipsy life, paying but little attention to the cultivation of the soil, which in the valleys would well repay their labors. Their principal possessions consist in vast hordes of sheep, of a remarkably fine breed and texture.

They live in the lower mountains and in the valleys which more immediately border on the Black Sea. The men are even in latter times most distinguished for bravery, as attest their many and signal victories over their enemies the Russians; for in the aggressive policy of Russia, access to India and Persia being a prominent point, the acquisition of Circassia is most necessary to the success of her designs. With this object she commenced her attacks upon these brave people some fifty

years ago, and has succeeded in subjugating, as yet, only a part of their territories. During these contests, as the Circassians derived great assistance from the Turks, owing to their mutual relations, they supplying wives and slaves, and receiving ammunition and other provisions in return, Russia, determined to break this link between them and their patrons, hoisted, like a high-sea pirate, the flag of humanity—pretending that slavery must be abolished. To this end she took possession of several of the most prominent forts on the sea coast, by which if not effectually checked, the traffic with Turkey was greatly impeded.

Russia at the present day is therefore eagerly striving to add this band of valiant heroes to her own subjects. It is indeed wonderful that a mere handful of men, although desperate in the cause of freedom, have so long resisted all the efforts of their enemies. Yet their habits of life, unstationary and wild, their perfect knowledge of their native hills and valleys, abounding in ravines and narrow passes, have no doubt combined to constitute them so often the victors against all the superior force and wiles of the cunning Muscovites. The deepest sympathy is awakened as we see them thus struggling for that freedom which is even sweeter to the roving, untutored, unconstrained chieftain and his trusty men, than to the sons of the most refined civilization; and our breasts glow with admiration for the heroes who trembled not before the thousands of Cossack troops determined upon their destruction.

But oftentimes in the life struggle poverty and misery invade the homes and hearts of the bravest and noblest of the race to which we all belong; and it is thus the miserable traffic has been introduced among the Circassians which, in return for a little gold, bringing comparative life and comfort, transfers a human being into the power and places him at the disposal of his fellow-man. We shudder at the thought; for with us nothing but degradation and toil are associated with the idea of slavery; but it is not so to those who expect to realise the fairy dreams of enchantment; whose sisters have been transformed from the Cinderellas of the corner into the jewelled ladies of the harem, and whose brothers have risen from rags and tatters to be Pashas and Efendis of rank.

THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF.

Not far from the shores of the Euxine, and under the shelter of the towering hills, there once was a collection of straggling hamlets, much resembling a gipsy encampment.

The evening breeze was blowing fresh from the sea, and the briny waters were rolling up the shore, their foaming edges vanishing as one wave succeeded another.

A solitary man with vacant gaze was watching the monotonous sea, regardless of the chill winds or of the hum of voices from the miserable beings within a stone's throw.

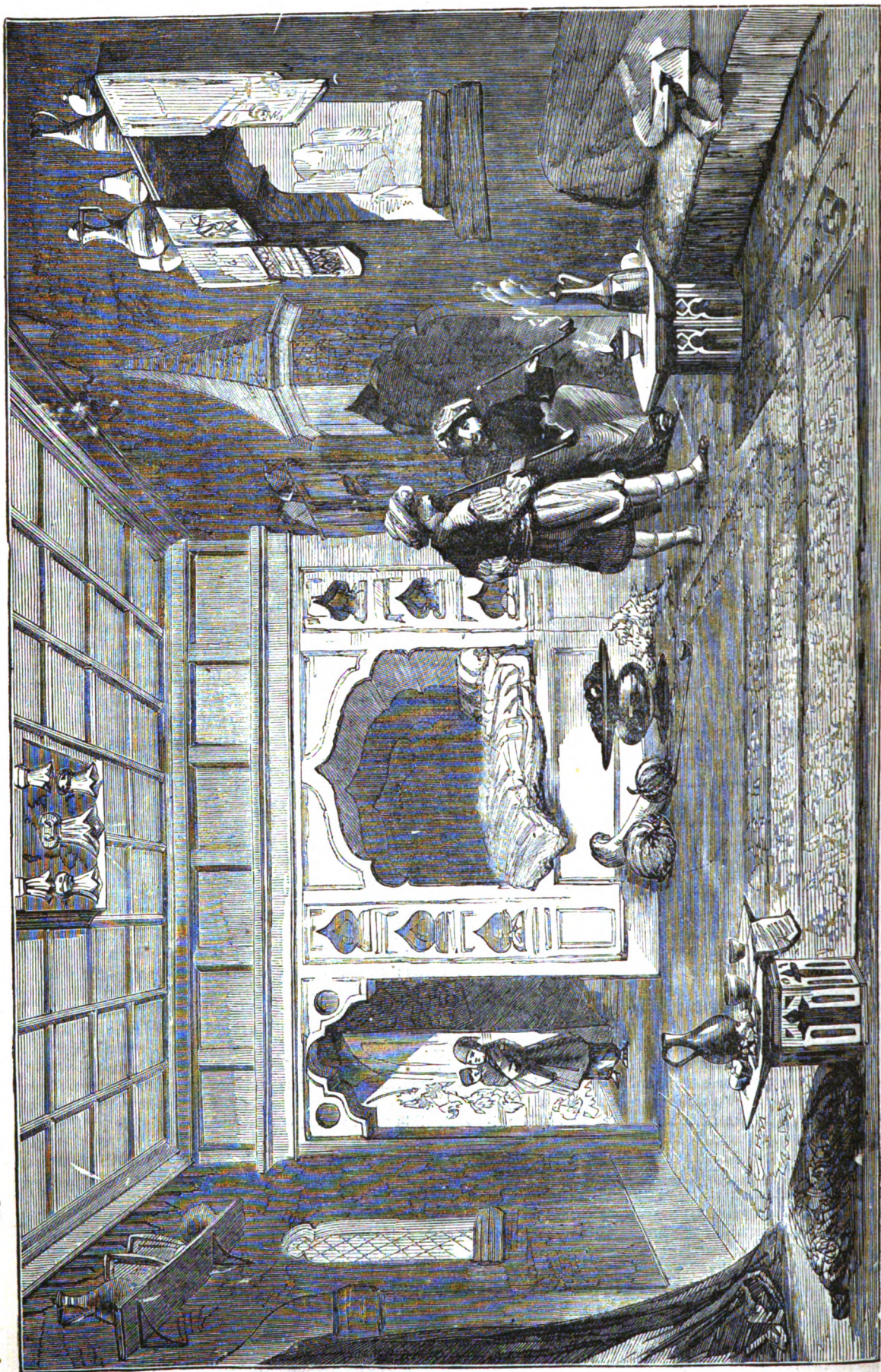
Mehmed was once the bravest among his fellows, and could boast of many fierce Cossacks whom his single arm had felled in battle; now that arm was paralysed, and hung useless, motionless by his side.

"Ah! happy days!" he soliloquized, "hours of wild and savage pleasure, when, at the head of my brave brothers, I dashed the dogs of Muscovites one by one from yonder heights, and saw their blood gushing in a crimson tide over the rocks, as they rolled from crag to crag into the yawning abyss. Aye, dogs and sons of dogs—cursed giaours! could ye not leave us to dwell in peace among our native hills? May they all perish! God is great!"

"Alas! my once strong arm is powerless; but the ball that pierced my bones and sinews shall be avenged. Will not my boy Hassan bring me the infidel's head?"

"Mehmed, Mehmed Efendi!" shouted an old crone, muffled in such dubious wrappings that she seemed the ghost of some mummy just burst from the tomb; "linger not; the night is chill, and the muezzin has long since called to prayer."

Mehmed, the Circassian chief, slowly turned his steps to the hut which contained his family. The old woman also entered, and unveiled a face which might have been once her pride, but was now wrinkled and furrowed by time. She busied herself in some preparations for the night; and a beautiful girl handed the pipe to her father. There were three other children roll-



TURKISH SOCIAL LIFE—A ROOM IN A KHAN.



SLAVERDEALER'S QUARTERS AT TOPKAPI.

become the favorite of some wealthy efendi, and be surrounded with my own halayiks? Oh, send me with Selim, as you hope to be blessed of Allah!"

But the hour of repose had come, and the spirits from the world of dreams were beckoning this weary and care-worn group to the shadowy land where, for a few short hours, even they might dwell in palaces and taste the golden apples of luxury—yet, on that self-same night did Mehmed resolve to part with his beautiful child. He, poor man, had wasted his energies in constant warfare; now he saw his helpless children pining and languishing in the grasp of poverty; himself disabled from all exertion, with but one son, a boy of eighteen, their only dependence.

"And," soliloquized Mehmed, "shall my daughter linger on in misery, when she might enter the harem of some man of wealth, and perhaps be honored by the Sultan's smiles? She may even call her old father to witness her happiness. And is there not even now comfort for us all near at hand? Gulbeyaz is wondrous fair, and old Selim must open his purse strings." Thus meditating, Mehmed suddenly found himself in a city with golden streets and playing fountains, in a richly-furnished dwelling surrounded by slaves, with a jewelled pipe in his hand, and sweet perfumes floating around, a fair houri at his feet, like the virgins only destined for the faithful; he clasped her in his arms, his own Gulbeyaz!

But the morrow came, and as the hazy, though gilded and mellowed

ing upon the earth, which was the only carpet they possessed; while Mehmed occupied a small mat in the corner. The mother of the family had been in an adjoining hut, which was in all respects similar to the one we are describing; and she also now entered. She immediately informed her lord of the news she had collected.

"Mourad," she said, "had given up two of his girls to the merchant for a hundred pieces of *aladja* each (cloth of silk, manufactured in Turkey), and in three days they would be on their way to Stamboul."

"Ah!" exclaimed Gulbeyaz, the fair girl whom we have just mentioned, "Esmé will go; she will cast off her tattered garments, she will wear golden embroideries and jewels, she will recline on silken couches: she is lovely and beautiful; but am I less so? Selim Agha, the merchant, told me the other day that I was too fair a lily to live any longer in this wilderness. Father, mother, pity your child, who is consumed with sorrow!"

"Oh! my child," said the mother, "have you not a chieftain's blood in your veins? Is not your mother born of noble parents. You may wed with a brave youth, and live long among your native hills."

"Mother, shall a chieftain's child toil the long day and eat only millet all her life? Shall I wed and dwell among these barren rocks, when I might



TARTAR OR ORIENTAL COURIERS ON HORSEBACK AND ON FOOT.

light of dream-land was lost in the garish sunshine of earth, the dismal hut rose in all its reality before him, with the tattered and pining children crying for bread.

Ah, fair Gulbeyaz, your fate is sealed; in three short days you will be with Esmé and her companions on the wild and stormy sea, but beyond is the land of promise. When Mehmed announced his intentions to the mother, she utterly refused to comply with his wishes. She had often rejoiced at the good fortune of her neighbors, when their children had been disposed of in a similar way, and some scanty means of living thus secured, or even a momentary relief from extreme poverty. But her girl! this noble child! would not their pride, their son Hassan, maintain the family; and who would be at her side to share the toils of everyday life? All was told and retold to the inflexible Mehmed.

"By the sword of the Prophet," he said, "Gulbeyaz shall go. I now seek Selim, and all will soon be arranged."

The girl had understood, had listened to her parents, and who can describe her transports? "Stambol! fair city of the faithful, dwelling of the all-powerful sultan, to thee I stretch my wings," exclaimed the enraptured child; "home of pashas and lovely sultanas, whose terraced hill sides are gardens of delight, and where the banks of the deep blue stream are lined with palaces! Ah, who would not exchange these rocks and barren valleys, these lowly hovels, and time-worn robings for thy glorious skies, thy verdant plains, thy stately mansions, thy tissues of silk and gold."

Foolish and short-sighted maiden! are there not, even in Stambol, two sides to life? While some are listlessly lounging on silken cushions, lulled by trickling waters, and the notes of the feathered songsters of the groves, or perhaps listening to the soft wooings of passionate love; are not others almost pining in slavery, in a monotony of drudgery, jealously longing for a taste of those pleasures their equals in birth if not in rank are hourly enjoying? until perchance they cast their eyes beyond the limits of their prison, and for one word of love too lightly spoken are consigned to the depths of the fathomless stream; or without any apparent cause suddenly drop from the list of the living, victims to the secret but fatal potion.

Trust then, sweet and fair Gulbeyaz, to thy dazzling beauty, thy raven tresses, and wild dark eyes of heavenly lustre, veiled by their long and silken lashes. Thy coral lips will be decked with wreathed smiles; who can resist thee? Angel sent by Allah as a foretaste of the joys that await the faithful.

For ever in this life so freighted with vicissitudes, when destiny seems suspended by a single thread, does beauty cast into the balance outweigh more lasting charms, and the sons of men do wildly chase the dazzling butterfly!

THE SLAVE MERCHANT.

Not with reluctant steps did the crafty Selim, now on his yearly visit to these shores, follow the brave and once redoubtable Mehmed, alas! now reduced to such extremities. And little did Selim dream, as from year to year he had watched the sweetly budding charms of Gulbeyaz, that she would one day be his prize. Ah, thought he, she will bring me from sixty to eighty purses; she is the brightest gem I ever had the felicity to sell. Esmé too is lovely, but not so well formed as Gulbeyaz. There is the Sadrasam, he has commissioned me; and Serkiss the banker wants another for the valide sultan; there is one for the harem of Ahmed Pasha, and one for the governor of Bagdad. This will be a good trip for me. I shall settle with Serkiss, the banker.

They now entered the lowly cabin, and being duly established on the matting, seemed to seek the terms of their contract in the clouds of smoke which issued from their long chibouks.

Selim offered the usual number of pieces of *aladja*, but as the chieftain shook his head he voluntarily added some bushels of salt, which is a great desideratum in Circassia, and a quantity of unbleached long-cloth. Yet he had not measured the value of the fair daughter of the house. Next out of his treasures he produced a supply of ammunition, and a beautiful rifle, and inquiringly glanced at Mehmed. These utensils of war seemed to stir up the soul of the chieftain; and as the family were all standing by, deeply interested, the father called the

boy Hassan, and taking the gun from Selim said, "This is thine, my son, to deal death to our enemies, to avenge thy father's wrongs."

"Selim Agha," said the Bey, "you know I never should have come to this present condition of misery and want, if the dog of an infidel had not deprived me of this my arm of defence and of death to my enemies. Have I not brought home the richest spoils, and did I not know every cave and ravine of these mountains, till my very name could put to flight the hordes of impious Muscovites? But so is the will of Allah. I am resigned. Why should I see my children perish before my eyes? Take Gulbeyaz, and as you hope for repose in your grave be careful of her, and be sure to transfer her to a haven of ease and affluence."

Gulbeyaz, who had stood with arms meekly folded, now stepped forward, and stooping down kissed the edge of Selim's garment.

"Afférin; my rosebud! not many more suns will rise and set ere you will be robbed as better becomes your own loveliness, and standing before a mightier presence than your humble servant's. Be ready the evening after to-morrow; our craft which lies out yonder will be flying before the wind as fast as your own excited hopes can desire."

She slowly retired, scarce raising her drooping eyelids before this enchanter, who was transforming her miserable world into an elysium of earthly bliss.

THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

There was a young woman who lived in a hut by herself, with only an aged attendant. She was well known in the neighborhood, and was so distinguished for her beauty, that many of the Circassians had in vain sought to tempt her to an alliance. Leila Hanum had been educated in Constantinople, where she had passed most of her life; she could sing all the favorite love-laden songs of the metropolis; she could play the tambour or dance the horah, yet she rarely indulged any one with an exhibition of her various accomplishments.

She told tales of wonderful interest about the gilded homes of the sultanas, and sometimes with tearful eyes she talked of the young sultan himself. There was something mysterious about Leila. Why was her life now so lonely, so far removed from all the pomp and magnificence of Stambol itself? Why was she thus cast off unheeded by the friends of her youth, or why should she tarry in this wilderness? No one knew the tale of her sorrows.

The beautiful Leila had one object around which all her hopes, all her thoughts seemed to cluster. This was a lovely child, whose beauty promised to eclipse even her own rare perfections. No one knew whence came the cherub who beguiled her weariness, yet all loved Leila; her beauty charmed and her sadness won every heart, and she was left to live in quiet, though a creature of mystery.

Sometimes Leila would spend whole days among the green hills with no other companion than the fair child. She loved the solid earth with its soft verdure, and was happy to see her unconscious companion loitering among the flowers; but for her, the great, the deep sea was an object of the most intense horror. She never approached the shore, never ventured within earshot of the rolling, sighing billows.

One day she summoned her attendant.

"Lulu," she said, "I saw Selim, the merchant, the other day; go and bid him come to me."

"My lady cannot dream of bearing him company to Stambol!"

"Bid him come," was the only answer.

Selim was too well acquainted with every inhabitant of these regions not to have heard of the famous Leila Hanum; but he was greatly astonished at her summons. Nevertheless, he lost no time in repairing to her presence.

"Selim," said Leila, "look at this angelic child. Say, could you take her safely to Stambol; could you guard her from exposure on the way?"

"She is indeed a young and tender flower," said Selim, as his greedy vision rested upon the lovely child; "yet I could find some of my older slaves who would care for her. There is

Mehmed Bey's daughter, the fair Gulbeyaz; why not give her in charge to her?"

"Well said, Selim," answered Leila with a sigh which seemed to burn her heart; "I will see Gulbeyaz myself."

"There is no time to lose," answered the merchant. "We sail to-morrow."

"I am prepared, and now mark my words. I ask no price for the child, only you must promise to take her to the Validé Sultan, and tell her she cannot find another more lovely, more noble. She must take her and train her during her tender years, till she can present her to her son, the illustrious Abdul Medjid; for it is only for him she is destined. As you fear my curses, as you hope for paradise, trifle not in this matter, Selim; and be assured you cannot deceive me."

"Allah Kerim!" (God is Almighty) said Selim. "Can I promise? I will take her to the Validé, and if her highness is so pleased, she will keep her; if not, there will be no trouble in disposing of such a little jewel."

"Selim, she must be in proximity with royalty; she must be given to the Padishah—no other can have her. Vallah! if you heed me not, my two hands shall clutch the nape of your neck at the Day of Judgment. Besides, can this tempt you?" she said, as she displayed a ring of the purest brilliancy. "When you let me know she is in the right hands this will be your own."

"*Bash-üstüne, hanım efendi*" (be it on my head, my lady), said Selim, impressed with a strange idea that he was in the presence of a superior being. "I promise to do your bidding."

"It is well; now farewell, Selim, till to-morrow."

It was evening, and Leila prepared the child for its last slumbers beneath her roof. She carefully mingled a potion, in which she poured a few drops of opium, to deaden the infant's slumbers. When she perceived that a sleep almost like death had overpowered her darling, she gently uncovered the snow-white arm, and pricked upon it the cipher of the sultan, coloring it with indigo.

"Here is my mark," she said; "it is his also."

She then removed the earth in a corner of the hut, and took thence a copper box, which contained a small triangular case of enamelled gold. This she opened to see if her treasure was safe, and found the ruby ring and a small scrap of paper inscribed with red ink.

"Thank God, it is safe!" she exclaimed.

She now carefully enclosed the ring and the writing, and attached the little triangular locket to a chain, which she placed around the child's neck as a charm.

She then cast herself upon the couch of the innocent sleeper.

"The hour approaches," said Leila. "For six long years I have waited—years of mingled joy and sorrow. Joy in the loveliness of this child—dark sorrow in the consciousness of my own destiny. How short-lived was my happiness! yet bliss so intense that it might well suffice for a lifetime. To have cost him a single sigh is well worth agonies which were the very shadow of death, if not death itself. Light of my eyes! the solitary flower in my wilderness! I transplant thee to thy native soil, where thou mayest grow and open thy petals in the sunshine of his presence."

Leila sleeplessly watched till morning, when the child awakened heavy in spirit from the potion.

"You will go upon the water to-day, my love," said Leila. "See I have placed a charm about your neck, never take it off, never lose it. You will speak to the great sultan, then open this and give it to him," and with a thousand injunctions she endeavored to impress these facts upon the child's mind.

So they left their home, and repaired to the house of Mehmed, where Leila consigned her precious charge to the tenderest care of Gulbeyaz.

THE DEPARTURE.

Selim had been very fortunate on this occasion of speculation. There were some ten or twelve girls upon whom his eyes and hopes had been fixed for the past four or five years, now just on the verge of womanhood, each excelling the other in loveliness. There was a mother of eighteen, with her two

children, one a boy of four years, the other a girl of three summers, several children from three years and upwards, all choice specimens of the beauty which is only to be found in the regions of Circassia. And above all was the fair Gulbeyaz and the precious little pearl in her keeping.

Due provision was made for the comfort and health of the valuable and fragile freight; and the season being early in the autumn the sun shone brightly, and the winds yet breathed lovingly of summer.

The vessel lay at her moorings near the coast; the evening had come, so longed for by the ambitious Gulbeyaz and her companions. Selim, full of his own visions of gain, wandered from hut to hut hastening their departure. He was a noble-looking man, and had once belonged to the band of mountaineers, perhaps we may call them soldiers, who have so long been defending their native land and maintaining their own rights, the while living upon their successful depredations on the hostile Russians. But a chance encounter with some Turks from Constantinople had induced Selim to relinquish these daring exploits for his present remunerative traffic. He had with him another Circassian, a partner in some sort, who assisted him in all matters of business.

They were tall, well-made men, and their beautiful costumes added no little to their appearance. They wore the usual oval-shaped cap of green broadcloth thickly wadded, and edged with a deep border of long black fur, a loose gray paletot made of homespun, which descended to the knees, and was confined at the waist by a leathern girdle, from which dangled a heavy *kama* of Daghistan. On either side of the breast of the paletot was attached a succession of small leather tubes to contain cartridges. The trousers were wide at the top, gradually tightening to the ankle, and the feet were encased in closely-fitting buskins. A rifle and a brace of pistols were always a part of the accoutrement.

Mothers, fathers and tottering children attended the fair exiles to the shore, and notwithstanding all the dreams of future happiness, the tears were many at that parting, and its heartrendings bitter. All were there save one. Leila lay prostrate on her child's couch!

No more lingerings; the ship is under weigh, the sails are filled with propitious breezes. On, on they speed till they are but a speck in the horizon, and the straining eyes from the shore can no longer distinguish the faintest outline of the richly freighted bark.

How strong the contrast between this departure from the shores of Circassia and the scenes which occur on the coast of Western Africa. The craft itself was not of that ominous "long, low, black-looking schooner" class, but seemed to be a relic of bygone times. Its argoan build, antique high stem and stern, curious carved and oaken prow and low gunwale, peculiar latteen sails and solitary rakish mast, the gaff projecting diagonally from mast foot to peak, made it seem like the spectre ship of Theseus himself, a second time escaping with his Medea. The cargo was not a conglomeration of mortal wretchedness writhing in chains and manacles, but a right merry company of the fairest of human kind, whose hearts were lightened as they neared the haven of their excited desires. For great was their anxiety to plunge into a bondage whose chains seemed golden; to exchange a wretched and groaning freedom, a freedom from all comfort, even from the necessities of life, for comparative ease and luxury in the realms and palaces of the favored of heaven. For even the humblest slave in a Turkish house is sure to be well fed and clothed, and is seldom ill-treated. True, their owners have power over them for life or death, but instances of violence or ill-usage seldom pass unpunished.

Thus the future cast its beams like a rising sun athwart the skies of their imaginations, and why should not the beautiful Circassians be merry? Yes, until the loving breeze blew roughly, the smooth waters were lashed into angry surges, and the fantastic bark was tossed wildly from one crested wave to another. Then all the care of Selim or the assiduities of his crew could not avert the grip of the demon of the sea, and cries of distress and great longings for the homes they had left were substituted for the recent merry-makings.



A KHAN, OR ORIENTAL LODGING-HOUSE FOR TRAVELLERS.

But Selim himself soon became an object of commiseration, for he suddenly espied a steamer in the distance, and dashing his cap upon the deck, he exclaimed in an agony of passion, "Billah! the Muscovites are upon us!"

But Selim was too much a creature of sudden emergencies to lose all presence of mind on this occasion. He could not steer for the Circassian coast, which lay nearest, because all the ports along that shore were in Russian hands. His only resource was to keep on his course direct for Batoum, the nearest Turkish port. Though every inch of canvas was strained to the utmost, yet they could not outstrip the *Shaytan-gemisi*, or the devil's ship, which soon summoned them to come to, by sending a shot over their heads. Still they pushed on for the Turkish shore, which was not far ahead, not heeding the repeated firing from the Russian vessel.

Only a single hour's respite, and the haven of safety could be attained; but in that time they would doubtless be captured. As they neared a jutting promontory, Selim, as if to escape at all hazards, shouted to the man at the helm, "*Bashdan kara! Bashdan kara!*" (head to the shore), and elated at his sudden

manœuvre, the proud Circassian turned towards the steamer, and, with mingled disgust and defiance, spat at the dogs of Muscovites, hurling at them a volley of burning curses, and dooming them to the lowest depths of Gehennem.

As the little bark leaped buoyantly from wave to wave, Selim, heedless of the peril before him—for

There's not a sea the passenger e'er pukes in,
Turns up more dangerous breakers than the Euxine—

was wild with delight, preferring death itself beneath the foaming surf to captivity among a people so detested by all his countrymen.

By turns he urged on the vessel, and endeavored to prepare the terrified girls for the approaching crisis, that by securing them to planks and spars, they might be floated on shore. But they were only the more alarmed, and gave vent to their distress in the most lamentable cries. Suddenly all voices were hushed by the concussion of the vessel striking the rocks, succeeded by the rushing waves. A moment more, the little craft was dashed to pieces, and the innocent cargo was at the mercy of the wildly raging surf.



INTERIOR OF TURKISH BATH.

DOMESTIC SERVICE.

The peculiar construction of Oriental society has hitherto prevented Turkish females from engaging in domestic service; for in performing such familiar duties, they would be brought more or less in contact with the male members of the family circle, which is repugnant both to the tenets of their faith and their own ideas of propriety.

The exclusion of men in general or within certain limits of consanguinity from the harem or family, being not only an institution of the Osmanlis, but an essential requisite in all social Oriental life, no Eastern female could trespass the limits of customary usages without overstepping the bounds of decorum.

The Armenian, Greek and Jewish women were as scrupulously veiled as the houris of the faithful, until the recent ingress of civilization relaxed all Oriental and even Musulman prejudices. Nor were these Christian and Jewish women ever visible to the innumerable male frequenters of their houses; in a word, every Oriental house had its harem and selamluk as surely as the very doors and windows. Not wishing then to lower themselves in public estimation, the Armenian, Greek and other Christian women have, with

few exceptions, eschewed the condition of domestic service.

Social life everywhere demands two kinds of servants: those who perform the menial offices, and those in personal attendance. In former times the constant wars amply supplied the Mussulmans with servants, and the Greek islands of the Archipelago furnished the Christians with the same requisites. Subsequently Georgia and Circassia became the established marts for white slaves; and Nubia and Abyssinia supplied the negroes.

At present the menial services in the Turkish houses are performed by the blacks, and the Circassians fill all the higher places. They not only become ladies of honor in wealthy establishments, but are often elevated to the dignity of wives to the nobles, and even to the sultan himself; for this mighty potentate is considered superior to all law, and cannot be bound by any marriage ties. Hence no Osmanli being willing to place his daughter in such a dilemma, the most beautiful Circassians are selected and carefully educated, to prepare them for future positions in the royal harem.

The choice of the brides of the sultan is usually made by the Validé Sultan, or the royal mother, who bestows them upon him on certain propitious occasions. The most gracious of all nights is the *Kadir gejesi*, when the sacred Koran descended from heaven. It occurs in the latter part of the long fast of Ramazan, three nights before the feast of Bairam. The fortunate maiden espoused by the sultan on this night is reckoned doubly blessed if she bear him a son, who is considered the especial favorite of Allah.

A favorite kadun of the sultan had



INTERIOR OF TURKISH BATH.

lately died, and the Validé was anxious to replace her. One of the *ballajees* or messengers of the harem was accordingly dispatched to summon the banker Serkiss.

There are two classes of gentlemen in waiting upon the royal harem, the blacks, who alone are privileged to attend in person upon the fair ladies, having free ingress and egress to and from the harem; and the white male attendants, who do not enter the harem, but live outside in an adjoining apartment. Their duty is to execute the various commissions of the ladies.

Formerly each officer of the royal household was distinguished by a peculiar garb, and the costume of these *ballajees* was most gorgeous—robes of the gayest hues and silken fabric, the flowing skirts gracefully looped to the golden girdles, with a fantastic and picturesque headgear; but now their dress is similar to that worn by any Turkish gentleman of the present day, with the exception of a badge of livery in the form of a collar of blue silk with pendant ends.

Serkiss Agha lost no time in obeying the royal summons. He immediately ordered his boat and proceeded to the palace of Teheraghan. Upon arriving he tarried in the saloon of the black gentlemen until he was announced; for no men from outside are ever introduced within the precincts of the sultan's palace, where the royal mother also resides. But the services of the banker are so indispensable that he is an exception to the general rule. Nevertheless all necessary precautions are taken to prepare the way before him. Upon the order of the Validé to call him to her presence, the blacks in attendance redouble their efforts to keep the mischievous damsels of the harem out of sight; and no small task is it to preserve order among them on such occasions, for they one and all are determined to have at least a glimpse of the *rara avis*—a man in the harem.

Serkiss Agha, being sometimes a man of the gravest demeanor, followed his sable leader with cautious footsteps and down-cast eyes through the long corridors of the palace, turning not to the right or the left, nor daring to extend the circle of his vision beyond the grim figure before him—notwithstanding the mysterious whispers that floated in the air, the sudden rustling of silk curtains over the doorways, or even the most tangible proof that spirits were around—such as twitches of the skirts of his coat, or a sharp pinch now and then.

He demurely proceeded upon his errand until the black raised the curtain and ushered him into the presence of the royal lady.

AN INTERVIEW WITH THE SULTAN'S MOTHER.

Formerly there was a silken screen between the parties on such an occasion as the present, but now her majesty was seated at a corner of the sofa, wearing a loose pelisse of light silk doubled with fur, and having a shawl over her head, one end of which she coquettishly held as if to conceal her bewitching mouth and dimpled chin. She was a middle-aged woman, but time had made little havoc with her charms, and luxury only enhanced their power; so that the Validé was yet dangerously bewitched.

As the banker entered the room he slowly advanced towards the sofa, and inclining his person lightly touched its golden fringe, and then passed his hands to his lips, as if saluting the hem of the royal garment.

With a slight nod of her head the lady observed: "You are welcome; be seated." And after the banker, with a respectful *temenah*, ventured to place himself upon the *erkezmindery*—seat of humiliation, a small cushion on the floor below the sofa—she ordered the eunuch who stood by to serve pipes and coffee.

Hospitality so pervades society in the East, that the most transient visitor cannot be neglected in the bestowal of its favors without implying some degree of indifference on the part of the host towards his guest, unless the disparity of position be so great as to prevent any demonstration of social equality. Yet, however inferior the visitor may be, he is suitably entertained in some other apartment of the mansion, according to his own station in life; and these favors have their meaning and gradation. A cup of coffee without any other accessory is the lowest in the scale. When the pipe accompanies the coffee a degree of deference is implied; and

when sweetmeats and sherbets are introduced the compliment is still enhanced, in proportion with the variety and delicacy of the different *confitures*. Neither are these conserves and sherbets served indiscriminately. For instance, when the exquisite preserves of violet or attarjal leaves are offered the guest may be ranked A. 1.; and gradually descends in importance under the auspices of the different varieties of fruits in all their delicious sweetness.

The style of offering and partaking of these symbolic refreshments is both ceremonious and unique; and since we have many times witnessed the embarrassment of our compatriots on such occasions, we will venture to be somewhat graphic in our descriptions, for the benefit of those who may hereafter have occasion to cultivate friendly relations with the Osmanlis.

In the *selamluk*, etiquette only demands coffee and pipes, though sherbets are occasionally offered; but all possible ceremony and the display of the most beautiful and costly paraphernalia characterise the receptions at the harem.

Soon after the arrival of a guest pipes, sweetmeats and coffee are served.

As the fair hanums sit on their silken couches, the long stems of jessamine lightly clasped in their gemmed and rose-tipped fingers, languishingly breathing the fragrant gales of *ynije*, every association with the ordinary act of smoking is averted by their beauty, their voluptuous grace, and by the delicate perfumes of the favored weed itself; often enhanced by the aroma of the odor-laden pastile. Beautiful young maidens attired in robes of rainbow hues, with jewels glistening in the folds of their gossamer turbans, pass within the curtained doorway. Three or four remain in a distant corner of the saloon. One holds a small filagree calyx depending from long chains of silver, upon which is placed the coffee pot; another bears in her hands a circular tray, round which are ranged the tiny porcelain cups with their delicate *zarfs*, which are to be

Underneath them placed,
Made to secure the hand from burning.

Others wait to present Mocha's berry pure.

Two damsels supporting a large oval salver of silver approach the most honored guest. The salver contains one or more crystal bowls, filled with the most delicious sweetmeats, two vases of silver filagree, one contains the spoons, the other empty to receive them after use, and goblets of water, according to the number of the company. They kneel before the visitor, while another damsel presents first the bowl of sweetmeats with a spoon. The guest after making a *temenah* to the lady of the house, takes scarcely a mouthful of the preserves and returns the spoon and bowl to the attendant, while another maid in waiting immediately offers the goblet of water, from which a sip is taken with the face averted from the hostess, and on returning the goblet another *temenah* expresses a sense of the obligation to the lady of the house. It is most essential to know how and when to perform the *temenah* or Oriental mode of salutation, which is by no means the thing of waves and circles as enacted upon the stage, and thence adopted by foreigners who love to impress the Orientals with their accomplishments in the all-important matter of *salams*.

The fingers of the half open palm of the right hand are gently raised to the lips and then carried to the right temple, without the slightest inclination of the head or any flourish of the hand, which is quietly dropped. The *temenah* is used on all occasions of salutation, and also constitutes the expression of thanks and compliments.

The damsels proceed with the salver to the rest of the company according to their respective rank; the coffee is presented to each guest immediately after the sweetmeats are partaken of, gracefully balanced on the tips of the fingers, and held by the very edge of the little *zarf*. Though the style of serving the sweetmeats and coffee is more elaborate and tasteful in a Turkish harem of wealth, yet the custom is universal among all the different peoples who dwell in the East. Armenians, Greeks, Jews and Europeans adopt this usage as being an essential of Oriental life. So that the traveller will be sure to enjoy these courtesies if he mingle ever so little with the social life of the inhabitants of Stambol and its suburbs. It is no

wonder, since these ceremonies are unheard of in other lands, that foreigners become very much embarrassed and at a loss how to proceed in the enjoyment of these tempting luxuries.

THE EMBARRASMENTS OF ORIENTAL ETIQUETTE.

While in Constantinople some Americans happened to be staying with us, and I thought it would be amusing if not palatable to them, to enjoy an Oriental breakfast. The tray was accordingly brought into the room containing two bowls of different preserves and the goblets of water. As it was presented to the gentlemen one took a bowl into his hand, the second the other, each placing a glass of water by his side upon the sofa. The servant was distressed and nonplussed. She exclaimed to me in Greek, "Ah, madam, what shall I do for the third gentleman?"

On another occasion I conducted one of my friends to the harem of an Armenian aunt of mine. As there was no probability that this lady's daughters could ever be married to this American gentleman, I persuaded them to entertain him with their presence.

They came into the apartment, as usual, bearing in their hands the sweetmeats and coffee. Of course the stranger was served first. There is no doubt he was perfectly bewildered by the wonderful beauty and grace of the fair Hebes, and the peculiarity of the surroundings; for he took possession of the entire bowl of preserves, and commenced eating spoonful after spoonful, the whole company looking on respectfully, one young lady demurely standing before him, and in the distance another waiting coffee in hand. We were all intensely amused, but none gave sign or motion of merriment, till at last he turned to me with a look of the most desperate confusion and exclaimed, "Am I expected to eat it all?"

We once saw another unsophisticated traveller, after some time curiously gazing at the proffered salver, suddenly seize the goblet of water and mingle therewith several spoonful of the conserve of roses. After sipping with much gusto and complacency the curious mélange he had concocted, he turned to the lady, and with an air of gallantry observed,

"It is indeed delicious; I suppose I am drinking the famed Turkish sherbet of roses."

The etiquette of little things is often very difficult, especially to the uninitiated, and though smoking is even a simpler process, it has its *entourage* of punctilios among these ceremonious Osmanlis.

These calumets of hospitality, the chibouks, are always filled and lighted before they are presented. The person who serves enters with the chibouk in one hand and a small tray of polished metal in the other. He places the bowl on the floor, whisks the other end of the pipe to the hand of the guest, and then places the tray beneath the pipe bowl.

A well bred gentleman always moves the chibouk to one side in a diagonal line, and away from the host. If on terms of equality with his entertainer, he occasionally takes a whiff; if not so, he leaves it untouched.

But European gentlemen seem to think that true politeness must consist in a due appreciation of the luxury; so they plant their elbows upon their knees, and placing the pipe in a direct line before them, with half the huge mouthpiece inside their lips, they begin to issue forth tremendous clouds of smoke, only occasionally turning to their distinguished host to exclaim, "Delicious indeed! truly delicious, O Pasha!" at the same time discharging the exuberance of their sensations upon the floor, in testimony that their mouths have really watered.

But to return to our banker. The pipes and coffee ordered by the Sultan Validé soon were presented, first a chibouk to the sultana, and then one to Serkiss Aga, who, though deeply conscious of this special mark of favor, did not presume to avail himself of so great a privilege as to smoke in the royal presence. So, accepting the chibouk, he quietly laid it by his side without taking a single puff, while of the coffee he sparingly partook, and returned the cup to the attendant.

The validé now ordered the black attendants to withdraw, and opened the conversation with her banker.

"I perceive," said her majesty, "that Effendimis, our lord (the sultan, her son), is of late very much dejected. I con-

jecture the death of his beautiful kadun has caused him too much sorrow. It is my desire to solace him for this loss by the gift of the fairest maiden in all the world; therefore I commission you to procure me one or two most beautiful slaves."

Serkiss, with a respectful *temenah*, and a smile somewhat suppressed, replied,

"I assure your majesty the coincidence is strange. I had already formed the idea of presenting you with a slave, and I have made search for one, but found none worthy your royal acceptance. But I am told a lot is soon to arrive in which there are some rare specimens of Circassian beauty."

In all this Serkiss spoke truly, for he was already much indebted to the sultana for past favors, and had many more to ask.

"Well," said the Validé, "immediately upon the arrival do not fail to execute my wishes. And now, my friend, tell me of your own pretty daughter. Will she soon be tall enough to become a *gelin* (bride)? To whom do you propose to give her?"

"Ah, my lady, she is too young to be married, and I love her so dearly, I only wish to keep her at home."

After some inquiries about her estates and affairs in general, the Validé clapped her hands, and the black appeared to reconduct Serkiss Aga, who, respectfully rising, again kissed the fringe of the sofa, and backed out of the room.

Though the banker had been in the same apartment with the lady for at least half an hour, he had never raised his eyes to gaze upon her; so effectually does the sense of propriety screen the fair sex from even a glance of rudeness or any of those insulting familiarities so often recognized in other lands as acts of gallantry.

HOME AND KINDRED TIES IN THE EAST.

The beauty of the environs of Constantinople may partly be attributed to the numerous villages which line the shores of the Bosphorus, and stretch their dwellings all along the declivities to the very hill tops. These villages, like the great metropolis itself, contain peoples from all climes and of every tongue, though some one class of the community often predominates.

Ortaköy, or the midway village, is beautifully situated on the European shore, about four miles from the city. Beginning with the royal palace of Tcheraghan, where the sultan formerly resided, there is a long line of *yaluks*, or sea-side houses, along the beach, and other mansions of the wealthy extend up the steep byways. On the brow of the hill is a large Armenian burying-ground, whose tombstones record the names of many of the ancestors of the present inhabitants. Adjoining is another cemetery, of the people of Israel, whose bones repose in desolateness, and whose mantles of misery seem to have fallen upon their sons and daughters, who live in hives of wretchedness in their dismal quarter of the village below. Just beyond these cemeteries passes the main road from Pera, the European suburb to Buynkdere, at the entrance of the Black Sea. This road is the best drive in the vicinity of the city, and is much frequented both with vehicles of business and pleasure. The Armenians are the most numerous of the inhabitants of Ortaköy, the Amiras and many of the most distinguished families living in this suburb.

It has however its Turkish, Greek and Jewish quarters, with now and then a stray representative of the Western world. It has its market, its shops, its artisans and traders of all sorts. Priests, politicians and private persons—shrive and plot and manoeuvre; in a word, Ortaköy is a fac-simile of the tree of which it is a branch; a vein in the Turkish system through which courses the tide of Oriental affairs. Most of the inhabitants daily visit the city, where many have their shops and offices; they return in the evening to their families, so that plans are often formed in Ortaköy and executed in Stambol, and wise men devise in the seclusion of this beautiful suburb what the bustle, the energy, the multitudes of the vast city itself only can bring into action.

We have peculiar associations with this village, for it was our home when we first arrived in the Eastern world, and it was in one of its good old houses we first learned the true spirit of



A TURKISH BAZAAR.

Oriental hospitality, and the strength of their household ties. Just transplanted from the world of modern civilization, how wondrous strange the sudden transition.

The beloved mansion to which we were conducted stood upon the shore of the Bosphorus, the blue waters flowing freshly, deeply, close under the windows, and the opposite shore of old Asia familiarly beckoning to its early blossoms and genial clime, even ere the springtime had come. Of large proportions and cloggy hue, this residence of a late distinguished banker did not attract from its own outward magnificence, but by the loveliness of external surroundings and the abundance of internal comfort.

Close by the winter palace of the sultan, and opposite to the royal residence in summer, accessible by land or water, abounding in spacious halls and light and tasteful apartments, from whose windows the ladies could angle for the finny tribe, and from whose door they could at pleasure step into their delicate kaiks, and either visit or sail as they listed; furnished with every Oriental luxury, counting a most delicious Turkish bath among them, there certainly was much to love in this family mansion.

It was the first Eastern dwelling we had entered, and how strangely picturesque and even grotesque appeared the kal-packed and robed young gentlemen as they crossed the threshold, and gently assisting us to descend from the carriage,

almost carried us in their arms, so warm was their welcome to their own home, that of their fathers, and now become ours. Passing through the garden, we entered the great marble hall, where the family—all our new relations—were assembled to do the honors of the mansion. We were folded in their embraces, the gushing tide of pearly tears—Orient pearls—dropping around us, which though like the morning dew, they tarried not in the sunshine that followed, yet have ever since been strung around our memories—precious gems of tenderness. We lingered awhile in the tessellated hall, whose honored walls could have told many tales of similar greetings, and then were conducted, trembling with new-found emotions, up the stairway into a large saloon, where we were at length seated.

The patriarch himself was not there, he had long ago been gathered to his fathers; but the soul of hospitality and gentleness beamed from the features of the lady of the mansion, and she was surrounded by her assiduous sons and fairer daughters. The divinity of self seemed to have no home here, but wonderful love and devotion appeared to sway each bosom, and the only strife was to maintain the honor and hospitality of the homestead.

How picturesque was the scene. The large saloon, on three sides of which were ample sofas with their embossed coverings; the arched niche in one side of the wall, with its alabaster vases and thousand little articles of vertu; the curious landscapes on the walls, the closely latticed casements, the polished matting on

the floor, the great embroidered curtain in the doorway—all seemed to enclose us as if in a hall of enchantment.

But the living forms were still more strange. They were, an aged man in long flowing robes, with a face full of benignity and sense; the considerate mother of the house, ever on hospitable thoughts intent; the reverend father with flowing beard, respected and the adviser to all the household.

The sons of the house were there; and the daughters in all the beauty of Oriental form and feature, moved about like Peris from Allah sent, or embodiments of ministering angels; for anon one with downcast eyes presents the long stem of jessamine; another the delicate confiture of attar rose leaves; a third, the aroma of Mocha's berry, with such winning ways and graceful movements, noiselessly gliding over the floor with the silken rustle of their trailing dresses, all so queen-like; this seemed not real conventional life, but like a dream of loveliness and love.

These were the adornings of this house, this birthplace of a large family, where the children had charmedly listened to the soothing cradle lullaby, and lived to mingle their voices in the more mature cadences of the wild Turkish melodies; these the halls that had re-echoed with the marriage chant and sometimes with the doleful requiems of the funeral dirge. But time had dealt lightly with its beams and rafters, and all the brightness of its decorations and colorings still lingered.

In its secret recesses were treasures of antique beauty and old associations, relics of Persia's models and workmanship, old dresses rich with gold that were once worn by great-great-grandmothers, services of china too precious to parade themselves on ordinary days, and only appearing when everything else was *en grande tenue*; with great chests of venerable old clothes, telling tales of their wearers, whose bones had long since mouldered into dust.

The old lady cautiously kept all these treasures, intending, when she was summoned by death, to give of them a portion to each of her children. So there were many reasons to induce the family to cluster around this roof-tree; for, besides old associations, it was their home whenever sickness or sorrow overtook them; and the mother, the patriarch mother, was still the good genius of the house, and her wings were ever spread to shelter her brood from every storm. It seemed as if sorrow lost its sting as the members of the family came beneath this roof, for there they found sunshine, if outside had been ever so dark. Nor is this the only family home we have known among the Armenians. With them the spirit of genuine affection is all-powerful, and in varying degrees of magnificence the common altar of mutual love is erected; and the shrine over which lingers the father's blessing is the rallying point of his descendants as long as the perishable nature of earthly things can maintain them.

Honored descendants of Noah, travellers from the sublime heights of Ararat, of ancient pedigree and hallowed associations, these Oriental Armenians have preserved the true genius of family government, the real practice of the commands—Children honor your parents, parents love your children; love ye one another. As they have adhered with wonderful tenacity to the habits of their ancient fathers, the Armenians, and indeed nearly all Orientals, cling to each other, especially those whom nature has bound together in the bundle of life. As long as the parents live there is a home for the children, and as long as brothers and sisters live, they feel bound to care for each other. Reckless or intemperate, thriftless or unfortunate, they are not outcasts, and never lose their right and title to the homestead—never can escape from the holy atmosphere of parental wisdom and love, nor utterly burst the tendrils by which they are held to kindred and home. While, then, the precepts of Holy Writ are the code of morality, may not the examples of those who still dwell among its sceneries illustrate and enforce the true spirit of the inspired record?

Our associations with the past are the earlier links in our chain of life, and should not be rudely severed ere the thread of existence is half unspun. There are inevitable changes enough in our earthly career without courting the spirit of novelty, and roaming from one unsanctified dwelling to another. What if you have become familiarised with your home, just learned the meaning and appropriateness of its nooks and corners, or consecrated the hooks on the walls to the silent but familiar pictures, where your eye has learned to seek the sympathy of dearly loved faces, who, though dead, seem still to speak, every new-formed tie is to be trans-

gressed upon, everything transformed, transported, when the relentless craving for novelty excites the mind. It is sweet to conjure up visions of family homes, old mansions, whether in castellated towers, gabled country houses, woodbined cottages, or latticed dwellings on the Bosphorus—anything that seems like stability, good old-fashioned comfort. There is great power in an old family mansion—power in its memories of the past, power in its present attraction, and power as an heirloom to posterity. This constant changing of dwellings leaves us no localised moorings, but seems to set us all adrift on the desert of worldly care, without a single oasis to linger upon.

We spent many happy days in the family mansion of our new Tayzé Hanum or lady aunt, and soon came to consider ourselves as engrafted on their life tree. We wore the same costume as she and her daughters, and sat in the gallery behind the lattice in the house of Divine worship, and shared their pleasures and friendships. In keeping with the social spirit of the country, the event of my arrival as a Gelin Hanum (Lady Bride) caused a great sensation among all the friends and relatives. All came to sympathise with and to congratulate Tayzé Hanum, and to bid me welcome to their country and homes.

THE FAMILY OF SERKISS AMIRA.

Among my earliest acquaintances were Serkiss Agha and his family, who were nearly allied to Tayzé Hanum, so that we



A TURKISH MAUSOLEUM.

saw each other almost daily. They lived on the principal street of the village, about half way up the hill. His wife was from one of the first families of the metropolis, and was a lady of some education and much beauty; she had been married at the early age of fourteen years. Our hero Artin was their only son, and when I first knew him he was a fine boy twelve years old. He was already a good Turkish scholar, and well versed in his own language, the Armenian, besides possessing some knowledge of French for which he had a great penchant. From the first he showed an inclination to like me, and expressed his admiration by dubbing me Revnak Hanum, or Lady Glorious, which name I ever after bore among my Oriental friends.

Hyperbolic appellations are not uncommon among Eastern ladies, many of whom rejoice in such names as Gulnar, rose blush; Naslu, elegant; Gulbeyaz, white rose; Pembé, carnation, &c. Serkiss Agha had a daughter also, Nevzuhur, about eight years old, a freshly-budding blossom as her name implied.

Like his model Zeid Pasha, the banker had a numerous retinue, his selamluk and his harem, his boats and carriages, with all the other et ceteras pertaining to an Amira or Armenian grandee.

I was at his house when he returned from his visit to the Valide which we have already described. As soon as he entered his domicile the family met him in the hall, and welcomed him home again; Naslu Hanum, his wife saluting him with a temenah, in which I followed her example, while the son and daughter kissed his hand. As the change had not then been effected in the costume of the people, Serkiss Agha wore the flowing robes and enormous kalpak on his head, which was the distinguishing headgear of the Armenians. We cannot give the pedigree of this kalpak, indeed we would be loth to trace it back to the venerated heads of the patriarchs and convict them of such an utter lack of good taste. It was a large, black, bulging, topheavy affair, which seemed never to find a balance on the head. We can only compare it to a great iron pot reversed and fitted to the forehead. And in those days the gentlemen shaved their heads all save the top-knot, so that there was nothing to relieve the great dark mass which toppled over their brows. Yet barring first impressions, I soon learned to admire the Armenians as a race with splendid eyes, regular features and fine forms, even in their kalpaks.

Serkiss Agha, as usual, did not take off his kalpak, for the Orientals never remove their headgear (even at the present day), be it what it may, but leaving his benishe or outer garment in the hands of a servant who stood by, and his slippers at the foot of the stairway, he ascended to the drawing-room. Here his wife handed him a pelisse, and his son brought a pipe; for the ladies and children of a family delight to render these attentions to their husbands and fathers, as proofs of a tender interest in their personal comfort, which can inspire the breast of no mere hireling.

After Serkiss Agha had refreshed himself with his chibouk and coffee, he presented his daughter with a rosebud, saying,

"My daughter, the Valide Sultan has sent you this rosebud, asking how long it will be before your own sweet leaves will be unfolded."

Nevzuhur modestly received the gift, kissing her father's hand as she took it. After relating to us the interesting *tête-à-tête* he had with the sultana mother, the banker clapped his hands for Andon, his *vade mecum* or confidential servant.

"To-morrow," he said, "you will proceed to Tophané, to see whether there are any good-looking girls in the market, and also inquire how soon Selim is expected." To which Andon made a temenah and retired.

The room adjoining the apartment where we were seated was allotted to the secondary members of the family, where all seemed to meet on neutral ground *any ceremony*. During the evening visitors arrived and Serkiss Agha repaired to the selamluk, to receive them, where, as is customary, they amused themselves with games of backgammon and cards, and we ladies repaired to the room where the family were assembled. There we found Andon, who was an eccentric character, with an intuitive sense of the ridiculous, victimizing the ubiquitous

Zartar Abia, the famous pedlar woman, who was nearly ready for a fight.

But our sudden entrance put an end to her troubles, for Andon, glad to beat an honorable retreat, and knowing my disposition to pry into matters and things in general, suddenly said to me:

"Ah, Revnak Hanum, what fun I shall have to-morrow; don't you wish you could be with me?"

"I have no objections to accompany you if we only had some matron in the party."

At which Andon roguishly pointed to the exasperated Zartar, who declared "she would like to oblige me, but she would not go to heaven itself with that impertinent fellow."

But notwithstanding Zartar was too good-natured to resist our coaxing, and the plan was arranged for the next morning.

VISIT TO THE DEPOT OF CIRCASSIAN SLAVES.

The next morning, immediately after the departure of Serkiss Agha for his office in the city, I equipped myself as *femme Turque de bourgeoisie*, that is, transparent yashmak of white muslin, feradjé or cloak of black Thibet, yellow buskins and heelless slippers. Andon assumed an air of mock gravity as he slowly walked before me, I followed with the nonchalance and peculiar shuffling gait of an Osmanli lady, and Zartar Abia brought up the rear with all the dignity of a Pythoness. A two-oared cayik was hailed by Andon as it lay at the landing, and we were soon on our way. We pushed out into the stream, almost to the opposite shore, to avail ourselves of the rapid current which flows from the Black Sea to the Marmora. In about twenty minutes we were landed at Tophané, and Andon carefully assisted me from the boat, having first placed my slippers upon the stern. He then pioneered us through the motley crowd in the great area before the quay, who filled the air with their vociferations in every language under heaven.

He turned into one of the many narrow streets which diverged from the open square and stopped before an insignificant-looking kahné, where several Circassians were seated, this being the rendezvous of the slave dealers. Andon looked in and beckoned to one of the men, who immediately came out and with a tacit understanding conducted us onwards.

Our way led through an unfrequented quarter. On either side was a succession of tumble-down, dingy-looking domiciles, whose latticed and jutting balconies projecting from the second stories almost formed a roof over our heads. We passed along noiselessly ourselves, but not without creating some commotion among the inhabitants, as the buzzing of voices from window to window plainly demonstrated.

Our Circassian leader now stopped before one of the houses; with a ponderous key he opened the door and ushered us in. The moment we entered we heard a shuffling of feet, a clatter of voices, a tinkling of tambours or Turkish guitars, and several girls of various ages stood upon the stairway gazing at us, apparently much pleased at our arrival. We entered a room whose windows were closely latticed, and the floor without any covering whatever. The low sofas were the only furniture it contained.

We were soon seated, and were inspected with the greatest curiosity by a group of mischievous-looking girls who were huddled together in a corner; but Andon attracted their special attention, as he roguishly surveyed them while I sipped a cup of coffee.

"Well, Baba Hassan," said Andon, "what news of Selim? Is it not time he was here?"

The gray-bearded slave dealer ominously shook his head.

"We hear sad reports of Selim. By the last boat from Trebizond we hear that he had fallen into the hands of the Muscovites; others say he has been shipwrecked, and all lost. Anyhow, the mail is hourly expected from Trebizond, and we shall certainly have some definite tidings."

"No good news, I fear," said Andon; "it's only bad news that travels fast."

Hassan puffed a dismal cloud from his chibouk, and handing it over to Andon, stroked his beard saying:

"It may be even as you say."

"Well, my friend, in that case we are to whistle for our own claim on Selim."

Hassan sarcastically smiled, and retorted in the words of the proverb:

"The butcher cries out for the fat of the goat, but the goat thinks of his own life."

"There is no use in talking," said Andon; "let us see what you have here to dispose of." Then addressing me:

"Hanum Efendi, do any of these girls please you?"

Though the collection did not seem to be very exquisite, there were two or three somewhat attractive, which I designated, at the same time expressing very special admiration of a tall negress, evidently fresh from her native Nubian hills. While her companions were dressed in the ordinary garbs, she was only partially enveloped in a loose blanket, wearing brazen anklets and bracelets of beads, and entirely unsophisticated in the display of her charms. She seemed, however, to be out of place, for Andon asked:

"What is this bag of charcoal doing here?"

"She was brought here from Yessir bazar, the slave market. We took her in part payment for one of our girls."

Andon, no doubt amused by the contrast between this ebony damsel and her companions, began to bestow upon her a volley of sarcasms; but finding her invulnerable—for she did not understand a word of Turkish—he turned to the other girls, who looked as if they could better appreciate his compliments.

"Well, girls," said he, "I wish I was trading on my own account; it would be so nice to have one of you to bring my slippers, another my pipe, another my coffee; to have you all for my handmaidens—you are so bewitching. But I am commissioned to purchase the fairest, the youngest, the best of you all, for a pasha, who has a charming corpulent son, fat as a porpoise."

Those girls who understood Turkish were very much tickled with Andon's address, and no doubt wished he had been a pasha, to give them a chance in his good graces.

"Efendi," said one of the damsels, "do take me; I am tall and fat, my eyes are like almonds, my eyebrows are arched, and my hair is black as ebony."

"Yes, and your skin too, you gipsy," said Andon. "You must have sat a little too long near that angel of darkness, or you must have been born in a room without a candle. What would the pasha say to me?"

"Ah, son of a dog!" she replied, "did you ever see your own face, that you presume to call me dark-complexioned?"

"Look at me," said another; "I am white as snow and full of health; just feel my arm," which request was not reluctantly complied with by Andon.

"Yes, you will do," said he, patting her shoulder; "but let me see that fair-haired girl; she looks more tempting."

"Oh, she has a black mark under her arm!" they exclaimed.

"They lie!" said the girl of the auburn locks. "I can dance like a peri and sing like the bulbul. Do buy me; I am so weary of tarrying here."

"But," cried one of the slaves, "no one can sleep in the room with her—she snores like a buffalo."

"Just try me for three days," said the girl, "and you will find that it is only envy that makes them tell these lies about me."

This interesting conversation might have been indefinitely protracted, if we had not been suddenly interrupted by the entrance of several Circassians, who in great ecstasy announced:

"The steamer has come from Trebizond, and Selim is on board!"

Like the echo of good tidings, the anxiously-looked-for, and to all of us just now, the most important individual, the redoubtable slave merchant, stood upon the threshold.

For the moment all other ideas were banished by the friendly greetings of the Circassian brothers, who literally overwhelmed him with fraternal embraces—Andon manifesting almost equal joy at this unexpected resurrection of the long-missing Selim.

As all tumults naturally subside sooner or later, the hero of the hour was at length allowed to seat himself on the sofa and calm his excited spirits with the fumes of a chibouk.

But Andon, man of business as he was, could not resist his

own natural inclinations, and proceeded to question Selim on the result of his expedition.

"You are truly welcome, my friend," said he, "but why are you alone? Where are all the girls? We have heard so many tales about you and your cargo, that I am anxious to know the truth."

Selim, removing his chibouk from his lips, and puffing out a volume of smoke, with a sardonic smile answered,

"As to my story, of course it is a long one, but the girls are safe in the custom-house; you are just the man to relieve them, for you know the duties must be paid before they can be released. So let them be soon liberated from their temporary confinement, for God knows they have suffered terribly."

Whereupon the partner of Selim assured him that no time would be lost, but that he and Andon would proceed to the custom-house immediately, before business hours were over.

Of course Andon was not reluctant to go, so, asking my permission, and assuring me of his speedy return, they left the apartment.

After their departure Selim was anxiously questioned by us all about his late expedition and the cause of his protracted absence, so that the whole history was gradually developed.

We have already anticipated the story of Selim—his arrival in Circassia—purchase of the beautiful slaves—departure and shipwreck. The sequel we will give as he now related it to us.

"The moment was awful, Hanum Efendi," said Selim, addressing me. "How I cursed those dogs of Moscovs, as I saw the helpless girls struggling with the waves; yet Allah was merciful, and, wonderful to tell, all but two of the girls were washed on shore. Some were insensible, and, from others reason seemed to have departed. We tried to restore, to soothe them, and it was long before we could think of sought save the re-animation of those fair and helpless beings. Of course we could not remain long on this desolate shore, so as soon as possible we walked to the nearest village, where we remained several days until the effects of our sad disaster were somewhat abated. Then we proceeded on foot from village to village for about fifteen days, when we arrived at Trebizond, where our compatriots furnished us with the necessary clothing and means to embark for Constantinople. So we are here at length, Hanum Efendi; and there are two of those girls so lovely that I am sure you will take them under your patronage, and beg Serkiss Agha to buy them for the Valide Sultan."

Selim had scarcely finished his narrative when Andon arrived with the newly imported slaves, each one of whom was enveloped from head to foot in the *keraké* of a Circassian woman, which consists of a large piece of cotton cloth, chequered in black and white. They were soon divested of these mantles, and grouped themselves together as if in opposition to the old stock, who on their part involuntarily fell into the back ground, whence they cast most invidious glances at these interlopers, as they deemed the new comers.

They were indeed all worthy of admiration, but surpassingly beautiful was the little cherub of six summers, who seemed to nestle to her companion, the resplendent, the proud and happy Gulbeyaz.

I knew them both, the chieftain's daughter and the mysterious Leila's cherished floweret. "Selim Agha," said I, "let them both come with me; nothing can surpass their loveliness."

While we were preparing to depart, Andon handed over to Selim the custom-house entries for each individual girl, which entitled him to sell them as slaves. These are technically termed *penjiks*, two of which I requested Andon to retain, for I was sure Serkiss Agha would keep the girls I had selected.

Thus ended my first experience in the Circassian slave trade.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EASTERN LIFE.

THE BARBER IN THE EAST.

IN China, a barber's experience is extensive; he has to do not only with the heads, but the tails of the people; and his skill is generally acknowledged by all, from the emperor downwards. In Siam, barbers are next in importance to prime ministers, and they rank with physicians, being usually con-



TURKISH BARBER'S SHOP.

versant with blood-letting and a few other minor duties belonging to the apothecaries' art. But it is in Turkey, in the land of the caliphs, that we meet with the barber in his proper soil, enjoying all the dignity of his sharp profession, looked up to and honored by the multitude, and admitted to the confidence of the pasha. He is the advertiser of all the baths in the neighborhood, the terror of young gentlemen with a weak growth of beard or a tender head, and the aversion of laborers, who are compelled to submit an eight-day beard to his rough management; yet all flock to him and pay him lip homage. Besides other things, the barber in Turkey is generally the vendor of cunning drugs and charms, anti-fleabite mixtures, deadly doses for rats, with occasionally some favorite remedy for dangerous diseases. Exercising as he does such diversified functions, the Turkish barber has little spare time on his hands. He is always an early riser, and commences his day's operations by experiments upon himself. His moustache is a perfect pattern for curl and gloss and enormous length; his head is as smooth and hairless as a monk's at eighty; his costume is in the height of Turkish fashion, and in the season he is sure to have a bouquet of sweet-smelling flowers in his bosom. Thus equipped, and having partaken of his early coffee and pipe, the barber sets forth for his shop, which is usually in the heart of the most thronged bazaar; and there, long before the busy world is astir, he and his assistant have set all things in apple-pie order; they have swept the floor, dusted the shelves, spread out fresh napkins, rinsed the pewter basins, set on the fire huge cauldrons of water to boil, garnished the soap-dishes with sweet-smelling herbs and flowers, set forth chairs and stools in goodly array, in preparation for the business of the day, which by the

time these arrangements are completed commences in right earnest.

Foremost among the customers is an old gentleman who is sadly tormented with rheumatism; he is very particular that not one item in the etiquette of Turkish shaving operations be omitted; the barber is aware of this, and prizes him as a regular customer that may be counted upon for at least ten paras (about two farthings sterling a day). After a long string of compliments have been exchanged, and the fineness of the weather adverted to, the old man seats himself ceremoniously in the barber's state chair, and there groans involuntarily as he sees the mighty preparation going forward for an attack upon his head and beard. The barber next, drawing near, respectfully relieves him of his weighty turban, which is carefully laid upon a shelf and covered over with a white napkin. Then he is enveloped from his neck to his heels in a huge apron that ties behind, pinning his arms to his side. In this defenceless condition he immediately becomes the victim of half a dozen flies, which tickle his nose and flap against his eyes till he is reduced to the necessity of calling the barber to his assistance. On hearing the summons, this worthy, who has been preparing a huge basin of hot suds and sharpening his uncouth razors, rushes to the rescue, and in about a minute afterwards we have lost sight of the old victim, whose whole face and head and every visible portion of the neck presents one extensive field of soap-bubbles, froth and hot vapor. Now the bar-

ber may be seen scrubbing away, with a huge hair bag on either hand; then he darts to one side and fetches a huge basinful of very hot water; and the next instant the victim's head, soapsuds and all, are forcibly immersed in this. In a few seconds it emerges red and inflamed, with the eyes starting nearly out of their sockets, the victim meanwhile sputtering and grunting for breath. Barely has he had time to implore a few moments' respite before another basin is produced, and the head again disappears beneath its depths. This time the water is cold almost to freezing, and the whole frame quivers again, as though quite electrified by the sudden shock. On being withdrawn a death-like pallor has taken the place of the rubicund complexion so lately exposed to view. Soon, however, the friction of a dry towel restores the circulation, succeeded by the application of lukewarm soap and water; after which the razor almost imperceptibly, certainly unf-It by the customer, passes from the crown of the head and rounds the promontory of the chin with marvellous speed, leaving only a small tuft on the crown and the much-prized Oriental moustache. Turks who wear beards seldom, we may observe, resort to a barber's shop, as their heads only require to be manipulated, and to dress these is a department in the barber's art which is generally left to young practitioners.

The ordeal just described having been passed through, the napkin is removed, and the customer is at liberty to rinse his hands and face; but before the turban is restored to his head he again submits himself to the barber's care, for the purpose of having all his minor joints cracked. First, the head is seized, and wrenched with such violent jerks from side to side, that one unaccustomed to the spectacle would think the barber

intent on violence. After this, every tender bone of the ear undergoes a similar process, and the joints of the fingers go off like a small battery of Chinese crackers. This completes the cracking process, which is anything but agreeable to those who have not been for years inured to it. The Turks however, like it.

HUMMUGES AND THEIR ASSISTANTS.

Next in importance as contributing to the comfort and luxuries of Europeans and native residents in Syria, and only second to the horse and foot messenger, we accord rank in our sketches to Abdoul Bereki, head hummugee of the Turkish bath at Brilan, and his seven or eight assistants.

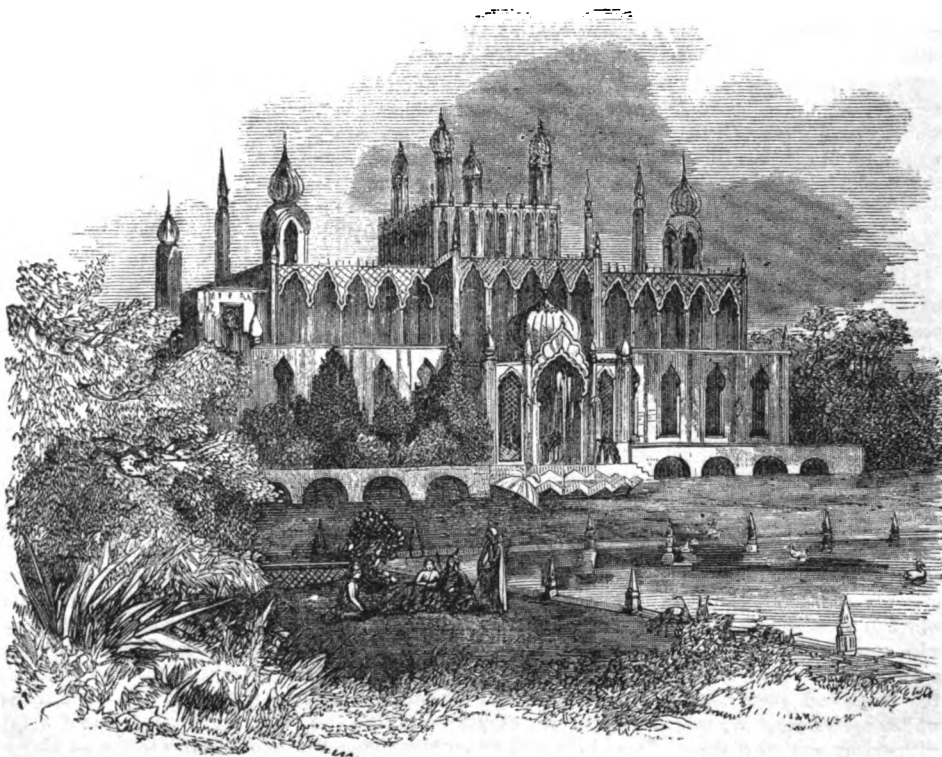
The old proverb says that cleanliness is next to godliness. In Syria, beyond a doubt, cleanliness is life and health; but, besides this, cleanliness was a source of luxurious enjoyment, consisting of several branches of healthful recreation; for instance, we had the cold shower bath and bathing in the sea, the swimming-bath, and bathing in the river; but all these fell far short of the Turkish vapor-bath, though perhaps, for the time being, afforded more enjoyment; the results were precarious—cold, and even fevers, were often the result of other baths, never the result of the Turkish hummum.

Our hummugee, Abdoul Bereki, was verging upon the shady side of fifty when it first fell to our lot to make his acquaintance and fall into his powerful and muscular clutches, as, after passing through the intervening and necessary preparations, we entered the innermost and most stifling apartment of the vapor-bath at Brilan, and were simultaneously seized upon and resistlessly dragged away to the further end of that room redolent with soapsuds and stifling atmosphere, to undergo the operation of being scrubbed with a horsehair glove. A shiver yet seizes upon our frame as we call to mind the sufferings of that first ordeal which was to initiate us into the mysterious "kief" and enjoyment, loud and long-talked about by Turks and other bath frequenters, but the enjoyment or relish of which seemed then yet a mystery enveloped in acute sufferings, to say nothing of the natural hazy suffocating effect of the atmosphere. Full well do we remember the groan of determination with which we resigned ourselves to the hands of the operator, determined at all costs to endure everything for the sake of the results; how we started and almost shrieked with pain as the ruthless old man forced us into a sleeping posture upon the fiery brick floor; how he belloyed exclamations of surprise and indignation at our apparent pusillanimity, whilst his voice found a hundred thundering echoes in the vaulted and almost empty compartments of the bath; how the wretch, callous to our feelings and sufferings, poured bucket after bucket of water, hot enough to scald a dead pig, and then grinned a demon's grin of satisfaction as he lathered up the soapsuds with a handful of oakum; and how, with lightning rapidity, he beamothered us from head to foot, and from the extremity of the great toe back to the crown of the head again; how we opened our eyes to see what fresh torments were about to be inflicted upon us, when straightway they were filled with soap, and the agony was excruciat-

ing; how we opened our mouths imploringly and shut them again instantaneously full of abominable suds; how we struggled, vainly endeavoring to free arms and legs from the patent vice set upon them by the hummugee's powerful limbs, who, with one knee firmly planted upon our breasts, laughed horrible defiance at our puerile efforts; how, when hopeless and exhausted, we resigned ourselves to the not very tender mercies of this terrible ogre, he suddenly darted away from us, and as suddenly returned, scattered our bewildered senses, and regularly electrified the nervous system, by slashing buckets of cold water over us, which fell like liquid ice upon our limbs and seemed altogether to petrify them; and how finally, when all hope of succor was extinguished and pleasure and comfort in this life seemed to be at an end, cup after cup of agreeably lukewarm water brought back gently and agreeably the natural circulation of the blood, and we ventured to rise up into a sitting posture, and opening half one eye cautiously, discovered to our indescribable delight that torture was at an end, the tormentor gone (occupied in tormenting a new victim), and we ourselves gradually awaking as though from some terrific dream to a keen sense and appreciation of a full glow of perfect health; how the spirits rose, light as the early lark, and the body felt purified and fresh and invigorated; and how, inspired with the strength of a young giant, we sprung to our feet, and seeking our ruthless tormentor with schemes of vengeance, changed wrath rapidly into mirth, discontent and suffering into luxurious enjoyment; and how pity only exploded in a merry burst of laughter, as we watched the same ogre operating in the selfsame style upon another novice.

WHITE ANTS.

TERMITES are the greatest calamity of the Indies, says Linnaeus, using the word calamity in the proper sense of the Greek term (calamitis) a locust, or leaf-cutter. These insects, like the bees and ants, unite together in sociable bands, often prodigiously numerous, composed of three distinct sorts of individuals, which are said to represent different castes in society, and have been called the sovereignty, the nobility and the people. Most travellers, however, give the name of white ants to



THE KHAN OF THE KHAN.

the termites, on account of their form, their size and their color. The singular habits of these insects—habits which make them a formidable calamity—have given rise to many fables, ancient and modern.

Herodotus talks about the ants existing in the country of the Bachrians, which, though smaller than dogs, were larger than foxes, and each devoured a pound of meat every day. In their retreats in the sandy deserts these gigantic insects were said to bore underground habitations, and build up hillocks of really golden sand, which the Indians came and stole from them at the peril of their own lives.

Pliny adds to this marvellous story that the horns of these ants were to be seen in the temple of Hercules. Even in modern times, and since the termites have been pretty well known, many travellers attributed to them a strong venom which killed men instantly by its smell or brought on a fatal fever. But an English naturalist named Smeathman completely destroyed all these stories by publishing, in the Philosophical Transactions of 1781, an account of the termites which are found in Africa and other climates. In this account Smeathman made known facts more strange and marvellous than any of the fables propagated by the ancients. Indeed, in this case, as in many others, nature surpasses most wonderfully everything which man has imagined.

All the different kinds of termites resemble each other in form, in their manner of living and in their good and bad qualities; but they differ as much as birds in the manner of building their habitations or nests, and in the choice of the materials of which the nests are composed. There are some species which build upon the surface of the ground, or partly above and partly beneath; and one or two species, perhaps more, which build on the stems or branches of trees, sometimes at a great height aloft. One species is celebrated for the vast edifices it rears in the form a sugar-loaf, ten or twelve feet high, and so solid that the wild cattle mount upon them without breaking through in the least.

Of every species there are three ranks; first, the working insects or laborers; next the fighting insects or soldiers, who do no kind of labor; and last of all the winged or perfect insects (called kings and queens), which are male and female, and capable of reproducing their species. These neither toil nor fight, being quite incapable of either, and almost of self-defence. Nature, however, has so arranged that they emigrate within a few weeks after they have arrived at this state, and either establish new kingdoms or perish in a day or two.

The *termes bellicosus* is the largest and best known species of termites on the coast of Africa, and formed the subject of Smeathman's observations. The nests of this species are so numerous all over the island of Barrans and the adjacent continent of Africa, that it is scarcely possible to stand upon any open place, such as a rice-plantation or other clear spot, where one or more of these buildings is not to be seen within fifty paces.

In some parts near Senegal, Adanson mentions that their number, magnitude and closeness of situation make them appear like the villages of the natives. These edifices are generally called hills, from their outward appearance, which is that of little hills or sugar-loaves, about ten or twelve feet in height. These hills at first are quite bare, but in time become, like the rest of the earth, almost covered with grass and other plants; and in the dry season, when the herbage is burnt up by the rays of the sun, they somewhat resemble very large haystacks. The exterior of the building consists of one large dome-shaped shell, large and strong enough to enclose and shelter the interior from the weather and to protect the inhabitants from the attacks of most of their enemies. It also serves to collect and preserve a regular degree of genial warmth and moisture, which is necessary for hatching the eggs. The inside is divided, with great regularity and contrivance, into a great number of apartments, many of which are intended for the residences of the kings and queens, and for the rearing of their progeny, whilst others serve as magazines, and are always well filled with stores and provisions. These hills make their first appearance above ground by a little turret or two in the shape of sugar-loaves about a foot high. Soon afterward, while the first

are increasing in size, the termites raise others at some little distance, and go on increasing their numbers, and widening them at the base. They always raise the highest and largest turrets in the middle, and by filling up the intervals between each turret collect them into one dome. The smaller turrets serve as scaffoldings in making the dome, and when it is completed they take away the middle turrets, with the exception of the tops, which, joined together, form the crown of the cupola.

The royal chamber, so called from its being occupied by the king and queen, is considered the most important part of the edifice, and is always situated as near as possible in the centre of the hillock. It resembles in shape half an egg cut lengthwise, and is at first not above an inch long; afterwards, however, it is increased to six or eight inches, or even more, being always in proportion to the size of the queen, who increases in bulk as she increases in age. The floor and roof of this chamber are very solidly built of hardened clay. Its walls are pierced by several doorways or entrances at equal distances from each other, and large enough to admit the soldiers and laborers, but not large enough to allow the king and queen to pass out. Surrounding the royal chamber are a number of others of different shapes and sizes, but all of them arched: these are occupied by the soldiers and laborers who guard the pair, on whose safety depends the existence of the whole community. These apartments being connected together by openings and passages form an intricate labyrinth, which extends a foot or more from the royal chamber on every side; and they are surrounded by the magazines and nurseries. The magazines are chambers of clay, always well filled with provisions, which consist of the gums and thick juices of plants. The nurseries, which contain the eggs and the young ones, are entirely composed of wooden materials, gummed together. These nurseries are exceedingly compact, and divided into very small irregularly shaped chambers, not one of which is to be found half an inch in width. When the nest is in the infant state they are close to the royal chamber; but as in process of time the queen grows in bulk it becomes necessary to enlarge this chamber for her accommodation, and as she then lays a greater number of eggs and needs an increased number of attendants, the adjacent apartments must be enlarged and increased in number correspondingly. For this purpose the small nurseries that were first built are taken to pieces and rebuilt a little farther off. The nurseries are always found slightly overgrown with mould, and plentifully sprinkled with white globules about the size of a pin's-head. Smeathman at first mistook these globules for eggs, but on closer examination under a microscope he found them to be a species of fungus, in shape like a young mushroom. The nurseries are enclosed in chambers of clay, like those which contain the provisions, but much larger. In the early state of the nest the nurseries are not each larger than a hazel-nut, but in old hills they are often as large as a cocoa-nut. Under the dome is a large open space surrounded by three or four large gothic-shaped arches, which are sometimes three or four feet high in front of the area, but diminish rapidly as they recede, and are soon lost among the innumerable chambers and nurseries behind them. There are very few openings into the greater area; and those there are seem intended to admit into the nurseries that genial warmth which is collected by the dome.

The subterranean passages running under the hills in various directions are sometimes as wide or wider than the bore of a large cannon. These galleries are very thickly lined with the sort of clay of which the hill is composed, and ascend the inside of the shell spirally, winding round the whole building to the top. Sometimes they intersect each other at different heights, opening either immediately into the dome at various places, or into the interior buildings and new turrets. Underground there are a great many passages leading downwards by sloping descents three or four feet perpendicularly among the gravel, from which the laboring termites cull the finer parts, and work up in their mouths to the consistence of mortar. This mortar forms that solid clay or stony substance of which all their hills and buildings, except the nurseries, are composed. Other galleries again ascend leading out horizontally on every

side, and are carried underground, near the surface, to an immense distance. Sometimes these passages cannot be continued underground in the required direction. The termites therefore build pipes or covered ways along the surface of the ground, composed of the same materials as the nests. These they continue, with many windings and ramifications, to great lengths; and when it is possible, they construct subterranean pipes running parallel with them, into which they retreat if the tread of man or animals alarm them, and sink and save themselves if their galleries aboveground are destroyed by violence.

Each community of termites consists, as it has already been stated, of a king and queen, soldiers and laborers. The laborers are the most numerous, being in the proportion of a hundred to one soldier. They are about the size of an ordinary ant, but perfectly white in color. Their bodies are so delicate, that they are crushed by the least touch; but their heads bear horny dented mandibles or pincers, which are strong enough to attack anything except stones and metals.

The second caste, or soldiers, have a very different form from the laborers, although they are in fact the same insects, having undergone their first metamorphosis and approached one degree nearer to the perfect state. The soldiers are about half an inch long, and equal in bulk to fifteen laborers. The termites of this order preserve all their lives the characteristics and peculiarities which have caused them to be called soldiers. Numbering about one in a hundred of the population, they constitute a class apart, which has sometimes been styled the nobility. In time of peace they live in idleness, merely doing duty now and then as sentinels inside the hills, or superintending the laborers, over whom they evidently exercise great authority. In war times, however, they make up for their indolence by fighting bravely and dying, if necessary, in the defence of the community. At the first blow, which uncovers one of their galleries, the nearest sentinel runs to the spot, and then communicates the alarm to those nearest. In an instant the breach is covered by a crowd of warriors, who dart in every direction their large heads, opening and shutting their jaws with a great noise. If they happen to seize hold of anything they will never let it go again, but rather allow their own limbs and bodies to be torn to pieces than unlock their jaws. When they reach the hand or the leg of their aggressor they instantly draw blood; every soldier drawing more than its own weight of blood. Negroes unprotected by clothing are very soon put to flight, and Europeans generally come out of the battle with their clothes torn and bloodstained.

While struggling with their enemies these soldiers knock every now and then upon the ground with their jaws, and the laborers answer this well-known signal by a sort of hiss. If the attack is at all suspended a crowd of laborers mount, each carrying a mouthful of prepared clay. Every one in its turn approaches the breach, puts down its share of mortar, and then retires without ever coming in the way or hindering its companions. As a matter of course, the new wall is very rapidly built up, and during this time the soldiers get out of the way with the exception of one or two for every thousand laborers. One of these seem to be the overseer of the work, for taking its station near the wall, it turns its head slowly in every direction, and every two or three minutes knocks the roof rapidly with its jaws—producing a little louder noise than the tick of a watch. Each time it is answered by a hissing which issues from all parts of the building, and the laborers redouble their activity. If the attack is recommenced, the laborers immediately disappear, and the soldiers are again at the breach, struggling and defending their ground inch by inch. At the same time, the laborers are not idle; blocking up the passages, walling in the galleries, and above all, endeavoring to save their sovereigns. For this purpose they fill up the ante-rooms with mortar—so much so that Smeathman, on reaching the centre of a hill, could not distinguish the royal chamber, which was completely lost in the midst of a heap of clay. But the neighborhood of this chamber was betrayed by the crowd of laborers and soldiers assembled all round it, who allowed themselves to be crushed rather than desert the place.

The chamber itself generally contained some thousands who

had remained to be walled in with the royal couple. Smeathman found that they let themselves be carried away with the objects of their devotion, and continued their service even in captivity, turning unceasingly round the queen, feeding her and transporting the eggs, and for want of nurseries, piling them behind some bit of clay or in an angle of the bottle, which served them as a prison.

The third order, or perfect insects, differ almost entirely in form from the soldiers and laborers, especially in the shape of their abdomen, thorax and head, besides being furnished with four large, fine, brownish, transparent wings, on which, at the time of emigration, they fly in search of a new settlement. In size they are about seven-tenths of an inch; their wings measure more than two inches and a half from tip to tip, and they are equal in bulk to thirty laborers or two soldiers. They have also two large eyes, one on each side of the head; and in this state the insects issue from their subterranean home during, or soon after, the first tornado, which, at the latter end of the dry season, proclaims the approach of the heavy rains. The numbers which are to be found next morning all over the surface of the earth, but especially upon the water, is truly astonishing. For their wings are only calculated to carry them a few hours, and after the rising of the sun not one in a thousand is to be found with four wings, unless the morning continue rainy, when here and there a solitary individual may be seen winging its way from one place to another, anxious to avoid its numerous enemies.

The special enemies of the termite are various species of ants, which are waiting and watching for them on every spray and every leaf. Not only do ants, birds and reptiles destroy them, but even the inhabitants of the country eagerly seek after and eat them. All travellers speak of the ant-eating peoples; but in reality it is the termites which are eaten. The Indians smoke the termite hills, and catch the winged insects as they are coming out. The less industrious Africans, merely pick up those which fall on the surrounding water. The Indians knead these insects with flour into a cake, while the Africans think them delicious when roasted and eaten in handfuls. However strange this may appear, European travellers agree in speaking of the termites as agreeable food, and compare their taste to a sweet marrow or cream. Smeathman says they form a delicate, nourishing and healthy aliment: nevertheless, the abuse of this sort of food often brings on serious diseases; among others a sort of epidemic dysentery which carries off its victims in three or four hours.

With so many enemies, it is indeed marvellous that a single pair should be able to escape to a place of security, and lay the foundation of a new community. Some males and females, however, are fortunate enough to be found by the laborers which are continually running about in the grass, and are elected, as it is called, king and queen. The manner in which the laborers elect their sovereigns is by inclosing them in a chamber of clay suitable to their size, leaving but one small entrance, large enough for themselves and the soldiers to go in and out, but much too small for either of the royal pair, who are thus made prisoners; whilst their voluntary subjects undertake the task of working for them, fighting for them and providing for their offspring.

About this time a most extraordinary change begins to take place in the queen. Her abdomen gradually becomes extended and enlarged to such an enormous size, that in an old female it is sometimes fifteen hundred or two thousand times the bulk of the rest of her body, and twenty or thirty thousand times the bulk of a laborer. The skin between the segments of the abdomen extend in every direction; and at last the segments are removed to half an inch distance from each other, although at first the whole length of the abdomen is not half an inch. The segments preserve their dark brown color, and the upper part of the abdomen is marked with a regular series of brown bars throughout its entire length, while the intervals between them are covered with a thin delicate, transparent skin. The insect is supposed to be upwards of two years old when the abdomen is increased to three inches in length; and they are sometimes found nearly twice that size. The abdomen is now become a vast matrix full of eggs, not more remarkable for its

amazing size than for its peristaltic motion, which resembles the undulations of the waves, and continues incessantly, without any apparent effort of the animal. One part or the other is alternately rising and falling, and the matrix is never at rest, but is always protruding eggs, to the number of sixty in a minute in old queens, or eighty thousand and upwards in one day of twenty-four hours. These eggs are instantly taken from the body of the queen by her attendants, and carried to the nurseries, some of which in a large nest may be four or five feet distant in a straight line, and consequently much further by their winding galleries. There, after they are hatched, the young ones are attended and provided with everything necessary until able to shift for themselves, and do their share of the labors of the community.

There are supposed to be about twenty-four or twenty-five distinct species of termites, of which nine belong to Africa, nine to America, two to Asia, and the rest to Europe. The European species are found only in France. The termites are supposed to have been imported into France about the year 1780 by a firm of rich shipowners named Poupet, who were in the habit of receiving cargoes from Saint Domingo, because it so happened that the termites made their appearance in the towns in which the firm had warehouses, and nowhere else. The towns of La Rochelle, Rochefort, De Saintes, Tonnay-Charente, have all become the prey of these terrible little miners. La Rochelle is not, however, so completely invaded as the other towns, the termites only occupying the préfecture and the arsenal, which are at opposite parts of the town. But the préfecture and a few neighboring houses are the principal scene of their devastations. Here they have taken complete possession, for in the garden it is impossible to plant a stick or leave a piece of wood without finding it attacked next day. The trees themselves are sometimes bored to the tips of their branches. Inside the préfecture the apartments and offices are also invaded. In one of the rooms the ceiling having given way was repaired, and the day after the workmen had left the place was covered by hanging galleries resembling stalactites, many inches in length. Sometimes the galleries are fastened along the walls, and run from one story to another through the plaster. Messieurs Milne-Edwards and Blanchard saw galleries in some of the cellars which descended from the ceiling down to the ground without being supported. And Monsieur Robe-Moreau saw some isolated galleries made in arches, or even thrown horizontally like a tubular bridge, to reach the paper of some bottles, or the contents of a pot of honey.

As the termites in Rochelle—like all their kindred—always work in darkness, incessant vigilance can alone disclose their retreats and prevent their ravages. One day the archives of the department were found almost entirely destroyed, without a single trace of the injury appearing on the surface. The termites had reached the cases by boring through the woodwork, and then at their leisure had devoured the official documents, respecting with the greatest care the upper leaf and the edges of the leaves, so that a case containing nothing but shapeless detritus appeared to be full of bundles in a perfect state.

The hardest woods are attacked in the same way. A clerk having slipped upon the staircase, fell, and pushed his hand up to the wrist into what appeared to be a solid oaken beam. The whole of the inside was reduced to a powder, and the surface layer left intact by the termites was not thicker than a sheet of paper.

Smeathman relates several instances of the rapidity of destruction of these insects. Having left a compound microscope in a warehouse at Tobago for a few months, on his return he found that a colony of a small species of white ant had established themselves in it, and had devoured all the woodwork, leaving nothing but the metal and glasses. A Mr. Forbes having shut up his rooms for some weeks, on examining them observed a number of galleries running in various directions towards some prints and drawings in English frames, the glasses of which appeared to be uncommonly dull, and the frames covered with dust.

"On attempting," he says, "to wipe it off, I was astonished to find the glasses fixed to the wall, not suspended in frames as

I left them, but completely surrounded by an incrustation cemented by the white ants, who had actually eaten up the deal frames and back-boards and the greater part of the paper, and left the glasses upheld by the incrustation or covered way, which they had formed during their depredations."

About the commencement of the present century the superb residence of the Governor-General at Calcutta, which cost the East India Company immense sums of money, was almost destroyed by the attacks of these insects. An engineer, who had been obliged to reconnoitre in a district of Brazil, left upon his table, on going to bed, his trunk, thinking it was quite safe; but next morning, to his dismay, he found all his clothes and papers reduced to powder.

Many means have been tried to destroy these formidable little enemies. Waterings with tar-water, frequent and deep ploughing, and circular ditches dug round the trunks, have been employed to protect gardens and fruit trees. Essence of turpentine and powdered arsenic have been vaunted as destroyers of the insects when collected together in a termite hill, and a traveller named Chanvallon affirms that arsenic has answered the purpose perfectly in Martinique. Two Frenchmen, Messieurs Fleurian and Sauvé, attempted to destroy the colony installed in the préfecture of La Rochelle. After a number of unsuccessful attempts, they thought of calling in the aid of auxiliaries, and of employing the black ants to fight the white ants. Having placed in the same bottle an equal number of these two sorts of insects, the battle instantly commenced, and the result was soon foreseen. The termites made the deepest wounds—especially the soldiers, who, with a single stroke of their terrible mandibles, cut the ants in twain like a pair of scissors. In a short time the ants were exterminated, leaving the termites masters of the field, with only a few slain. The next day, however, nearly half of the termites were found dead, having been poisoned by the acid secreted by the ants.

It has been said that it is easier for men to defend themselves from the attacks of large wild animals than from the ravages of these dangerous little insects. And considering their destructive activity and their incalculable numbers, an observer might be tempted to ask for what purpose these insects were created, and why they have been endowed with an instinct so prejudicial to man? Investigations, however, show that in the warm climates, where the termites abound, the vegetation is developed with extreme rapidity and astonishing abundance, this activity being counterbalanced by the speed with which all these plants are destroyed; and if there were not myriads of insect-laborers employed in clearing away the decaying vegetable matter, those fertile and smiling countries would soon become pestilential for men and animals. However inconvenient they may be, the termites are undeniably useful, their depredations upon the property and the works of man being accidents resulting from their activity in fulfilling the functions for which they were created. Their instinct guiding them to attack only those trees which have perished or which have been felled, healthy and vigorous trees which do not require to be pulverised are never touched by these useful and indefatigable destroyers.

CRINOLINE.—The crinolines cannot boast of originality. Among the Greek ladies, a long time ago, even a better fashion prevailed than that which is now kept up by whalebone, ratan, brass rods, watch springs, and hogshead-hoops. They could enjoy stone petticoats! The amyanthus, or asbestos, a native fossil stone, could readily be split into filaments, and woven, like any other threads, into cloth suitable for the purpose in question. Moreover, they were exempt from all wash-tub immersions; for, when soiled, they need only to be cast into the grate, whence they came out unharmed, and whiter than snow.

FIFTY-SIX years ago the Bible was read in thirty-six languages only, and was available for no more than 200,000,000 of the human race. Now it is printed in 190 languages, and is thus available for no fewer than 800,000,000.

TIME'S CHANGES.

I saw her once—so freshly fair
That, like a blossom just unfolding.
She open'd to Life's cloudless air;
And Nature joy'd to view its moulding:
Her smile it haunts my memory yet—
Her cheek's fine hue divinely glowing—
Her rosebud mouth—her eyes of jet—
Around on all their light bestowing:
Oh! who could look on such a form,
So nobly free, so softly tender,
And darkly dream that earthly storm
Should dim such sweet, delicious splendour!
For in her mien, and in her face,
And in her young step's fairy lightness,
Naught could the raptur'd gazer trace
But Beauty's glow, and Pleasure's brightness.

I saw her twice—an alter'd charm—
But still of magic, richest, rarest,
Than girlhood's talisman less warm,
Though yet of earthly sights the fairest:
Upon her breast she held a child,
The very image of its mother;
Which ever to her smiling smiled,
They seem'd to live but in each other:
But matron cares, or lurking wo,
Her thoughtless, careless look had banish'd
And from her cheek the roseate glow
Of girlhood's balmy morn had vanish'd;
Within her eyes, upon her brow,
Lay something softer, fonder, deeper,
As if in dreams some vision'd wo
Had broke the Elysium of the sleeper.

I saw her thrice—Fate's dark decree
In widow's garments had array'd her,
Yet beautiful she seem'd to be,
As even my reveries portrayed her;
The glow, the glance, had pass'd away,
The sunshine and the sparkling glitter:
Still, though I noted pale decay,
The retrospect was scarcely bitter;
For, in their place a calmness dwelt,
Serene, subduing, soothing, holy;
In feeling which, the bosom felt
That every louder mirth is folly—
A pensiveness, which is not grief,
A stillness—as of sunset streaming—
A fairy glow on flower and leaf,
Till earth looks on like a landscape dreaming.

A last time—and unmoved she lay,
Beyond Life's dim, uncertain river,
A glorious mould of fading clay,
From whence the spark had fled for ever!
I gazed—my breast was like to burst—
And, as I thought of years departed,
The years wherein I saw her first,
When she, a girl, was tender-hearted—
And, when I mused on later days,
As moved she in her matron duty,
A happy mother, in the bliss
Of ripen'd hope, and sunny beauty—
I felt the chill—I turn'd aside—
Bleak Desolation's cloud came o'er me,
And Being seem'd a troubled tide,
Whose wrecks in darkness swam before me!

THE FIDDLER AMONG THE BANDITS.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

CHAPTER V.

"I DON'T know how long I stopped below in the cabin, but I was aroused by the sound of brass instruments such as had never been heard in the Marseilles theatre. Then after this witches' sabbath came a movement for the basses, which made me think that the overture for the end of the world was being played. I was not at my ease, sir, I must confess.

"At last, after an indefinite period, I felt that the vessel was becoming still; in spite of which I didn't move for an hour or more. Then seeing that all the row was over, I took to the ladder again. When I reached the between-decks I found everything very quiet, if I except the groans from the

wounded. I took courage, sir, and went on to the quarter-deck. We were in harbor, sir.

"Well," said Captain Garnier, "here we are, M. Louët."

"Yes, indeed," said I, "we seem to be in safety now."

"Thanks to the storm which I foresaw, the English had so much to do for themselves, that they hadn't time to attend to us, and we passed literally between their legs."

"Ah, yes, like the Colossus of Rhodes. You know that, according to the historians, the ships used to be so rude as to pass under the legs of this Colossus. Those are the islands of St. Margaret, I suppose," said I.

"What do you say!"

"I say," replied I, pointing to an island which I saw in the horizon, "that that is probably the island of St. Margaret, where the man with the iron mask was confined."

"That?" said the captain.

"Yes, that," said I.

"Why, that's the island of F'ha."

"What," said I, "the island of Elba? Either my geographical information is incorrect, or the island of Elba is not so close to Toulon as that."

"Where is Toulon, then?"

"Why, this town is Toulon, isn't it? Isn't this harbor the harbor of Toulon? In fine, didn't you tell me when we started that you were bound for Toulon?"

"My dear M. Louët, you know the proverb; man proposes, but—"

"But God disposes," I interrupted. "Yes, I know it; there is a great deal of philosophy in it."

"And, above all, a great deal of trust; for Providence has disposed."

"Of what?"

"Of us."

"Where are we now, then, sir?"

"At Piombino."

"At Piombino, sir," I cried. "What are you talking about? If this sort of thing goes on I shall return to Marseilles by the Sandwich islands, where Captain Cook was killed."

"Well, you are on a different route at present."

"But I am a long way off from my own town."

"And look at me. I'm from Brittany."

"And how are we to get back?"

"To Brittany?"

"No, to Marseilles."

"My dear sir, you can take the sea-voyage in my ship."

"Thank you; I've had enough of it."

"What do you think of the land passage by the *veturino*, then?"

"I prefer the land journey by the *veturino* a great deal, thank you."

"Well, then, my dear M. Louët, I will land you safely on the pier."

"You will oblige me much by doing so, sir."

Captain Garnier hailed a boat.

"My luggage was not considerable, as you know—merely a gun and pouch. I bade the captain good-bye, wishing him a safe return, and got ready to go down the ladder.

"M. Louët," said the captain to me. "I went to him and inquired what he wanted with me?"

"You know, M. Louët," said he with an air of embarrassment, "that we have no ceremonies between fellow-countrymen."

"Yes, sir, I am aware of that."

"You understand me?"

"Yes, I understand you," I replied; "but I don't quite know what you mean. You mean that—but perhaps you'll tell me."

"Well, I mean—hang it," said the captain—"that if you want any money, my purse is at your service. That's the long and short of it."

"This munificence brought tears into my eyes. 'Thank you, captain,' said I; 'but I am rich enough.'

"Well, but a musician—"

"I have a hundred crowns in this handkerchief, sir."

"Oh, if you've a hundred crowns, you have enough to go to the end of the world with."

"I don't want to go so far as that, captain; and, if possible, I shall stop at Marseilles."

"Well, I wish you a safe journey, then, and don't forget me in your prayers."

"If I live for a hundred years, captain, I shall never forget you."

"Adieu! M. Louët."

"Adieu! Captain Garnier."

"I went down into the boat, the captain following me with his eyes."

"Go to the French Hussar," said he, "the *Ussero Francese*; that is the best hotel."

"These were the last words he said to me. I can see him now, poor fellow, leaning on the balustrades, smoking a cigar, for the pipe was only used on great occasions."

M. Louët here wiped his eyes.

"Well, what happened to him?" said I.

"Well, he was shot in two by a shot from a thirty-six pounder three months afterwards."

We respected M. Louët's grief, and, in order to calm it as far as was possible, poured him out a third glass of punch.

"Gentlemen," said he, "raising his arm to a level with his eye, 'I will give you a toast, to which no objection can be made: the memory of Captain Garnier.'"

We drank as desired, and M. Louët continued his narrative.

"I went straight to the hotel of the French Hussar, which I had not much trouble in finding as it was just opposite the harbor. I ordered a dinner, for I was very hungry. In fact, as you must have remarked, I had of late only eaten once every twenty-four hours."

"After dinner, I called a *vetturino*. It was certain that they would never know what was become of me at the Marseilles theatre, and that they would be very anxious about me; so you can understand how eager I was to get back. I reckoned that I had been away a week, sir. I had not lost much time during this week, it is true, but I had certainly not done what I had intended."

"I called three men in succession without being able to make make either of them understand me, as they were unable to speak in my national tongue. At last, a fourth came who pretended to speak every language, and who really could not speak any. However, thanks to his jargon of French, Italian and English, we managed somehow or other to exchange ideas. His idea was that I ought to give him thirty francs to take me to Florence, from Florence he assured me I should find a thousand opportunities of returning to Marseilles. I was very anxious to see Florence, so that I agreed to give the thirty francs. Before leaving me, the man informed me that two of his passengers, one of whom was a fellow-countryman of mine, had required him to take the road from Grosette to Sienna, as they wished to pass through the mountains. I told him that I didn't mind the mountains, and that my only objection was to the sea. He promised that I should have my back to the sea during the whole journey, that was sufficient for me."

"We were to start the same evening in order to sleep at Scarlicu. At two o'clock the *vetturino* stopped before the door of the inn. The four other travellers were already in their places, and the conductor had only called for me and my companion, who was staying in the same hotel. I was ready, waiting on the threshold of the door (for you know that my travelling preparations were slight enough—my pouch and my gun being still my only luggage), when I heard the name of M. Ernest called; I was quite delighted to hear a French name again."

"M. Ernest came down. He was a handsome hussar officer, of from twenty-six to twenty-eight years of age, and looked exactly like the sign of the hotel, were it not for his rank. He slipped a pair of pistols into the pocket of the coach, and took his seat by my side."

"I was not long in perceiving that M. Ernest had something preying upon his mind. I did not know enough of him to ask the cause, but I determined, at all events, to distract his attention by my conversation."

"You are a Frenchman, sir?" I said.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"You are probably in the army, sir?"

"He shrugged his shoulders, although the question was actually not an indiscreet one, considering that he was in uniform. I saw from this that he did not wish to enter into conversation, and remained silent. As for the other travellers, they all spoke Italian. I have already had the pleasure of telling you, gentlemen, that I do not understand that language, so that you will easily comprehend why I did not join in their conversation."

"We arrived in this manner at Scarlicu, and put up at a very bad inn indeed. We passed a wretched night there; and, if you will excuse my mentioning the fact, we were nearly eaten up by vermin. About three in the morning, just as I was trying to get to sleep, the driver came into my room and made me get up. It appears that such is the custom in foreign countries."

"I took my gun and pouch, and was preparing to occupy the place which I had had the night before, but just as I was getting in, the driver stopped me, saying—

"Excuse me, sir, but is your gun loaded?"

"Yes, it is," I replied.

"Then you must unload it."

"I was just expressing my entire readiness to do so, when the young officer who had previously taken his seat told me to do nothing of the kind."

"If we were to be stopped by robbers," he said, "with your gun and my pistols, we could, at all events, defend ourselves."

"Robbers, sir!" exclaimed I. "Can there be any robbers on the road?"

"In Italy there are robbers everywhere."

"Driver!" said I. "Driver!"

"Yes, sir."

"This is all very fine, my good man; but why did you not tell me before that there were robbers on this road?"

"*Avanti, avanti!*" cried the passengers.

"Come, jump up," said M. Ernest. "You see they are all getting impatient, and we shall not be at Sienna before midnight."

"Wait a moment, till I have fired my gun."

"You must do that," said the driver.

"No, indeed," said the officer. "Get in at once."

"Excuse me, sir," I remarked; "but I quite agree with the driver. If we met any robbers by accident, I shouldn't wish the brave fellows to think that I had any evil intentions towards them."

"You are rather afraid, it appears."

"I don't conceal it. I am not a soldier, sir, but the fourth violoncello at the Marseilles theatre, at your service, sir," said I, with a bow.

"If you were the fourth bass at the Marseilles theatre, you must have known a delightful *danseuse* who was there three or four years since."

"I have known a great many delightful *danseuses*," said I; "for my place in the orchestra is capitally situated for me to make their acquaintance. May I ask what her name was, sir, without being guilty of indiscretion?"

"Mlle. Zéphirine."

"Yes, sir, I knew her very well. She left our city to go to Italy. I remember she was exceedingly light."

"What?" said M. Ernest.

"I apply the expression physically, sir; and for a dancer, it is praise, or—and I put on my most agreeable look—"I know nothing about it."

"Now you're right."

"*Dunque che facciamo, non si parti oggi?*" cried a voice from the carriage.

"One moment, gentlemen; I'm going a short distance to discharge my gun, for fear of frightening the horses at the double report."

"Give me the gun," said the driver, taking it from my hand.

"I will put it into the cabriolet."

"Bless me, I never thought of that. Here, my good man, is the gun. Take care of it; it is an excellent one."

"Now, are you going to get in?" said M. Ernest.

"Here I am, sir; here I am."

"I got into the carriage, the driver shut the door, took his seat, and set off.

"You were saying," continued I, delighted to have found at last a subject of conversation which pleased the young officer; "you were saying that Mille. Zéphirine—"

"You are mistaken," interrupted M. Ernest. "I was saying nothing at all."

"I perceived that his wish for conversation was past; and I was silent.

"I have seldom been a more tiresome journey, sir, or on worse roads. Our driver appeared to make a point of keeping away from every town and village; you might have fancied we were travelling through an uninhabited country. We stopped to dine at a wretched hut, where we had an omelette of stale eggs, and where the driver entered into conversation with some ill-looking fellows, which raised my suspicions. I had a great wish to communicate my ideas to my travelling companions, but I think I have told you that I did not speak Italian. As for M. Ernest, the manner in which he had received my overtures did not encourage me to renew them.

CHAPTER VI.

"We set off again; but the road, instead of improving, became more and more disagreeable. I should not say too much if I affirmed that we crossed a complete desert. At length we passed a narrow defile, with mountains on one side and a torrent on the other; while, to increase my fears, night was rapidly approaching.

"Not a word was spoken even amongst the Italians, except an occasional oath from the driver to the horses. I asked if we were far from Sienna; we were about half-way there.

"I reflected that if I could sleep, the journey would appear much shorter. I therefore made myself as comfortable as I could in a corner, and closed my eyes to seek slumber; I even tried to snore, but I soon found that the effort woke me up again, and therefore abandoned that effort as quite inefficacious.

"They say 'That where there is a will there is a way.' Sir, I am a living proof of this proverb. After strenuously endeavoring for about an hour, I fell into that half-dozed in which we have a perception of what is passing around although we have lost the command of our faculties. I do not know how long I had been in that state when I thought I felt the carriage stop; then a scene of great confusion took place. I tried, sir, to rouse myself; it was impossible; I had mesmerised myself. Suddenly I heard two pistol shots. This was too much, particularly as the flash had almost burnt my face. I opened my eyes. What did I see at my breast, sir? The barrel of a gun! I recognised it, sir; and deeply repented not having unloaded it. We were stopped by a band of robbers, who were loudly calling, *Fuocia in terra! Fuocia in terra!* I guessed that that meant to prostrate ourselves with our faces to the ground. I sprang out of the carriage, but not quickly enough; for one of the robbers gave me a blow across the nape of the neck with the butt-end of the gun; luckily he did not injure the brain. I fell with my face on the ground. There I saw all my travelling companions lying, with the exception of M. Ernest who was struggling like a demon. He was at length obliged to give in. They searched me closely, even examining my flannel waistcoat (excuse my being so minute, but I wear one); my hundred crowns were taken from me. Hoping to save my ring, I turned the stone round; unfortunately it had not the power of that of Gyges. You know that Gyges's ring, when the stone was turned round, rendered the wearer invisible. My ring was seen and taken from me.

"They were nearly an hour searching and researching us, in a most disagreeable manner; after which he who appeared the chief of the troop, said, 'Is either of these gentlemen a musician?'

"The question appeared strange, and it did not seem to me a fitting opportunity to declare my profession.

"Well," repeated the same voice, 'have you not heard me? I ask, if, among these gentlemen, not one can play upon any instrument?'

"Certainly," said a voice which I recognized as that of the

young officer; 'here is M. Louët, who plays on the violin-cello.'

"I wished myself a hundred feet under the ground, and lay as quietly as if I were dead.

"Which is M. Louët?" said the same voice; 'is this he?'

"Some one approached; I felt him take hold of the collar of my coat; in another moment I was on my feet.

"What do you want with me, gentlemen?" said I; 'in the name of heaven, what do you want with me?'

"Why, said the bandit, 'nothing but what should delight you. For more than a week, we have been looking everywhere for an *artiste*, without being able to find one, which put the captain dreadfully out of temper; but now he will be pleased.'

"And is it to take me to the captain," cried I, 'that you ask if I can play upon any instrument?'

"Of course."

"You mean to separate me from my companions?'

"What could we do with them? they are not musicians."

"Gentlemen," cried I, 'help! assist me! surely you will not let me be carried off in this way.'

"These gentlemen will have the kindness to remain as they are, with their faces to the ground, and without moving for a quarter of an hour; then they can resume their journey. As for the young officer," continued he, turning to the four brigands who held him, "tie him to a tree, in a quarter of an hour the driver can untie him. Do you hear, driver, if you untie him in less time, you will have to answer for it to me—to the picarde."

"The driver uttered a low groan, which might pass for an acquiescence in the injunction he had just received. As for myself, I was without power of resistance: a child might have done as he liked with me, much more two strong men, like those who had hold of my collar.

"Let us be off, now," said the brigand, 'and pay every attention to the musician; if he resists only push him on—you know how.'

"I was curious to know how they would push me on in case of resistance, so I did resist. I received a kick, sir, which made everything dance before me, and I was determined to obey.

"The brigands took the road to the mountain, the black top of which was easily discernible in the horizon. After continuing about five hundred yards, we crossed a stream, and passed through a forest of pine trees, and arriving at the other side of it saw a light, towards which we went.

"The light proceeded from a small inn, situated on a cross-road. About fifty yards from the inn we stopped, and one of the men went forwards alone to examine the place. At a signal which he made, by clapping his hands three times, doubtless to let the picarde know we could approach, the banditti again set off singing, which they had not done since we left the high road.

"I thought, sir, as I put my foot on the threshold of the inn that Satan was keeping holiday there.

"One *sta il capitano?*" asked the picarde on entering.

"Al *primo piano*," answered the innkeeper.

"What, thought I, already there is a *première piano*; this man has a passion for music, then.

"All the brigands, with the exception of two, went up stairs. One of the two had taken possession of my gun, the other of my powder flask; as to my ring and my money, they had become invisible.

"Some moments after, they called to my jailors from up stairs, and said something that I could not understand; only, as they took hold of my collar again, and pushed me towards the steps, I guessed that I was wanted in the first floor.

"I was not mistaken, sir; on entering I saw the captain sitting before a well-laid table, having a number of bottles of different shapes before him, and on his knees a very pretty girl.

"The captain, who might really be called a very handsome man, was from thirty-five to forty. He was dressed exactly like a robber of the Opéra Comique—in blue velvet, red sash and silver buckles—so much so, that I fancied myself at a rehearsal; and if he had expected to intimidate me, he quite failed in his purpose.

"As to the young person who was on his knees, she was

dressed like a Roman peasant, sir; I have since seen such in the pictures of an artist named Robert. She had a bodice worked in gold, short petticoats and red stockings. As to feet, they were not worth talking about, she could hardly be said to have any. I had such presence of mind that I perceived this female robber had my ring on her finger, which, added to the misfortune of being in the society in which she was placed, gave me, as you may think, an indifferent opinion of the girl's morality.

"At the door the brigands relinquished their hold of me, but they remained on the last step of the staircase. I advanced a few paces, and, having bowed first to the lady, then to the captain, then to the company, stood still.

"Here is the musician you asked for," said the picarde.

"I bowed a second time.

"What country do you come from?" asked the chief, in a strong Italian accent.

"I am a Frenchman, your excellency."

"I am very glad of it," said the young girl.

"I saw with pleasure that, more or less, all the company spoke French.

"And you are a musician?"

"I am fourth violincello player at the Marseilles theatre."

"Indeed?" said the young girl.

"Picarde, have this gentleman's instrument brought to him." Then turning towards the lady, "I hope, my little Zina," said he, "you will make no further difficulty of dancing."

"I never made any," replied Zina, "but you should know I cannot dance without music."

"What mademoiselle says is perfectly correct, your excellency. It is impossible for mademoiselle to dance without music."

"*Non c'è strumento, non ho trovato l'istrumento,*" said one of the brigands, showing himself again at the door.

"What, no instrument?" cried the captain, in a voice of thunder.

"Captain," said the picarde, "upon my life I did not see the smallest appearance of a violincello."

"Bestia!" cried the captain.

"Captain," said I, "you must not scold this good fellow. These gentlemen searched everywhere, even inside my flannel waistcoat, and had my violincello been with me, they certainly would have found it; but it was not."

"What, then, had you not your violincello?"

"I beg to assure your excellency, that had I known your predilection for that instrument, I would have brought two instead of one."

"Very well," said the captain, "let five men set off immediately for Sienna, Grosseto, Volterra, or anywhere else they like; but by to-morrow evening I must have a violincello, and when the violincello has come, you will dance, will you not, my little Zina?"

"If I am in the humor, and you are very agreeable."

"Rogue," said the captain, offering to kiss her, "you know you do as you like with me."

"What, before company?" said Zina; "that is very pretty."

"This repulse, inspired by some remaining feeling of modesty, gave me a better opinion of the young girl; besides, sir, strange to say, as I looked at her, I thought I had seen her face before, though I could not recollect where; I could not remember ever having been in such society."

"But," said the girl, after a pause, "you have not even asked this good man if he is hungry."

"I felt pleased at her kindness."

"Well," said the captain, "are you hungry?"

"Faith, captain," replied I, "as you have the goodness to put the question, I will own frankly that I made but a poor dinner at Scarliou, so that I shall be glad of anything that is ready."

"Seat yourself at the table then."

"Captain?"

"Come, sit down to table," said Zina, with a charming smile. "Are you going to make any difficulty with Tonino, a friend, and me a countrywoman?"

"Ah! the captain's name is Tonino, a very pretty and musical name."

"His name is Antonio," said the girl, laughing, "but I call him Tonino; it is a pet name," she looked up into his eyes with a look that would have seduced his patron saint, "and I call him so because I love him."

"Enchantress," murmured the captain.

"Meanwhile, sir, a knife and fork had been laid for me, and a chair placed with all possible respect. I saw that, after all, my position with M. Tonino would be more supportable than I at first imagined, and that I should be treated with the attention due to an artiste."

"My plate had been laid at the table, where the captain had been supping; and Mdlle. Zina had the kindness to pass the dishes, and pour out the wine, and in so doing gave me the opportunity of being quite sure that it was my ring on her finger. Occasionally I looked at her, for the more I looked the more I felt certain her face was not unknown to me; as to the brigand, he was amusing himself with her hair, and for so doing every now and then had a rap on the knuckles; and he was continually repeating,

"You will dance, Zina dear," to which she answered, "We shall see."

"When I had supped, Mdlle. Zina very judiciously observed:

"I might be in want of some repose."

"I could hardly keep awake, sir; and, although it is not polite to yawn, I yawned enough to dislocate my jaw. So I did not wait to be told twice. I asked for my room, and went to bed."

CHAPTER VII.

"I SLEPT fifteen consecutive hours, sir. They were waiting with impatience for me to awake; for they were so polite as not to disturb me, which was very delicate in a captain of banditti. But I had hardly sneezed (which I am in the habit of doing when I awake), when they brought five violincellos into the room."

"Each of the messengers had brought back one, which made me remark that the price of violins would rise in the neighborhood."

"This speech made the captain smile."

"I chose the best, and the other four were broken up for firewood. When I had made my selection, I was told to take my instrument, and go to the captain, who was waiting dinner for me. You may imagine I did not compel him to wait long. There was a state dinner—that is, there was a table for the captain, Mdlle. Zina, the picarde and myself, and seven or eight smaller tables for the rest of the banditti. At the end of the room there was at least three hundred wax candles burning, so that the whole place was brilliantly illuminated. I guessed we were to have a ball."

"The dinner was very gay. The brigands were really very good sort of people, particularly the captain, who was very agreeable, doubtless because Mdlle. Zina loaded him with every attention."

"When dinner was finished—

"You know what you promised me, Zina, dear!" said the captain.

"Well, am I going to refuse?" replied the girl, with a smile. She had really a charming smile.

"Well, then, go and get ready; but do not be long."

"Put your watch upon the table."

"There it is."

"I shall take a quarter of an hour. Is that too much?"

"Oh, no," replied I; "certainly not."

"Well, a quarter of an hour," said the captain.

"Mademoiselle went out by the door at the bottom of the room, near which were the three hundred candles, as light as a fawn."

"And you, M. Musician, I hope that you mean to show off," said the captain.

"I shall do my best, captain."

"That is right; and if I am satisfied with you, you shall have your hundred crowns back."

"And my ring?"

"Oh, as to your ring, you may go into mourning for that;

besides, you see Zina has it; and you are too polite to wish to take it from her."

"I gave an assent which appeared to satisfy him."

"As to you, my men, I am going to give you a treat fit for the pope; I hope you will be pleased with it."

"*Viva el capitano!*" replied the brigands.

"At this moment Mdlle. Zina appeared at the door, and with one bound was in the middle of the room."

"She was in a bayadere's dress, sir, with a silver bodice, a large Cashmere shawl tied round her waist, gauze petticoats which reached her knee, and silk pantaloons which reached her waist. In this costume she looked lovely. I seized my violin-cello with a practised hand: I fancied myself at the Marseilles theatre."

"What air will you dance to, mademoiselle," said I.

"Do you know the Shawl Dance, in the ballet of Clari?"

"Certainly, it is my favorite."

"Well, then, begin that. I am ready."

"I commenced the 'Ritournelle'; the brigands stood round in a circle. In the first bar she flew like a sylph; she made the *entrechats*, *jetés* and *pirouettes* splendidly. The bandits applauded like madmen; and I said to myself:

"Astonishing! those are legs that I know!"

"They struck me even more than her face, sir. A countenance I have once seen, sir, I can never forget."

"She did not become fatigued, sir; indeed, applause seemed to give her fresh strength; she was up, she was down, she bounded, she *pirouetted*, and all in the most graceful manner. The captain appeared to grow quite insane, and I myself was like a madman; I thought the legs were making signs to me, and seemed to know me. I am sure if they could have spoken they would have said:

"How d'ye do."

"In the midst of the shawl dance, the innkeeper entered, looking very much alarmed, and whispered something in the captain's ear."

"*Ove Sono?*" asked the captain, quietly.

"*A San Dalmazio*," replied the innkeeper.

"Finish your dance; we have time enough."

"What is the matter?" said Mdlle. Zina, bending gracefully forward.

"Nothing, nothing," replied the captain. "It seems that those rascally travellers we stopped have given the alarm in Sienna and Florence; and we have the Grand Duchess Eliza's hussars on our track."

"It is well-timed," said Zina, laughing; "I have finished my dance."

"Oh! one more *pirouette*, my little Zina," said the captain.

"I can refuse you nothing. The last eight bars again, sir, if you please."

"I am looking for my bow, mademoiselle."

"The bow had dropped from my hand at the news, sir. As to Mdlle. Zina, on the contrary, the news seemed to have given her fresh legs. I was sure that I knew them; but where could I have seen them?"

"I do not think Mdlle. Zina had ever been so triumphant."

"Her last bound brought her to the little door through which she had gone to dress; and turning, as if she were going to the slips, she made a curtsy, and kissed her hand to the captain."

"Now, to arms! Let horses be got ready for Zina and the musician; we will go on foot; take the road to Romagne; those that miss it are to rejoin us at Chianciano, between Chiusia and Pianza."

"What, sir," said I to the captain, "are you going to take me with you?"

"Of course; how is Zina to dance if she is left without music again? and how am I to do without seeing her dance?"

"But, captain, you will be exposing me to a thousand dangers!"

"Neither more nor less than ourselves."

"But, captain, it is your profession, and it is not mine."

"What did you get at that barn of a theatre?"

"Sir, this was the way in which he spoke of the theatre at Marseilles."

"I had eight hundred francs, captain."

"Well, I will give you a thousand crowns. Where will you find the manager of a theatre to give you so much?"

"No reply could be made to this; I submitted quietly to my lot."

"All's ready," said the picarde, coming in.

"And here am I," said Mdlle. Zina, running in, in her peasant's costume.

"Let us be off," said the captain.

"*Usseri! Usseri!*" cried the innkeeper.

"All hurried towards the staircase."

"The dickens!" cried the captain, turning back; "you have forgotten your violincello, I think."

"I took the instrument, sir, and wished I could have hidden myself inside it."

"When we got to the door, we found our horses ready saddled."

"Well, M. Musician, don't you mean to help me on to my horse?" cried Mdlle. Zina; "you are really very polite."

"I offered my arm mechanically, and I felt her put a small paper into my hand."

"A cold perspiration broke over my forehead. What could she have said in this paper? Was it a declaration of love, had my appearance seduced this ballet girl, and was I the captain's rival? I wished to throw the paper away, but curiosity gained the day, and I put it in my pocket."

"*Usseri! Usseri!*" exclaimed the innkeeper again.

"In the distance could be heard the sound of a troop of soldiers, galloping along the high road."

"Up, blockhead," said the picarde to me, taking hold of the seat of my breeches, and helping me on to the saddle. "Well, that will do; now fasten his violin on his back—there."

"I felt they were tying me to my instrument. Two of the brigands held Mdlle. Zina's horse by the bridle; two others held of mine. The captain, his carbine on his shoulder, ran by the side of his mistress; the picarde kept close to me. All the troop, which consisted of at least eighteen or twenty men, followed us. Five or six gun-shots were fired about three hundred yards behind us, and we heard the bullets whistle through the air."

"To the left!" cried the captain. "To the left!"

"The order was no sooner given than we quitted the road, and turned into a sort of valley through which ran a torrent. It was the first time I had ever been on horseback; with one hand I grasped the mane, and with the other caught hold of the tail."

"When we had reached the valley, the captain commanded a halt. All listened attentively."

"We heard the hussars going at full gallop along the high road."

"If they continue at that rate," said the picarde, "they will reach Grossetto early."

"Let them go," said the captain, "we will follow the bed of the stream, the noise we make will be lost in that of the water."

"We walked on for nearly an hour and a half; we then came to a little river, which emptied itself into the one we had been following."

"Is not this the Orcia?" said the captain, in an under tone.

"No, no," replied the picarde, "this is only the Orbia; the Orcia is at least four miles lower down."

"We resumed our journey, and in an hour afterwards reached a second stream, which emptied itself into the river we were following."

"I know where we are now," said the captain; "to the left—to the left."

"The order was obeyed in an instant."

"At four in the morning we crossed the high road."

"Courage! courage!" said the picarde, who heard me give a deep groan, "we are on the high road to Sienna; in an hour and a half we shall be at Chianciano!"

"As you can easily imagine, we only crossed the high road; we seldom passed frequented places. About a thousand yards

beyond, we came to some mountains, and, as the picardec had said, in an hour and a half—that is to say at daybreak—we entered Chianciao. The innkeeper received us as if we were expected. It seemed as though we were regular customers.

"We had been marching twelve hours, sir, and as far as I could guess the distance, I calculated we had gone about twenty leagues.

"We were taken off the horse, sir, my violin and myself—I was as stiff as it was.

"The brigands asked for breakfast; I asked for a bed. They took me into a little closet, across the windows of which were iron bars, and the door of which opened into the room in which the brigands were going to take their meal; there was no means of escape; besides, sir, even had I wished it, it was impossible—I was bruised into a jelly.

"On taking off my breeches—breeches were worn at that time, sir—I thought of the paper Mdlle. Zina had given me, which I had forgotten during our nocturnal journey; even if I had thought of it, sir, it would have been impossible to read it in the dark.

"It was a little note, written in pencil, containing the following words:

"MY DEAR M. LOUËT—[Whatever was my desire to know the rest, I stopped here. Indeed, said I; Mdlle. Zina knows me, it seems. Having made this reflection, I went on reading:] You may imagine that the society of those I am among is not more pleasing to me than to you; but, to escape, discretion is even more necessary than courage. I hope, when the fitting time arrives, you will be found deficient in neither. I shall set you an example; meanwhile, appear not to know me.

"I should wish to return your ring, which I have seen you look at several times with uneasiness, but as I require it for our common defence, I retain it.

"Adieu, my dear M. Louët. We shall meet, I hope, one day—you in the orchestra, I on the stage, of the Marseilles theatre.

"ZEPHIRINE.

"P. S.—Swallow this note."

"The signature explained everything, sir. It was little Zéphirine, who was so successful, that for three years running she had been engaged at the Marseilles theatre.

"I read the letter a second time, and it was then I noticed the postscript, 'Swallow this note,' this was prudent, but not agreeable. I, however, decided on following Zéphirine's advice, and went to sleep, feeling more tranquil, now I knew I had a friend in the troop.

"I was in a very sound sleep, when I felt myself shaken by the arm. I sneezed as I opened my eyes—I think I have told you, sir, that is the way in which I rouse myself. It was the lieutenant who had taken this liberty with me.

"Up! up! said he, 'the hussars are at Montepulciano; we shall be off in a quarter of an hour.'

"I made one leap from my bed to my clothes; those horrid bullets were still whistling in my ears.

"The first person I saw on leaving my room, was Mdlle. Zéphirine; she seemed as gay as a lark. I admired the young girl's strength of mind, and resolved to imitate it, and to reassure her, I made a sign with my finger that I had swallowed her note.

"Doubtless she thought if I had only taken that, it was not enough to support me, for she turned laughing to the captain.

"Tonino," said she, 'our orchestra is making signs to you, that he is as empty as his instrument; is there not time for him to have something to eat?'

"Bah! bah!" said the captain, 'he can eat at Sorano.'

"Are we all ready," asked Zéphirine.

"Wait a moment, I will go and see," said the captain, and he went out on the landing; 'Siamo pronti,' cried he.

"Zéphirine ran directly to the window, pulled my ring off her finger, and wrote something rapidly on one of the panes.

"The captain, on his return, found her where he had left her.

"We must be betrayed," the captain murmured between

his teeth, 'or those hussars are sorcerers.' Making me a sign to go on before, he gave his arm to Zéphirine, and came down with her.

"Our horses were ready, as they were the night before; the same precautions were taken, and we journeyed in the same manner; but as we set off during the day, it was not so late at night when we arrived.

"We could hardly get anything to eat at the miserable inn to which the captain had taken us; and without the kindness of Mdlle. Zéphirine, who gave me half her supper, I should have gone to bed fasting.

"I had not been in bed ten minutes, when I heard an infernal noise; I sprang out of bed, caught hold of my clothes, and opened my door, asking, 'What is the matter?' The room was full of armed banditti.

"The matter is that we are surrounded by those confounded hussars," cried the lieutenant, 'and that there must be a traitor among us. Hang it!—if I thought it was you—'

"Di qua! Di qua!" said the innkeeper, opening the door which led to a private staircase.

"The captain sprang down the first, keeping hold of Mdlle. Zéphirine's hand; the picarde pushed me behind him, and the rest of the gang followed us.

"At the bottom of the staircase, the innkeeper entered a little woodhouse, and raised a trap-door which was in the corner. The captain understood, without a word having been uttered. He went down the ladder of the trap-door first, assisting Mdlle. Zéphirine. We all followed him. The innkeeper closed the trap over us, and I heard him covering it over with faggots. The picarde drew the ladder up, so that it was necessary to jump, one by one, a depth of fifteen feet, in order to get down into the subterranean place where we then were.

"I need hardly tell you, sir, that the first moment of respite which I enjoyed I occupied in dressing myself. In another instant we heard blows struck on the door, as if it were going to be beaten in.

"I schioppi sono caricati?" asked the captain.

"As it was the same question which the driver had put to me, I understood it perfectly; besides, at the same moment I heard the sound of the ramrods in the guns of those who were not in readiness.

"Gentlemen," said I, 'gentlemen, I hope—'

"Silence, if you expect to live," said the picarde.

"Certainly I expect to live," said I.

"Silence, or I'll now settle you."

"I was accordingly silent, and looked out for a corner where I should be safe from the bullets. There was no such corner in the place, sir; it was a regular condemned cell.

"We heard the door opened, and discovered, at the same time, from the sound of their heels and of the butt-ends of their muskets, that a troop of soldiers had just entered the inn. As you perceive, sir, we had been followed very closely.

"There were twenty of us in the cavern, sir, and yet the silence was such that you might have heard the buzzing of a fly.

"But above it was very different. It was as if the house was being sacked. There were oaths and imprecations without number; two or three times we heard the soldiers enter the wood-house in which the trap-door was, and then our silence was broken by the sound of the loading of their guns. Sir, this noise, trifling as it was, made my whole frame tremble.

CHAPTER VIII

"In about three or four hours the noise died slowly away. A profound silence succeeded; then we heard them move the wood and open the trap-door. It was our host, who had come to tell us that, tired of their vain search, the French had retired, and we might come out.

"Whilst the banditti were crowding round the entrance to speak to the innkeeper, Zéphirine, who had been left alone with your humble servant at the end of the cellar, came up to me quickly and took my hand.

"We are saved," said she.

"How so, pry?" I asked.

"Ernest is on our track."
 "Who is Ernest?"
 "A young man in the hussars, and my lover."
 "I know this M. Ernest."
 "Indeed!"
 "A handsome young man of five or six and twenty; about my size, but much better made."
 "The same."
 "I travelled with him from Piombino to —. "But stop—he spoke to me of you!"
 "He spoke to you of me! Dear Ernest!"
 "Is he a sorcerer, then, to keep on our track so closely?"
 "No, my dear sir, he is not a sorcerer; but at all the inns where we stop I write my name on a pane and that of the village we are going to."
 "Oh! I see it all now; this was the reason you wanted my ring. I beg a thousand pardons, mademoiselle, for the ridiculous suspicions I had formed. It must mark well, for it is a real diamond."
 "Hush! they are speaking of something of importance."
 "She listened for a moment, but as the banditti were speaking Italian I did not understand them."
 "I have it," said Mdlle. Zéphirine; "Caprarolla—remember the name if I should forget it. It is to Caprarolla we are going."
 "What!" cried I, alarmed, "are we going—"
 "Hein?" said the picarde, turning round.
 "Nothing, nothing, lieutenant; I was only anxious about my violin."
 "Zéphirine moved quickly away from me, and slipped in among the brigands, so that when the captain looked round for her she was at his side.
 "Well, my little Zina, these French rascals are gone."
 "I breathe again," said Zina. "Do you know which way they went?"
 "Our host thinks, from what he can make out, that the soldiers, who belong to the Grand Duchess Hussars, have not the right to come any further; but a young officer who was with them has a commission to follow us, and to call out troops wherever he can meet with them."
 "And what are you going to do?"
 "We are going to resume our journey."
 "In broad day?"
 "Oh! do not be uneasy, we have our own roads."
 "I'm really very tired."
 "Courage, my little Zina; the distance is not great—five-and-thirty miles at most."
 "Shall we soon be there?"
 "To-morrow night we shall be there in safety."
 "Then let us be off."
 "Forward!" said the captain.
 "And my violin?" said I to the picarde.
 "Don't be uneasy; it has been seen after," replied he.
 "You understand that my violin was my safeguard. We then resumed our journey. The innkeeper himself acted as our guide, and he did not leave us till we were in what the captain called 'one of his own roads.' It was one of Satan's own roads, sir.
 "About noon we entered a large forest, just suited to brigands; indeed, I am sure, if we had not been in such good company, we should have had some unlucky adventure in it. At four o'clock we reached Caprarolla.
 "There, at least, we had a tranquil day and night. Thanks to M. Ernest, we had neither eaten nor slept, but it seems that for a time he had lost sight of us, or was unable to pursue us. The inn was badly provisioned, but they hastened to the nearest town, which I think I heard them say was Bonciglione, and brought from there provisions for a tolerable dinner.
 "They called us at three in the morning, but as I had gone to bed about three in the afternoon, I had had eight or nine hours' sleep; that is what I require, sir—if I do not have eight hours' sleep I am quite ill.
 "The next day's journey was a short one. About eleven in the morning we were ferried across a river, and then stopped to breakfast at an inn which I heard them call the 'Farberine.'

"There," said the captain, "we are at home."
 "What!" said Zéphirine, "at home in this wretched inn. Where, then, is the splendid chateau you talked to me about?"
 "I mean that we are on our own estates, Caressima, and that from this time you may command as freely as any queen."
 "Then I desire to be left alone in the room, for I do not wish to show myself to my subjects at —. What's the name of our chateau?"
 "Anticoli."
 "To my subjects at Anticoli, in this style. I should frighten them!"
 "Civetta," said the captain smiling.
 "Go, go, I shall be ready in a quarter of an hour."
 "Zéphirine put us out and closed the door.
 "So, captain, you have a chateau?" said I.
 "Something of the sort," said he.
 "Your own?"
 "Oh no, not mine, that you know might make the government uneasy; it belongs to a Roman nobleman, who lends it me, and to whom I pay a small rent. The honest man is kept in town by the duties of his office, and, of course, he must make some use of his country house."
 "Then we shall be quite at our ease there?"
 "Quite so; we must indeed occasionally fire a shot or two, but that is the charm of our profession."
 "I must remind you, captain, that I am only in your service as violin-player."
 "What then were the gun and powder-flask which you claimed as belonging to you?"
 "They certainly were my own; apropos, captain, have you good sporting over your estate?"
 "Magnificent."
 "What sort of game?"
 "All sorts."
 "Are there any chastres?"
 "Chastres? coveys of them."
 "Capital, captain! I will take care of the coats."
 "Very well, I will get three or four of my people to beat the covers, and you may sport as much as you like."
 "I have also been promised, captain—"
 "What?"
 "My hundred crowns."
 "Quite right. Picarde, see the hundred crowns are given back to this good man."
 "Really, captain, I do not know why any one should wish you harm; you are the best brigand I know."
 "Eccomi," said Zéphirine, coming in.
 "Already?" said the captain.
 "Bah, I can be quick when I will. I have had time for what I required."
 "Bravo! in that case we will set off again."
 "I am ready," said Zéphirine.
 "The captain opened the window.
 "Onwards!" cried he.
 "Zéphirine had time to exchange looks with me, and to point to the window.
 "I then understood what she had been doing in that room. We started about two; at four we reached the edge of a small river. The captain called the ferry-man by his name; he approached with a haste that showed he recognised the voice that had called him.
 "While we were crossing, the captain and boatman conversed in whispers.
 "Well," asked Mdlle. Zéphirine, with well-affected uneasiness, "is not our chateau where it was?"
 "Oh, yes," said the captain; "and in a quarter of an hour I hope we shall be installed."
 "Heaven be praised!" said Zéphirine; "we have been wandering long enough."

CHAPTER IX.

"We passed through a long avenue of poplar trees, at the end of which was the entrance to a magnificent villa. The captain rang the bell, and the porter opened the gate. As soon as he recognised the captain, he struck the bell in a particular man-

ner, and five or six servants ran out. There was great rejoicing amongst all the servants when the captain's arrival was known. As for the captain, he received all these demonstrations as marks of respect which were due to him, and to which he was accustomed.

"'Enough, enough,' said he; 'go before us with lights.'

"The domestics obeyed; one of them wished to take my violin, doubtless with good intentions, but as it was an excellent instrument, I would not trust it to him; the result was a slight dispute, which ended in his receiving a violent blow from the fist of the picarde. I remained master of my violin, which I was resolved to bring back to France with me, if ever I had the happiness of returning.

"We were shown to our respective apartments. It was a palace, sir, a real palace, as the captain had said. For my part, I had a chamber with magnificent frescoes. It is true that the door opened into the dining-room, and that I could not go in, or out, without passing before five or six servants, who, at the first glance, looked to me like real brigands disguised as footmen.

"You can imagine, sir, in what kind of state I was, and, just as I was going to ring, to ask if they could not lend me some clothes, a valet entered with linen, stockings, shoes, five or six pairs of trousers, and a quantity of dress coats, inviting me to choose from among them any that might suit or please me.

"I shuddered, sir, when I thought that all this frippery was, without doubt, stolen property, so I contented myself with one coat, two pairs of trousers, and six shirts. No one could have been more moderate. Before the servant left he opened a closet in which there was a bath, and told me dinner would be ready *à la vingt-deux*. After a number of efforts, I discovered that that meant, they would dine between six and seven. I have never been able to make out what the figures twenty-two had to do with it.

"I had only just time, as you see, to make my toilet. Luckily, I found laid out on a table everything necessary, and, amongst other things, some excellent English razors, which I have regretted ever since, for I have never met with such good ones.

"Just as I had finished dressing, the dinner bell rang. I gave a final touch to my hair, and as I went out of my room I put the key in my pocket, for fear any one should touch my violin. At the door I found a servant waiting to conduct me to the drawing-room.

"In the drawing-room were already assembled a young nobleman, a young lady, and a French officer.

"I thought I had made a mistake, and was going to withdraw, but just as, stepping backwards, I trod upon the servant's foot, the young lady said:

"'What are you doing, my dear M. Louët? Are you not coming to dine with us?'

"'I beg your pardon, mademoiselle,' said I; 'I had not recognised you.'

"'If you prefer it, my dear M. Louët,' said the young nobleman, 'you can have dinner laid in your own room.'

"'What!' cried I, 'is it you, captain?' I could not express my astonishment.

"'Ah! M. Louët would not be so unkind as to deprive us of his society,' said the officer, with a graceful bow.

"I turned towards him to answer this polite speech. It was the lieutenant, sir; there had been a transformation as complete as that in 'Cinderella.'

"*Al suo comando!* said a footman, opening the folding doors of the dining-room.

"'What does that mean, if I am not too curious?' asked I of the lieutenant.

"'It means, my dear M. Louët, that dinner is on the table.'

"The captain offered his arm to Mdlle. Zéphirine, and the lieutenant and I followed them.

"We entered a brilliantly illuminated dining-room, in which an admirable dinner was set out.

"I do not know whether you will be satisfied with the cook, my dear M. Louët,' said the captain, taking his place, and showing me mine, 'he is a French cook, and said to be a

very good one. I have ordered two or three Provençal dishes purposely for you, M. Louët.'

"'Dishes with garlic! oh, fie!' said the French officer, taking a pinch of perfumed snuff from a gold snuff-box.

"I thought, sir, I must be dreaming.

"The soup was handed to me. 'Excellent! 'tis a *bouillibasse*.'

"Sir, it was one, and moreover a very good one.

"'Have you seen the park, M. Louët?' asked the captain.

"'Yes, your excellency,' replied I, 'through the window of my room.'

"'It is said to be well stocked with game; you must inspect it to-morrow, M. Louët; you have promised to supply us.'

"'And I renew my promise, captain, only I must beg you to let me have my gun back; I am accustomed to it, and somehow I cannot shoot with any other.'

"'Agreed,' said the captain.

"'By-the-by, you know we are to dine early to-morrow, Tonino; you have promised to take me to the *teatro della Vallé*. I am anxious to see the indifferent little dancer who has replaced me.'

"'But, my love,' said the captain, 'there is no performance to-morrow; besides, I do not know whether the carriage is in good order; but make yourself easy, Zéphirine, I will see to all that to-morrow, if you would like to ride to Tivoli or Subiaco.'

"'Will you be of the party, my dear M. Louët?' said Mdlle. Zéphirine.

"'No, thank you,' said I. 'I am not accustomed to horses, so that it would be no pleasure to me to mount one, on my honor. Besides, as the captain offers it, I prefer shooting to anything.'

"'As you please, M. Louët,' said the captain; 'you are at full liberty.'

"'And I shall keep M. Louët company, and go with him,' said the lieutenant.

"'I shall feel much honored,' replied I, bowing.

"It was then agreed that the captain and Mdlle. Zéphirine should ride to Subiaco, and the lieutenant and myself go on a shooting excursion.

"After dinner, the captain left the lieutenant and myself at full liberty. We took advantage of it, sir; for I especially, for the last fifteen days, as you can imagine, had led a very troublesome and fatiguing life. I therefore returned to my room. You need not ask whether I was astonished, when I found my gun in one corner, my powder flask in another, and my hundred crowns on the mantelpiece. It convinced me that in the chateau of Captain Tonino there was no want of keys to open the doors. While I was undressing, the cook, to whom I had sent a complimentary message about his *bouillibasse*, came to ask whether I should like to breakfast in the French, Provençal or Italian style; the Comte de Villaforte having ordered, in consequence of the intended sporting party, that I should have it served in my room. It seems that Captain Tonino, having changed his dress, had also thought proper to change his name. I renewed my compliments, and asked him to let me have a chicken fried in oil, commonly called *poulet à la Provençale*. This is my favorite dish, sir. I passed a good night; so good, indeed, that I was only awake by my breakfast, which was at the door. I breakfasted, sir, like a king.

"I was finishing a cup of chocolate, when some one tapped me on the shoulder; I turned round—it was the lieutenant, in a handsome sporting dress.

"'Well,' said he to me, 'is this what you call being ready?'

"I made a thousand apologies, but pointed out to him that I could not join the sport in breeches.

"He showed me a shooting dress like his own, which was lying on the sofa for me. I was like Aladdin, sir; I had but to wish to see my wish fulfilled.

"I was ready in a few minutes, and went down stairs. Four saddled horses were at the door, held by servants, one for the captain, one for Mdlle. Zéphirine, and two for the grooms.

"The captain came down at the same time we did; he put a pair of double-barrelled pistols into his holsters; the two men who were to accompany him did the same; master and servants

were attired in a sort of fancy dress, which allowed them also to carry a hunting-knife. The captain saw that I remarked his precautions.

"What can I do, my dear M. Louët?" said he. "The police are so badly regulated in this country that one never knows when he is safe. You understand, therefore, why it is necessary to be armed." I, on the contrary, could understand nothing at all. I either had been or was in a dream. Which? The captain or Villaforte was an illusion! Which was reality? This was what I could not determine, and I resolved to let things take their course. Mdlle. Zéphirine was enchanting in her riding-dress.

"I hope you will be well amused," said the captain, as he mounted his horse; "we shall be back by four, and I hope by that time your shooting will be over."

"I hope so, too, count," answered I; "though, as to shooting excursions, I can affirm nothing. A man never knows where a shooting excursion may lead him."

"At any rate," said the captain, spurring his horse, and making him take two or three curvettes, "at any rate M. Beaumanoir, I leave M. Louët to your care."

"Be at rest, count," replied the lieutenant.

"And he and Mdlle. Zéphirine, having waved an adieu, set off at full gallop, followed by the grooms.

"Excuse me, sir," said I, approaching the lieutenant, "it was you, I believe, the count addressed as Beaumanoir."

"It was."

"I thought the Beaumanoir family was extinct."

"I have brought it to life again, that is all."

"You are quite at liberty to do so, sir," said I; "a thousand pardons if I have been indiscreet."

"Oh, make no excuse, my dear M. Louët. Will you have a dog, or will you not?"

"I prefer being without a dog."

"As you like. Gaetan, let go Romeo."

The sport began. With my first six shots I killed four chastres, which showed clearly that the one at Marseilles was bewitched. Beaumanoir laughed heartily. "What," said he, "do you find any amusement in shooting at such game?"

"Sir," replied I, "the chastre is a very uncommon bird at Marseilles. I have seen but one in all my life; and to it I am indebted for the pleasure of being now in your society."

"Bah! keep your fire for the pheasants, hares and kids."

"What," cried I, "shall we meet with these?"

"Certainly; look, there is one close to you;" and indeed one had just sprung forward about ten feet from me.

"Every here and there I met gardeners, who I fancied I had seen somewhere—gamekeepers, whose faces were not unknown to me. All of them bowed; I imagined they were the bandits, who had changed their costumes, but I had seen so many strange things, that I determined not to trouble myself about them.

"We fired in turns, sir. The park was immense, and walled in, and occasionally iron lattice work had been inserted to allow a good view of a magnificent prospect.

"When I was opposite one of these iron works, M. Beaumanoir fired at a pheasant.

"*Signore*," said a peasant, who was on the outside of the iron railings, "*questo castello è il castello d' Anticoli?*"

"Excuse me," I replied, approaching him, "I do not understand Italian; speak to me in French, and I shall have much pleasure in answering you."

"Ah! is it you, M. Louët?" said the peasant to me.

"Yes, it is I, but how do you know me?"

"Do you not recollect me?"

"I have not that honor."

"Ernest, an officer of hussars, your travelling companion."

"Indeed, M. Ernest, is it you? Mdlle. Zéphirine will be very pleased at it."

"Zéphirine is indeed here, then?"

"Undoubtedly, M. Ernest, undoubtedly; she is a prisoner, like myself."

"Then, the Captain Tonino?"

"Is no other than the Comte de Villaforte."

"And this chateau?"

"A den of robbers."

"This is all I wished to know. Adieu, my dear Louët; if we were seen conversing together it might excite suspicions. Tell Zéphirine that to-morrow she will hear from me." And he sprang into the forest.

"Bring it, Romeo! bring it!" cried M. de Beaumanoir.

"I ran to him."

"Well, there is the pheasant. Ah! a fine cock, sir, a fine cock!"

"Yes, yes, there it is! to whom were you speaking, M. Louët?"

"To a peasant, who asked me a question in Italian, and to whom I replied, that I had the misfortune not to understand the language."

"Indeed," said M. de Beaumanoir, looking at me distrustingly. Then having reloaded his gun, "My dear Louët," said he, "it will be better, I think, that I, who speak Italian, should keep near the wall; there may be other peasants desirous of asking you questions, in which case I will take upon myself to answer them."

"As you please, M. Beaumanoir," I replied; "do as you like."

"I immediately performed the desired manœuvre. But he looked in vain, sir; he did not see any one. We had superb sport. I ought to tell you, indeed, that M. Beaumanoir was an excellent shot. At four o'clock we returned to the house. The Comte de Villaforte and Mademoiselle Zéphirine had not yet come back.

CHAPTER X.

"I ASCENDED to my room to prepare for dinner. But as it was not necessary for me to take two hours for my toilet, I took my violoncello and struck a few cords. It was an excellent instrument, and I resolved more than ever not to part with it.

"At half past five I descended into the dining-room. I was there first. Almost immediately the Comte de Villaforte and Mdlle. Zéphirine appeared.

"Well, my dear Louët," said Mdlle. Zéphirine to me; "have you been well amused?"

"I should be very difficult to please if not," I replied; "and you—"

"Oh, exceedingly! The environs of Anticola are charming."

"Captain!" said the lieutenant, opening the door.

"Who calls me captain? I am not captain here, my dear Beaumanoir. I am the Comte de Villaforte."

"Captain!" returned the lieutenant; "come directly, I beg of you; it is upon important business."

"Excuse me, my fair friend; excuse me, dear M. Louët; but, you know, business before everything."

"Do as you wish, M. le Comte; do as you wish."

"The captain went out. I watched him till the door was closed, then, when I was sure he could not hear me—

"I have seen M. Ernest," said I to Mdlle. Zéphirine.

"When?"

"To-day."

"Ah! this dear Ernest must have followed us from inn to inn."

"It is probable, or he must be a sorcerer."

"Did he not send any message to me?"

"He said, that to-morrow you would hear from him."

"Oh what happiness, M. Louët! he will deliver us."

"But, mademoiselle," said I to her; "why are you in such society, if you despise it so much?"

"Why are you, yourself, here?"

"But I was conducted here by force."

"And I—do you think I came here willingly?"

"Then this robber captain—"

"Saw me dance at the theatre at Bologna, fell in love with me, and carried me off."

"Then this man is an atheist, who respects neither dancers nor music?"

"What causes me most trouble in all this is, that poor Ernest will have thought that I had gone off with a cardinal, because, at that time, a cardinal was paying court to me."

"Oh!"

"Silence! Tonino is returning!"

"Well," said Zéphirine, running to him, "well, what has happened? Oh, what a countenance; the news, then, is very bad."

"At least it is not good."

"Is it from good authority?" said Zéphirine, with an anxiety which this time was not assumed.

"It cannot be from a better source; it is from one of our friends who is in the police."

"Good gracious! What is it?"

"Nothing positive, only that something is plotting against us, we have been followed from Chianciamo to the hostelry, Barberini. They only lost our track behind the mountain, Gennaro. My dear child, I think we must defer till to-morrow going to the *teatre del Vallé*."

"But I hope, captain, it will not prevent our dining."

"There is the answer," said the captain.

"The dinner is served," said a footman opening the door.

"On entering the dining-room, I perceived the captain and the lieutenant had each a pair of pistols close to their plate; besides which, each time the door was opened, we perceived, in the ante-chamber, two bandits with their carbines on their arms."

"The repast, as you may well imagine, passed silently, but without anything unpleasant. I must say I dined badly. I felt instinctively that we were approaching the catastrophe, and I could not see it without uneasiness."

"After supper, the captain placed sentinels in different parts."

"My little Zina," said he, "I beg pardon for leaving you, but I must watch over our safety. You would do well to lie down with your dress on, for we are likely to be disturbed during the night, and then I should wish to find you quite ready to be conducted to a place of safety."

"I will do all you wish," replied Mdlle. Zéphirine.

"And you, M. Louët, will be kind enough to take the same precautions."

"M. le Comte, I will obey you."

"Now, my little Zéphirine, if you will leave us the ground floor, we have some little arrangements to make, which do not accord with the presence of a lady."

"I will go to my room," replied mademoiselle.

"And I also," I exclaimed.

"The captain drew near to a bell."

"Things are going well, M. Louët," said Zéphirine, rubbing her hands.

"Things are going badly, Mdlle. Zéphirine," replied I, shaking my head.

"Conduct this gentleman and lady each to their room," said the captain, in Italian. He afterwards added some words in an undertone, which we could not hear.

"I hope all this is but an unnecessary precaution," said Mdlle. Zéphirine.

"Hum! I do not know why," said the captain, "I have a bad presentiment. If I have an instant, Zéphirine, I will see you. Good night, M. Louët."

"Good night, captain," said I, leaving the room.

"Mdlle. Zéphirine had remained a little behind, but I had not ascended ten steps before she appeared. I waited for her, but the bandit who accompanied me pushed me on by the shoulder."

"I went to my room; the brigand put down the lamp and left me. As he went out, he double locked the door."

"Humph, humph," said I, "it seems I am imprisoned."

"I had nothing better to do than throw myself on the bed, which I accordingly did. I passed several hours in very melancholy reflections. By degrees my ideas became confused; occasionally I started and opened my eyes to their utmost; at length, sir, tired out by opening them, I shut them once for all, and fell asleep."

"I do not know how long I had been sleeping, when I heard some one enter my room, and I felt myself shaken by the shoulder."

"*Subito, Subito*," said a voice.

"What is the matter?" said I, sitting up in the bed.

"*Non c'è niente, ma bisogna seguir me.*"

"I pretty well understood that this man was ordering me to follow him."

"And where must I follow you?" said I.

"*Non capisco, avanti, avanti!*"

"Here I am, sir, here I am. I hope the house is not on fire."

"*Avanti, avanti!*"

"Pardon me, pardon me, I do not leave my violincello here; I will not have any misfortune happen to my instrument. I hope I am not forbidden to take my violincello."

"The bandit made me a sign that I was not, but that I must make haste."

"I took my violincello on my back, and told him I was ready to follow him."

"I saw him on first; we crossed several passages, and went down a narrow staircase, after which he opened a door, and we found ourselves in the park. Day was just breaking."

"I cannot tell you all the turns and windings we passed through. At last we entered a clump of trees, and, in the thickest part of it, saw the opening to a grotto. One of the banditti was already on guard there; they pushed me through the opening."

"I saw this was to be my temporary apartment, and began groping about to make myself acquainted with the place, when suddenly I felt my hand taken hold of. I was on the point of uttering an exclamation, but the hand which had taken mine was very soft, so I quickly discovered it was not that of a brigand."

"Hush!" said a low voice.

"I shall not breathe a word, mademoiselle."

"Set your instrument down there."

"I obeyed."

"What is the matter?"

"The matter is, that they are surrounded by a regiment, and Ernest is at its head."

"Oh, how good of M. Ernest!"

"Now you see how much he loves me! He has followed us from Sienna here! What happiness, M. Louët, that you were made a prisoner!"

"Yes, it is a great happiness," said I.

"And it was all my idea!"

"How yours?"

"Certainly. I said I could not dance without a musician; they sought one a long time, and at last took you."

"What! it is to you then I owe—"

"Yes, to me, my dear sir—me only. Besides which, thanks to your ring, I have been able constantly to let Ernest know where we were."

"But how is it that we are together in this grotto?"

"Because it is the most retired spot in the park, and consequently the last to which they will come to look for us. Besides, there is a door which probably leads into some vault, and the vault has probably an opening into the fields."

"And if we were to go through this door, mademoiselle, I think we should be acting prudently."

"You are quite right. There is but one impediment; the door is locked."

"The report of a gun was heard."

"Listen, mademoiselle!" cried I.

"They are beginning," said Zéphirine.

"Good gracious! where can we hide?"

"Why, I hardly think we can be better hidden than we are."

"Mdlle. Zéphirine," said I to her, "I hope you will not forsake me."

"I forsake a friend! Never! It is however, upon one condition; do you hear?"

"The firing increased, so that you might have thought it artillery."

"What is this condition, mademoiselle—anything that you please."

"It is, that if M. Ernest questions you upon the terms I have been with the captain, you will say that I have always been discreet, and given him no encouragement."

"'But he will not believe it, mademoiselle.'

"'You are a simpleton, M. Louët; he will believe all I choose; he loves me.'

"'Mademoiselle,' cried I, taking her hand, 'I think the firing increases.'

"'So much the better, so much the better,' said Zéphirine. This young girl was a lioness.

"I wished to approach the mouth of the grotto.

"'Dietro, dietro,' cried the sentinels. I understood more by the gestures than the words that they meant me to keep back, and I hurriedly withdrew.

"The fighting increased every minute. I was destined to be present at combats; on sea and on land I was obliged to witness them.

"'The firing seems nearer,' said Mdlle. Zéphirine.

"'I am afraid so, mademoiselle,' said I.

"'Why, you ought to be delighted; it is because they are being defeated.'

"'I am delighted, mademoiselle; only I wish it did not come our way.'

"Shrieks were heard as if they were killing each other, and that was allowable—for they were indeed killing each other, as we saw afterwards—this was mingled with the report of fire-arms, the sound of trumpets and the roll of the drum.

"We could smell the powder where we were, the sounds came nearer and nearer. I was sure the combatants were not a hundred paces from the grotto.

"Suddenly we heard a sigh and the noise of a body falling heavily. One of our guards, struggling convulsively, rolled into the grotto.

"The man had received a random shot, and as he fell where the rays of light came full on him, we did not lose one of his death struggles. I must say that at this sight Mdlle. Zéphirine took hold of my hands, and I felt how much she trembled.

"'Oh, M. Louët, how terrible it is to see a man die.'

CHAPTER XI.

"At this moment we heard a voice crying, 'Stop, wretch—stop for me!'

"'Ernest!' cried Mdlle. Zéphirine, 'it is Ernest's voice!' and she sprang towards the mouth of the grotto. At the same instant the captain rushed in covered with blood.

"'Zéphirine!' cried he, 'where are you, Zéphirine?' but, as he came from the full light, his eyes were not accustomed to the dim light of the grotto—he could not see us.

"Zéphirine made a sign to be silent.

"The captain stopped for an instant, as if dazzled, then looked all round the grotto; at last he saw us. He made but one bound towards us—it was like the spring of the tiger.

"'Zéphirine, why do you not answer when I call you? Come, come!'

"He took her by the arm, and was leading her towards the door at the bottom.

"'Where are you going to take me? what are you going to do with me?' cried the poor child.

"'Come with me, come.'

"'But I do not want to go with you,' she said, struggling.

"'What! you do not want to go with me?'

"'No, that I do not; why should I? I do not love you; you carried me off by force, and I will not go with you. Ernest! Ernest! come this way.'

"'Ernest, Ernest,' murmured the bandit; 'what! it was you, then, who betrayed us!'

"'M. Louët, if you are a man,' cried Zéphirine, 'come to my help.'

"I saw the blade of his dagger shine brightly, sir; I had no arms, but I seized the neck of my violincello, raised it like a club, and struck so violent a blow on the captain's skull, that the wood broke, and his head was caught inside it. Whether it was owing to the violence of the blow or to finding his head inside the instrument, the captain uttered so deep a groan, that the whole grotto trembled.

"'Zéphirine! Zéphirine!' cried a voice from the outside.

"'Ernest! Ernest!' exclaimed the young girl, springing towards the mouth of the grotto.

"'Mdlle. Zéphirine,' said I, in my turn following her, and frightened at the blow I had just struck.

"I have said, sir, that this girl was as light as a fawn: she was already in the arms of the officer; I went to hide behind them.

"'There! there!' cried the young lieutenant, showing the entrance to the grotto to a dozen soldiers who had just come up, and who immediately rushed into it; 'he is in there—bring him out of it, dead or alive.'

"In about five minutes they re-appeared, having found nothing but the bass viol, in which was the hole through which his head had passed. The captain had escaped through the other door.

"'Here, Ernest,' said Zéphirine, 'here is my preserver. The dagger was already pointed at my breast when he came to my assistance. I had never yielded to his wishes, Ernest, monster that he was, and he would sooner have killed me than see me in the arms of another.'

"'Can this be true, love?'

"'Can you doubt me, Ernest? Ask M. Louët.'

"I saw the right moment had arrived, and drew near.

"'Sir,' said I, 'I swear—'

"'It is enough,' said M. Ernest, 'no oaths; do you think I cannot trust her word?'

"'I think,' said I, 'with due submission, M. Ernest, that as the captain has escaped, the next thing we have to do is to put Mdlle. Zéphirine in a place of safety.'

"'You are right, M. Louët. Come, Zéphirine.'

"We resumed our way to the castle; but to reach it we were obliged to cross the field of battle; ten or twelve dead bodies were lying there, and at the doorstep a corpse impeded the passage.

"'Take away that carcase,' said an old brigadier who was walking before us to two of the soldiers.

"The two soldiers turned round the corpse, which was lying with the face to the ground, and I recognised the last of the Beaumanoirs.

"We made but a short stay at the chateau; M. Ernest left a garrison in it, and I got into a carriage with Mdlle. Zéphirine; and M. Ernest, at the head of twelve well-armed men, acted as our escort. I need not, of course, tell you, that I took back my hundred dollars, my gun and my powder-flask. There was nothing I regretted but my violincello. As for Mdlle. Zéphirine, she regretted nothing—she was wild with delight.

"After travelling about an hour I saw a large city with an enormous dome.

"'May I be allowed, M. Ernest,' said I, putting my head through the coach window, 'to ask you what city that is?'

"'Why, that's Rome!'

"'What, Rome! really!'

"'Without any doubt.'

"'Well, sir,' said I, 'I am delighted—upon my honor, delighted. I have always had such a wish to see Rome.'

"Two hours after, sir, we made our triumphal entry into Rome, for it was really Rome."

"And did you see the pope?" asked I; "for I recollect that was also one of your wishes."

"You know, of course, sir," answered the fourth bass, "that the venerable man was then at Fontainebleau, but I saw him, sir, on his return, M. Ernest having procured me an engagement as fourth violin at the *teatre del Vallé*. I remained there till 1830, and when in 1830 I returned to Marseilles, as twenty years had elapsed since I left it, they would not give me back my place in the orchestra; they took me for a false Martin Guerre."

"And Mdlle. Zéphirine?"

"I heard, sir, that she married M. Ernest, whose other name I never knew, and became a very worthy lady."

"And the captain—did you never hear any more of him?"

"Oh yes, sir; three years after he was taken at the *teatre del Vallé*, and I had the pain of seeing him hanged. And this, sir, is how, from having forgotten to discharge my gun, I happened to see Italy and remained twenty years in Rome."

THE RED FISHERMAN.

Oh, flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—ROMEO AND JUNE.

THE abbot rose, and closed his book,
And donned his sandal shoon,
And wandered forth, alone, to look
Upon the summer moon:
A starlight sky was o'er his head,
A quiet breeze around;
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,
And the waves a soothing sound:
It was not an hour, nor a scene, for aught
But love and calm delight;
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought
On his wrinkled brow that night.
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,
But he thought not of the reeds:
He clasped his gilded rosary,
But he did not tell the beads;
If he looked to the heaven, 'twas not to invoke
The Spirit that dwelleth there;
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke
Had never the tone of prayer.
A pious priest might the abbot seem,
He had swayed the crozier well;
But what was the theme of the abbot's dream,
The abbot were loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,
He traced the windings of the shore.
Oh, beautiful is that river still,
As it winds by many a sloping hill,
And many a dim o'erarching grove,
And many a flat and sunny cove,
And terraced lawns, whose bright arcades
The honeysuckle sweetly shades,
And rocks, whose very crags seemed bowers,
So gay they are with grass and flowers!

But the abbot was thinking of scenery,
About as much in sooth,
As a lover thinks of constancy,
Or an advocate of truth.
He did not mark how the skies in wrath
Grew dark above his head;
He did not mark how the mossy path
Grew damp beneath his tread;
And nearer he came, and still more near
To a pool, in whose recess
The water had slept for many a year,
Unchanged and motionless;
From the river stream it spread away
The space of half a rood;
The surface had the hue of clay
And the scent of human blood;
The trees and herbs that round it grew
Were venomous and foul;
And the birds that through the bushes flew
Were the vulture and the owl;
The water was as dark and rank
As ever a company pumped;
And the perch, that was netted and laid on the bank,
Grew rotten while it jumped:
And bold was he who thither came
At midnight, man or boy;
For the place was cursed with an evil name,
And that name was "The Demon's Decoy!"

The abbot was weary as abbot could be,
And he sat down to rest on the stump of a tree,
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—
Was it a song, or was it a moan?
"Oh, oh! Oh, oh!
Above, below!
Lightly and brightly they glide and go;
The hungry and keen on the top are leaping,
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,
He looked to the left and he looked to the right,
And what was the vision close before him,
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?
'Twas a sight to make the hair uprise,
And the life-blood colder run:
The startled priest struck both his thighs,
And the abbey clock struck one!
All alone, by the side of the pool,
A tall man sat on a three-legged stool,
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,
And putting in order his reel and rod;

Red were the rag his shoulders wore,
And a high red cap on his head he bore;
His arms and his legs were long and bare;
And two or three locks of long red hair
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.
It might be time, or it might be trouble,
Had bent that stout back nearly double—
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets
That blaring couple of Congreve rockets,
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,
Till it hardly covered the bones within.
The line the abbot saw him throw
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago,
And the hands that worked his foreign vest
Long ages ago had gone to their rest;
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem!
There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—
It seemed not such to the abbot's eye;
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,
By a chain within and a chain without;
The fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in!

From the bowels of the earth,
Strange and varied sounds had birth—
Now the battle's bursting peal,
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel;
Now an old man's hollow groan
Echoed from the dungeon stone;
Now the weak and wailing cry
Of a stripling's agony!

Cold by this was the midnight air;
But the abbot's blood ran colder,
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,
And a hump upon his shoulder.
And the loyal churchman strove in vain
To mutter a Pater Noster;
For he who writhed in mortal pain
Was camped that night on Bosworth Plain—
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a haunch of princely size,
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.
The corpulent abbot knew full well
The swelling form, and the steaming smell;
Never a monk that wore a hood
Could better have guessed the very wood
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee
Of a revelling company—
Sprightly story, wicked jest,
Rated servant, greeted guest,
Flow of wine, and flight of cork;
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork:
But, where'er the board was spread,
Grace, I ween, was never said!

Pulling and tugging, the fisherman sat;
And the priest was ready to vomit,
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,
And a nose as red as a comet.
"A capital stew," the fisherman said,
"With cinnamon and sherry!"
And the abbot turned away his head,
For his brother was lying before him dead,
The mayor of St. Edmund's Bury!

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
It was a bundle of beautiful things—
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,
A mantle of silk and a bracelet of pearl,
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold
Such a stream of delicate odors rolled,
That the abbot fell on his face, and fainted,
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,
Stifed whispers, smothered sighs,
And the breath of vernal gales,
And the voice of nightingales;

But the nightingales were mute,
Envious, when an unseen lute
Shaped the music of its chords
Into passion's thrilling words :

"Smile, lady, smile! I will not set
Upon my brow the coronet,
Till thou wilt gather roses white
To wear around its gems of light.
Smile, lady, smile! I will not see
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,
Till those bewitching lips of thine
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.
Smile, lady, smile!—for who would win
A loveless throne through guilt and sin?
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,
If woman's heart were rebel still ;"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,
A lady wondrous fair :
But the rose of her lip had faded away,
And her cheek was as white and as cold as clay,
And torn was her raven hair.

"Ah, ah!" said the fisher, in merry guise,
"Her gallant was hooked before ;"
And the abbot heaved some piteous sighs,
For oft he had blessed those deep blue eyes,
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.
Many the cunning sportsman tried,
Many he flung with a frown aside ;
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice,
And golden cups of the brightest wine
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine ;
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !
From top to toe the abbot shook,
As the fisherman armed his golden hook ;
And awfully were his features wrought
By some dark dream or awakened thought.
Look how the fearful felon gazes
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,
When the lips are cracked and the jaws are dry
With the thirst which only in death shall die ;
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown
As the swaling wherry settles down,
When peril has numbed the sense and will,
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :
Wilder far was the abbot's glance,
Deeper far was the abbot's trance :
Fixed as a monument, still as air,
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer,
But he signed—he knew not why or how—
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,
As he stalked away with his iron box.

"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!
The cock doth crow ;
It is time for the fisher to rise and go.
Fair luck to the abbot, fair luck to the shrine !
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,
The abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !"

The abbot had preached for many years,
With as clear articulation
As ever was heard in the House of Peers
Against Emancipation ;
His words had made battalions quake,
Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;
He kept the court an hour awake,
And the king himself three quarters :
But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,
He stammered and he stuttered,
As if an axe went through his head
With every word he uttered.
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,
He stuttered, drunk or dry ;
And none but he and the fisherman
Could tell the reason why !

THE WIT AND OPINIONS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD

THE ANGLO-FRENCH ALLIANCE.

JERROLD was in France, and with a Frenchman who was enthusiastic on the subject of the Anglo-French alliance. He said

that he was proud to see the English and French such good friends at last.

Jerrold.—"Tut! the best thing I know between France and England is—the sea."

A LAND OF PLENTY.

Earth is here so kind, that just tickle her with a hoe and she laughs with a harvest.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

The human heart has of course its pouting fits ; it determines to live alone ; to flee into desert places ; to have no employment, that is, to love nothing ; but to keep on sullenly beating, beating, until death lays his little finger on the sulky thing, and all is still. It goes away from the world, and straightway, shut from human company, it falls in love with a plant, a stone—yea, it dandles cat or dog, and calls the creature darling. Yes, it is the beautiful necessity of our nature to love something.

THE LAW.

The law's a pretty bird, and has charming wings. 'Twould be quite a bird-of-paradise if it didn't carry such a terrible bill.

UNREMITTING KINDNESS.

"Call that a kind man," said an actor, speaking of an absent acquaintance ; "a man who is away from his family, and never sends them a farthing! Call that kindness!"

"Yes, unremitting kindness," Jerrold replied.

MATERNAL INSTINCT.

One of the touching instances of the maternal instinct, as it has been called, in children, once came under my notice. A wretched woman with an infant in her arms—mother and child in very tatters—solicited the alms of a nursery-maid passing with a child clothed in the most luxurious manner, hugging a wax-doll. The mother followed the girl, begging for relief, "To get bread for her child ;" whilst the child itself, gazing at the treasure in the arms of the baby of prosperity, cried, "Mammy, when will you buy me a doll?"

THE INTemperance OF THE POOR.

We talk of the intemperance of the poor ; why, when we philosophically consider the crushing miseries that beset them, the keen suffering of penury, and the mockery of luxury and profusion with which it is surrounded—my wonder is, not that there are so many who purchase temporary oblivion of their misery, but that there are so few.

PUBLIC COMPANIES.

Take ten, twenty, thirty men—creatures of light—admirable, estimable, conscientious persons—by-words of excellence, proverbs of truth in their individual dealings ; and yet, make of them a "board," a "committee," a "council," a "company," no matter what may be the collective name by which they may be known, and immediately every member will acknowledge the quickening of feeling—the sudden growth of an indomitable lust to swindle.

A CARELESS HOUSEMAID.

That girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand upon it.

AN UGLY DOG.

Jerrold had a favorite dog, that followed him everywhere. One day, in the country, a lady who was passing, turned round, and said audibly, "What an ugly little brute!" whereupon Jerrold, addressing the lady, replied, "O, madam! I wonder what he thinks about us at this moment!"

TRUTH.

I've heard people say, truth lives in a well ; if so I'd advise you to take an early dip in the bucket.

GRATIS.

Gratis! It is the voice of Nature speaking from the fulness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven ; the health-giving air whispers it about us ; it rides the sunbeam (save when statesmen put a pane 'twixt us and it) ; the lark trills it high up in its skyey dome ; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth ; the bright brook murmurs it ; it is written in the harvest-moon. And yet how

rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it is a joy gratis

PATRIOTISM.

A man quarrelled with some French dragoons because he would insist that the best cocoa-nuts grew on Primrose Hill, and that birds-of-paradise flew about St. James's. Whenever a Frenchman threw him down a lie, for the honor of England he trumped it.

DAMPED ARDOR.

Jerrold and Laman Blanchard were strolling together about London, discussing passionately a plan for joining Byron in Greece. Jerrold, telling the story many years after, said, "But a shower of rain came on, and washed all the Greece out of us."

MAY-DAY.

To-day is May-day. Did ever God walk the earth in finer weather? And how gloriously the earth manifests the grandeur of the Presence! How its blood dances and glows in the splendor! It courses the trunks of trees, and is red and golden in their blossoms. It sparkles in the myriad flowers, consuming itself in sweetness. Every little earth-blossom is as an altar burning incense. The heart of man, creative in its overflowing happiness, finds or makes a fellowship in all things. The birds have passing kindred with his winged thoughts. He hears a stranger, sweeter triumph in the skyey rapture of the lark; and the cuckoo—constant egotist!—speaks to him from the deep distant wood with a strange swooning sound. All things are living, a part of him. In all he sees and hears a new and deep significance. In that green pyramid, row above row, what a host of flowers! How beautiful, and how rejoicing! What a sullen soulless thing the great pyramid to that blossoming chestnut! How different the work and workmen! A torrid monument of human wrong, haunted by flights of ghosts that not ten thousand years can lay—a pulseless carcase built of sweat and blood to garner rottenness. And that pyramid of leaves grew in its strength, like silent goodness, heaven blessing it: and every year it smiles, and every year it talks to fading generations. What a congregation of spirits—spirits of the spring—is gathered, circle above circle, in its blossoms! and verily they speak to man with blither voice than all the tongues of Egypt.

THE PHILANTHROPIST.

Jerrold hated the cant of philanthropy, and writhed whenever he was called a philanthropist in print. On one occasion, when he found himself so described, he exclaimed, "Zounds, it tempts a man to kill a child, to get rid of the reputation!"

THE ESTATE OF THE MIND.

There are estates in this merry England held by single owners—estates which a good horseman could scarcely cover between sunrise and sunset. How glorious the scenes? What majestic woods—temples for time itself! What bright and bounteous waters! What hills, golden and waving with the triumphs of the sower! What varying richness of hill, dale, forest, and flood! And all this belongs to one man. But are there no other estates as true (albeit not as tangible) as the earthly domain of the earthly noble? Give him a few sheets of paper, and in a few days or weeks a noble of another sort will create a domain which neither scrivener can convey nor usurer seize upon. Here are woods never to be overthrown by gambler's dice—corn-fields and meadows that defy the ace of trumps, ay, all the honors, let them be packed and shuffled with the rarest delight. Eternity alone can foreclose upon them.

A GOLDEN RULE.

Fix yourself upon the wealthy. In a word, take this for a golden rule through life—never, never have a friend that's poorer than yourself.

DESCRIPTION OF A SCOUNDREL.

Jerrold.—"That scoundrel, sir! Why, he'd sharpen a knife upon his father's tombstone to kill his mother!"

PEACE.

We love peace as we abhor pusillanimity; but not peace at any price. There is a peace more destructive of the manhood

of living man than war is destructive of his material body. Chains are worse than bayonets.

AN ATTORNEY'S LAST HOPE.

A certain sharp attorney was said to be in bad circumstances. A friend of the unfortunate lawyer met Jerrold, and said, "Have you heard about poor R—? His business is going to the devil."

Jerrold.—"That's all right; then he is sure to get it back again."

UGLY TRADES.

The ugliest of trades have their moments of pleasure. Now, if I were a grave-digger, or even a hangman, there are some people I could work for with a great deal of enjoyment.

SNAPDRAGONS.

Human worldly life is a game at snapdragons! Reader, cast up a few of your acquaintance on your fingers and thumbs, and say, have we not propounded a truth subtle as light, and "deep almost as life?" Have we not, by the magic of the sentence, brought to your memory the pushing, elbowing, scrambling, successful folks, who, intent upon the plums, have dashed their hands into the world's bowl, and clutched the savory fruit? And do you not now remember the weak and luckless, who have been pushed and pushed away from the feast, who have now plucked up heart, and tried to scramble to the bowl—have now grasped the hot plums, have carried them within hair's-breadth of their lips, and lo! they have been suddenly jerked, or pushed, or elbowed hence; the plums have dropped from their fingers, and, dejected, worn out, they have retired from the struggle, feeling that it was not for them that plums were gathered and the bowl was filled?

READY MONEY.

Work for ready money. Take no bill upon posterity: in the first place, there are many chances against its being paid; and in the next, if it be duly honored, the cost may be laid out on some piece of bronze or marble of not the slightest value to the original.

A DOCTOR'S LIVERY.

A very popular medical gentleman called on Jerrold one day. When the visitor was about to leave, Jerrold, looking from his library window, espied his friend's carriage, attended by servants in flaming liveries.

Jerrold.—"What, doctor, I see your livery is measles turned up with scarlet fever!"

AN USHER'S DUTIES AND REWARD.

Twenty boys are handed over to his keeping. Hence he is expected to see them all safe in bed; to have an eye upon them whilst dressing and washing; to take his meals with them; never to leave the school-room; and above all, when the young gentlemen recreate themselves in the playground, or take a walk, or go to church, he is to accompany them, giving his most vigilant attention, his every thought, to their doings, and, indeed, at all times and in every respect studying the interest of his employer as if it were doubly his own. For he must remember that the salary is twenty pounds per annum! There are positively many footmen who do not get so much.

A FRENCH COOK EXTINGUISHED.

I pity you French. Talk of *consommé de grenouilles*; did you ever taste our *habeas corpus*? No! Ha!

A WORD FOR THIEVES.

When the full-grown thief is hanged, do we not sometimes forget that he was the child of misery and vice—born for the gallows—nursed for the halter? Did we legislate a little more for the cradle, might we not be spared some pains for the hulks?

FLATTERY.

Whatever dirty-shirted philosophers may say to the contrary, flattery is a fine social thing; the beautiful handmaid of life, casting flowers and odoriferous herbs in the paths of men, who, crushing out the sweets, curl up their noses as they snuff the odor, and walk half an inch higher to heaven by what they tread upon.

COME IN.

He has escaped somewhat of the smittings of this singlestick world, who, when he hears knuckles at his postern, can throw himself back in his chair like a king upon his throne, and without a qualm of the heart, cry, "Come in!"

PUBLIC OPINION.

Public opinion is the terrible Inquisition of modern times; and those who, in a former age, were by their birth and office held the elect and chosen, are unceremoniously dragged forth, questioned and doomed to an *auto-da-fe*.

PATIENT SUFFERING.

There is a sanctity in suffering, when strongly, meekly borne. Our duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and, like the prophet's wand, it changes to a snake.

ENGLISH CHARACTERISTICS.

We English are not a very emotional people; even when we do feel very strongly, we nevertheless think it good breeding to betray nothing of the matter. We are apt to treat even a great feeling as the Spartan boy treated the fox hidden under his garment, suffering it to prey upon our very bowels rather than by any word, gesture, or expression, to discover what we are harboring. This is our insular characteristic. We all of us have it more or less, from the duke to the duke's footman; the excess of outward indifference being the allowed test of the highest breeding. Educate a man into the insensibility of a post, and you make him a perfect gentleman; render a young lady seemingly pulseless as a prize turnip, and she is the perfection of the very choicest female nature. This is the discipline of high life in its very highest: but the frost descends to the very roots of society. We button up our hearts as we button up our great-coats, all the more resolutely if our hearts, like our great-coat pockets, happen to have anything valuable in them.

THE REASON WHY.

One evening at the Museum Club a member very ostentatiously said, in a loud voice, "Isn't it strange, we had no fish at the marquis's last night? That has happened twice lately. I can't account for it."

"Nor I," replied Jerrold, "unless they ate it all up-stairs."

A FAVORITE AIR.

At a social club to which Jerrold belonged, the subject turned one evening upon music. The discussion was animated, and a certain song was cited as an exquisite composition. "That song," exclaimed an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it."

Jerrold (looking eagerly round the table)—"Can anybody whistle it?"

DRESS.

The present age judges of the condition of men as we judge of the condition of cats—by the sleekness, the gloss of their coats. Hence, in even what is called a respectable walk of life, with men of shallow pockets and deep principles, it is the first importance to their success, that if they would obtain three hundred per annum, they must at least look as if they were in the receipt of seven.

WOMAN'S TEARS.

What women would do if they could not cry, nobody knows. They are treated badly enough as it is; but if they could not cry when they liked, how they would be put upon—what poor defenceless creatures they would be! Nature has been very kind to them. Next to the rhinoceros, there is nothing in the world armed like a woman. And she knows it.

WILL-O'-THE-WISP WEALTH.

We harass our reason to the utmost to arrive at wealth; and then, when we think we have built our nest for life, when we have lined it with wool, and gilded the outside, and taxed our fancy for our best ease—why, what comes of it? Molly, the housemaid, drops a lighted candle-snuff among the shavings—a cat carries a live coal from under the fire among the linen—the watchman springs his rattle, and, after a considerable time, engines play upon our ruin.

MAN'S ACCOUNT WITH WOMAN.

Look here; you must allow that woman ought, as much as in her lies, to make this world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us the original garden. We talk as philosophers; and when all is said and done about what we owe to woman, you must allow that we have a swinging balance against her. There's that little matter of the apple still to be settled for.

THE DELIGHTS OF JESTING.

Take a sulky fellow with a brow ever wrinkled at the laughing hours, let them laugh never so melodiously—who looks with a death's-head at the pleasant fruits of the earth heaped upon his table—who leaves his house for business as an ogre leaves his cave for food—who returns home joyless and grim to his silent wife and creeping children—take such a man, and if possible, teach him to joke. 'Twould be like turning a mandril into an Apollo. A hearty jest kills an ugly face.

THE TREE OF GENEALOGY.

It is with the tree of genealogy as with the oak of the forest; we may boast of the timbers it has given to a state vessel, but say naught of the three-legged stools, the broomsticks, and tobacco-stoppers made from the ends and chips.

A BASE ONE.

A friend was one day reading to Jerrold an account of a case in which a person named Ure was reproached with having suddenly jilted a young lady to whom he was engaged.

"Ure seems to have turned out to be a base 'un," said Jerrold.

CUP AND SAUCER.

A gentleman, who was remarkable at once for bacchanalian devotion and remarkably large and starting eyes, was one evening the subject of conversation. The question appeared to be, whether the gentleman in question wore upon his face any signs of his excesses.

"I think so," said Jerrold; "I always know when he has been in his cups by the state of his saucers."

THE MODERN ROMAN NOBILITY.

I ASKED a resident for many years at Rome for a character of the nobles. This was his answer:—"Their palaces are either sold to Torlonia, the Bonaparte family, or others; or falling down, like the great Chigi-square; or let as apartments, like the Rospigliosi and Barberini; their fortunes are exhausted by improvidence or dispersed amongst many branches—their young men associate with the lowest of the artisans, are equally ignorant and prejudiced, and more debauched—their amusements are without vivacity—their voices without vigor—their pursuits, if such a word can be applied to him who does nothing, ignoble and effeminate. It is true that the young gentlemen who fill the promenades in London and Paris have very little more to recommend them than the patricians of modern Rome; and it must be also confessed that the higher orders in their country have an excuse which cannot be given for the follies of any other aristocracy: there is no career open to them, and in fact they are not the aristocracy—at least they are not a privileged order.

"The real nobility of Rome must be looked for amongst the members of the hierarchy, who, from the very reverend and most eminent lord high chamberlain and the legates of provinces down to the purple-stockinged mylords of the metropolis, enjoy all the dignities and emoluments and perform all the functions attached to the privileged classes of other states. Of these grandees the importance is so strictly preserved that a cardinal cannot appear without three servants behind his carriage, and a monsignore is not allowed even to walk without one liveried attendant at his heels. The attire of these lacqueys is, however, quite a matter of indifference, and would in England denote extreme indigence. A layman, either high or low, finds the utmost difficulty in obtaining redress from one of the sovereign order, whereas a simple "parrocho," if he would punish an enemy, has but to apply to the presidenza, which gives him a file of soldiers, and the offender is carried away in the night.

"The natural consequence of this inferiority is, that, with one or two exceptions, the great nobility, or, as they are called, the Princes of Rome, neither form a distinct class nor obtain consideration in mixed society. Those that are distinguished are known only by their eccentricities. The great B—— can scarcely read or write. Pius VII. would not receive him at court; but Leo XII. offered him the command of his army. One is a money-lender at eight per cent.; another is a notorious miser, not only of his money but his marbles. This prince, wishing the other day to be very courteous, displayed some of his rare medals at his dinner-table, but only one by one, and never producing the second till he had carefully pocketed the first. The Marquis ——, the most ingenious of these gentlemen, said on one occasion, "We go for nothing at Rome; we are ignorant and we are happy; but our Milanese friends, who know something and wanted to know more, got themselves into prison."

"Their happiness, however, may be doubted: their manner and expression denote anything but content. A party of them jaunting (on an *allegria*) into the country is the most melancholy of all human spectacles, even in the eyes of those who have assisted in some of our own summer excursions to the banks of the Thames. The foibles of these nobles would not be worth a record, seeing that they are to be found amongst the higher classes of all countries, if they were not, unfortunately, the only traits by which this once powerful body is rescued from utter insignificance and oblivion. The D—— of —— is fond of bullock-driving; if he was not known by that he would not be known at all. Prince —— ruined himself on his French embassy, and lives on three pauls a day."

Such was my friend's description of the Roman nobility, and that description was confirmed by much that I heard during my early visits to Rome. When I was there in 1854 they appeared to me to have shaken off some of their indolence, and their amusements were of the more manly kind. The fox-hounds of Prince Odescalchi showed us some good sport, which, I am sorry to learn, has been since prohibited on account of a fatal accident. A more unwise interference can scarcely be imagined. Let me add, that of the Roman nobles I found a few, in 1854, worthy of a better fate than had hitherto befallen them. One or two of them had come out of the severe trials of 1848-9 with credit to themselves and advantage to the cause which they had manfully, although unsuccessfully endeavored to uphold.

A FEW COCHIN-CHINA STATISTICS.

THE Cochin-Chinese are a naturally quiet, inoffensive people, given to talking, joking and laughing. But, on the other hand, whether as the results of despotism, or of climate, or of the two united, they are servile, deceitful, ignorant, dirty and totally indifferent in matters of religion. In the pursuits of industry and commerce, however, they stand next after the Hindoos, the Chinese and the Japanese. Their inferiority is particularly manifest in their agriculture, which, better in Saigon and Tonquin, is at its lowest ebb in Cochin-China; witness the poor harvests of rice. They are more successful with their sugar and cotton plantations. They manufacture excellent cotton cloths, but neither dye nor print them. Their silks, we have before seen, are inferior to those of the Chinese. Tonquin was once as celebrated for its lacker and other varnished works as Japan is in our day. These works exhibit much taste, and are adorned with gold and mother-of-pearl, of which they obtain a very fine description from a species of mya. Crawford, Finlayson and Richard ("Histoire du Tong-King") esteem these works more highly than those of Japan.

The art of smelting and founding has been long known; but, although the gun and cannon foundries have much improved of late, they still depend upon foreign countries for fire-arms and side-arms, as well as for other first-class works in metal. It is the same with other branches of industry; the Annamite race appear never to get beyond the rudiments, although, like the Chinese, they are proficient in the arts of imitation. The Cochin-Chinese not being allowed to quit their

own country on any plea whatsoever, the consequence of so absurd, so restrictive and so inhuman a law is that external commerce is entirely in the hands of strangers. Naturally hardy, vigorous, active and docile, were it not for this the Cochin-Chinese would probably become first-rate navigators.

Sir John Barrow, who visited Turon with Lord Macartney's embassy, in 1793, gives a very amusing account of the ceremonies which greeted their reception on a mandarin's junk; the horror of the servile officials at the English not making the nine customary genuflections to the royal standard; their admiration of "the Intendant of the great guns," as they designated a captain in the artillery; the horrible concert of gongs, cymbals, drums, bells, trumpets and flutes; the plays, in which females took a part; the subsequent visit to the park; the games and dances going on, the activity and energy of the Cochin-Chinese as displayed in them, which astounded them. One of the sailors having a misunderstanding with a native, proceeded to have recourse to his fists, but the latter, quietly turning upon his heel, kicked him in the face, leaving the astonished Jack-tar to be laughed at by the bystanders. Athletes, rope dancers and conjurors abound among such a people. They are also skilled pickpockets and importunate beggars.

The Cochin-Chinese have not been so long separated from China but that they still preserve many of the customs of the latter country. This is more particularly observable in their marriages and funereal and other processions and ceremonials. They have also the same superstitions, consulting oracles and making offerings to idols. They eat the same food and practise the same modes of preparing it. They have the same games and public amusements, the same fireworks, the same musical instruments, the same cock and quail fights. Although the languages differ, the writing is the same. But then, again, there are great differences in dress, in the manner of wearing the hair, in their liveliness and garrulity, and still more so in their treatment of the fair sex. Women in Cochin-China are not only housekeepers, but also merchants and agriculturists—nay, they even navigate their boats and junks. In fact, owing to all the men being recruited as soldiers, as is to a certain extent the case in France, the women have everything to do. Strange that the French should have met with their counterparts in the remotest East! Barrow long ago remarked that the Cochin-Chinese were as fond of talking as the French; they are also as fond of dancing; their religion and morality are pretty nearly upon a par; the men are all soldiers, and the women have to perform the more serious duties of life. It is manifest that Cochin-China and France are destined to go together. It is already the native home of their national emblem—the cock.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR'S NEW CANNON.—They are internally grooved, as in the rifles or carbines of *précision*. The calibres are reduced to two dimensions only—twelve-pounders for siege guns, and four-pounders for field batteries. For the navy the calibres remain unaltered. The solid ball is done away with, the projectile being one which strikes like a full shot and then bursts like a shell, thus having a double effect. It is fitted with waddings of lead, which enter into the grooves of the gun and give the requisite precision to the aim. This new piece is equivalent to one of twenty-four of the old system, which is the size ordinarily used for opening a breach. Against a massive butt of masonry a battery of ancient twenty-four pounders was pointed, some weeks ago, at a distance of thirty-five metres—viz., that at which fire is generally opened against a rampart. A second mass of masonry, similar to the first, was breached by a battery of twelve-pounder new guns, but at a distance of seventy metres. The experiments proved that fewer rounds from the rifled gun were required to open the breach than from the old twenty-four, and at double the distance. The four-pounder field piece is so small that it may be well termed the artillery rifle, weighing less than three hundred kilogrammes. Six gunners can carry it on their shoulders without difficulty. The charge of powder is only five hundred grammes, and sends the ball four kilometres.



CAPTURING WILD ELEPHANTS IN SIAM.

A CHAPTER ON ELEPHANTS.

From time immemorial the elephant, in its native countries, has always been a necessary appendage to the retinue of royalty, and consequently much time and trouble is expended in catching and taming them for use.

Indeed if it were not for the difficulty and danger thereby incurred, almost any number of these huge animals might be

domesticated, as in countries where they exist the traveller often meets with them in immense troops.

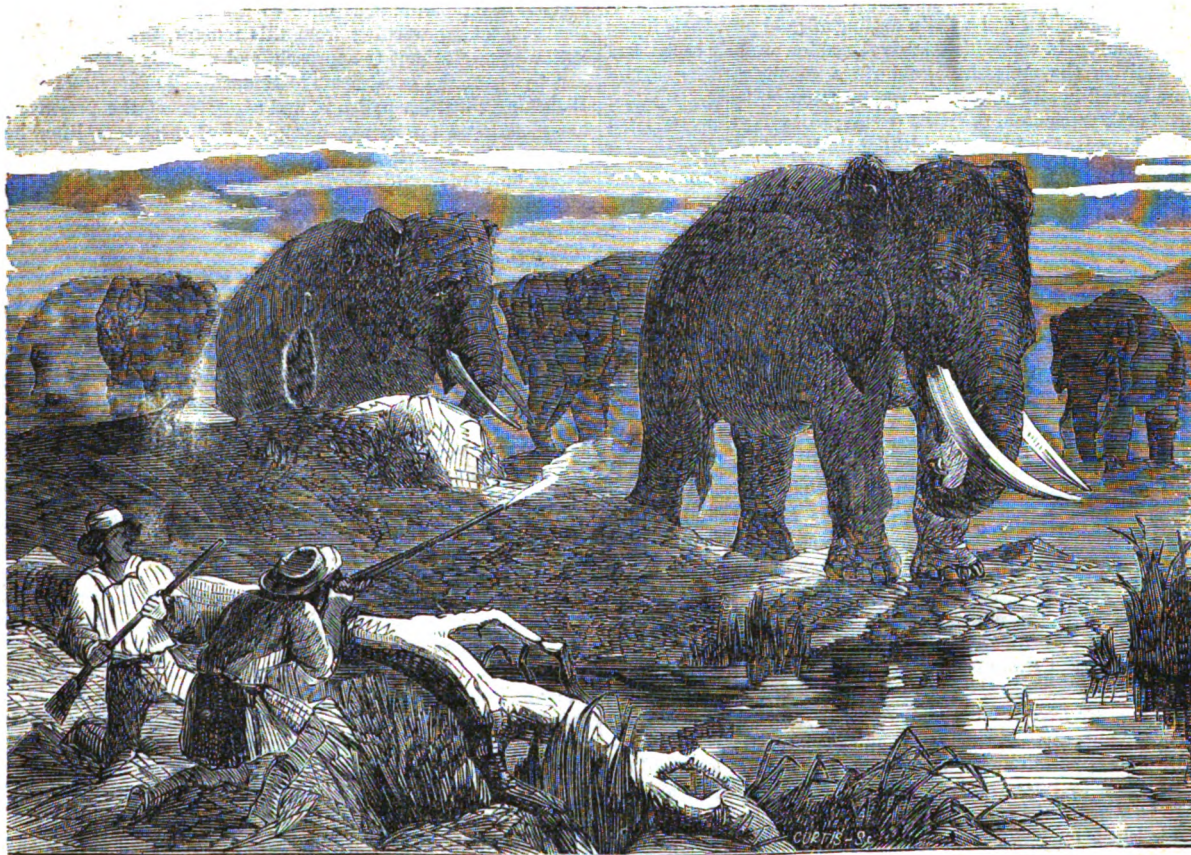
There is generally one old elephant in each troop which acts as a leader, and heads the party in their excursions for food or water. There is really nothing to fear from them when thus herded together; but let the traveller beware if he meet a solitary elephant or one straying quite alone! In this predicament the elephant is always sullen, ferocious and in the highest degree dangerous. The natives call him mad, and pretend that he has been divorced from his mate, and expelled from his tribe and from all society, either on account of his insanity or on account of crimes and misdemeanors; and in the latter case, according to their theory, the expulsion and disgrace, and then the loneliness to which the brute is condemned, induces the madness and ferocity. Elephants have such a wonderful degree of instinct, and in many instances make so near an approach to the reasoning faculties of man, that we may conceive the possibility of their ostracising a delinquent or an insane member of their society; but however this may be, it is quite certain that a lonely elephant is always dangerous.

Mr. S. W. Baker gives the following account of an adventure in Ceylon with a "rogue," as

these solitary elephants are called:

"I suddenly heard a deep guttural sound in the thick rattan within four feet of me; in the same instant the whole tangled fabric bent over me, and, bursting asunder, showed the head of a furious elephant with uplifted trunk in full charge upon me.

"I had barely time to cock my rifle, and the barrel almost touched him as I fired. I knew it was in vain, as his trunk was raised; and B. fired his right-hand barrel at the same mo-



ELEPHANT SHOOTING BY MOONLIGHT IN SOUTH AFRICA.

ment without effect, from the same cause. I jumped on one side, and attempted to spring through the deep mud: it was of no use—the long grass entangled my feet, and in another instant I lay sprawling in the enraged elephant's path, and within a foot of him. At that moment I heard the crack of a rifle; it was B.'s last barrel. The last shot felled him just as he was upon me, and the end of his trunk fell upon my heel. Still he was not dead, but he struck at me as I passed round his head to give him a finisher with the four-ounce rifle which I had snatched from our solitary gun-bearer."

In the kingdom of Siam there are occasionally to be found white elephants, but these are very scarce, and are regarded with much veneration. This is owing to the belief of the Siamese in metempsychosis or transmigration of souls; and as this doctrine asserts that the souls of men after their death pass into the body of some white animal, they imagine that the body of so rare an animal as a white elephant must of necessity be inhabited by the spirit of some king or other mighty personage. They say, that for all his majesty the king of Siam knows to the contrary, the soul of his father or some other ancestor may inhabit the body of one of the white elephants; and in consequence of this theory every white elephant in Siam has the title of king, is lodged and fed in a very sumptuous manner, and is never ridden, even by the king himself, as the elephant is as great a king as he is.

Another reason for the preservation of these white elephants is the belief that one of the transmigrations of Buddha himself will be into an elephant spotlessly white, and that no country can have so excellent a security for prosperity and future good fortune as the possession of a large white elephant.

The six seen by Mr. Crawford and the English gentlemen who accompanied him in his mission to Bang-kok, in 1821, approached much nearer to a pure, true white than they had imagined. There was nothing of leprosy in the color; the animals exhibited no sign of disease, debility or imperfection; they were as large as other elephants, and appeared to be quite as strong; but they were never put to any kind of labor. They all came either from Lao or from Cambogia, and not one of them from any part of Siam proper. There were females as well as males. All had a chain netting of gold over their heads and a small gold-embroidered velvet cushion on their backs, and in addition the males had gold rings on their tusks. They were lodged in stables called *watts*, or temples, by the Siamese, within the precincts of the royal palace; and none were admitted to the honors of an interview without the introduction or express command of the king. Since that period the white elephants have been provided with still more splendid lodgings, and have received still higher honors and distinctions. The chief *watt* or elephant temple is situated on the bank of the Me-nam, in the centre of a garden, deliciously scented with the tuberose, the yellow honeysuckle and a rare species of the passion-flower. On either side of the *watt* are two huge banyan-trees, under the shade of which a crowd of talapouts or priests are usually found chanting laudatory verses in honor of his majesty the elephant of elephants, the great white. The room of state occupied by his majesty is exceedingly lofty, with windows all round the upper part; the flooring is covered with a matting, wrought in pure gold; and the trough from which his majesty drinks is ornamented with gold. The man who was so fortunate as to entrap this white elephant (described as a very huge one) received a large pension from the biped king of Siam, and the pension is said to be made hereditary in the man's family. He was also raised to one of the highest offices in the state, that of water-carrier to his four-footed majesty.

The mode of catching these white elephants does not seem differ from the common method, which is by means of two trained female elephants. These advance towards any wild male that they may be directed against, and by their blandishments so occupy his attention that the hunters are enabled, without notice, to approach and fasten strong ropes to his legs and secure them to trees. His treacherous companions then leave him to struggle impotently, and his subjugation is finally accomplished by keeping him without food. When once captured he is easily trained to a particular labor by bribes of arrack and sugar, of which elephants are inordinately fond.

A curious anecdote is recorded *apropos* of this liking for sweetmeats, and of the method adopted by a wild elephant to gratify this propensity.

The anecdote says that a cooley, carrying a load of *jaggery*, which is a coarse kind of sugar, was surprised in a narrow pass by one of these animals. More intent upon his personal safety than that of the sugar, the cooley threw down his burden and ran for his life, and was agreeably surprised to find that he was not pursued.

The elephant had stopped to devour the sugar, and was so pleased with his repast that he determined to allow neither ingress or egress, unless he was provided with a similar banquet.

The pass happened to be a great thoroughfare leading to the capital, and the elephant took up a position at the entrance, and obliged every one to pay a tribute. It soon became known that a donation of *jaggery* would insure a safe conduct through the guarded portals, and no one presumed to attempt the passage without the required offering.

The truth of this anecdote cannot be vouched for, but it is certain that, in a domesticated state, the elephant often evinces much greater sagacity than the anecdote places to his credit.

There is another method of catching elephants besides that mentioned above; where a strong enclosure is formed, into which the wild elephants are decoyed, and the entrance secured by strong wooden bars, after which the process of taming goes on as in the former method.

When once subdued, the elephant is very docile and gentle, but, when provoked, will take ample revenge.

A very characteristic action of D'Jeck, the famous elephant of M. Huguet, was lately near costing the life of a young man, a native of Bruges. The elephant, it is well known, is very fond of sweetmeats, and this young man amused himself at Madame D'Jeck's expense, baulking her by offering her some, which, whenever she reached out her trunk to take, he immediately withdrew. This trick having been noticed by M. Huguet, he observed to the young man how foolish such conduct was towards an animal at once so susceptible and vindictive. But not taking warning from this remark, the Belgian again invited the elephant to approach, and not only again deceived her, but gave the sweetmeats to Mademoiselle Betsy. Madame D'Jeck now lost her patience, and regardless of the presence of her master and a numerous assemblage of spectators, lifted her trunk and knocked the young man down, tearing open his cheek, and rending his clothes to tatters. Happily, M. Huguet interposed his authority, and the elephant left her hold, but the imprudent sufferer was long confined to his bed from the effects of his absurdity.

Mr. S. W. Baker, in his "Rifle and Hound in Ceylon," gives an account of an elephant-catching expedition in which he was once engaged. We quote his own words:

"The guns were so well handed up that we knocked over the six elephants before they had given us a run of twenty yards, and we all closed up and ran under the tail of the retreating elephant that we had devoted to the ropes. He was going at about seven miles an hour; we therefore had no difficulty in keeping up with him, as we could run between the ant-hills so much faster than he could.

"The ropes were in readiness, and with great dexterity one of the Moormen slipped a noose over one of his hind feet as he raised it from the ground, and, drawing it tight, he dropped his coil. We all halted, and allowed the unconscious elephant to run out his length of line; this he soon did, and the rope trailed after him like a long snake.

"He was making for the jungle which was not far distant, and we were running him like a pack of hounds, but keeping a gun in readiness lest he should turn and charge. He at length reached the wooded bank of a dry river, and thick rattan jungle bordered the opposite side; he thought he was safe, and he plunged down the crumbling bank. We were a little too quick for him, by taking a double turn round a tree with the slack end of the rope, just as he descended the bank; the effect of this was to bring him to a sudden stand-still, and the stretching of the hide rope threw him upon his knees. He recovered him-

self immediately, and used extraordinary efforts to break the rope; tightening it to its utmost, he suddenly lifted up his tied leg and threw his whole weight forward. Any but a hide rope of that diameter must have given way; but this stretched like a harpstring, and, at every effort to break it, the yielding elasticity of the hide threw him upon his head, and the sudden contraction after the fall jerked his leg back to its full length.

"After many vain but tremendous efforts to free himself, he turned his rage upon his pursuers, and charged every one right and left; but he was safely tired, and we took some little pleasure in teasing him. He had no more chance than a fly in a spider's web. As he charged in one direction, several nooses were thrown round his hind legs, then his trunk was caught in a slip-knot, then his fore legs, then his neck, and the ends of all these ropes being brought together and hauled tight, he was effectually hobbled.

"This had taken some time to effect (about half an hour), and we now commenced a species of harness to enable us to drive him to the village.

"The first thing was to secure his trunk by tying it to one of his fore legs; this leg was then fastened with a slack rope to one of his hind legs, which prevented him from taking a longer stride than two feet; his neck was then tied to his other fore leg, and two ropes were made fast to both his fore and hind leg, the ends of these ropes being manned by about thirty men.

"Having completed these arrangements, he was released from the ties which hobbled him, and we commenced the arduous task of driving him towards the village, a distance of five miles. The only method of getting him along was to keep two men to tease him in front, by shouting and waving cloths before his face; he immediately charged these fellows, who of course ran in the right direction for the village.

"He was a fine elephant, not full grown, but was about sixteen years of age; and by starving for two days and subsequent gentle treatment, the natives mounted and rode him on the third day from his capture, taking, however, the precaution of first tying his trunk. This elephant was then worth seventy-five dollars for the Indian market."

THE STORY OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL, THE ALCHEMIST.

BY R. ALFRED VAUGHAN.

ONE fine summer evening, in the year 1357, one Nicholas Flamel was sitting in his stall, which occupied the corner of one of the dirtiest streets in dirty Paris. His little house stood in the shadow of the church of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, whose towers overlooked a network of narrow alleys inhabited by butchers, tanners and money-lenders. Very unsavory was this parish of St. Jacques, but nevertheless very rich; for the trades-corporations who ruled the quarter were thrifty and formidable folk. At a moment's notice they could turn out a host of burly fellows to maintain their privileges; and when princes wanted money to whom should they go but to the Lombards of St. Jacques? The stately church owed many a decoration without and many a monument within to the piety and the wealth of the dyers, the armorers and the butchers, who had passed their lives under the sound of its bells, and coveted, when dead, a place within its precincts. Flamel the scrivener has but to raise his eyes from the Latin deed which he is transcribing to look across the street, and they rest on the Marivaux gateway of the church. His gaze is directed there at this moment. His hand, with its busy pen, lies idle on the bench as he contemplates, in a day-dream, the mouldings of the arch, and thinks, "If ever I am rich, there shall be carvings of mine, too, on these walls. Yes, mine; poor Notary Flamel's. And why not, some day? Ah, if I could only make them out—"

At this point he was startled in the midst of a deep sigh by perceiving that his wife, Pernelle, had approached him unobserved, and was watching his face with a sorrowful, sympathizing expression. She did not avert her eyes as he looked up

at her: it was he who looked down, and began to examine his pen, as if about to resume his task. Pernelle laid her hand gently on his and sat down beside him.

"Put it away," said she. "Let me speak to you."

"Well?"

"Nicholas, what is it? To-morrow we shall have been three years married, and you have never given me an unkind word or look. But for the last two months you have not been the same man. Your heart is no longer in your work. You don't sing. You go about sometimes as if you were in a dream. What do you so often now shut up in the room upstairs? There is some trouble or scheme that occupies you. What is it that a wife should not know? Why not tell me? Have I ever betrayed a secret of yours? I tell you plainly, I have been miserable since this change in you."

Nicholas was silent. He seemed to be considering what she said; so Pernelle, like a wise woman, added not another word, and waited patiently. After a silence which seemed very long Nicholas suddenly rose like a man who has made up his mind. He took both her hands in his, looked her gravely and affectionately in the face, and said:

"Pernelle, you have been prudent; now be doubly so. You shall see that I can trust you. Come upstairs."

Climbing up a steep, dark staircase, they entered their little dormitory—a miserable hole we should call it—in fact a decent room for those days. Nicholas unlocked a safe in which he used to keep the law papers sent to him to copy, and drew therefrom a huge book of great age, bound in brass, which he laid carefully on the little table.

"There," said he. "Now you can look at the cause of your trouble, little tender-heart. About two months since I bought this book of an old pedlar for a couple florins. Look at these mysterious characters engraved on the cover, and see here, the inside."

Pernelle uttered a little cry of astonishment. Never had she seen such strange and beautiful figures or such brilliant colors; though Nicholas had frequently in the house the most costly illuminated manuscripts. On the page at which he had opened the volume was represented a young man with wings at his ankles, holding in his hand a rod, about which were entwined two serpents; and an old man, with huge extended wings, was flying towards him with a scythe, as if to cut off his feet.

Nicholas turned over the leaf.

On the other side was painted a fair flower on the top of a mountain, bent and fluttering under the blast of the north wind. The stalk of the flower was blue, its petals white and red, and its leaves shining with fine gold. Round about, in the sides of the mountain were caverns in which dragons lay; and gryphons and gryphons'-nests were seen among the black matted boughs of pine-trees.

"These," observed Nicholas, "are the two sides of the fourth leaf. Now, look at the next."

On the right-hand page Pernelle saw a rose-tree growing against a hollow oak, from the foot of which ran headlong a silver-clear stream of water, which many people were trying in vain to catch in vessels. Then, on the other side, was a fierce-looking king with a falchion, causing his soldiers to slay a multitude of infants, while their mothers were entreating and weeping and struggling with the murderers. In the next compartment soldiers were collecting the blood of the infants in a great vessel, wherein Sol and Luna came to bathe themselves.

"And all this writing," asked Pernelle, after admiring these and other pictures dispersed throughout the book—"what language is it?"

"Latin," answered Nicholas, turning back to the first page, on which were large capital letters exquisitely colored. "These words mean 'Abraham the Jew, Prince, Priest, Levite, Astrologer and Philosopher to the Nation of the Jews, dispersed by the wrath of God, wisheth health.' I suspect the book has been stolen from some rabbi. Then the writer goes on to warn them against idolatry, exhorts them to wait patiently for the Messiah, and at last begins to teach them the art of transmuting metals, that they may be able to pay their great tributes to the Roman emperors and yet be rich as ever."

"And is it here?" cried Pernelle, joyfully. "The great secret? And you will make gold?"

"Ah no, not yet—perhaps never," said Nicholas; "though the book brings me almost into the heart of the mystery. Here you see are the processes detailed one after the other. Those little figures on the margin represent the shape of the proper vessels and the colors that will appear in the course of the work; but the *materia prima*, the elementary substance (and without that the rest is waste paper) is not revealed in words.

dream of them. I see the colors in the clouds. Every garden and every rose-tree sets me to work afresh, trying all sorts of meanings. I keep inserting bits of the pictures in my ornamental capitals. You know how often I have visited the church of the Holy Innocents lately. The sun and moon seem to me now only alchemic signs, and the sky is just the fifth leaf of this blessed tormenting book."

"Sol and Luna bathing in the blood of the innocents," said Pernelle, very slowly, with a perplexed air.



ELEPHANT WITH TRAPPINGS.—SEE PAGE 145.

It is indicated, the text says, in these pictures on the fourth and fifth leaves. They are secret symbols. Unless I can meet with some learned Jew, or find a scholar who knows the cabala well, I shall never find out their meaning. I think that young man with the winged feet means Mercury. Perhaps the old man with the scythe is some metal that is to fix it. But these 'perhapses' and 'I thinks' are good for nothing, you know. I must be sure. And as to the other symbols, I cannot so much as conjecture. But they are before my eyes day and night. I

"I have read," said Nicholas, "that, in the language of alchemy, blood signifies the mineral spirit which is in the metals, chiefly, Sol, Luna and Mercury; but how to get at this—or, if I could separate it—how this process is connected with the others, so as to become the serpents on the seventh leaf; and how then, by drying or digesting these, to produce the fine ruddy powder which is the stone—all this is utterly beyond me."

"Well, keep a good heart, dear Nicholas," said cheerful

Pernelle. "Doubtless Providence hath sent us the book, and the key may follow some day. Rich or poor, we shall be happy while we love and trust each other fully."

"I too feel all the lighter now that I have let you into my secret. I can at least talk over my hopes and perplexities with you."

And talk they did very often together over their mysterious treasure. Nicholas kept to his account-books and his scrivening, lest he should drop the substance in pursuit of a shadow. But often, far into the night, he was busy with experiments in a secret laboratory, or poring, for the thousandth time, over the figures on the papyrus-leaves of this book or the mystic characters engraved on its brazen cover. It was all in vain.

At last a bright thought struck Pernelle. If Nicholas were to paint as exactly as possible on the walls of their chamber the symbols of these fourth and fifth leaves, and invite some of the learned men of Paris to come and try to interpret them? This plan was speedily put into execution. There came doctors of divinity, jurists and physicians—for what scholar in those days had not dabbled at least in the hermetic art? Most of them, finding they could make nothing of the signs, ridiculed the notary and his pictures. Others looked wise and talked learnedly, but had no information to give. Pharaoh's magicians were not more nonplussed than these sages by the shapes of Flamel's dream.

One Anselm came repeatedly—expressed much interest—was eager to see the book itself. This request Flamel always refused, but he told him all he could himself explain of its method. On these data Anselm proceeded to give interpretations and counsels for procedure in the great work. It would occupy six years, he said, to go through the whole process. Flamel believed him, and while pursuing his daily vocation wrought at intervals for three times six years to no purpose. He and his Pernelle were growing staid middle-aged folks; but within those brass covers lay the romance of their life, and they would not let it go.

At length it occurred to Nicholas that some one of the Jews in Spain, whose reputation as adepts in the cabalistic mysteries stood so high, might be able to afford him the desired information. The thought once entertained he knew no peace till it was acted on. He made a copy of the figures to take with him; vowed a pilgrimage to Santiago; took pilgrim staff and scrip; and with a "God speed" from Pernelle, is on his way to Spain. There he duly accomplished his vow, and was made acquainted at Leon with a certain physician named Canches, a converted Jew. The Spaniard testified the utmost delight at the symbols which Flamel showed him, interpreted many of them, and instructed him in the secret meaning and potent mysteries which (according to the cabalists) lay concealed in the Hebrew letters and the vowel-points. He accompanied Flamel on his way back to France, that he might see the wonderful book, of the existence whereof he said he was aware, but (with the learned men of his nation generally) had supposed it lost.

But the voyage brought on an illness of which the unfortunate Canches died at Orleans. Flamel, reduced in purse but rich in knowledge, buried his friend as well as he could, and reached Paris in safety alone. Two paintings on the door of St. Jacques-de-la-Boucherie, just opposite his house, representing himself kneeling on one side and his wife on the other, long remained to attest the gratitude of the pious couple.

And now Flamel has his long-wished-for *materia prima*; but not even now the preliminary preparation therefor. To arrive at this demands yet three years more of study and experiment. Then he has but to follow the direction of his book and the work is done. He has left it on record that in the year of our Lord 1382, January 17th, about noon, being Monday, in his own house, Pernelle only being present, he for the first time made projection. The transmutation was effected on mercury, a pound and a half whereof, or thereabouts, he turned into pure silver, better than that of the mine, as was proved on the assaying of the same both by himself and others.

On the 25th of April in the same year, at five in the afternoon, he effected projection of the red stone, this time producing gold of surpassing quality. And the way in which the

final process of the "magistry" was accomplished was as follows:

There were three furnaces, each with its crucible, wherein the "green lion," and the "virgin's milk" and the "sophical mercury" had been duly mingled, with their kindred compounds, for many successive days, under the *regimina* of Mercury, Saturn, Luna, Venus and Sol. There was, moreover, a circular glass vessel of great thickness, filled from time to time out of the alembic. And to see the "operations of nature" within these vessels was indeed a wondrous and lovely sight. How the drops stood upon the brow of Nicholas as he regulated his fires and compared the forms and colors that showed themselves in the liquids with the marginal diagrams in his book! How Pernelle stood by, helping and muttering prayers and vows, and drawing now and then a great sigh of relief as each regimen was successively passed through, and the dangers escaped which might have marred all in a moment!

"Now," cried Nicholas, reading from the book, "after the citrine vapors, thou shalt observe a tincture of a violet color; and after reiterate solution and coagulation a gold color changing into green; and then—through certain cloudy hues, coming and passing, right pleasant to behold—into a red which for its transcendental redness shall show blackish like unto congealed blood."

"Glory be to Saint Jacques!" interrupted Pernelle, clasping her hands and looking up, "all these we have seen in right order."

Nicholas went on. "Then wilt thou behold in the glass the floating islands and the tree of silver."

"See, see," cried Pernelle, "there they are!"

And sure enough, as they watched the glass, they saw circulating in the hyacinthine liquid first one and then another bright flake, like a fragment of silver tissue; and these shot out tiny sprays and argent buds and gathered about them bubbles of a green color, like beads of emerald, which presently detached themselves, and floating to the surface spread out there, changing into browns and reds, so that the liquid appeared covered with a fleet of autumn leaves.

At the end of two hours the islands sank to the bottom; and out of the sparkling sediment there began to grow a shoot of silver, putting forth thread-like branches, which again divided themselves into finer filaments, till the lustrous arborescence filled the vessel with its network of glistening needle-points. Then where the branching was thickest there seemed to come a dimness, and these denser hazy spots began to flush faintly, and became like balls of crimson, and finally unfolded into fairy-roses. At the third hour the silver was dissolved, and the liquid, having absorbed it, changed from hyacinth to the yellow of sulphur. Afterwards out of each rose there came a spark of almost intolerable brightness, like an atom of the sun. The rose-leaves fell apart and the vessel was filled with the floating leaves and the dazzling particles rising and falling, passing and repassing each other, as the currents in the working fluid carried them.

"Now," read Nicholas, "take of the blood of the green lion (which is the red wine of Lully), and adding in proportion to the argent vive taken at thy first imbibition, and the hardened centre of the residuum will be thy red stone."

"You, Pernelle, must go to bed now," said Nicholas, taking down a vial containing the precious red liquor. "How you tremble!" and his own hand shook so that he could scarcely hold the bottle.

"And can you think I could close an eye at such a time?" answered she, almost reproachfully.

So they waited and watched with feverish eager eyes the final process. A strange conflict seemed to be going on within the vessel, as the ruddy liquor began to suffuse the primrose-colored. A tiny glacier of crystals began to form itself on the sides of the glass. In the spiny recesses of this frost-work appeared minute forms, lizard-like—salamanders, it seemed—that crept about, and were most numerous where the red color was deepest. Were they the vivified molecules of the mystic lion's blood? Soon they began to sport and leap among their crags of crystal, and to glide in and out among the bays and reefs and caverns of the rockwork. But what is going on at the surface?

At the top of the vessel there is a bubbling and a knocking against the sealed lid. Then a growing thickness, like a honeycomb, overspreads it, from which there shoot downward, like roots, a multitude of waving arms, as of white cord; and at the end of each arm grow five white ends, or points—as it were the hand of a skeleton—exceeding small. Presently all the upper half of the vessel is alive with the undulating and waving to and fro of these lithe pendant arms. As the descending hands sweep the liquid lower and lower, there is alarm among the salamanders. Some dart at once into the crannies of the crystals, others swim wildly about, looking for a hiding-place; but most, shooting upwards, are seen trying to bite in sunder the diving arms. It is a deadly conflict. Whenever one of the skeleton-hands has grasped a salamander—and they feel about and pursue them through every winding as though in every finger there were an eye—that moment the salamander drops lifeless to the bottom. Whenever a salamander has bitten through the white filament on which the hand depends, the fingers are withered, or the severed extremity of the arm floats about powerless. Is this the final struggle between the alchemic potencies of pallid Luna and fiery Mars? Long does the fight remain undecided. At one time not a salamander seems left; but the next moment numbers dart from their hiding-places, and, eluding the deadly hands, have fastened their teeth in the cordage of the arms. The salamanders are gaining the day. Under large portions of the surface, as he peeps beneath the lid, Nicholas sees that the arms have all been bitten off by the nimble creatures, and the stumps stand stiff and short like stubble. But in a moment a plunge is heard; a thick cloud seems to fill the glass, as though the coagulated surface had fallen in, and diffused its particles throughout the liquor. They can discern nothing. There is a hissing seething noise; a muffled sound, too, as of pressing and crying; and then all is still.

After due time, hearing no more indication of movement, and finding the glass quite cool, Flamel ventured carefully to unfasten the lid; and there at the bottom lay what seemed a fragment of rock, in the midst of a rust-colored powder.

It was the RED STONE!

And now it were vain to attempt to describe the embraces, the tears of joy, the ecstatic thanksgivings and vows of the worthy pair. With this red stone they could "tinge" huge masses of common metal, and transmute them into finest gold. It was, moreover, to its possessor a kind of sacrament. To discover it was never granted to the profane man or the sordid slave of gold. The search after it was a religious work. To possess it was to have received a sign of the Divine favor. Nay more, the stone itself was, as it were, a new channel of grace, whereby the soul was nourished, and man's fallen nature transformed and purified. As baser metals were redeemed into the supreme estate of gold, or Sol, so must the finder of the great secret be himself a redeemed man, assimilated to the Sun of Spirits—Deity. Such being the faith of the highest-minded genuine seekers of the philosopher's stone in those days, imagine with what zeal our Nicholas and his Pernelle would employ their new and inexhaustible resources in secret works of mercy; in charities to the widow and the orphan; in the foundation of hospitals and churches; in the endowment and decoration of holy places. And what an amazing scope for their beneficence was opened, as they called to mind another wondrous property of their stone! By drinking from time to time of water in which it had been immersed, life was prolonged and youth renewed. It was endowed with a virtue that removed the shadow of the curse, and restored the life of its possessor to the length allotted man before he fell.

Well was it for Nicholas that his Pernelle was so cautious and so reserved. For they ran great risks. The mere suspicion that they possessed the secret had cost many men their lives. Their inability to make gold was interpreted as a refusal to communicate their knowledge; and death was the punishment of an imaginary contumacy. With all their care, the benefactions of the Flamels could not altogether escape notice, as disproportionate to the known means even of a notary in what would be called a flourishing way of business. Poor mad Charles VI. was prompted to send no less a person than Mon-

sieur Cramoisy, his Master of Requests, to the scrivener of the Boucherie, to see whether he was really so rich as report said, and whether an extravagant court could not turn him somehow into gold. But the quick ears of Pernelle caught tidings of the danger, and precautions were duly taken. So when M. Cramoisy, in splendid trappings, suddenly darkened their room one morning, he saw Nicholas and his wife, surrounded by every evidence of the humblest means, sitting one on each side of a stool, on which stood a beechen platter full of boiled greens. They were safe; but still it might happen that another time they would not escape so easily. So Flamel resolved to take warning in time, and made preparations for quitting a city where so many powerful men in want of money might become distressingly attentive. Great was the lamentation among the poor of the neighborhood when they heard that the good Pernelle was sick nigh unto death; great the concourse which soon afterwards attended her obsequies, and inconsolable her bereaved husband. But the real Pernelle, disguised in the habit of a charitable order, was meanwhile on the road to Switzerland, whither she arrived in health and safety. Some months after it was reported that Nicholas Flamel lay ill of an infectious disorder. Inquiries were many, but visitors few. At night, Nicholas, disguised as his own undertaker, assisted at his own interment. Soon he too reaches the place of rendezvous, and embraces his Pernelle once more. From Switzerland they travelled to the East, lived many years at Broussa, and journeyed thence to the Indies.

More than two hundred years after the reputed death of Flamel, a certain *savan* named Paul Lucas, who travelled in the East by order of Louis XIV., became acquainted, at Broussa, with a learned dervise from Usbec Tartary. Lucas tells us in his book of travels dedicated to the *Grand Monarque*, that the said dervise (who talked an incredible number of languages with the greatest fluency) was in appearance about thirty years of age, but from his conversation at least a hundred. He told the Frenchman that he was one of seven friends who travelled to perfect their studies, and every twenty years met in a place previously agreed on. Four of them had already arrived at Broussa. The conversation fell on the cabala, alchemy and the philosopher's stone. This last, remarked Lucas, was regarded by all men of sense as a mere fiction.

"The sage," replied the dervise, "is not shocked when he hears the ignorant speak thus. He lives serene and patient in the higher world of true science. He possesses riches beyond that of the greatest kings; but he lives temperately above the power of events."

"With all these fine maxims," interrupted Lucas, "your sage dies like other folk."

"Alas, I perceive you have never had so much as a glimpse of the true wisdom. The sage must die at last—for he is human; but, by the use of the true medicine, he can ward off whatever might hinder or impair the animal functions for a thousand years."

"Do you mean to tell me that all who have discovered the stone have lived for a thousand years?"

"They might have done so, certainly, with proper care."

"You have heard, doubtless," said Lucas, "of an adept named Nicholas Flamel, who lived long ago in Paris, and founded several churches and charities. The arch he built in the cemetery of the Holy Innocents, with the figure of himself reading, and a number of hieroglyphic figures, remains to this day; and so do other sculptures and erections of his. Is not he dead, then?"

"Dead!" said the dervise, with a grave smile. "He, and his wife too, are alive at this hour. It is not above three years since I left both the one and the other in the Indies. He is one of my best friends."

And the dervise then proceeded to relate to his astonished auditor the substance of the narrative given above.

A GAULING REPLY.—A Frenchman wishing to speak of the cream of the English poets, forgot the word, and said, "de batter of English poets." A wag said he had fairly churned up the English language.

CLOSING INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

The following are freshly published incidents in the life of Washington, as detailed by Washington Irving in his lately completed history :

Winter had now set in, with occasional wind and rain and frost, yet Washington still kept up his active round of in-door and out-door avocations, as his diary records. He was in full health and vigor, dined out occasionally, and had frequently guests at Mount Vernon, and, as usual, was part of every day in the saddle, going the rounds of his estate, and, in his military phraseology, "visiting the outposts."

He had recently walked with his favorite nephew about the grounds, showing the improvements he intended to make, and had especially pointed out the spot where he purposed building a new family vault, the old one being damaged by the roots of trees, which had overgrown it and caused it to leak. "This change," said he, "I shall make the first of all, for I may require it before the rest."

"When I parted from him," adds the nephew, "we stood on the steps of the front door, where he took leave of myself and another. It was a bright frosty morning; he had taken his usual ride, and the clear healthy flush on his cheek, and his sprightly manner, brought the remark from both of us that we had never seen the general look so well. I have sometimes thought him decidedly the handsomest man I ever saw; and when in a lively mood so full of pleasantry, so agreeable to all with whom he associated, that I could hardly realise he was the same Washington whose dignity awed all who approached him."

For some time past Washington had been occupied in digesting a complete system on which his estate was to be managed for several years, specifying the cultivation of the several farms, with tables designating the rotation of crops. It occupied thirty-two folio pages, and was executed with that clearness and method which characterised all his business papers. This was finished on the 10th of December, and was accompanied by a letter of that date to his manager or steward. It is a valuable document, showing the soundness and vigor of his intellect at this advanced stage of his existence, and the love of order that reigned throughout his affairs. "My greatest anxiety," said he on a previous occasion, "is to have all these concerns in such a clear and distinct form that no reproach may attach itself to me when I have taken my departure for the land of spirits."

It was evident, however, that, full of health and vigor, he looked forward to his long-cherished hope—the enjoyment of a serene old age in this home of his heart.

SOMETHING ABOUT ECHOES.

A good ear cannot distinguish one sound from another unless there is an interval of one-ninth of a second between the arrival of the two sounds. Sounds must, therefore, succeed each other at an interval of one-ninth of a second in order to be heard distinctly. Now, the velocity of sound being eleven hundred and twenty feet a second, in one-ninth of a second the sound would travel one hundred and twenty-four feet.

Repeated echoes happen when two obstacles are placed opposite to one another, as parallel walls, for example, which reflect the sound successively.

At Ademach, in Bohemia, there is an echo which repeats seven syllables three times; at Woodstock, in England, there is one which repeats a sound seventeen times during the day and twenty times during the night. An echo in the villa Smionetta, near Milan, is said to repeat a sharp sound thirty times audibly. The most celebrated echo among the ancients was that of the Metelli, at Rome, which according to tradition was capable of repeating the first line of the *Æneid*, containing fifteen syllables, eight times distinctly.

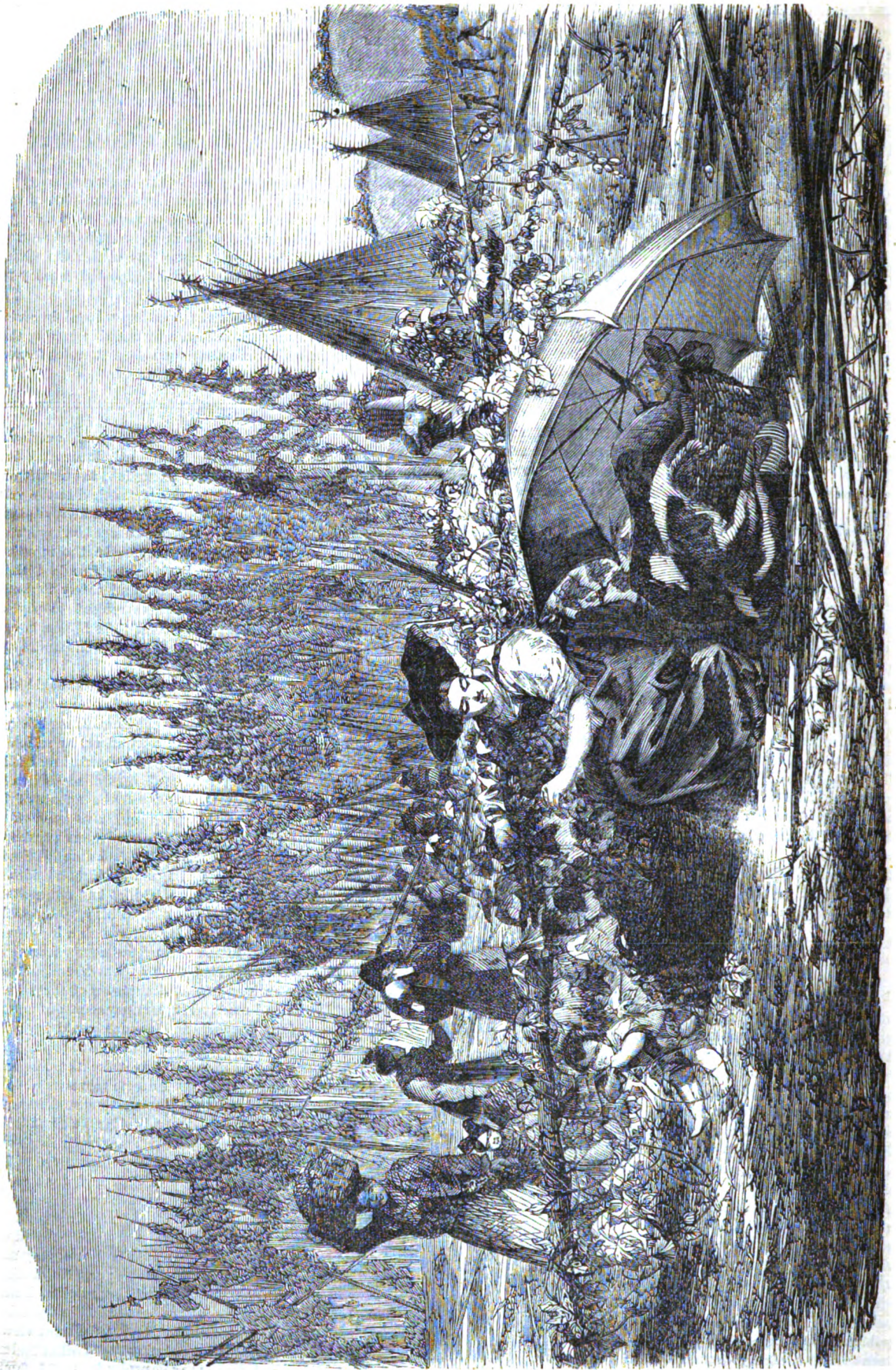
Dr. Birch describes an echo at Rosenheath, Argyleshire, which it is said does not now exist. When eight or ten notes

were played upon a trumpet they were returned by this echo upon a key a third lower than the original notes, and shortly after upon a key still lower. Dr. Page describes an echo in Fairfax county, Virginia, which possesses a similar curious property. This echo gives three distinct reflections, the second much the most distinct. Twenty notes played upon a flute are returned with perfect clearness. But the most singular property of this echo is, that some notes of the scale are not returned in their places, but are supplied with notes which are either thirds, fifths or octaves.

There is a surprising echo between two barns, in Belvidere, Alleghany county, N. Y. The echo repeats eleven times a word of one, two or three syllables; it has been heard to repeat thirteen times. By placing oneself in the centre, between the two barns, there will be a double echo, one in the direction of each barn, and a monosyllable will be repeated twenty-two times.

A striking and beautiful effect of echo is produced in certain localities by the Swiss mountaineers, who contrive to sing their *Ranz des Vaches* in such time that the reflected notes form an agreeable accompaniment to the air itself.

A BIT OF A PUZZLE.—In September last, as an auctioneer named Thillet was descending the Boulevard Beaumarchais in a cab, on his return from a shooting excursion, the report of a firearm was heard, and when some persons rushed to the vehicle, they found that he was dead, his gun which he had placed between his legs having gone off, and the charge having struck him in the forehead just above the left eye. In the month of May preceding he had insured his life for one hundred thousand francs in the Paternelle Company, and thirty thousand francs in the Phenix; but those companies refused to pay, on the pretext that he had committed suicide. His father, in consequence, brought an action against the two companies, and the Civil Tribunal has just been occupied four days in hearing pleadings on it. The father contended that his son could have no reason for committing suicide, inasmuch as he was young (only thirty-one), in the enjoyment of good health and happiness, and had just sold his business of auctioneer, by which he had gained a large income, in order to go to Algeria to establish a mortgage bond. He further contested that the position in which the body was found in the cab, and the nature of the wound, clearly indicated that the gun must have gone off by the movement of the vehicle. He produced letters written by the deceased to his family and friends shortly before his death, which seemed to prove that he had not the slightest idea of suicide. The companies argued that if Thillet had not contemplated committing suicide, he would not, at his age, especially as he was unmarried, have insured his life for such a large sum, and have subjected himself to the payment of nearly four thousand francs a year. They asserted that he was in embarrassed circumstances, and to such an extent that a sum of forty thousand francs, which he had received in part payment of his business, had, in a week, disappeared, and no one could say what had become of it; also that he had not been able to pay his first year's premiums, and had to give bills to raise the amount; also, though his earnings as auctioneer were represented to be considerable—one hundred and twenty-nine thousand francs in four years—none of them remained, and besides, he owed thirty thousand on the sum which he had agreed originally to give for his business. They further asserted that he had not even retired voluntarily from the place of auctioneer, but had done so because he had been twice condemned for grave irregularities. In addition to all this, they represented that he had appropriated to his own use money to which he was not entitled, and was about to be prosecuted for so doing; he had also, they said, made unfortunate speculations on the Bourse; and they insisted that all these were good reasons for committing suicide. Lastly, they contended that he could not have been killed in the cab by mere accident. The tribunal, however, took a different view of the question, and, coming to the conclusion that Thillet had not committed suicide, it condemned the companies to pay his family the one hundred and fifty thousand francs.



PEASANTS AT WORK IN A HOT-FIELD.



HOPS.

THE history of hops is inseparable from that of beer, for it is to the property that they possess of imparting to the beer a bitterish taste, and preventing it from souring, that the hop owes the importance which it has obtained.

Germany is essentially the home of beer. Tacitus, in his description of that country, speaks of a beverage made of fermented barley, in which we can trace the origin of beer. Tradition attributes the invention of beer to a king of Brabant,

named Gambrinus, and the brewers to this day are proud to count a king in the annals of their trade. The Capitularies of Charlemagne recommend cleanliness in the preparation of the malt, and also mention the manufacturers of malt (*braceatores*) in opposition to the manufacturers of cider and perry, or pear's juice (*siceratores*). This malt liquor was designated by the words *cerevisia* (strong and thick beer), *biera* and *cannum* (weaker beers.) The liquor obtained by fermented barley was also known as *oel* (oil), a name still preserved in English *ale*.

But these drinks cannot be called beer until the hop enters into their manufacture. In the year 822, we find an act by which the Abbé Adelard de Corvey licenses the millers of his district to cultivate hops. In the tenth and eleventh centuries the amount of hops to be given to the churches and monasteries was often made the subject of a special clause in leases and contracts. In the thirteenth century we find mention of hop-fields (*humularia*).

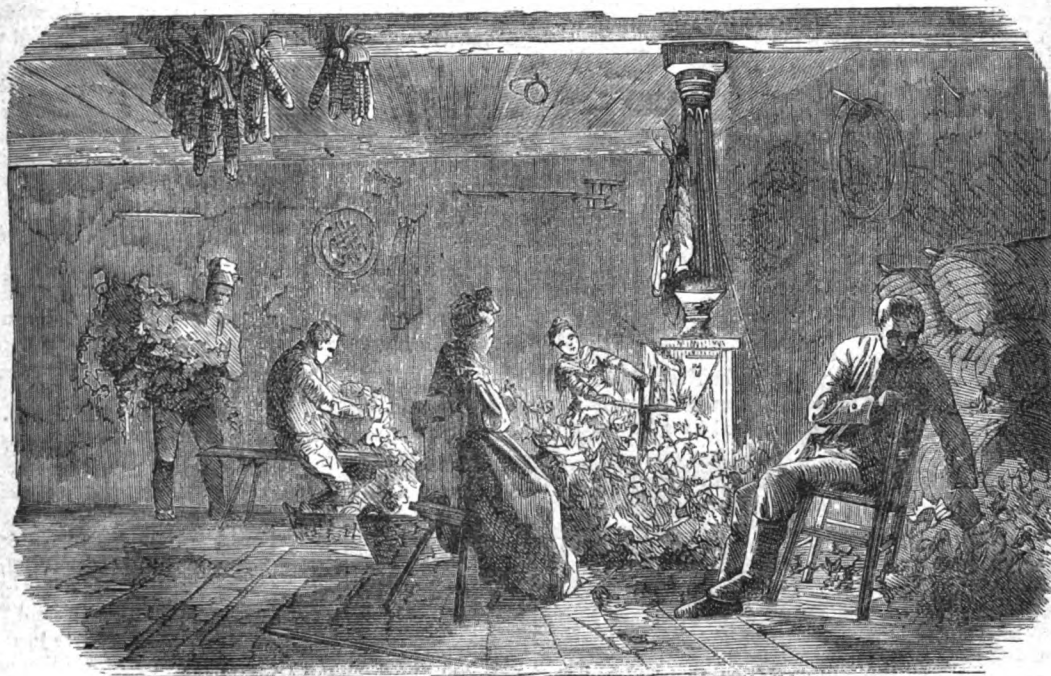
In the fourteenth century the growing of hops became general throughout Germany; and in the fifteenth century they came into use in England.

The manufacture of beer first came to perfection in the convents, where life in common necessitated its production in large quantities. When the cities grew in importance and trade developed itself, corporations of brewers were formed, and the commerce in beer became vastly extended. The beers of Bremen, Hamburg and Lubeck obtained a great reputation, and were largely exported, having grown into the demand of foreign countries.

Bohemia and Franconia, in Bavaria, were celebrated for producing the best hops.

In Alsatia, the culture of the hop dates back only forty years, and yet the annual income which the province now derives from this source is set down at one million of dollars.

The hop (*humulus lupulus*), of the nettle tribe, is a climbing plant whose leaves are dioecious—that is to say, the males and the females separate on two different stalks. The shoots are hollow; they contain a sugary pith, and are provided with tendrils by which they cling to the objects which they wind about, climbing up from left to right. The leaves are opposite to each other on the stalk, two by two; their surface is rough, and the edges cut like the teeth of a saw. The male flowers are composed of a calix with five small leaves; the calix or cup conceals five stamens, opening in July; these give forth a yellowish dust, which the wind carries to the female flowers. The female hops, which are almost exclusively cultivated, bear



PREPARING HOPS AT HOME

flowers joined in amentum, or cat-kin as it is sometimes called, and disposed in clusters, each two opposite. Each flower is composed of a little scale, at the base of which is placed the ovary. These flowers produce a fruit in the form of a cone, about a fifth of an inch in length, of a bright green color, which, at its maturity, is changed into a clear or deep yellow. These cones are formed by scales, each of which has inside its base a little grain which, at the time of its maturity, bears a yellow flour containing an aromatic oil. This yellow flour, called *lupuline*, furnishes the matter necessary for the production of a beer which shall have an agreeable taste, and possess that other important quality of not turning sour.

There are several varieties of hop known; the red, the green, the greenish white, the yellow and the blue. In the Low Countries they have a white and a gray hop. According to the time of their ripening, hops are divided into two varieties, the late and the early.

In a good hop the cones are thick and contain a great quantity of *lupuline*; the hop itself is resinous to the touch, its odor strong but agreeable. Those with large, long and variegated cones have the least amount of *lupuline* and aroma. The most favorable climate for the hop is a warm one, rather damp than dry, and not subject to sudden changes of temperature.

The hop requires air and sun. It is best to plant it on the eastern slope of hills, where it is sheltered from the north winds. Heavy storms are productive of infinite destruction in the hop-fields, by knocking down the poles and tearing the shoots.

The best ground for the culture of the hop is that in which sand and clay predominate. A loamy soil should be prepared by deep digging, and mixture with sand and light earth. Ground which is too damp should be drained before the hop is planted.

The hop shoots its roots very deep into the ground, and in order that these may spread over the largest possible surface, the soil must be thoroughly loosened, not by ploughing, but with a hoe to the depth of nearly three feet. The crop obtained from a hop field depends essentially upon the preparation that the ground has previously received.

The slips for planting are obtained from the shoots and branches that the roots annually put forth. These slips are usually planted about five feet apart, in order to secure for each the necessary amount of sun and air; and in rows forming squares which open towards the south. A ditch filled with muck is staked off and two slips put together in the same hole. The spring is usually preferred for this work.

The hop being a climbing plant, must have a support. For this purpose poles from thirty to forty feet in length are used, cut from the larch or fir-tree. The part driven in the ground is sharpened and slightly charred. Care is taken to remove the bark from these poles, that insects may not lodge upon them. About two thousand of these poles are required to every acre.

As soon as the plants appear above ground, the first work of the cultivator consists in rendering the soil permeable to the air and in destroying the weeds. To facilitate the ascension of the shoots on these poles, they must be fastened to it with rushes or wet straw. The lateral branches should be pruned, that the stalk may grow stronger. This pruning is continued up to the time of the gathering season.

The hop is subject to different diseases and exposed to the ravages of a great number of insects. It can, however, be protected from its various enemies, as means exist for the destroying of these latter.

The early hops are usually gathered in the second week of August, the late variety at the commencement of September. The time chosen is, if possible, a fine, dry day. The workmen commence by cutting the hop stalks at about six feet from the ground; the poles are then pulled out of the ground and laid on wooden horses. If the weather does not permit the picking of the hops to be performed in the field, the stalks are cut in lengths of from fifteen to twenty inches each, done up in bundles and carried to the house. If, on the contrary, the weather is favorable, a large linen cloth is placed under these

wooden horses and held up on the four sides. The workmen surround this frame, pick off the cones, and let them fall on the cloth beneath. Afterwards, these are gathered up in baskets, and carried on carts to the drying-room. This work is usually paid for by the basket (all being of the same capacity) at the rate of two cents.

The poles are stacked together in the hop-field. The stalks, which remain standing, are twisted together and pushed into the holes left by the removal of the poles.

After the hop is gathered it must be dried. The methods adopted differ in different countries. The most usual consists in drying the hops in garrets, on frames of cloth or basket-work, shaped like sieves, and which are put one upon the other as shelves are in a bookcase, being supported by laths. The garrets in question should be provided with numerous windows, which are kept open during the day and closed at night. The cones are laid out upon these frames, and stirred about twice each day, care being taken to not shake out any of the *lupuline* powder. When the cones are dry, the frames are emptied upon the floor in heaps, to which additions are daily made. These heaps are continually turned over to prevent fermentation and mould. That the hop may be dried, even in wet weather, many drying-rooms are provided with heaters and ventilators. When the process of drying is a slow one the aroma of the hop is best preserved. When the hop is perfectly dry it is put in sacks and pressed. A bale of hops usually contains from one hundred and seventy to one hundred and eighty pounds.

Hop-raising is a profitable business, but the yield of a hop-field must be based upon a calculation made for a series of years, for the crops are extremely variable. One year hops may sell for ten dollars per hundred weight, and for sixty or eighty dollars the next. The price of hops depends upon the yield in the various countries where it is cultivated, upon their quality, and upon the grape crop. The grape and the hop depend upon each other. The price of one goes down when there is an abundance of the other in the market. When the hill-side is devastated, the plain is glutted.

As in the grape-growing countries, the gathering of the hop is celebrated by feasts and public rejoicing.

To dwell for a moment upon the beer of other countries: Xenophon records, in his "Anabasis," Book I., that the Egyptians drank beer; and in Elizabeth's time the daily allowance of malt liquor for a maid of honor was four gallons. It may puzzle the modern reader a little how the beauteous maidens of the court managed to dispose of so large a share of heavy drink, but we are assured that by taking one gallon at breakfast, two at dinner, and one at supper, the whole was consumed without difficulty.

The praises of beer have been sung by poets of more or less celebrity during the last two centuries. The following prayer for a good supply of "malt wine" is attributed to the distinguished Bishop Still (from his name we should have thought him more partial to whiskey):

Let back and side go bare, go bare;
Both hand and foot go cold;
But belly, God send thee good beer enough,
Whether it be new or old.

Another poet, whose name unfortunately has not come down to us, expresses his views on the subject in the subjoined bit of doggerel:

'Twixt wet and dry, I always try
Between the extremes to steer;
Though I've always shrunk from getting drunk,
I'm uncommonly fond of my beer.

Beer, too, has attained a conversational importance, and been made the subject of some capital witticisms. Two clever puns, *apropos* of the beverage, recur to us. The first is in a poem entirely devoted to the consideration of malt liquor, from the aristocratic bottled ale to the vulgar "swipes" of the pot-house. The poem opens with "Hail beer!" and, in the description of an infant who, like the poet we have just quoted, was "uncommonly fond of his beer," designated him as

A very beery cove, a sort of Ale y baby (Ali Babi).

Next, a more modern joke, and we will close this article : In the burlesque of "Valentine and Orson," when Orson's dead body is brought in upon a low tressel, Valentine walks solemnly forward, and, as he sheds tears over his inanimate friend, exclaims :

I water the small Bier of my own Bruin.

THE TWO WIDOWS.

CHAPTER I.

THE place, which we shall call Stokeminster, was at that time one of those green-and-white somnolent villages, many of which diversify the rich garden scenery of the midland counties of England, and being within a convenient carriage-distance of one of the great central manufacturing towns, was inhabited, in addition to its own rural population, by a few persons of a higher class ; some of whom were local proprietors, others men who had retired from mercantile business to spend the remainder of their days in the complacent delusion that they were enjoying—as if they were any longer capable of enjoying—the wealth they had accumulated in long exhausting years of ceaseless toil and nervous anxiety. Among this latter number was a Mr. Eddison, who had spent youth and the best years of manhood in the cares and excitements of an extensive business—a stranger to his home, which he scarcely ever visited except on Sundays—and not till he found himself a wealthy widower, charged with the care of an only child, an infant daughter, did he discover that he had been too busy to enjoy life when he might, and that it was then almost too late to begin.

Having nothing further to work for, however, he withdrew to the stillness and repose—a stillness that sometimes wearied and dejected him—of Stokeminster, and divided his heavy-laying time between the education of his daughter, which was now his principal business in this world ; the society of a few old friends, who drove over from the town to revive him with a visit every Sunday ; and the cultivation of a garden, of everything pertaining to which, by the way, he was most profoundly ignorant. After a year or two, the absence of the feverish excitement in which he had worn out his years of strength began to prey upon his mind, or rather to set his mind free to turn inward and prey upon itself. A suspicion at length grew into a conviction that he was dying under the reaction. As far as he was concerned himself, he did not very much care ; but his child, so young and helpless, was one strong link that bound his affections to the world. For her sake he thought he should like to live until he should see her safe through the dangers of youth, and settled happily in life ; but, as that could not be, he looked about him anxiously for the best security that circumstances might afford.

In such a place as Stokeminster, one of the most important and influential, though very far from being one of the most independent, residents, was the rector of the parish, the Rev. John Roodhouse ; and, since the time when Mr. Eddison's health began to fail, there had naturally sprung up between them a close intimacy, which, in addition to other causes, derived a peculiar interest from the fact that both were widowers of nearly the same age, and had each an infant daughter. The consequence of this sympathy, and of the known high principle and long-tested integrity of the clergyman, was, that Mr. Eddison entreated him to undertake the guardianship of his daughter, and the management of her inheritance ; and then, after a few months more of sinking strength and deepening dejection, fell asleep calmly without a pang or a struggle. The young ward was, of course, immediately removed to her guardian's house, where she soon forgot her passing sorrow for a bereavement which she was not yet able fully to comprehend, and became happy in the society of a congenial companion.

As time passed on, and they grew up toward maturity, Louisa Eddison and Ellen Roodhouse were educated together ; and from identity of occupations and amusements, and the isolation that excluded them almost entirely from all other society, came to regard each other as sisters. In this peaceful and unagitated

course their years glided away, until that critical period in the age of girls when they begin to attract, and not improbably to find some gratification in, the attentions of the youth of the other sex ; and it was then first that a circumstance, previously of no importance, threatened to infuse an irritating element of distrust and estrangement into their sisterly affection. It was simply that Louisa, though insured by her inheritance against the wayward caprices of fortune, was far less richly endowed by nature than Ellen, whose only wealth was her glowing and majestic beauty.

Desolate and secluded beyond the ordinary obscurity of country villages must that place be, to which the bait of a large fortune—possibly to be had for the asking—will not attract the bold and ambitious. Even in Stokeminster, silent and empty as it used to be, the universal law of supply and demand drew a tolerable number of suitors around the two sisters, as they loved to be called. The rector's house gradually became an object of more than usual attention ; a place on the visiting-list was a privilege which many young men sought to obtain by all the devices of dextrous and irrepulsive pertinacity ; and Mr. Roodhouse, in the innocence of his heart, was astonished at the sudden and daily-increasing growth of his importance. It appeared, however—as might be expected in an unromantic age—that it was to Louisa that the great majority of candidates for favorable notice addressed themselves ; but she seemed either difficult to please or slow to choose ; the fact was, that, aware of the stronger personal attractions of Ellen, she had sufficient strength of mind to perceive that it was to her wealth she owed a preference, which she therefore disdained to accept ; while Ellen, fully conscious of her superior claims to admiration, and apprehending that those claims must continue to be outshone by the beauty of Louisa's gold, was anxious that she should make some choice ; and the two girls would sometimes, with a mixture of playful jest and sore seriousness, rally each other on the subject.

"Well, I really do wish, Louisa dear," said Ellen, on one of those occasions, "that you would take and marry somebody ! I want to have you out of my way ; for you know nobody will ever think of me so long as you are disengaged."

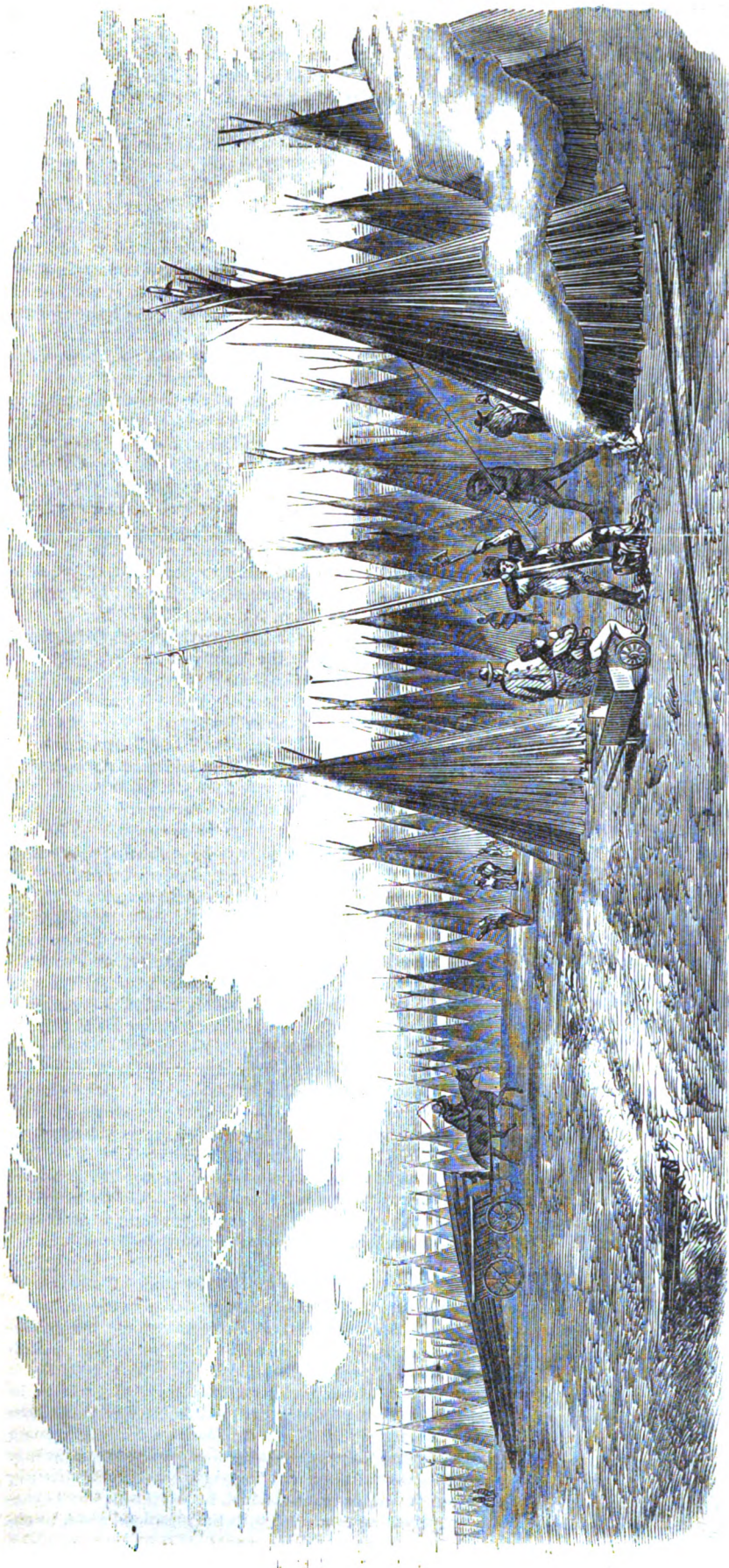
"I shall never," replied Louisa, "marry any man who has not the good taste and heart enough to estimate beauty at a thousand times the value of money ; and whenever such a man is found, why, you will of course secure him yourself ; so that I really see very little chance for me."

Affairs were in this unsatisfactory state, when a new and seemingly harmless actor entered upon the scene, who was destined, unconsciously enough, to effect a very serious and remarkable change in its aspect. It happened that increasing years and failing strength rendered it necessary for Mr. Roodhouse, about the time when both girls had attained the age of twenty, to engage the services of a curate ; while the narrowness of his means made it also indispensable that he should select some young man to whom the gift of a nomination would compensate the very small stipend which he could afford to pay. Other men in his position might perhaps have been less scrupulous ; but Mr. Roodhouse regarded his ward's large fortune as a sacred trust, and appropriating only so much of the interest as repaid the actual expenses of her maintenance and education, suffered the rest to accumulate for her future benefit.

From the many candidates who offered themselves even on those terms, Mr. Roodhouse was eventually induced, by the gentle seriousness of his manner, his learning and his gentlemanly appearance, to select Mr. George Lindow, who accordingly entered at once upon his duties.

Those who have any experience of the world need not to be reminded that, of all handsome men within the sphere of whose influence the female heart can be placed, a handsome young clergyman is by many degrees the most dangerous, especially in a case like that of Ellen and Louisa ; because, independently of the strong feminine instinct which looks up with blind veneration to everything connected with the sacerdotal caste, he enjoys innumerable opportunities of winning confidence, to which no other young man is ever admitted.

The Rev. George Lindow was most unquestionably a hand-



A HOP-FIELD IN WINTER. — SEE PAGE 153.

some man—a man that one would notice in a crowd. At first, indeed, one might doubt whether the symmetry of his slight, strong, athletic figure would not have appeared to much more advantage in a military uniform than in the sable and cambric livery of the church; but, on a second inspection, his deep, soft, intellectual eye, and the well-tuned music of his voice, showed that he had made his choice judiciously.

CHAPTER II.

On his first introduction to the rector's house, Mr. Lindow scarcely ventured to raise his eyes to either of the girls; but finding that, in the absence of all haughtiness and affectation, they were not so formidable as he apprehended, and that they even encouraged him to throw off his timidity, he not only became easy and confident, but began to visit the house very constantly, and evidently to take so much pleasure in the young ladies' society, that he seemed likely to supplant every other male acquaintance. Although, in the natural course of inference and conjecture, he was numbered by the gossips of Stokeminster among the numerous admirers of the rich heiress, so cautiously or so modestly did the young clergyman bear himself, that the sharpest eye could not detect, in word or act, the slightest preference for either; and though the girls themselves were inclined to believe that they were equally and perfectly indifferent to him, still the free and open confidence that had until now existed between them began to be chilled by a very perceptible and uncomfortable reserve. A restless glance of the eyes, a quick turn of the head, or a little uneasy movement of some sort, would generally mark the moment when his knock was at the door, or his step on the stairs; but by some tacit arrangement both refrained from the most passing allusion to his name. It was a state of nervous suspense for both, which was, after a short time, heightened to a still more painfully anxious feeling for Louisa by the temporary absence of Ellen, who left home to spend some weeks with the family of one of her father's relatives. During that interval, the continuance of Mr. Lindow's visits to the rectory, with the same regularity as before, would have been sufficient to confirm the suspicions of the neighbors, even



PAYING THE WORKMEN.—SEE PAGE 153.

if they had not already assumed the aspect of perfect certainty.

The situation, indeed, was peculiarly embarrassing both to Louisa and her visitor, and occasionally produced an awkwardness which neither had previously felt. They were frequently alone with each other; and while there was evidently some burden on the curate's mind which he had not the courage to cast off, and which made him appear absent and *distract*, Louisa often found herself obliged, in order to maintain the empty form of a conversation, to speak, and of course to speak affectionately, of Ellen. Several times during that splendid opportunity—for, in affairs of the heart, the present have incalculable odds over the absent—he seemed on the point of making some earnest and impassioned declaration, but his heart always seemed to fail him. With a fair hand, a true heart, and a large fortune waiting his acceptance, he hesitated and stammered; and at last, before he had said anything decisive, Ellen came back. Who can measure or calculate all the fluttering hopes and fears, the flattering whispers, and agitating anticipations, that, while those weeks were passing, trembled and fermented in the full heart and busy little brain of the expectant and lovesick Louisa! When the opportunity was gone, a feeling of weariness and impatience came upon her; she felt, as nearly as possible, a contempt for her timid and dilatory lover; but she did not despair yet; for she saw that, until he spoke, he could enjoy no peace of mind. While she was still giving full play to all these sanguine and irrepressible fancies, she was visited one morning in her own apartment by Ellen, who, with ingenuous abruptness, handed her a letter which she had just received, and requested her to read it, while she went herself to communicate its contents to her father. The letter contained these words:

"DEAREST ELLEN—Often, during your absence, I have longed to open my mind to your dear friend Louisa on a subject which has longed filled my heart and occupied my thoughts; and as often have the words, half uttered, died away upon my lips. I longed to entreat of her that she would be my mediator and advocate with yourself and your father. I must now write what I could not urge myself to speak. It is, that I love you, Ellen; that I have loved you from the first; and that my

brightest day-dream has been to look forward to the happiness of sharing with you whatever it may please Providence to allot to me in this world; and of travelling on, hand in hand, to that better world where parting is no more.

"GEORGE LINDOW."

The revulsion of feeling was frightful—the sudden and merciless check to that evenly-flowing current of brightly-tinted thoughts and fancies. Amid the wild tumult of so many hopes dashed down and shattered, a dull mist floated before her eyes; and had she not thrown herself into a chair, she would have fallen. She was thankful for being alone and unseen. Jealousy, indignation, wounded pride, heart-burning humiliation, fierce contempt, passed in rapid succession across her mind; these at last melted down into blank and helpless despair, and she vented her disappointment in a few bitter burning tears. Several projects and designs, some probably colored by a spirit of revenge, suggested themselves, and were rejected as they came. After all, she could not bring herself to do anything little or vindictive; and at length the natural tendency of her heart prevailed. She resolved to act nobly and generously, and felt a fresh glow of happiness in the resolution. Recovering her composure with an effort, she sought the presence of her guardian, and found Ellen pleading before him with sobs and tears.

"My child," said Mr. Roodhouse, not heeding the interruption, "George Lindow—I know better than any one can tell me—is an amiable and meritorious young man, and I should be proud and happy to call him my son; but he is as poor as yourself. I am prepared for all the specious and romantic delusions with which you might answer me, and should be sorry if, with your young heart and fresh feelings, you could divest yourself of those generous sentiments; but, at my age, I have no right to entertain them. You do not fear to encounter privations; nor do I—I never did; but I should dread for you, or for myself, the brutal cruelty and galling insults which poverty provokes from the vulgar-minded and the purse-proud. For these no romantic sentiment, no love of man can compensate. Then, my dear child, so soon as George obtains any permanent and sufficient appointment in the church, I shall give you to him with pride and joy."

"May I speak?" said Louisa. "You have been a kind father to me, Mr. Roodhouse; Ellen and I, are we not sisters? It is my desire, I feel that it is even my duty, to divide my fortune with her. Let me enjoy the satisfaction of making her happy."

"My dear good child," replied the old clergyman, "I can fully and gratefully appreciate so generous a thought; I feel it; I commend it; perhaps, indeed, I should not refuse to allow my own poor child to take advantage of your munificence to some extent, were I not your guardian; but you will see that, in that character, I should bring obloquy and dishonor on myself by allowing you to make such a use of any part of your fortune; for it is only with my sanction that you could use it in that or any other way. Let us speak of it no more. George and Ellen are young; they can wait; love is never the worse for being kept five or six years in the heart. Besides, what is right should never yield to circumstances."

The father and the guardian was unyielding; and Louisa, though fully resolved, sooner or later, to carry her purpose into execution, was obliged to wait.

Two years more went by, during which Louisa frequently, but in vain, repeated her offer. Mr. Roodhouse only replied, that good love was like good wine, all the better for being kept. At the end of that time her guardian died, and she imagined herself free; but an unexpected obstacle arose in a sensitive reluctance on the part of Mr. Lindow and Ellen—a reluctance which they had never previously expressed—to accept the intended favor. It was very provoking; and she thought more than once of going away, and leaving the obstinate creatures to their fate. Fortune, however, befriended, or appeared to befriend, them in a way less distressing to their delicacy; for Lord Greystone, who resided in the neighborhood, and was the patron of the vacant living, and for many years a friend of the late rector, having through some medium heard of the circumstances in which his daughter was placed, hastened to offer the appointment to Mr. Lindow. There remained now no obstacle to the realisation of their happiness; and after a respectful interval of mourning they were married. Louisa, of course, after that event removed to a residence of her own, which, unaccountably enough, she fixed in Stokeminster; and during the following year or two, in a manner equally incomprehensible, and under various apparently fanciful pretexts, refused several eligible offers. One man was too handsome, and would be perpetually reminding her of her own plainness; another was too ugly, and it would never do for two persons between whom good looks were so scarce to enter into so close a relationship; a third had too ready and sharp a wit, he would never give her a direct answer if she married him; and a fourth had no wit at all, and she was stupid enough already; so that, after some time, it became evident that, for some reason known only to herself, she had made up her mind to remain Miss Eddison all her life.

CHAPTER III.

It has been sagaciously remarked that the invariable result of clerical marriages, especially whenever the income is small, is to add perceptibly to the population; and, according to the general rule, Mr. Lindow and Ellen were not very long united before several Lindows on a smaller scale began to make their appearance in rather quick succession. As these grew up, it seemed to constitute the whole business and pleasure of Miss Eddison's life to devote her time and money to their education and other wants. She always kept at least one of them with her at her house; where they became so accustomed to feel themselves at home, that, during their earlier years, they actually believed that they had two mothers. At the same time, the relation in which she placed herself toward their parents was that of an affectionate sister, who secretly and silently anticipated their wants, supplied all those little deficiencies, and, as far as a kind and watchful forethought could effect it, dispelled all those menacing clouds that sometimes hang on the horizon of even the happiest married life. The practical exercise of sentiments so high-toned and disinterested seemed, by a just and beautifully balanced retribution, to render her supremely happy in the sacrifice of what might be supposed to be

the peace of her own heart. Her secret was, that she had all along loved George Lindow: she loved him still; she saw him the husband of another, but yet she was near him, and contributing to his happiness. She made herself a mother to his children: and in the consciousness that he owed everything to her—for she had secretly purchased from Lord Greystone the benefice which he enjoyed—she felt the same sort of morbidly ecstatic satisfaction that a superstitious ascetic experiences in mortifying and subduing all the passions and instincts of human nature.

This life of persistent self-denial she continued for fifteen years, till the bloom was long faded from her cheek and the lustre from her eye; and never once in all that time did she allow the deep and unforgotten secret of her love to betray itself in word or look—not even when the petty discontents and small contradictions of married life might be expected to provoke a smile of malicious satisfaction over her successful rival. In short, the duty which she appeared to have assigned to herself in this world was to act the part of a providence—so to speak—toward the young family; and innumerable were the ingenious little devices and innocent deceptions by which she contrived to give the appearance of accident to her incessant and studied interpositions for their happiness.

Toward the close of those fifteen years of heroic devotion and stern self-discipline, Mr. Lindow was overtaken by an illness which threatened to leave Ellen and her children destitute; and now it was a fresh and more arduous trial of her fortitude, without appearing altogether callous, to conceal her fears and her sorrow, as she had previously concealed her love. She could think only of him; while, with a subtle delicacy of tact, amid her trembling cares and ministrations, she placed the attentions of his wife always prominently in the foreground; both in order to divert observation from herself, and lest it should give him pain to perceive that the woman whom he so devotedly loved was surpassed in solicitude by any other.

All the cares, however, and prayers, and affectionate assiduities by which it was tremulously hoped that he might be saved, proved unavailing. Death knocked at the door, and left the house in darkness and sorrow. It was then only, and for the first time, that Louisa suffered the long-guarded confession of her love to shape itself into words; but these words were spoken to no mortal ears. It was night—the first night that fell, in its awful and throbbing silence upon the dead. Ellen was weeping in another apartment, surrounded by her weeping children; and Louisa was watching alone and unnoticed beside the dead.

"George," she said, uncovering and bending over the rigid and stony features that looked doubly ghastly under the glare of candles, "this night, for the first time, I tell you that I love you. During those long years I have taught myself to seek and find my happiness in making you happy, even in the arms of another, and removing, as I could, the thorns from your path. I shall now find my solace in supplying your place to those whom you loved upon earth. If it be possible, it may be that your happy spirit will come, unseen and unfelt, to visit us; and you shall find us always as we used to be when you were here. I shall fulfil what it embittered your last moments that you were compelled to leave undone. I have not been your wife, George—you have lived in ignorance of the tenderest love that woman ever felt, but for all that I am your widow." She then impressed a kiss upon the cold and livid lips of the dead—the only kiss of love that in all her life she had ever given.

That, promise, murmured solemnly and secretly into those heedless and insensate ears, was faithfully kept. When Ellen and her children removed from the rectory on the arrival of the new incumbent, she brought them to her own house; and the mourning-dress, which she assumed together with the bereaved family, she never after ceased to wear. She had promised to supply his place for those whom he loved on earth, and made it thenceforth, as theretofore, the business of her life to surround them with the proofs of her forethought and affection.

Under these altered circumstances, a few more tranquil years rolled by; till Mrs. Lindow, whose beauty still retained sufficient of its brilliancy to command some admiration, was in-

duced by an advantageous proposal to think of marrying again. For a moment Louisa felt a touch of secret satisfaction in the thought that she would be George Lindow's only widow; but once more a nobler sentiment replaced the transient impulse of selfishness. She felt indignant that the woman whom he had so long loved should become unworthy of him, or think lightly of him, even in his grave; and when Mrs. Lindow consulted her on the subject, impressed upon her with all the earnestness and pathos that she could convey in words, that once only, in truth and honor, can a woman be a bride and a widow; and that the widow of George Lindow especially, the mother of his children, ought never to resign the privilege of bearing his name. Ellen testified by the tears which those recollections evoked to the power of the argument and the justice of the remonstrance, and remained still a widow. But the time was shortly to come when Louisa should stand alone in the relationship which it pleased her melancholy and yearning fancy to assume. Ellen did not long survive her refusal of her second lover; and when she was laid beside her husband, Louisa remained the mother—the only mother—of the orphan family. She saw them by her own assistance settled in the world; and securing to them the reversion of all her property, then waited patiently for death to unite her to the man who had unconsciously possessed her heart. At length, when surrounded by his children and grandchildren, who wept on their knees beside her deathbed, she felt her spirit ready to depart. "At last, George!" she murmured, and fell asleep with a smile of hope and joy upon her features that brightened even the chilly gloom of death.

CURIOSITIES OF BLINDNESS.

APPALLING as the deprivation of sight may be, it is not without some remarkable compensations. Other faculties, both of intellect and of sense, often seem to gain by it; and Dufau, a French writer, affirms that the blind seldom become imbecile, and still less frequently insane. Profound thinkers practically admit that vision interferes somewhat with deep cogitation. Malebranche, when he wished to think intensely used to close his window-shutters in the daytime, excluding every ray of light; and, for a like reason, Democritus is said to have put out his eyes in order that he might philosophise the better; which latter story, however, it should be observed, though told by several ancient writers, is doubted by Cicero, and discredited by Plutarch. Speaking on this point, M. Dufau says:

"When we wish to increase our power of attention, we shut our eyes, thus assuming artificial blindness. Diderot used often to talk with his eyes closed, and at such times became sublimely eloquent."

There was lately living in the county of York, England, a gentleman of fortune, who, though totally blind, was an expert archer; "so expert," says our informant, "that out of twenty shots with the long-bow he was far my superior. His sense of hearing was so keen, that when a boy behind the target rang a bell, the blind archer knew precisely how to aim the shaft."

The tenacity of the memory of the blind is well known. This characteristic faculty is, according to Father Charlevoix, turned to good account in Japan, where the public records of the empire are committed to memory by chosen blind men. An old blind mat-maker in England can (if he still lives) repeat Thompson's "Seasons," and one or two other long poems, besides having an almost equally ready knowledge of several of the Gospels.

Men of genius have sometimes triumphantly thrown off some of the worst disabilities of blindness. Genius ever devises ways and means of its own. It has a thousand little contrivances unknown to the ordinary student, who is content enough to travel along the beaten road which others have fashioned for him. Saunderson, the blind mathematician's whole machinery for computing was a small piece of deal divided by lines into a certain number of squares, and pierced at certain angles with holes large enough to admit a metal pin. With this simple board and a box of pins he made all his calculations; yet, in 1711, he was the friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and by his interest

was elected Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge. It is most probable that he never beheld the distant orbs of heaven, yet with the highest skill he reasoned of the laws which control them; unfolding and explaining the nature and beauty of light which he could not behold, and the glory of that bow in the clouds which he had never seen.

Thus also was it with Huber, the blind philosopher of Geneva. His discoveries in the honeyed labors of bees have equalled, if not surpassed, those of any other one student of nature. It remained for Huber, not only to corroborate truths which others had partially discovered, but also to detect and describe minute particulars which had escaped even the acute observation of Swammerdam. It is true that others supplied him with eyes, but he furnished them with thought and intellect; he saw with their eyes. Thus he clearly proved that there are two distinct sets of bees in every hive—honey-gatherers and the wax-makers and nurses; that the larvæ of working-bees can by course of diet be changed to queens; thus also he accurately described the sanguinary conflicts of rival queens; the recognition of old companions or of royalty by the use of the antennæ; thus he explained the busy hum and unceasing vibration of wing ever going on in the hive, as being necessary for due ventilation.

One of the last incidents in the old man's life that seemed to rouse and interest him, was the arrival of a present of stingless bees, from their discoverer, Captain B. Hall. Unwearied diligence and love for his work, no doubt greatly aided him in all these discoveries; but genius effected for him what mere assiduity would never have accomplished. She taught him in a few minutes to swim the river of difficulty, while others spent hours in searching for a ford.

It is the union of diligence and genius which has made so many a blind man famous among his brethren with eyes; not only the head to conceive, but the hand to carry out and achieve, in its own way, the plan of wisdom and of beauty. Thus Metcalf, the blind guide and engineer, constructed roads through the wilds of Derbyshire; thus Davidson ventilated the deepest coal-mines, and lectured on the structure of the eye; as did Dr. Moyes on chemistry and optics; thus Blacklock, poet and musician, master of four languages besides his own, wrote both prose and poetry with elegance and ease; thus, nearer to our own time, Holman, the traveller, has made himself a name far beyond the shores of Great Britain. We know not what Saundersons or Hubers the present generation is to see. One name equally great in another path of fame it already has: Prescott, the historian of "Ferdinand and Isabella," "Mexico and Peru," &c., who, though not blind, had a defect of the eyes which prevented him from reading and writing, but whose literary labors have nevertheless delighted and instructed thousands both in the Old and New World.

Coleridge remarks that "a diseased state of an organ of sense will perpetually tamper with the understanding, and perhaps at last overthrow it. But when one organ is obliterated, the mind applies some other to a double use. Some ten years back, at Sowerby, I met a man perfectly blind—from infancy. His chief amusement was fishing on the wild uneven banks of the Eden, and up the difficult mountain streams. His friend, also stone blind, knew every gate and stile of the district. John Gough, of Kendal, blind, is not only a mathematician, but an infallible botanist and zoologist; correcting mistakes of keen sportsmen as to birds and vermin. His face is all one eye. The eyes of Moyes, although he was totally blind, were not insensible to intense light. Colors were not distinguished by him, but felt. Red was disagreeable; he said it was like 'the grating of a saw;' while green was very pleasant, and similar to 'a smooth surface' when touched."

In some instances blindness seems to have gifted the sufferer with new powers. A Dr. Guyse, we read, lost his eyesight in the pulpit while he was at prayer before the sermon; but nevertheless managed to preach as usual. An old lady of the congregation hearing him deplore his loss, thus strove to comfort him:

"God be praised," said she, "that your sight is gone. I never heard your reverence preach so powerful a sermon in my life."

The detection of color by the touch of the blind is a mooted point. Several anecdotes are told of blind persons who had the power of discriminating colors by the touch; but if the testimony of a large body of blind children can be relied on, the detection of color is utterly beyond their reach. Saunderson's power of detecting by his finger or tongue a counterfeit coin, which had deceived the eye of a connoisseur, is a totally different question. We are hardly aware how much of our dexterity in the use of the eye arises from incessant practice. Those who have been relieved of blindness at an advanced or even an early period of life, have often been found to recur to the old and more familiar sense of touch, in preference to sight, especially during the first few months after recovering their sight. Coleridge, in his "Omniana," mentions a most remarkable instance of a blind man at Hanover, who possessed so keen a touch as to be able to read with his fingers books of ordinary print, if printed, as most German books are, on coarse paper.

OLD FASHIONS.

STOCKINGS were anciently made of cloth or milled stuffs, sewed together. Henry II. of France was the first who appeared with silk stockings. That was in 1559, and in 1561 Queen Elizabeth was presented by her milliner with a pair. The first pair of worsted stockings knit in England was made in 1564.

Red-colored stockings, whether of yarn, worsted or silk, were much worn in New England for nearly half a century after the arrival of our fathers.

In 1629, when provision was made for emigrants to Massachusetts, the stockings furnished were accompanied with ten dozen pairs of Norwich garters. At an early period of our country silk garters were worn by the more fashionable, and puffed into a large bow knot at the knee, but as the custom fell under the notice of the civil authorities, it was forthwith prohibited.

Gloves have been long in use, and it was once a proverb that, to be well made, three kingdoms must be concerned in the making; Spain to dress the leather, France to cut it, and England to sew it. But France, for a considerable period, is said to have had the preference in all these three respects.

Sixty years ago, pall-holders, and other persons attending funerals, wore white leather gloves. In 1741 men and women's "white glazed lamb" gloves were offered for sale in Boston.

Ruffs, however odd it may appear to us, were formerly worn by males as well as females. Queen Elizabeth appointed officers, it is related, to clip the ruff of every person seen wearing it of larger dimensions than the law permitted. A clergyman in 1608 took occasion to allude to a lady who wore a ruff that looked "like a sail; yea, like a rainbow." Ruffs were wired as well as starched. Anne, widow of Dr. Turner, for assisting the Countess of Essex to poison Sir Thomas Overbury in 1613, received the following sentence: "That, as she was the first to introduce the fashion of yellow starched ruffs, she should be hung in that dress, that the same might be held in shame and detestation." In the play of "Albusnazzar," edited in 1614, Arsnulina asks Trincalo, "What price bears wheat and saffron, that your band is so stiff and yellow?"

Speaking of starch, it first came into use in England in 1564. It was carried thither by a Mrs. Dinghen Vanden Plasse, of Flanders, who set up business as a professed starcher, and instructed others how to use the article for five pounds, and how to make it for twenty pounds. The *New Letter* of 1712 gives this notice: "Very good starch, made in Boston by a starch maker lately from London, is for sale."

The picture of Governor Winthrop appears with an elegant ruff. The custom was imported by some of our primitive settlers, but in 1629 this part of the dress became so enlarged that the Legislature of Massachusetts felt obliged to command that it be kept within due bounds.

In the reign of James I. bands succeeded the full, stiff ruff. They were prepared with wire and starch, so as to stand out "horizontally and squarely." They were held by a cord and tassel at the neck.

People of the *ton* had the strings and tassels of their bands

sometimes elegantly scalloped and embroidered, which custom finally attracted the attention of our civil authorities, who, in 1634, "forbade bands to be ornamented with costly work." In 1639 a law was likewise enacted prohibiting the wearing of bands so broad as had been the fashion.

GOLD FOR JEWELLERY.—Pure gold is never required for jewellery, and is usually alloyed by introducing a small quantity of silver or copper. Silver renders it lighter in color, and copper gives it a deeper shade, inclining it to a reddish hue. The jeweller of the present day relies in a great measure on dies for the forms he gives the articles that come from his hand. These he has cut in steel with care, and many of them are beautiful; and often they are very intricate. The gold is rolled into strips, and what is beheld is all that it professes to be—pure gold; but the proportion of the metal to the whole is very small. A strip of gold not thicker than a silver dollar is secured to a bar of brass of corresponding size, but much thicker in proportion. A flux is applied to unite the two, and the mass is subjected to the action of the fire. At the proper moment it is withdrawn, and when cool the two metals are found firmly united. The bar is then rolled out between cylinders set in motion by steam power, and this operation is continued till the metal, in the form of a ribbon, is not thicker than letter paper. It is then cut into small pieces of the size required, and the artisan so places them in succession that the die falls upon each in turn, giving to it the required form. As the die rises, the piece last struck is removed, and another piece is placed over the socket ready to be struck when the die comes down again. The die is attached to a heavy weight, which gives force to the blow, and it is guided by a grooved framework.

LOBSTERS.—A very large portion of the lobsters sold to the Boston markets are furnished by parties who carry on the business in Gloucester, requiring about ten thousand dollars' worth of vessels and materials in its management. Harbors on the coast of Maine where the fish are the most plenty are selected, and men are set to work catching them early in March, who make it their only business for about four months. Wooden plugs are driven into the sockets of their claws, that they may be handled safely, and prevented from destroying each other, while in the floating cars in which they are confined until the arrival of the vessel. These vessels are smack built. The fish are then transferred to the well-room, and in this manner, still in their native element, they are carried into Boston, where they are boiled and exposed for sale. The parties here in this pursuit carry about two hundred thousand annually into Boston, which average not far from five cents each, an aggregate of ten thousand dollars. Lobsters must be boiled alive, and are only suitable for food within twelve or fifteen hours after they are dead. When alive, they are of a dark green color, and with their snapping claws and sprawling legs are ugly-looking customers.

CONGLOMERATED TERMS.—At the time of the publication of Noah Webster's Dictionary in England, a London journal published the following squib on its assemblage of unusual words:—"No longer feeling a carnification, I purchased fruit of a carpologist, and castigated my appetite by caseous food, my drink being bonyclaber. Wishing to cheverilize my ^{ooo} (excuse the catasterism) I praised her catadropical eyes, when she, not being a catharist, hit me a clip. I grew chuffy, for her fingers were cheliforous, and I chode her well for chowdering at me. I attended a caucus, and being characterized by comity of manners, I was listening complacently to a catenulate discourse—the room was cluttered, and a carow approached me; he spoke to me cavillingly, but I forgave him on account of his cecity; another came, whose superior celstitude nearly reached the cespitious roof; the clouterly circumcellion accused me of cicisbeism, and struck me with a clunk. I was chiragrical, and felt a carpal pain; but when he bespawled me, and said I was conductitious, I gave him a colorific blow and clipt. His faults were commentitious, and as we had been long comorant, I relented; but, the conceptacle of my head was injured, and I quitted the room, not quite so cony, nor so cocket and chirch as I came in."



MOZART.

LIFE OF MOZART.

WHAT Shakespeare is in poetry Mozart is in music. Each has inspiration and science. Indeed, in the grander developments of their art there never have been men whose individual myriad-mindedness was so happily expressed; one to the senses the other to the intellect of man. And herein consists the difference between the poet and musician—the former uses words, which have a mental association, while the composer touches the heart by an immediate appeal to our outer senses. Thus music is thrown away upon a deaf man; while poetry, being independent of all the senses, is equally potent with the deaf, the dumb and the blind, as with the full-organised being. But these reflections might be carried *ad infinitum*; they are too obvious to need any elaboration. Our sole object in instituting the comparison between the authors of “Hamlet” and “Don Juan” was merely to set the musical student into thinking how nearly the philosophy of the poet and that of the musician are allied.

In one respect the musician has an advantage over the poet, since the child in the street responds to the mind of Mozart, as developed through the rudest of organs, while the grandest

lyric of Browning would be lost upon all but the cultivated classes. We thus see that if music appeal to the lower or ruder sense, poetry is more independent of the outer senses.

It may, however, be stated that the harsh notes of the common organ, whose grating parody of some favorite tune would drive a fastidious musician frantic with its discordant resemblance, are reproduced to the uncultivated mind by that peculiar organization which every human being naturally possesses, and which can be so tutored by habit as to render the bagpipes a dulcet potency.

Music thus becomes the great mental stimulant of the million. Its effects are as evanescent and peculiar as intoxication; a favorite tune will melt to tears or stir to rage: horses feel its inspiration. Music is therefore simply the might of sound. The peal of thunder is a chord of nature, and the breeze that sighs through the leafy trees is the faint exercise of an omnipotent note.

As a great poet says:

Music resembles Poetry; in each
Are nameless graces which no art can teach,
And which a master-mind alone can reach.

Mozart was born in Salzburg, in January, 1756. His father

was a musician of some note, second chapel-master to the prince archbishop; and devoted his leisure to the musical culture of his two children. When the boy was three years' old, his sister, a little girl of seven, began to take lessons on the harpsichord. The boy was attracted by the instrument, and would delight to find *thirds* upon it. At four years he played correctly simple airs and minuets which his father taught him. From four to six he actually composed these little things and dictated them to his father, who wrote them down. He was so finely organized that discords were unendurable to him; at the sound of a trumpet he turned pale and swooned. A year or two later he detected the difference of a half-a-quarter of a note in the pitch of a violin from what it was the day before. Moral and mental qualities corresponded. Extreme affectionateness—ten times a day he would ask, "Are you sure you love me?" and if answered "No," in sport, he would burst into tears. Love of knowledge—for a period he even renounced his music, and engaged eagerly in the usual studies of his age; and when he was studying arithmetic, the tables, chairs, floors and walls were covered with figures. But music was the great passion. He was a sprightly, playful boy at first, but all this fled at the sound of the harpsichord; and ever after music was indispensable to all his amusements. The children used to carry their playthings in procession from rock to rock with him, one of the number singing or playing on the violin.

At the age of six he was taken to Munich to play before the elector, and to Vienna, where he astonished the Emperor Francis and his court. The anecdotes told of this excursion, while they show how wondrously the plant unfolded new beauties every day, also show a modest independence and appreciation of himself. He would not play showy trifles, but he put his whole soul into it when he played before good judges, and he knew who they were. "Where is Mr. Wagenseil?" he said to the emperor, as he sat down to the harpsichord; "he understands the thing; send for him;" and the person in question, a distinguished composer, was made to take the emperor's place by the piano. "Mr. Wagenseil; I am going to play one of your concertos, and you must turn over the leaves for me."

On their return to Salzburg he took with him a little violin, which his father had bought him for a plaything in Vienna. On this he taught himself to play, as on the harpsichord.

And now begins his public life. The next three years were spent in travelling. The whole Mozart family went together; the boy of seven and his sister giving concerts. Touching at the principal German cities, they arrived at Paris, where he was allowed to appear at court and play before the royal family, and were received with admiration. Here young Mozart composed his first two sets of sonatas. Next they went to England. His organ-playing in the Royal Chapel was most admired. He gave concerts with his sister, in which all the symphonies were his own composing; he played Handel and Bach at sight; he played a new opera duet, with accompaniments for several instruments from the score, at the same time singing one part and correcting the mistakes of his father, who sang the other; he would extemporize a melody to a given bass; and when the queen's music-master, holding him on his knees, would play a piece of an air, he would continue it in the same style. He returned to Salzburg in 1766, and there spent one quiet year in regular musical studies (his instinct seems to have taught him all thus far) with his father. The next year he was playing before the Emperor Joseph II., in Vienna, again, and composed an opera, which was approved by Metastasio; being now twelve years old. Another year of study at home prepared him for his career in Italy. We will not follow him from place to place. He was not yet fifteen, and all Italy acknowledged him as a master; stars and orders were given him in one city; he was made a member of the selectest musical society in another (composing the trial anthem in half an hour); the greatest opera composer, Hasse, said, "He will eclipse us all;" he was commissioned to compose the opera for the carnival season in Milan; and (greatest of all) after two hearings of his famous "Miserere," in the Pope's Chapel, which it was forbidden to copy on pain of excommunication, he wrote it all down in all the parts, without losing a note. Most of his time was spent in Italy, composing operas

and music for festival occasions, now and then returning to execute similar orders in Germany, until 1775, when he returned to Salzburg, at the age of nineteen.

Here ends the chapter of the "infant phenomenon." The charm was gone for vulgar eyes. Inwardly the man had more than kept the promise of the child; but the world—then, as always, seeking for a "sign"—had no eyes to see, nor ears to hear this real miracle. The "show" was over; what market was there now for genuine merit? The young man who at nineteen had won all the musical honors of Italy, whose fame filled Europe from London to Naples, as a composer in every department of his art, could not find a patron among all the thousands of musical noblemen in Germany. For three years he waited in his native city with the vain expectation of being appointed chapel-master. Then he started for Paris, his mother accompanying him, on account of his extreme ignorance of worldly affairs. He stopped at Munich and Augsburg by the way; but one prince had no vacant place for him; and another said, "It is too early—let him go to Italy, and make himself a name." His letters to his father from these places, full of sincerity and vivid perception of things and relations, and written in a simple and graceful style, show the struggle between his inward consciousness of superiority and his perfect humility and nothingness in the great world. It was more than vanity which compelled him to say, "Let the prince come to the proof; let him assemble all the composers of Munich; let him send for those of Italy, France, Germany, England and Spain; I will engage with them all." In Paris it was worse. The great did not deign to notice him, and the musicians were jealous of him. To add to his misfortunes, he lost his mother, and he left Paris with a heavy heart, renewing his vain applications in different places by the way home. Mozart, the admiration of the world could not even with great pains obtain the situation of music teacher to the children of the Elector of Mentz, worth forty pounds a year! This is not a rare case in the history of genius. Real greatness and the talent of succeeding at separable things, not inconsistent with each other, also not essential to each other. Mozart, in truth, had not the inherent faculty of influence; he was not one of those powers whom all heads and hands involuntarily serve. A pale, diminutive young man, with "a countenance remarkable for nothing but its variableness," sensitive, nervous and awkward, seeking sympathy, but with nothing imposing about him. He had not that moral magnetism, by which a Handel, a Napoleon, and his own "Don Juan," always tell upon the world—always succeed, say what else you will of it. He despised ambition, and rather than cherish a love of influence for its own sake, preferred to have no influence.

To him the evil of it was, that it did not allow him to compose, except in the small way of drudgery. There was no demand for what he could do, what he burned to do. His mind was teeming with glorious conceptions, which, for want of a resting-place, could not take form. Thus, writing from Paris about his disappointments, he says, "If I were in a place where the people had ears to hear, or hearts to feel, or only understood and possessed a little taste for music, I should laugh heartily at these things; but as far as regards a taste for music, I am living among mere beasts and cattle. An aristocracy, which is from its very nature the slave of fashion, is deaf or blind to every kind of merit that does not bear the stamp of its idol."

But it was not meant that the treasure should be lost. The spirit must fulfil its mission ere it leaves the earth. Though destined never to know good fortune, he found a resting-place at last, in 1780, at Vienna, where he remained in the service of the Emperor Joseph II., until his death, ten years. In this period he produced his greatest works. It was blessed, too, by his marriage with Constance Weber, whom he passionately loved, and who was his devoted friend and guide, soothing all his sorrows, and supplying all his want of worldly tact, being a woman of as much energy as loveliness of character. She was his inspiration while he composed the first of that great series of works, his opera "Idomeneo," which determined the whole tendency of opera music since its time. About the same time he composed another, at the somewhat reluctant order of

the emperor, whose taste was for Italian music, "The Escape from the Seraglio."

"This is too fine for us," said the emperor, looking over the score, "here are altogether too many notes."

"May it please your majesty," replied Mozart (who did not want a noble pride if he did seem weak at times through too much desire of being loved), "there are just the number that there should be."

Then, at least, his word carried weight with it. The emperor could not but respect Mozart's imperial self-possession; and, to his honor, heard the opera, and openly applauded. Still he paid the artist poorly, and employed him little. It was by the sale of smaller compositions, and in great measure by composing waltzes and *contredances* that he eked out a subsistence; while "Figaro" and "Cosi fan tutte" and "Don Juan," were his recreations. The King of Prussia offered him a much larger salary; all his friends said, "Go;" but here he was weak again through his affections—a single appeal to them on the part of Joseph fixed him fast, and he declined the tempting offer, saying, "How can I leave my good emperor?" He was too unworlily to take advantage of the title, and secure an increase of salary; the poor pittance of eighty pounds a year was all he had till the year of his death. Once when this was paid him he exclaimed, "Too much for what I do; too little for what I could and would do."

Intensely as he toiled during these years, it was with great irregularity. A tendency to indolence and an impulsive way of doing things is only what we might expect from such a temperament. Thus it is said, the overture to "Don Juan," his masterpiece, was postponed to the very first night before the first performance. He began composing about eleven o'clock, having stimulated his faculties with hot punch, his wife sitting by him, and telling him all the fairy tales and comic adventures she could remember, to keep him awake; and while he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks, he worked to good purpose; but now and then would nod. It was finished, however, in time for the orchestra to play it without rehearsal.

Excessive application, together with excessive love of pleasure, soon began to wear upon his health. For the last three or four years of his life he worked with an incredible rapidity, yet with a perfect thoroughness of execution, which seemed inspired by the presentiment that he had no longer to live, and that there was still the secret of his life to be told. "Life is short and art is long," is a truth which grew upon him with a more and more alarming emphasis. The very last few months of his life witnessed the production of three of his greatest works. The opera of the "Magic Flute" was undertaken to save an opera manager from bankruptcy. It was produced in a month—a month during which he wrote day and night, letting nothing tempt him from his work till he sunk back exhausted on his couch. His wife and friends would try to win him from his insatuated abstraction, in which he was tending to realize his own presentiment, by getting him out to walk amid the green fields and happy groups of people, a sight always grateful to him. But in vain. He walked as a duty; but his mind was studying far away the while. She would get his friends to visit him late at night, as if by accident; but he would not talk; he would write on, as if they were not present, till sleep or exhaustion overcame him. While yet in the midst of this work, the coronation of the Emperor Leopold called him away to the composition of another opera; and a fortnight witnessed the conception and completion of his "Clemenza di Tito." Still the "Zauberflöte" went on, was ready by the day appointed, and its magic music saved the sinking manager. It seemed a miracle how he completed it. He said that the whole second act was conceived in one day in a stage-coach, and that he only wanted more hands to write it down fast enough. It was played over one hundred nights in succession. He directed the performance in person only the first few times; his health permitted it no longer; but he would sit looking at his watch and imagine the progress of the piece; saying to himself, "Now they have finished the first act, now comes such a song," &c.; and then would sigh to think how soon he must leave all this.

Who has not heard the mysterious history of his "Requiem?"

He poured out the fevered current of his life in the hurried yet anxiously prolonged composition of it, and realised his own presentiment, that the Requiem which was ordered by the stranger would prove his own! He died December 5th, 1791. So passed his short life, like a strain of his own music, alternating between the sweet sad ecstasy of love and the shudder of awe. Sensibility and marvellousness were the whole of him. All things in this world were nothing to him, save as the heart has property in them. His life was one intense longing to be loved: his music the expression of it, and in a great degree the satisfaction of it—Heaven's answer to his prayer.

TERRIFIC FIGHT WITH A RATTLESNAKE.

From a Peoria paper of late date we extract the following account of what came very near being a tragedy in the neighborhood of that city:

"We have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City, but such it appears is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the court-house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected, near the same location, and all that has remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar, and two well preserved brick cisterns which had been kept covered up. Last week the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower garden, found himself in the want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and, finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best brick he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank with one end partially imbedded in the earth that somewhat incommoded him, so seizing it, with some exertion he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise, at the next moment, to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand!

"As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out, and the snake, bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene, but she was so overcome with fright, that she became powerless to render any assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed on each occasion to hit him upon the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake all the time becoming more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but watching his chance made several frantic efforts to jump bodily from this seeming pit of destruction. At the last trial, he fortunately grasped a brick which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making probably one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall, he became a 'pretty well used-up sar-pint.'

"Weak and exhausted, our hero, by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit, but when once more upon the earth he fainted away, and it was some time before he could be recovered. For several succeeding days he was quite unwell, owing probably to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while his desperate exercises in the encounter rendered him exceedingly lame. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles! The latter have been preserved, and are placed in Shoaff's Museum for exhibition."

LORD BACON beautifully said, "If a man be gracious to strangers, he shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from the other lands, but a continent that joins them."

THE WAR IN ITALY.

On the 1st of January all Europe was startled by some angry words addressed by Louis Napoleon to the Austrian minister. The telegraph announced to all the world that the despots of Paris and Vienna were at issue on the Italian question. England and Russia endeavored, by negotiation, to avert hostilities; but the matter had gone too far for diplomacy, and on the 29th of April the Austrian army crossed the Ticino, and thus invaded the Sardinian territory. The natural conclusion was that such a bold and aggressive movement could only be the result of a determination to crush the Sardinian army before the French could arrive; but it merely ended in a crusade of pillage. While the Austrians were employing their time in stripping the fields and the cities, Louis Napoleon transported above one hundred and thirty thousand men from France to the seat of war. Some by sea to Genoa, and from thence to Alessandria, and others by way of Mont Cenis.

The first determined opposition made to the Austrian advance was at Valenza, where there were two fine bridges across the Po. The Piedmontese destroyed one of these, and the Austrians determined to destroy the other; so, on the 3d and 4th they made great demonstrations as if to cross the river, both there and opposite Frassinetto, and succeeded in mining the bridge. On the 4th, also, General Benedek, the enemy's attention being drawn to the above named points, succeeded in crossing the Po at Cornale, with forty thousand men, on a bridge constructed by the engineers. He pushed on to Voghera, and reconnoitered Tortona with a powerful detachment. In retiring he blew up the railway bridge of Pontecurone, which must be a serious blow to the allies. In the night of the 4th to the 5th the Po rose fifteen feet, and destroyed General Benedek's bridge over the Po, thus isolating him entirely. In twenty-four hours another bridge was constructed, over which he retired on the 6th, carrying off vast stores of bread, tobacco, salt, rice, meal, corn, hay, &c., from Voghera.

At Valenza the unparalleled rise of the Po filled the first mines formed, and it was not till the 8th of May that the bridge was destroyed. At Frassinetto the intended deception was completely successful. Quantities of boards, &c., were ordered with great ostentation at Candia, and some hundreds of laborers. On the 3d of May some lancers led the way across a ford of the Sesia to an island between that river and the Po. Four companies of grenadiers followed, and half a rocket battery, the whole under Colonel Puchner. The island is thickly covered with brushwood, so the smallness of their number was concealed from the enemy, who opened a heavy fire from the southern bank of the Po. This was answered by the rocket battery and the grenadiers, who extended themselves along the bank. This action was attended with very trifling loss.

On the 9th of May most of the troops were withdrawn to the east of the Sesia, and the headquarters moved to Mortara—both armies contenting themselves with skirmishing. It would seem as though both of these hostile masses shrunk from the first shock of battle.

In this state the Austrian army remained till the 19th, when Gen. Gyulai removed his headquarters to Garlasco. In the meantime, Napoleon, whose headquarters were in Alessandria, busied himself by inspecting the different outposts and positions, and by reconnoitering the banks of the Po, so as to inform himself of the nature of the ground he might so soon be called upon to contend for his fame and crown. On the 17th he visited Victor Emanuel, who was stationed at Occimiano. The troops were actively engaged in repairing the damage done to the bridges, roads and railways.

During the night of the 17th a small body of Austrians escalated the bridge of Valenza, through a breach, but were unable to retain its possession.

THE FRENCH AT GENOA.

The news of the Austrians crossing the Ticino was hailed with enthusiasm by the French army, and met with an immediate response in the conduct of Louis Napoleon. Every means at his disposal to forward troops to the aid of his ally were put in requisition; and although it was evident the sudden action of Austria had somewhat taken the French government by surprise, no time was lost to regain the advantage.

With his usual energy and despatch, Louis Napoleon resolved to send troops by sea from Marseilles and Toulon to Genoa, and by land over the Alps, via Mont Cenis. In addition to a toilsome march, the troops which were sent by the latter way had to encounter the evil of a late season. Despite the efforts of four thousand pioneers sent before to prepare the roads by clearing them of ice and snow, the march was a toilsome and a tedious one, and so hazardous, that two divisions under order to enter Piedmont by that road were sent by steamers from Toulon.

It is needless to describe the enthusiasm with which they were welcomed by the Piedmontese. There is always something in every excitement, whether of love, war or gaming, calculated to destroy the moral dignity and mental acumen of man, or otherwise never would any nation welcome with plaudits the arrival of a foreign force to assist them in defending either their liberty or their native soil. The very enthusiasm proclaims the fear, and as terror is the most cruel of all things, so it is the most abject. As the protection of the aristocrat to humble beauty is the forerunner of ruin, so is the aid of a great power to a smaller the commencement of a dependence fatal to liberty and dignity. It is fallen and decaying Rome calling in the aid of barbarians. The old story of the Britons and the Saxons over again.

Napoleon, having forwarded nearly one hundred and twenty thousand men by Mont Cenis and by sea transport, then resolved to put himself at the head of the army he had thus despatched to the aid of Victor Emanuel. Having, therefore, made all the necessary

arrangements, he issued a proclamation, in which he constituted the empress sole regent during his absence, but enjoining her to consult his uncle, Jerome, on all occasions.

This done, he left Paris on the afternoon of the 10th. He received evidences of popular affection seldom given to monarchs. Shouts of applause and showers of tears were freely given to the liberating despot—that strange compound, who combines in his own person the William Tell with the Bomba. For the first time for years that ominous sound, the Marseillaise, was heard, and amid a tempest of popular enthusiasm the Third Napoleon, like the first of his race, bade adieu to his empress and his child, and, attended by his cousin Napoleon and a brilliant staff, proceeded on his journey to Marseilles. The next morning he embarked, with his suite, on board the Reine Hortense, and in a few hours arrived at Genoa the superb.

He landed at the inner port, Darserra, and proceeded direct to the royal palace, from the balcony of which he presented himself to the assembled populace, who greeted him with enthusiastic plaudits and acclamations.

The emperor was accompanied to the palace by Prince Carignano, Count Cavour, and Count D'Auvergne, the French Ambassador.

The port was full of ornamented small boats crowded with spectators, and on shore the city presented the appearance of a *fiel*. A large structure, covered with flags, a symbolic representation of the French and Sardinian alliance, was erected at the landing-place. Flowers were cast before the emperor by the populace during his progress.

The emperor held a review of some old soldiers in the courtyard of the royal palace, and in the evening he went to the theatre, where his reception was most enthusiastic. He was accompanied by Prince Napoleon and Prince Carignano.

On the following day the King of Sardinia went to Genoa, and after paying a brief visit to the emperor, he returned again to headquarters, at Alessandria.

The emperor having issued a proclamation to the army, in which he said that he had come to second the struggle of a people now vindicating their independence, remained a day to survey the position of the armies and to receive the congratulations of his allies.

On the same day the Emperor of Austria, accompanied by General Hess, arrived at Milan, and immediately departed for Paris.

While the Austrian headquarters were moved from Verocelli to Garlasco, the former place was immediately occupied by the allies.

The war commenced with one of those coincidences which are so dearly prized by the nephew of his uncle. Fifty-nine years ago the first Napoleon fought a battle at Montebello, as a preface to Marengo—on the 20th of May another battle was contested on the same spot, and with the similar result of a French victory.

On Thursday, May 19th, it was known at headquarters that an Austrian corps, about six thousand strong, was assembled at Stradella, and that it had commenced its march along the Voghera road, the artillery using the causeway, and the horse and foot the level ground on the north. But the public never imagined there was anything in it. It was a mere reconnoissance, a feint, too transparent not to be seen through, &c. This opinion appears to have extended to headquarters.

It appears that during the night from the 19th to the 20th, his majesty the emperor was informed by an aide-de-camp from Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers, telling him he expected to be attacked at daybreak, or very soon after. "What! is that all? It was hardly worth while to trouble you for such a message," retorted the imperial commander-in-chief.

Next morning his majesty, ordering his horses and escort, soon disappeared along the road leading to Marengo, where he visited the scene of the battle. Meanwhile, Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers sent forward about six squadrons of cavalry (Piedmontese) to reconnoitre and check the advance of the Austrians, if possible; and orders were immediately given to General Forey to get his division under arms, and to start immediately for Montebello and Valleggio. The utmost dispatch was used, but owing to the bad state of the roads and the distance at which one regiment was encamped from another, General Forey had to start with the seventeenth battalion of Chasseurs, commanded by M. Ferrusart, and the seventy-fourth and eighty-fourth regiments of the line, under Brigadier General Beuret, leaving the other regiments of his division—the ninety-first and ninety-eighth foot—to follow. Orders were also sent to General Vinoy's division, encamped at Cantalupo and Mezzana Corte, to hasten to the support of General Forey.

The Piedmontese cavalry, after occupying Casteggio, had been driven back by the Austrians, who followed it into Montebello, where they were brought up by the force under Forey and Beuret. A fierce contest took place in the streets of the village, from whence the French were ultimately driven, after two hours' hard fighting; but at this time a reinforcement made its appearance in the shape of half a battery of artillery and the ninety-first and ninety-eighth regiments. The village was recaptured after much slaughter, and the Austrians fell back along the road to Casteggio in perfect order, closely followed by the French. The Austrians suffered very severely in this retreat, and would have done still more so but for the admirable conduct of their artillery. At Casteggio they stopped their retrograde movement, and a battalion of riflemen posted on some well wooded hills south of the town kept up a galling fire against the French. The seventy-fourth regiment alone had about one hundred men put *hors de combat* at Casteggio by the murderous rifles of the Tyrolean jagers. The rest of the Austrians developed themselves in fields on the left, despite several very gallant attempts of the Sardinian horse to prevent them. The French made a desperate attack to gain possession of the village, but they were repulsed, and retired in considerable disorder to Montebello, the Austrians pursuing them, and it would have been all

up with the Forey division but for the fifty-second regiment and the sixth battalion of Chasseurs, who had just arrived from Cantalupo.

With all this, it seems that Austrians and French entered pell mell into Montebello, where a dreadful butchery took place, but the upshot of the matter was that the Austrians retired, leaving a fearful number of killed and wounded all along the road.

The Sardinian cavalry, who behaved with a degree of intrepidity that is hardly done justice to in the bulletins, attempted to pursue them, but were too fatigued to do so effectually.

The Austrians retired in perfect order, but two hundred prisoners remained in the victors' hands. They must have been greatly surprised, and not a little relieved, at finding no fresh troops were sent in pursuit. They retired behind the Po, moving along the Piacenza road, as far as Stradella, and then crossing over to the northern bank of the river. The road to Piacenza is now therefore open to the French, unless there be an Austrian force at Castel San Giovanni, a fact which is not as yet cleared up.

At the beginning of the action the Austrians had a decided numerical advantage, but at the close the advantage of numbers was wholly on the side of the French.

The loss in this battle is supposed to be about equal on both sides, and may be estimated at near twelve hundred, killed and wounded. General Stadion commanded the Austrians, and General Forey the French and Sardinians.

The Vienna correspondent of the *London Times* says that Count Stadion passed the Po on the 20th, by the strongly fortified bridge at Vacarizza, with twenty-five thousand men, to ascertain the position of the French. He found them in Casteggio, which he stormed. He then came upon Baragay d'Hilliers' army, near Montebello. He attacked it so as to make the enemy display his strength. In the fight Stadion was wounded. The French brought up fresh troops, by rail, during the battle. At night Stadion retired, having effected his purpose.

The *Times* Paris correspondent writes that letters entitled to some credit, state positively that only four thousand two hundred French troops were engaged at Montebello. The Austrians are admitted to have fought admirably in line, but not so well in close quarters, or when the moment came to cross the bayonet. Other accounts estimate the French forces in this action at fully twelve thousand. It is said that General Forey's coat was riddled with bullets.

Private accounts say the real loss of the French was one thousand to one thousand one hundred men.

The *Times* Pavia correspondent says the Austrians admit that the French fought splendidly. From the heights the Austrians beheld the novelty of train after train of French troops arriving by railway from Voghera, disgorging them and immediately hastening back for more.

THE INROAD OF GARIBALDI.

Garibaldi led his volunteer corps across the right wing of the Austrians in Upper Lombardy, and on the evening of the 27th, after a furious fight, which lasted from five to eight o'clock, Garibaldi entered Como, amidst bell ringing and the general illumination of the town. The combat was renewed at Camerlotta, and the Austrians again gave way and retreated. All the steamers on the Lake of Como were in the possession of Garibaldi. Garibaldi has reinforcements of troops at Como, the artillery has been re-organized, the National Guards mobilized, and volunteers are hastening to increase the militia.

Como is an episcopal city of Lombardy, capital of a province of its own name, at the southern extremity of the Lake of Como, in a delightful valley, enclosed by hills covered with gardens and with olive and chestnut groves. The population, including its nine suburbs, is sixteen thousand, of whom seven thousand belong to the city proper. It has a public library of fifty thousand volumes, a botanic garden, three gymnasia and a museum of antiquities. Como was a place of importance under the Romans, having been rendered so by a colony of Greeks sent there by Julius Caesar, when it obtained the name of *Noloum Colmum*. It was the birthplace of the younger (and probably also of the elder) Pliny, of Volta and of Pope Innocent XI. A colossal statue has been recently erected to Volta. Como is a lake of North Italy, Lombardy, an expansion of the river Adda, which enters it at the foot of the Lepontine and Rhetian Alps, and quits it at Lecco, in the midst of mountains of from one thousand to one thousand three hundred feet in elevation. It is of a very irregular shape, being separated into the two branches of Como and Lecco by the promontory of Bellagio. Extreme breadth between Menaggio and Verona, three miles. Length from Como to Riva, thirty-five miles. Como is, on account of the beauty of its basin, and its favorable exposure, the most celebrated of all the lakes of North Italy. Its shores are covered with elegant villas, among which are the Villa d'Este, long the residence of Queen Caroline of England, and the Villa Lenno on the supposed site of Pliny's villa. The lake abounds in all kinds of fish; its navigation is liable to interruption from sudden storms; regular steam communication is established between its principal towns.

The national movement is spreading, and the town of Lecco is free. The Austrians, in considerable force, have occupied Dobbe. The Austrian war steamer on the Lago Maggiore kept up a three hours' cannonade upon the town of Cannobbio without much effect. Advices from Lugano, dated noon of the 28th, state that the Austrians, pursued by General Garibaldi, were withdrawing towards Milan. General Garibaldi had occupied Camerio and Lecco. Insurrectionary movements have taken place in the Valtellina, and eight hundred Valtelline insurgents are now on board an Austrian steamer. Valtellina is a circle of the Austrian dominions, consisting of the upper valley of the Adda, south-east of the Grisons, and forming the Austro-Italian delegation of Sondrio, which, with Tirano, Chiavenna and Bormio are its chief towns.

THE COMBAT OF PALESTRO.

On Monday, the 31st, Victor Emanuel, with about twenty thousand men, crossed the river Sesia, opposite Palestro, a town equidistant from Novara and Mortara. The Austrians were entrenched at Palestro, Gasolino and Vinzaglio, where they awaited, with great composure, the attack of the Sardinians. The assault was confined to Palestro, which, after an obstinate struggle, was taken from the Austrians. The Sardinians captured two guns and a few prisoners. In this combat the King of Sardinia displayed the most admirable coolness with the most daring valor. He is becoming very popular with the French, who compare the caution of their emperor with his courage and contempt of danger. In the evening Vercelli was illuminated for the victory. Louis Napoleon traversed the streets on foot, and rejoicings made the air ring.

Early the next morning twenty-five thousand Austrians made a desperate attempt to retake the town they had lost the preceding day, and moved to the assault with true Teutonic pluck. Victor Emanuel commanded the fourth division in person. The combat was long and bloody; and although the Sardinians repulsed their enemies along the front, yet the Austrians at one time outflanked the Sardinians so far as to threaten the bridge of boats which connected Victor Emanuel's division with General Canrobert. To prevent this, Louis Napoleon despatched Cialdini at the head of the third regiment of Zouaves, who, although wholly unsupported by artillery, rushed desperately upon the enemy's battery, planted on the side of a deep canal, and carried it with great rapidity, bayoneting the gunners, and driving the Austrians into the water. In this sanguinary action four hundred Austrians were drowned, and five hundred made prisoners. The Zouaves lost nearly three hundred in killed and wounded.

The next day General Niel entered Novara at the head of his division, and attacked the Austrian outposts, which, after a sharp struggle, were carried by the French. In the evening Louis Napoleon entered the town, and was received with loud acclamations.

THE DAY AFTER THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO.

Within fifteen hours after the battle was over, we entered Montebello, where were only an advanced guard of forty light Sardinian horse. The city was still almost a desert. The inhabitants who had fled the day before at the approach of the enemy's columns, were returning timidly one by one, watching and listening sharply, to find out the condition of their houses. Corpses covered the approaches to the town and filled the streets, those of the Austrians in the proportion to four to one of the allies. While M. Gaidrau, my fellow traveller, was sketching for *L'Illustration* the scenes of the battle, according to the description of the Piedmontese officer, I went into some of the houses.

Everywhere I saw soldiers dead and stiff in the attitudes in which they had been struck. Bodies strewn in pools of blood, furniture broken, walls grooved by balls, doors and windows smashed, bayonets bent, and twisted muskets which had been used as clubs, all this made up one of those scenes which are never forgotten.

I went to the cemetery. It was literally filled with Austrians, lying among the graves. It is on ground elevated considerably above the road, and has a wall which is pierced with grated openings. It might almost be called a fortification. All the intrepidity and incredible dash of our soldiers was required to dislodge a desperate enemy with so little loss.

I have seen the Austrian prisoners. Many of them are Hungarians, and openly express their joy at being in our hands. They tell, in bad Italian, incredible stories of their sufferings since the campaign commenced, and of the sorry state of Gyulai's army.

GARIBALDI IN LOMBARDY.

A correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* gives the following sketch of Garibaldi's operations in Lombardy:

It was on Monday evening that Garibaldi's Chasseurs of the Alps arrived at Varese, after a prodigious march of two days. A proclamation was issued by the general, inviting the whole of the Varese province to rise against their oppressors. The appeal was generally listened to, and men of every age and condition hastened to the official residence of Marquis Visconti, the extraordinary commissioner sent by Count Cavour as the coadjutor of the Italian general. In less than two hours, the whole of the surrounding country was in arms. Old men, children, and even women, came to the Town Hall, with all sorts of weapons, ready to help the small band—three thousand—of their brethren. Varese was soon fortified, barricades erected, and means of defence carefully ordered. Bands of peasants were pouring into the town from the numberless hamlets, villas and villages, which deck the picturesque hills of that beautiful country—the finest in Lombardy, and perhaps of Europe.

Garibaldi, who is always to be found everywhere when danger is coming, began to array in companies the new comers, and gave the necessary orders for the defence of the country, as he supposed the Austrians posted at Gallarate would attack him on the next day.

He was not deceived in his expectations, for on Wednesday morning, at dawn, three hundred Croats and one hundred and thirty hussars, with a field battery, marched from Gallarate to Sesto Calende, where the advanced guard of our chasseurs were posted. This advanced guard was commanded by Captain Decristoforis, a young man of great military ability, who only two months ago was in England, and kept a first-rate military school at Putney. After a fight, which lasted two hours, the enemy was completely defeated, leaving some prisoners in our hands.

The Austrians were obliged to retire on Somma, and nothing was heard of them till next morning at four o'clock. This second attack was of a more serious character. It was effected by a brigade five thousand strong, with ten field pieces and two squadrons of Uhlans. After a first discharge of their muskets, the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with the bayonet, and with so much impetuosity

that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing. Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand-to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand-to-hand with swords and bayonets.

At the report of the musketry and artillery the country people unhesitated to the scene of action, with pitchforks, half-pikes and cleavers. "It was a dreadful scene of slaughter," said an eyewitness to me, "which lasted three hours." Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians, who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness.

Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the side of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as if they had been puppets.

A Count Montanari, from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1853, by Radetsky's orders, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword.

At seven o'clock the Austrian general was obliged to give the order for a retreat, as his men were falling in all directions. Garibaldi was close at their heels till they reached the strong position of Malnate, where they stopped to repair their losses.

This is a short but faithful sketch of Garibaldi's exploit. It will always be recorded as one of the most brilliant actions fought in the present war, because he had no artillery, and his soldiers were but volunteers, scarcely drilled, and unaccustomed to camp life.

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

A letter from Marengo of the 26th says: Two grenadiers of the Guards having entered a store-room and filled their canteens with wine from a cask in which they bored a hole, the emperor has punished them by depriving them of the honor of taking part in the campaign, and has sent them back to France to the depot of their regiment. This punishment has been announced in an order of the day from Marshal Vaillant, and has created a great sensation among the troops. The health of the troops continues satisfactory. This is owing to their being in good spirits and abundantly fed.

Private letters tell us that the affair on the Sesia was far more serious than has yet been reported. Victor Emanuel appears to have been wounded rather severely, and two of the aides-de-camp were killed fighting by his side. All accounts agree in speaking highly of the young Duke de Chartres, towards whom a kindly feeling, similar to that manifested towards a spoiled child, is exhibited by nearly every individual in the army. The young duke is said to be indefatigable in the performance of his duties. His health is delicate; but no persuasion can induce him to abstain from participating in the fatigues of his comrades. He is tall beyond his strength, very slight and very fair, and bears a strong resemblance to his father when a boy. It was a common saying at Claremont that the Duke de Chartres was kept alive solely by kindness and cod-liver oil; but the energy and steadiness he has developed in the service have already given proof that, as in many cases, vitality has been developed by the very circumstances which would have been dreaded as creating debility.

The Austrian prisoners embarked on board the Isere for Marseilles belonged for the most part to the 32d Regiment of Infantry of the Archduke Ferdinand d'Este. A letter from Turin, in the *Saint Public*, of Lyons, states that there were found on these men a great number of gold pieces; and as the Austrian soldiers only receive paper money from the government, this gold, the writer declares, must have been taken by them from the inhabitants of the provinces occupied by Gyulai's troops.

The *Moniteur* says: "The emperor having heard that there was living at Alessandria an old soldier, named Fleuret, eighty-seven years of age, who had received three wounds on the 26th Brumaire, An. 5, at the battle of Arcole, in dashing forward among the first on the bridge, sent on the 22d for the veteran to headquarters, before his majesty attended mass. The old man, on being introduced to the emperor, recounted with animation the part which he had taken in that battle, and when he had finished his recital his majesty gave him with his own hand the Cross of the Legion of Honor. In receiving this recompense, which exceeded all his wishes, the soldier of Arcole burst into tears, and could only express his gratitude in a few broken words, which were, however, more eloquent than a long address."

Since the beginning of the month, a number of letters, addressed to Austrian officers, reached our General Post Office. Almost all of them came from Germany, and, no doubt, the writers expected that they would be exactly delivered. This shows that the Austrians thought they would easily reach the capital of Piedmont. Some days having elapsed without the arrival of General Gyulai, the Post Office Director made a report to the minister of the interior, asking him what he ought to do with the letters. Count Cavour dispatched all the letters to Baron Bresset de St. Simon, the Prussian minister at the Sardinian court. As this gentleman, since 1857, has had the protection of Austrian interests and subjects in Piedmont, Count Cavour wrote the following witty letter:

"MONSIEUR LE BARON.—The numerous letters I have the honor to send to your excellency, have been lying for some days at the General Post, without the officers to whom they are addressed having asked for them. As, perhaps, these gentlemen are likely never to arrive in Turin, I beg you to have them sent where they are."

"I have the honor to be of your excellency, &c., CAVOUR."

General de Sonnaz, whose chivalric courage has been so much admired, says a Turin letter, was on the point of being killed by an Austrian chasseur, who was taking aim at him with his rifle. A soldier, seeing the danger, dashed forward and received the ball, and fell severely wounded, well satisfied, however, with having

saved the life of his commander. This soldier was one of the Lombard volunteers, the Marquis Fadini. He is now at Voghera, but his wound excites serious uneasiness.

M. Meissonnier, the favorite painter, has received a commission from the minister of state to paint one or two pictures illustrative of the war in Piedmont, the subject to be at the choice of the artist; either portraits of the leaders of the allied armies, or battle scenes. The *Pays* says that M. Meissonnier will set out for Italy almost immediately, and that M. Fould has presented him with a fee of fifty thousand francs for his remuneration. M. Meissonnier is the painter of the "Rixe," a picture presented by the emperor to the Queen of England.

Almost all the arms and uniforms collected on the field of battle of Montebello are to be brought to Paris. Several of them are destined for Horace Vernet, who has already received the imperial commands to paint the second battle of Montebello for the galleries of Versailles.

PEEPS AT PARIS, THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

PARIS, JULY.

OF war and the concomitants of war all heads in Paris are just now full. But do not expect bulletins from me, please. I am but an unpretending chronicler of the things that I see here daily passing before my eyes, and with the positions, numbers, movements and plans of the belligerent forces I have nothing to do. The minor and personal incidents of the campaign may find a place in these "peeps" of mine, but more than this I shall not interfere with the "fighting correspondents" of the morning papers. For you know there are "fighting correspondents"—gentlemen, that is, who revel in carnage and are "immense" on sanguinary engagements.

As I write, I hear the sound of martial music in the street, and looking out of window I see a regiment of red-legged Zouaves marching proudly by, saluted by sallies of wit and encouragement from the admiring crowd. This drilling of troops through the city on their way to the seat of war is, indeed, the chief amusement of the Parisians now-a-days. The Frenchman of the nineteenth century still retains the bellicose spirit of the ancient Gaul. Of all his inheritances, the love of war clings closest to him, and it is through it that France herself is alternately ruined and saved. Which of these shall it be in this year of our Lord 1859? Who can tell?

When Paris is not sitting by its own fireside in the evening it is very apt to be at the theatre. This latter was the case a few nights ago, when a great melo-drama, in five acts and innumerable tableaux (French melo-dramas usually average three of these last to the act), was represented for the first time. The play, "Micael l'Esclave" is the production of Monsieur Bouchardy, a dramatist of the "raw head and bloody bones" order, who attained some notoriety several years ago by his "Gaspardo le Pêcheur." This Micael of to-day is a very near relative of the Gaspardo of former times, but either the Parisian taste has become dulled to this class of drama, or the author has not made so effectual a piece as in the first instance, for the houses are by no means good; the critics "damn with faint praise," and there is a prospect of a change in the *affiche* very shortly. I should not have introduced M. Bouchardy at such length here if it were not for a little peculiarity attached to the manufacture of his plays, which I had designed jotting down for your benefit. Know, then, that this eminently laborious author (it took him two years to write this last play), has constructed in his apartment a miniature theatre, in which the actors are *marionettes* of his own fashioning. So soon as he conceives the idea of a play quick he flies to his obedient wooden actors, makes of one a humble lover, of another a persecuted princess, and of a third a black-bearded tyrant, persecutor of the princess aforesaid, in accordance with the custom of all well-regulated melo-dramas. By pulling the strings these "dummies" are made to go through with the requisite "stage-business" of the piece, and the author himself supplies them with the dialogue, shifting his tones alternately from the plaintive wailings of the woe-begone princess and the impassioned outbursts of her lover to the deep stomach denunciations of the relentless tyrant. When M. Bouchardy is undecided as to a portion of the dialogue which he puts in the mouths of these automatons he falls back upon the critical acumen of the *concierge* and his wife, whom he calls in as his literary judges. Their decrees are considered final, and the author alters his play according to their suggestions. The fable over again, you see, of Molière reading his plays to his old house-servant—with this difference, however, that Molière was a man of genius and Bouchardy is not.

Longchamps this year was, to the majority of people, quite as gay and brilliant as usual, though, in the eyes of a certain class, a much looked for attraction was lacking. Something, which the harsh exigencies of fortune and a livery-stable-keeper nipped untimely in the bud, was expected, but did not make its appearance. The story of that something is as follows: a bright, particular star of the *demi-monde*, one Mlle. Léocadie and two *démônseilles*, her friends and satellites, had conceived an idea which was destined to create a sensation in the carrying out.

An open carriage, the most splendid procurable, was to be filled by Mlle. Léocadie and her gorgeous raiment. So far nothing out of the way; but the end is not yet. The carriage aforesaid was to be drawn by four horses, driven by the daimels above mentioned, in their office of postilions. Said daimels to be dressed, or rather undressed, in the regular postilion costume—top boots, tight breeches, body coats, lace frills, and black velvet caps.

In view of this great occasion of Longchamps, and the brilliant project which was to crown it, in the eyes of the *bonnes*, with glory, these ladies had taken for three months beforehand lessons in horseback riding—man fashion! Now the keeper of the livery-

stable who was to furnish the carriages and horses on this occasion, got wind of this plan, and, influenced by that disgusting spirit of precaution which characterizes livery-stable keepers all the world over, he refused to allow the "turn out" to be taken out before the cost of it had been deposited with him. He had no great faith in the dexterity acquired by these beardless postillions in a three months' attendance at a riding-school, and considered Miles, X. and Z. too inexperienced! (who would have thought it?) Fearing that he would have his horses brought back to him hopelessly crippled, and his carriage dashed into infinitesimal bits, he exacted a preliminary security, which the young ladies, spite of all their efforts, were unable to realize. So the magnificent project was perforce abandoned, to the unutterable chagrin of the *demi-monde* in general and Miles, Léocadie, X. and Z. in particular. These livery-stable keepers have a great deal to answer for!

With the approach of July and the canicular season the Paris population has commenced its strolling-off countrywards. This annual exodus of the *bourgeoisie* is looked forward to by the suburban beggars as an unfailing source of income. So importunate are these mendicants, indeed, that lately the mayor of a village in the environs of Paris, not knowing how to prevent the old women of his district from soliciting alms of the city passers-by, had the following notice posted in conspicuous places along the highway: "All persons are forbid begging on this road under penalty of a fine of fifteen francs, to be applied to the benefit of the poor!" There are Dogberries in France, too, you see.

Another symptom of the desire to get out of the heated city is the removal of the Paris Circus from its establishment in the Temple to the Champs Elysées, its usual summer location. The clown of this troupe recently died at the age of thirty-three; singularly enough his name was Boswell. He is much regretted by the profession, in which he had no equal, being regarded by every one as the clown of clowns. "Alas! poor Yorick! where be your gibes now, your gambols, your songs?"

An at first improbable little paragraph, which is accepted as true by many of the continental journals just now, contains a startling item of intelligence, namely that Souleouque is about to be Barnumized! It is asserted that the indefatigable humbug has offered a million—francs, of course—payable in a year, to the Emperor Souleouque, if that sable dignitary, together with the Duke of Marmalade, will consent to travel and exhibit in the principal cities of Europe! Souleouque, who has a prospect of "hard up" before him, may conclude that "the world is all a fleeting show," and close with the offer made him. Barnum's idea is not a bad one, at all events.

Frenchmen, and especially Parisians, are never so well pleased as when they have succeeded in getting the better of an Englishman. The last discomfited son of perdition Albion is a certain Lord C., noted for his eccentricities. The circumstances of his discomfiture are as follows:

Lord C. imagined that he wanted a snuff-box. To be sure Milor didn't take snuff, but then he wanted a snuff-box, and a snuff-box he must have. Moreover, his was to be a peculiar snuff-box. Accordingly off he went to a noted jeweller to give the order for his box. Finding the jeweller in his store, he said to him:

"I want you to make me a snuff-box with my chateau painted on the lid."

"That is easily done," replied the tradesman, "if Milor will furnish the design."

"Yes, but I want at the door of my chateau a dog-house in which shall be placed a dog."

"That is very easy, too."

"Yes, but I want you to contrive it so that the dog, as soon as you look at him, shall go into the house, and not come out again until you have stopped looking that way."

The jeweller looked at Milor to see if he were not making him the victim of a mystification. Being reassured by this hasty reading of his customer's countenance, and perceiving the advantage that a man of wit could derive from the affair, he said to the Englishman:

"Your order is a difficult one to execute, and this snuff-box will cost you a good deal of money."

"Oh! I don't mind the expense."

"It will come to full three thousand francs."

"Very well, three thousand francs be it then."

"It shall be made exactly according to your order, and in a month I shall have the honor of bringing you your magic snuff-box."

"I shall expect you," said Milor, as he took his cane and his departure.

A month afterwards the jeweller presented himself at Lord C.'s house, bringing with him the famous snuff-box.

Lord C. took the box and turned it over to examine it.

"There is my castle," he said, "with its turrets; there is my dog-house, too, but," he exclaimed, "I don't see the dog."

"Did not his lordship tell me that he wanted the dog to disappear in his kennel as soon as any one looked at him?"

"Yes."

"And that he should not appear again until the person looked another way?"

"That is true, also; well?"

"Well! you have just looked that way, and the dog, accordingly, has gone into his kennel. If you put the box in your pocket, the dog will instantly re-appear."

Lord C. reflected a moment:

"I see, I see," he muttered in rather a dubious tone; then recognizing that he had been "sold" per his given order, he put the snuff-box in his pocket, drew three bills of a thousand francs each from his pocket-book and handed them over to the clever tradesman, who took them with a bow and an unexpressed wish that he might have several customers of the sort in the course of the year.

If in Paris may be found the climax of aristocratic life, here too you may meet with all manner of unclassed people, individuals with

pretended professions and industrials who are not by any means industrious. I am led to these remarks by the report of M. Ducoux, the City Hack Inspector here, who says that two years ago among the coach-drivers of Paris might have been counted more than twenty unemployed schoolmasters, forty unfrocked priests, and more than two hundred persons who had occupied an honorable position in society. "I have," says he, "among my coachmen three old notaries, four men who were formerly lawyers, and a whilom professor of rhetoric, who swears at his horses in Greek and Latin."

While on the subject of official reports, it may not be out of place to give you a statistical idea of the amount of food consumed in Paris in a single year. In 1857, in the city of Paris alone, were consumed fifty-eight million eight hundred and ninety-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight pounds of food, among which were one hundred and twelve million of francs' worth of oysters and fish, one hundred and seventy million five hundred thousand francs' worth of poultry and game, thirty million worth of butter and eggs, and vegetables to the amount of two million six hundred and twenty-nine thousand francs. It costs something to feed a metropolis, you see!

Meissonier, whose finished little cabinet picture of the "Chess Players" you will remember having seen at the French Art Exhibition in your city two years ago, recently took it into his head to make a tour through Italy, but sharing in the impecuniosity of the disciples of the brush and easel, he found that he had not money enough to carry him through.

Complaining one day to M. A. Dumas, *fil.*, of this provoking lack of the dinarii (vulgate "dibs"), the latter replied to him:

"If I were in your place I know what I would do."

"What?"

"Write a letter at once to the emperor to tell him that I wanted to travel in Italy, but that I had not sufficient money at my present disposal."

Meissonier held out against this for some time, but finally decided to indite the letter as per advice. This he did, and at once received a reply from the emperor, who ordered of him two pictures to cost forty-five thousand francs, and enclosed a check for twelve thousand francs in advance. The artist is now enjoying his *otium cum dig.* in the orange groves of *la Bella Italia*, thinking, perhaps, of his pictures, or (very little, perhaps, in this case), of some pretty woman whom he has encountered in his Southern wanderings.

You have heard of course of Alexandre Dumas's Russian trip, and, perhaps, some of the numberless stories that were set afloat in this connection have also reached you. Since his return, Dumas has been "run" pretty hard on the subject of his interview with Schamyl. The following *canard* hatched by a witty journalist here, is quite as ingenious as any that I have heard on this point.

You must know, he begins, that Schamyl is a well educated and witty man, understanding perfectly all the niceties of the French language.

M. A. Dumas, *père*, with that amiable familiarity for which he is noted, advanced towards the Caucasian chief with open arms and smiling countenance.

"Stop!" cried Schamyl, in a terrible voice, "the English consul has warned me not to receive you, since you are a secret agent of Souleouque."

"It's an infamous lie!" replied M. A. Dumas, *père*. "England is adverse to me because I am the friend of M. le Baron de Bazancourt, who, in one of his delicious novels, had the boldness to call that country a peninsula."

"Who are you?"

"I am the most important man of my country. I have so many honorary decorations that I am obliged to carry them about in a carpet-bag. Europe adores me under the name of the sole original Alexandre Dumas. Louis Philippe and Auguste Maquet fell from not having followed my advice. I am the son of a general."

"A negro?"

"No; a republican."

"Why do you come here?"

"To offer you my friendship and that of the 'Monte Cristo.'"

"What is the 'Monte Cristo'?"

"It is a journal with four hundred thousand subscribers."

"Do these four hundred thousand subscribers care much for you?"

"They adore me; and I had all the trouble in the world to prevent them from following me out here."

"Well, just write to them, then, that if in one month's time they do not send me a reinforcement of forty thousand men, armed with the Delvigne carbines and commanded by Jules Gérard, the lion-killer, I will forward them your head by mail."

You can understand that upon receipt of such a piece of intelligence as this, M. A. Dumas, *père*, made but one jump from the audience chamber to his writing-desk. Five days ago a picturesquely attired Tartar presented himself at the residence of M. A. Dumas, *fil.*, Paris, bearer of a very important letter from M. A. Dumas, *père*.

An hour after the arrival of the Tartar, the subscription-book of the "Monte Cristo" was transformed into an enlisting roll.

Last Sunday the first secretary of the United States legation went to the office of this journal:

"Monsieur," said he to M. A. Dumas, *fil.*, "is your army nearly ready to set out?"

"Alas, monsieur, I have only secured three men thus far, M. Victor Séjour, Victor Cochinat and Eugène Chapus."

"And M. Charles Marchal?"

"M. Charles Marchal prefers to remain at Paris. My poo father is lost."

"Reassure yourself; do not give way to a sorrow which, I must confess to you, is far from becoming; your father is saved; my government has given orders to our consul at Odessa to reclaim him."

"To reclaim him! tell me, in heaven's name, as what?"

"Why, as a runaway nigger?"

To describe the joy, the brimming bliss, the boundless transports of M. A. Dumas, *frs.*, at this juncture, the *feuilletonist* concludes, would be a hopeless task.

You have heard, probably, of Dumas's projected cruise in the Mediterranean. Well, it is now asserted on good authority that two French Barnums have offered to pay for the clipper which he has ordered to be built for him at Seyra, and to allow him the gratuitous use of it during a year, on the sole condition that the ship shall belong to them on his return, and that Dumas will permit them to take it to London and exhibit it for one shilling per head, as they did with that great Chinese junk anchored in the Thames at the time of the Exhibition. The speculators calculate that this clipper, which will only cost them eighteen thousand francs, will in this way bring them in from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand francs. For my part, I shouldn't wonder at all if Dumas, profiting by the suggestion, took his clipper to London himself, and exhibited it on his own hook; nor even that, for half a crown, he arrayed himself in his gorgeous Caucasian costume, and showed visitors about the ship in person.

A savant, a poet and a man of letters, who, though but little known to the world at large, was nevertheless respected for his talents by the narrow circle of his intimate friends and acquaintances, the eccentric Dr. Aussandon, in short, killed himself a few days ago in a fit of lunacy, caused by the intense suffering to which he was a prey. Aussandon was certainly a very singular man, and his character and humor are most skillfully portrayed by Alphonse Karr in his "Guêpes." Two stories that I have heard will partially serve to illustrate his peculiarities:

One day Freyschutz, that immense Newfoundland dog, who used to follow Alphonse Karr about the streets of Paris, had an altercation with the dog of a *bourgeois* (the tradespeople are so called in France, to distinguish them from the artists and literary men) in front of the fountain in the Palais Royal. The irate tradesman clutched tightly his umbrella, that inevitable accompaniment of every well-ordered old fogey, and began to so fiercely belabor the aggressive Freyschutz that Karr concluded the best way to rid himself of this irascible man would be to very quietly throw him into the basin of the fountain. At the moment that he was about to put his design into execution, a man forced his way through the crowd, and, addressing the author, said:

"Permit me, sir, to spare you the trouble——"

"Of what, if you please?"

"Of throwing this person into the water."

"But it is me whom he has offended, not you."

"It was so slight a thing that you surely will not deprive me of this pleasure."

Karr, himself an eccentric, was rather pleased with the importunings of the eccentric stranger, to whom he, in a moment after, yielded.

No sooner were the author's prior claims abandoned, than souse! went the unfortunate *bourgeois* sprawling in four feet of water, and after him the forgiving Freyschutz, who, true to his nature, had sprung after his former enemy to bring him to dry land again.

Meanwhile, the two eccentric men of letters, for the stranger was Aussandon, walked off, arm in arm, in a state of deep satisfaction.

Aussandon had a great passion for dogs. His favorite was a fierce bull-dog, whom he let loose one day at the Barrière du Combat, upon a famous bear, known as Carpolin, who was not to be attacked with impunity. In a flash of time, Carpolin had seized the dog, turned him over, and seated himself upon him. Being muzzled, he could not do his canine assailant further injury. At this sight the impetuous Aussandon jumped over the railing and threw himself upon the bear, who floored him also at one blow of his huge paw, and placed him in the same predicament with his dog. It was no easy task to rescue the courageous doctor from the unamiable hug of the enemy, and it is thought that his death is in some degree ascribable to this adventure.

The ladies have still another argument to urge in support of their crinoline fashions, now that an incident has occurred in which a modern skirt-exchanger served the purpose of a life-preserver. A Parisian dame, who has a strong proclivity towards crinoline, went down into the country last week to visit a friend, taking with her but a small portion (!) of her wardrobe. Her husband was detained at home by business. One night he was awakened from a sound sleep by the cries of "Fire! fire!" Jumping out of bed, he found that the whole house was wrapt in flames. He attempted to fly by the staircase, but here he was driven back by the devouring element. His room was on the third floor. Escape seemed impossible. A horrible death awaited him. All attempts at saving him by the spectators without were unavailing. Suddenly the unfortunate man bethought him of his wife's wardrobe, ran to it, and jumping into a large crinoline, o'ertopped it with several smaller crinolines, and, "accounted as he was," jumped resolutely out of the window. Buoyed up by the feminine rigging which, in this instance, so kindly served him as a parachute, this man, who had been but a moment before in deadly peril, reached the ground safely.

The subject of ladies and their costumes I have naturally under my pen something I heard the other day.

A lady observing from her box at the Opera Comique, that the habitués of that establishment rejoiced, for the most part, in heads totally destitute of hair, remarked to the gentleman next to her,

"Really, there seems to be none but bald heads here."

"Perhaps the gentlemen think," replied her companion, "that comic opera makes the hair grow."

TICKLED WITH A STRAW.—An exchange infers that Dryden wasn't opposed to mint juleps, from a remark he once made:

"Straws may be made the instrument of happiness."

WHAT WAR COSTS.

WHEN we divest war of the heroic and chivalric associations which unfortunately give it a charm to man, from the romantic element that is a portion of every one's composition, and bring it down to a mere question of profit and loss, expenses and receipts, we shall find that war is a wasteful amusement, and a luxury that should be too dear for the richest nation to indulge in. The cost of the present war, and the material necessary to carry it on, may be roughly estimated from the details of the supply of men, ammunition, provender, &c., which were sent to the French army in the Crimea. At the present time such calculations are interesting, and we are enabled to give these details, which have been furnished by the Minister of War in France, M. Vaillant.

The whole force sent by France to the Black Sea was three hundred and nine thousand two hundred and sixty-eight soldiers and forty-one thousand nine hundred and seventy-four horses; of the former seventy thousand were killed or died in the hospitals, or were otherwise missing. It is considered that ninety-three thousand were wounded and survived. Of the horses only nine thousand returned to France. The great guns, howitzers, &c., were six hundred and forty-four, besides six hundred and three furnished by the navy. The light artillery for field service furnished five hundred guns more, and in all there were four thousand eight hundred wheel vehicles for cannon sent from France. The missiles of death, too, were fearfully vast; two million of shells and cannon balls, ten million pounds of gunpowder, and sixty-six million of ball cartridges. One hundred batteries and fifty miles of trench were constructed, besides ten miles of defensive works, and five miles of subterranean galleries in the solid rock.

The food sent from France, besides items of smaller quantities, was thirty million pounds of biscuit; ninety-six million of flour, equal to four hundred and fifty thousand barrels; seven million pounds of preserved beef; fourteen million pounds of salt beef and lard; eight million pounds of rice; four million five hundred thousand pounds of coffee; six million pounds of sugar; ten thousand head of live cattle; two million five hundred thousand gallons of wine, and nearly one million pounds of Chollet's preserved vegetables were among the larger items of supplies. The horse feed, too, was immense; one hundred and seventy million pounds (equal to eighty-five thousand tons) of hay; one hundred and eighty million pounds (ninety-thousand tons) of oats and barley; twenty thousand tons of coal, charcoal and coke. There were one hundred and fifty ovens to bake bread, and one hundred and forty presses to press hay. The clothing was another branch of large supply, comprising garments in such hundreds of thousands that it would be tedious to enumerate them; but as some clue to the matter, the number ranged from two hundred and fifty thousand to three hundred and fifty thousand of each article of clothing. For the piercing cold of the Crimea there were fifteen thousand sheepskin paletots, two hundred and fifty thousand sheepskin gaiters, and tents for two hundred and fifty thousand men. The harness and farriery departments present an immense quantity of supplies; among them were eighty thousand horseshoes, and six million horseshoe nails.

In nothing do the French so much excel as in hospital arrangements. They sent twenty-seven thousand beds for invalids, as many mattresses, and forty thousand coverlets. There was the material for ambulances for twenty-four thousand sick men, and six hundred cases of instruments, and seven hundred thousand pounds (three hundred and fifty tons) of lint, bandages and dressings of various kinds. Then for the sick there were the most liberal supplies for their sustenance, such as concentrated milk, essence of bouillon, granulated gluten, &c. The money expended at the seat of war was fifty-six million dollars. Marshal Vaillant also tells of the vast maritime preparations for conveying the army and its supplies over the sea. Among the vessels employed between France and the Crimea, though not stated in the report, were forty thousand tons of American shipping, embracing some of the finest and largest clipper vessels, as well as some steamers of the

American mercantile marine, and for whose services a liberal compensation was made. Taking the totality of all the voyages made by all the men, horses and materials, there were conveyed by the French government during the two and a half

fair prospects of inheritance, brought numerous suitors to her feet, whereby she was furnished with abundance of mirthful occupation for her leisure hours, in alternately raising them to the highest pinnacle of hope, and plunging them down to the



YOUNG NURSES, FROM A PAINTING BY W. HEMSLEY.

years of the war, five hundred and fifty thousand men, fifty thousand horses, and seven hundred and twenty thousand tons of materials.

HEARTS VERSUS BRAINS; OR, FAIRLY OUTWITTED.

THE Baron Lindorf resided in an ancient castle on his ancestral domain, near the pleasant banks of the Rhine, with his only daughter and sole heiress, the pretty and youthful Baroness Rhoda, whose beauty and accomplishments, together with her

lowest depths of despair. Had it not been so prolific a source of entertainment, which never seemed to lose its charms, the castle of Lindorf would have been but a dull place of abode for so lovely a damsel as the Baroness Rhoda, but as it was she managed to pass her time pleasantly enough, especially as her father humored all her little caprices, and suffered her to do just as she pleased.

Amongst the many who sought to win her smiles were two officers of distinction in the Prussian army, both holding the rank of captain, both handsome, agreeable, of gentlemanly manners and high birth. She first met with them at one of

those fashionable places of resort where the Germans are wont to congregate during the summer months, to enjoy the delights of waltzing and drinking the dark unpalatable waters of the mineral springs. The baron, who was fond of a little gaiety himself, never omitted to observe this custom, so that the charming Rhoda had the opportunity, once a year, of mixing with the world and making new conquests.

She was just eighteen when the two officers above mentioned enrolled themselves in the list of her captives, and as the good-natured old baron fancied he saw that she was inclined to treat them with more consideration than she had ever yet shown towards any of her admirers, he invited them to spend some weeks at the castle, and it may readily be supposed they were nothing loth to avail themselves of his proffered hospitality.

It may, perhaps, be deemed a very questionable kind of policy to ask the two together; but, although rivals, they were firmly-attached friends, and had promised each other that if either should be happy enough to win the fair daughter of Lindorf, his success should not create enmity between them.

Rhoda certainly liked both these young men well enough to think she could be content with either, and as it had for some time been her decided opinion that it would be her fate to marry some day or the other, she thought it might be as well to take one of these, as to run the risk of illustrating the so often realised proverb—"Go farther and fare worse!" But the difficulty was, on which to fix her choice.

Fritzner was tall and extremely handsome. His features were full of animation; his laughing eyes, brilliantly blue; he had a merry-looking mouth, and the whitest teeth imaginable. Then his conversation was always lively, he danced with inimitable grace, and was blessed with one of the happiest tempers in the world.

Mansfeldt was a different style of man altogether, being of a sentimental turn, and a votary of the muses. He sang love songs, his own composition, played the flute to perfection, and talked in a romantic strain. He was neither so tall nor athletic as Fritzner, but his slight figure was elegantly formed, his features were beautifully moulded, with a somewhat pensive expression, that was highly interesting. In short, each was delightful in his particular way, and it just depended on the mood in which Rhoda happened to be whether she preferred the company of the one or the other.

Some weeks had passed away, still she was as undecided as ever; so that even her father, who seldom disturbed himself about anything, began to think it was quite time to settle the business, if it was to be settled at all, and actually went so far as to say he had always believed till now that she had sense enough to know her own mind. But the lively lady only laughed at this severe rebuke, and replied that she really could not be hurried in so grave a matter.

At length a whimsical idea occurred to the baron by which the lovers might decide the question themselves, not by their swords, but by their wits; and, as his scheme promised to afford some amusement, Rhoda entered into it very readily, and gave her word to abide by the result.

The estate appertaining unto Castle Lindorf was large as compared with the dimensions of many baronial estates in Germany, and its extent was defined by certain landmarks that divided it from a neighboring territory on one side, and on the others from the main road and open country.

Now, as the noble host was in no hurry to get rid of his guests, who were, in truth, but little disposed to leave his hospitable mansion, while their fate was yet undecided, he projected an ingenious trial of skill, that would not only give them a plea to prolong their visit, but also a chance of bringing the capricious fair one to reason. His proposition was this:

"You are both," he said, "acquainted with the exact boundaries of my land, which, I am proud to say, extends pretty far on all sides, so that you may find plenty of room to move about without going a step beyond it; therefore, what I propose is this: He that remains longest on this side the boundary line shall be declared the victor, and win the prize. But, mind, no force is to be used; it must all be fair play, and the

crossing of the line must be a voluntary act, or the treaty becomes void."

The young men laughed at the idea of terminating their rivalry by so novel an expedient, each declaring that nothing on earth should induce him to put his foot one inch over the barrier till the other had passed it; and, as both were on their guard against contrivance, it seemed next to impossible that either should succeed.

Nevertheless, they trusted to their powers of invention, and the compact was made, all parties agreeing thereon.

Although there did not seem any likelihood of such a scheme leading to the desired end, it had at least the good effect of producing abundance of mirth, for scarcely an hour in the day passed without some trick being played off by one of the gallant officers, with a view of luring the other beyond the precincts of the estate, their vain endeavors always terminating in the laughter that naturally follows the failure of a practical joke.

This had been going on for several days, when, one morning, the post-bag being brought in as usual, all looked anxiously for letters. There were seven for the baron himself, two for Captain Fritzner and one for Captain Mansfeldt. Fritzner perused his with evident satisfaction; but poor Mansfeldt looked very dismal indeed, and muttered a few words lamenting his cruel destiny.

"You have heard bad news, I am afraid," said the baron.

"What's the matter, Mansfeldt?" inquired Fritzner, looking up from the epistle he was reading so smilingly.

"A dreadful misfortune has happened," replied the young man, with a disconsolate air; "and it will oblige me to leave you immediately. The beloved home of my boyhood, that beautiful chateau I have so often described to you, Fritzner, has been destroyed by fire, with all the fine gallery of pictures that my grandfather spent half his life in collecting. But worse than that, my dear uncle, who has been more than a father to me, is seriously injured, and desires that I will go to him without delay."

"Sad news, indeed!" said the baron. "I shall be very sorry to part with you, but under such circumstances, of course, you must go."

"I must, indeed," he responded, with a profound sigh, "and thus all my hopes vanish into air! Ah, baron, it surely must have been my evil genius that inspired you with the plan which binds me to give up my pretensions to your lovely daughter by leaving my rival on this side the confines of your estate. But the fates are leagued against me, and it is useless to lament over my hard fortune."

"My dear fellow," said Fritzner, "I am really sorry for this accident, but I shall not scruple to take advantage of it, of course, for I should have expected you to do so, had I been called suddenly away. It was a chance to which we were both equally liable. You agree to that, baron, I hope?"

"Certainly, certainly, there can be no question about it. What say you, my little Rhoda?"

The young lady replied that she could have wished for a little more time; but as fate had thought proper to settle the affair in so summary a manner, she was bound to keep her promise of abiding by its decree.

Fritzner looked delighted, and Mansfeldt proportionately sorrowful.

"When do you mean to depart?" asked the baron.

"I should go off now, this very hour," was the reply, "but there are two circumstances that prevent me; trifles, certainly, yet I cannot put them wholly out of consideration. One is, that I happen to know that my uncle is, at this very moment, at Naples; the other, that the gallery of pictures, mentioned in this letter as having perished in the flames at the Chateau d'Eylau, was removed last year to his new residence in Franconia. I am sorry to disappoint you, my dear Fritzner, but when next you give a man notice that his uncle has been scorched almost to death, and his pictures destroyed by a fire, first take care that both the one and the other were within reach of the flames."

A general burst of laughter followed this exposition, in which Fritzner, who could not deny that it was himself who

wrote the letter, heartily joined, in spite of his disappointment at his non-success.

"But how did you manage to get it sent from that distance Captain Fritzner?" asked Rhoda.

"Oh, it was the simplest thing in the world. I wrote it, in the first place, and sent it to a friend of mine who lives in that part of the country, requesting that he would make a copy, and send it here to Mansfeldt. But I ought to have been more sure of my premises—that is where I failed."

That same morning the baron was going with Rhoda to pay a visit to his maiden sister, a lady far advanced in years and much out of health. It was about an hour's ride from the castle to her house, and they set off on horseback, leaving the two friends to amuse themselves as they best could. They played at draughts, smoked cigars, and Mansfeldt wrote some verses, while Fritzner played a few rattling airs on the pianoforte. At length, after whiling away a couple of hours in these meritorious pursuits, they walked out together, and strolled down to the very limits of the domain, where a row of fruit-trees, planted at regular distances, marked the bounds.

"Here is our Rubicon," said Fritzner, laughing. "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther."

"I begin to suspect," observed his companion, "that we shall have to put an end to all this nonsense, and insist upon a definite answer; for it is clear to me we might stay here, trying to fool each other, till doomsday, and be none the nearer then."

"That's my opinion, too," said Fritzner. "In fact, I see that we are making ourselves very ridiculous, and——"

Here he was interrupted by the appearance of a man riding at a furious rate towards them, and shouting at the top of his voice—

"Help! help!"

"What is the matter?" inquired the young men, both at once.

"Oh, gentlemen, for Heaven's sake fly to save the baron, or he will be drowned!"

"How? where? What do you mean, Hans?" said Mansfeldt, who now saw it was his own servant.

"His horse has taken fright, sir, and thrown him into the river just down below there, and the lady has fainted."

"And you came away and left them?" exclaimed his master angrily.

"It was no use my stopping, sir; I cannot swim, but if you take this horse you will be there in half a minute."

"Good heavens! I cannot swim either," cried Mansfeldt, with a look of despair.

"But I can," said Fritzner, seizing the reins and vaulting into the saddle. "The old man must be saved at any rate."

The horse darted forward—another bound and he would have passed the frontier of the estate, when the rider with a sudden effort, held him in, and forced him backwards at the imminent risk of breaking his own neck, for the spirited animal reared and plunged furiously. Mansfeldt, who was eagerly watching his movements, beheld this manœuvre with intense chagrin, and advancing a few steps, became aware of its cause, for, at a little distance, he saw the baron and his daughter riding leisurely side by side towards home.

"Aha!" exclaimed Fritzner, leaping to the ground, "so, that was it, was it? Upon my word, Mr. Hans, you are a clever confederate. I was within a hair's breadth of being taken in this time; but my lucky star has for once prevailed."

In a few minutes they were joined by the two equestrians, who heard the story with great gusto, and laughed exceedingly at the discomfiture of the conspirators; but it left an impression on the minds of both father and daughter highly favorable to the gallant hero, who had so generously forgotten his own interest in his anxiety for the safety of his aged friend.

Fritzner was certainly annoyed at having been so nearly duped, and mentally called upon all the spirits of earth, air, fire and water, to aid him in the retaliation he meditated.

Now, whether any of the spirits thus invoked were kind enough to listen to the call it is not in the power of a mere

mortal to say, but a hopeful scheme soon suggested itself to the mind of Captain Fritzner, which he fully expected would end in a glorious triumph. This was nothing less than to invest himself with an important post at court, and to receive a summons, in the form of a royal mandate, to present himself at the capital forthwith. In order to carry out his plot the services of a friend at Berlin were put into requisition, and in due time the official notice came.

The baron congratulated Fritzner on his good fortune; but the latter declared he looked upon it as the most unlucky event that could have befallen him just at this time, inasmuch as he dared not decline the honor conferred upon him, although it would oblige him to give up all chance of the prize he had so ardently desired to obtain. However, it could not be helped and he would endeavor to bear his defeat with fortitude, and contemplate, without envy, the happiness of his rival. He scarcely smiled the whole day; not a mirthful word escaped his lips; he looked utterly miserable, and everybody believed he was so.

Rhoda was not in her usual spirits either; but whether her unwonted thoughtfulness arose from regret at the approaching departure of her gay lover himself, or only from the loss of the fun to which he had so largely contributed, was best known to herself. As it was his professed intention to start at break of day, the adieus were to be spoken that evening, and in bidding him farewell, Rhoda said, half laughing, half regretfully—

"I suppose, Captain Fritzner, it is farewell for ever, as I have no doubt poor Castle Lindorf will soon be forgotten amid the gaieties of Berlin."

To which he replied, there could be no star at Berlin sufficiently bright to eclipse the lustre of that which illumined the halls of Lindorf.

He had fixed the hour of daybreak for his departure, to avoid being accompanied as far as the frontier by Mansfeldt, who was habitually a late riser, and his companionship would have been rather inconvenient, as Fritzner had not the slightest intention of quitting the place. He had made all his arrangements to ensconce himself in a grotto or hermitage that stood in the midst of a little wood at the very extremity of the baron's domain, a secluded and unfrequented spot, where he might conceal himself for a long time without being discovered, and there he meant to remain till Mansfeldt, acting on the supposition that it was no longer necessary to confine himself within the boundaries, should begin to make excursions in the surrounding country, when the hidden foe might come forth from his ambuscade and proclaim his victory. His man Bruno, who had also left the castle, it was supposed, to attend his master, was posted at a cottage hard by, in order to keep watch and give him information of his rival's movements.

That very day Mansfeldt, with a happy feeling of perfect security, proposed to visit some fine old ruins not very far distant, and the baron offered to ride with him.

Their horses were brought to the castle gate, they mounted, and off they set; but they had not proceeded many paces when they were stopped by a boy who came running at full speed from the direction of the wood, and as soon as he could recover breath enough to speak, he told them that while he was there getting birds'-nests he had seen Captain Fritzner go into the hermitage. The old gentleman burst into a hearty fit of laughter, and Mansfeldt galloped off towards the wood, whence the two soon afterwards emerged, Fritzner looking very blank at a discovery he really had not anticipated.

He now began to urge upon the baron the utter hopelessness of settling the dispute by the means he had prescribed, and begged he would release them from their agreement; but the old gentleman was not at all willing to put an end to what was to him a pleasant pastime; therefore he said:

"No, no—not yet—I want to see what you will contrive next."

A week had gone by since the last adventure, when both the lovers received orders to join their regiment without delay, and as such orders were always to be obeyed on the instant, there was no time for a settlement of the matrimonial question which, consequently, was to be deferred till they could get leave to return. There could be no trick in the present case,

for they were both to go together, and, in order that no advantage might be taken by either of this obligation to quit the ground at such brief notice, they agreed to ride side by side, and cross the boundary at the same moment.

In one hour after the summons arrived, they departed from the castle, their men, Hans and Bruno, who were both soldiers, and well mounted, following in the rear, all wearing travelling cloaks and fur caps. They had nearly reached the confines of the estates when Mansfeldt discovered he had dropped a ring from his finger, and being sure he had it but a minute or two since, said he would turn back to look for it, and desired his man to assist him in the search.

"And while you are gone," said Fritzner, "I will just look in upon Franz, the old gardener, to say good-bye; for he has been very civil to me."

And he rode off to the cottage where the old man dwelt, his man Bruno following, to hold his horse while he went in.

Franz had performed many trifling services for Captain Fritzner, who probably wished to leave him some small token of his grateful sense of the same.

In a few minutes they all four returned, Mansfeldt showing his recovered ring, which he now put into his pocket, then drawing up his horse close to the side of Fritzner's they slowly moved towards the boundary line, taking care that neither should be one step in advance of the other, and in this manner they crossed it.

The moment they were on the other side a loud shout behind them caused them to look back, when, strange to behold, the two men, who were still within the bounds, were tossing their caps in the air, and otherwise displaying an extraordinary amount of hilarity. But their exuberant spirits received a speedy check, for, on looking at one another, each beheld, to his amazement, not his friend's servant, but his friend himself; for the same idea had occurred to both—to change caps and cloaks with his man, and so remain behind until the other had crossed the frontier. Thus the two men had passed over while their masters remained behind.

Mansfeldt now acknowledged that the order to rejoin the regiment was a forgery, perpetrated with his own hand, with a view of sending Fritzner off the estate before him, by substituting his man for himself—a plan that, in all probability, would have answered but for the mischievous sprite that had put it into that gentleman's head to try the same stratagem, although he did not doubt the validity of the document that called him in such haste from Castle Lindorf.

At this avowal Fritzner flew into a towering rage. He declared he would no longer submit to such foolery; he was determined to act like a man, not like a child; in short, unless Captain Mansfeldt consented then and there to give up all claim to the Baroness Rhoda, he, Fritzner, should insist on deciding the question at once according to the laws of honor.

Mansfeldt at first treated this proposal as a jest, but finding the other was really in earnest, he tried to reason him out of his folly.

Fritzner, however, would listen to nothing but the dictates of his own wrathful mood. Satisfaction he required, and satisfaction he would have.

"Very well," said Mansfeldt; "but it cannot be settled now, for I have no pistols."

"That excuse will not serve you, sir; here are mine; they are charged, and you may take your choice."

Still the young man hesitated; he had a true friendship for his angry rival, and did not like the idea of carrying the dispute to such serious lengths; but Fritzner was bent on fighting, and declared that if Mansfeldt persisted in his refusal he should no longer consider him entitled to be treated as a gentleman or a soldier.

This was enough; Mansfeldt took the pistols, measured ten paces, and as his antagonist gave the signal—"Now!" both fired, and Fritzner fell with a deep groan. Poor Mansfeldt was half frantic. He ran to him, knelt down by his side, took his hand, which was covered with blood, and entreated his forgiveness in a tone that evinced the sincerity of his grief. Then he ordered Bruno, who was standing with terrified looks, to go with all speed for a surgeon.

"It is of no use," said the wounded man, in a faint voice. "It's all over with me; but it was my own fault. Fly, Mansfeldt, fly, my dear friend, and save yourself, for you are not safe here."

"No, I will not leave you," Mansfeldt replied, in the utmost distress of mind. "Oh, that I had given up every thing rather than have done this! Fool, madman that I was."

"It was I that was mad," replied the sufferer. "Go, dear Mansfeldt, I entreat you. Conceal yourself. If I die, you must leave the state; if I live, we shall be friends again. Go, I pray you, and send Hans to see how it fares with me."

"You had better go, sir," said Hans; "you can stay at the woodcutter's hut in the forest, and I will bring you the news."

After a little more persuasion, Mansfeldt, who could not help feeling some anxiety as to the consequences of his act, consented to seek safety in flight, and bidding a tender farewell to his unfortunate friend, he mounted his horse and rode away.

In a few minutes Fritzner, in a feeble tone, said—

"Is he out of sight, Hans?"

"No, sir, but he is a good way past the boundary."

"Hurrah! Victory! victory!" exclaimed Fritzner, starting up and capering with delight before the eyes of the astonished Hans. "Fetch him back! fetch him back! I am not hurt. I cut my own finger to produce the blood. The pistols had nothing in them but a little powder. He's fairly outwitted, and I've won the day!"

Mansfeldt came back, and it would be difficult to say whether his joy at finding he had not killed his friend or his vexation at having been so completely imposed upon was the predominant feeling. However, he gave up the contest with a very good grace, and was present at the marriage of Fritzner and the fair Rhoda.

STATISTICS OF ITALY.—The population of Italy amounts to no less than 27,107,047 inhabitants. They are divided into fifteen circumscriptions; eight, containing 19,943,304 souls, are under Italian governments; and seven, with a population of 7,193,743, obey foreign rule. Italy contains 110 provinces and 10,012 communes, and is one of the countries in which the largest cities and towns are to be found, nineteen of them having more than 50,000 inhabitants; and eight—Rome, Naples, Palermo, Venice, Florence, Milan, Genoa and Turin—exceed 100,000. Almost all the population are Roman Catholics; the number of those who profess other Christian creeds only amounting to 36,676, and the Jews to 41,497. The births far exceed the deaths. The increase in the population is particularly remarkable in Sicily and Tuscany, where it may double in seventy-three years. Italy alone has very nearly one-half as many bishoprics as there are in the whole of Europe—256 out of 535. The average is 90,000 Catholics for each diocese; and in the Roman states there is one bishop for every 400,000 souls. The regular and secular clergy of both sexes count in Italy 189,000; and they are, as compared with the number of the population, as 1 to 142. The clergy are more numerous in Sicily than in any other part of Italy, or perhaps in the world, the number of priests, monks, or nuns, being 35,266, or 1 out of 69 inhabitants. There are nearly 300 journals published in Italy; of which number 117 are in the Sardinian states, although they contain only one-fifth of the total population. In 1858 Italy possessed 1,757 kilometres (five-eighths of a mile each) of railways completed; 2,339 in course of construction; and 634 for which concessions have been granted. One of the principal branches of industry is the production of silk; and in ordinary years the value of that article is from 200,000,000*l.* to 230,000,000*l.* Lombardy alone, which is only the fifteenth part of Italy, produces one-third. The revenues of the different Italian states amount to about 600,000,000*l.*, and the expenses to 640,000,000*l.* The public debt is 2,000,000,000*l.* Commerce is active, but business is much impeded by the high tariffs in many of the states, and by the lines of custom houses. The mercantile marine of Italy is more numerous, in proportion to the extent of country, than that of any other nation in Europe, England excepted.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

Now that August is upon us, that Nature is one great fiery stewpan in which the country is frying and the city burnt even to a crisp cinder; that the dandies in Broadway walk about in their suits of nankeen, looking like so many animated lumps of butter; that mankind in general echo Sidney Smith's wish that they could take off their flesh and sit in their bones, or, better still, knock the marrow out of their bones and have a cool draught through; now we say, if ever, do our readers turn with gladness to this congenial page to see what manner of good thing we have prepared for them. Let us not fash ourselves with an over-exertion to satisfy that expectation, but proceed with what coolness the weather vouchsafes to lay before you our budget for the month. It was of this month that a cheap aphorism-maker remarked: "Behold, the fields are embrowned with the waving grain! Alas, that the luminary which mellows the 'ear' should also have the property of tanning the 'cheek!'" And, talking of the sun and its influence, this is the fit season to tell what o'clock it is by a clock that don't go. This may seem paradoxical, but listen to the *modus operandi*: "Get a sundial, or, if you have not one by you, make one. Take it out into the sun, and place your clock that don't go by the side of it. Ascertain the time by the shadows thrown on the dial by the sun, and then take your clock that don't go in your left hand, and turn the hands round with your right, till they agree with the time marked on the sundial. Having done this look at your clock and you will ascertain what o'clock it is." (Reader, keep your temper.) A "notis" or two in which "Webster on a Bridge" has been treated rather coolly may not be considered foreign to the subject. Near Warren, Connecticut, we are informed, is posted on a meadow fence the following:

NOTIS.

Now kows is aloud in these medders. Eny man ore woman lettin there kows run the rode wot gits inter mi medders aforesd shell hev his tale cut off by
ME OBADIAH ROGERS.

In the same county, in the vicinity of Litchfield village, and posted on the school-house, was once this composition:

NOTIS. N. B.

There will be a lectur delivered in this scool-house if it doant rane. If it ranes it wont be delivered till it ranes the next clere nite. the lectur is on the life and character of Washintun and sum remarks about raisin kabbages in this seckshun of the cuntry. Goin in 12 sents by Mister Joseph Swift middle dore.

MR. HENRY ROBERTS, of King's County, L. I., has a barn in a field, situated some distance from his house, where his hens lay their eggs, and where the village boys steal them. Goaded to desperation by repeated robberies, he tacked the following warning on the barn door:

A NOTIS.

Eny boys ketched steleln mi eggs, shell be spanked till they is so red that they kant so. i want all the eggs and lle swot eny man woman ore chille whot gese nere my barn and the eggs is mine in the mouth. i wont stand it no longer not for an instance.

SOME two years since the good people of a town near Ogdensburg were gathered around the church door reading a paper addressed:

TEW THE PEPLN OF THIS TOWN.

i fust remark that washintun when he was tuck at the battel of williams Bridge a grate man is always run down. i dont suppose to be a grate man by no menses in no instants but eny purson wot sez that me and the widdler Dibblee has komprermised me is an infernal li. i never hed nothin to dew beyont naberly with misses Dibblee and that is a darned site more then parson Jones kin say lle bet a hooky. Altho he serkulates i hev departed from the paths of vartne, he lise and so dus everybuddy else. i defy eny one to sa wot i hev did to her she kant tell herself lle bet ten hundred thowsand dollers. Peple better mind thare own biznes or lle brake the fust man's back hu sez i orter marry widdler diblee. You li and so dus all wot redes this. You is a nasty dirty set of skunks and its none of yewer affares wot me and the widdler dus. I kin tell a good meny things about peple in this town and i no something about every bddy wot is redin this ritin. Yew are twiste as bad as i ever was. i no wot i did and lle make sich exposures as will make the sun git black.

JOHN T. MORE.

We have a child story here which singularly exemplifies a trait of "Young America," a restless desire to test the correctness of everything that is told him. Thus writes a gentleman from the interior:

A friend of mine has a fine little son of some five years of age. Among his neighbors is an old gentleman, who happens to be bald; a fact which the mischievous urchins of the vicinity are in the habit of proclaiming after him in the streets. Little Charlie, on one occasion, having joined in this performance, his mother took him seriously to task for the same, and, as eminently appropriate to the occasion, narrated the history of the children who had saluted the prophet Elisha in a similar way. The story of their fate seemed to affect Charlie very deeply; but the next day the old gentleman happened to pass again. Charlie hesitated; but finally the temptation was too strong to be restrained by consequences. He rushed out, exclaiming: "Baldy! Baldy! Baldy!" and then, "squaring himself," he added, "Now, mammy, fetch on your bears!"

ANOTHER aspect of this inquisitive spirit which we have alluded to is discovered in the following story of a philosophical "five year old":

Among our little friends, says a cotemporary, there is a five year old boy who is very philosophically inclined. He is rarely satisfied with the fact that he is, but he wants to know all the whys and wherefores of his existence. The other day Joe was watching with eager interest the dismemberment of the body corporate of a defunct pig. He interrupted the operator with many questions as to the precise object and bearing of the different members, as he saw them separated one from another. Finally, the corpse was in the condition of many of our live politicians—it had lost its back bone. Little Joe regarded this dejected member with close attention for a few minutes, and then exclaimed with the air of triumph:

"I know what that's for."

"What?" asked the dissector of the hog.

"Why," said the boy, "that is to hitch the tail to!"

ORTHOGRAPHICAL blunders alone do not constitute wit, but when we find joined to this studied incorrectness a set of grotesque ideas, as in the following "Owed to Terbacker," the effect is irresistible:

My friend in colitood,
Thi praze i cing,
Or all the multitood,
Yu air the thing.

When I am desprit,
And soar deprest,
I chaw your leaf, and spit,
And cink to rest.

No moar erth's mizeris
My sole annois,
But ol mi smilin' fiz
Shows forth mi jois.

A SCOTCH dominie's idea of moderation in the use of that which "man puts into his mouth to steal away his brains" is equally ludicrous. In a long sermon which he preached against dram-drinking, a vice prevalent in his parish, and from which, report said, he was not entirely free himself, he gave the following hints on temperance:

Whatever ye do, brethren, do it with moderation, and, above all, be moderate in dram-drinking.

When ye get up indeed ye may take a dram, and another just before breakfast, and perhaps another after; but dinna be always dram-drinking.

If ye are out in the morn, you may just brace yourself up with aneather dram, and perhaps take aneather before luncheon, and some, i fear take one after, which is not so very blamable; but dinna be always dram-drinking.

Naebody can scruple for one just before dinner, and when the dessert is brought in, and after it's ta'en away; and perhaps one or it may be twa, in the course of the afternoon, just to keep ye frae drowsying or snoozling; but dinna be always dram-drinking.

Afore tea, and after tea, and between tea and supper, is no more but right and good; but let me caution you, brethren, not to be always dram-drinking.

Just when ye start for bed, and when ye're ready to pop into't, to take a dram or twa is no more than a Christian may lawfully do.

But, brethren, let me caution you not to drink more than I've mentioned, or may be ye may pass the bounds of moderation.

THERE is an anecdote told in Paris of the late Baron Rothschild which is worth repeating here. The baron resided alternately at Vienna and Paris, and was excessively fond of the theatre:

One day, narrates Bauerle, the director of the theatre of the Leopoldstadt (a suburb of Vienna), the baron stood on the stage.

Suddenly he heard a loud sobbing. He turned round. There stood an old chorister, who wept heartrendingly.

"Herr Bauerle," said the baron, "why does that woman cry so lamentably?"

"I do not know, but I will ask her. Mrs. Viehweger, why do you cry?"

"God bless me," was her reply, "have I not good cause to cry? While I am obliged to perform here in the comedy my landlord is carrying away my little furniture, turning out my sick mother into the street."

"How much do you owe him?"

"Sixty florins—two quarters' rent."

"Herr Golstein," said the baron to his companion, "have you two hundred florins about you?"

"Here, baron."

"Herr Bauerle," said the baron, "have the goodness to give that to the poor woman. Let her pay her hard landlord, but I do not want her thanks."

The woman threw herself at his feet and wetted his hands with tears of gratitude. The baron, however, managed to extricate himself and to get away. The next day the baron visited the theatre again. He saw twelve choristers crying.

"Herr Bauerle," said Rothschild, "now I will not come again. I see I extract tears from these people. God forbid that this should again be the case."

Who of our masculine readers will not recognise an acquaintance in this portrait of "A Model Widow?"

Would not wear her veil up on any account—thinks her complexion looks fairer than ever in contrast with her sables—sends back her new dress because the fold of crape on the skirt "is not deep mourning enough"—steadfastly refuses to look in the direction of a "dress coat" for one week—wonders if that handsome Tomkins, who passes her window every day, is insane enough to think she will ever marry again—is fond of drawing off her glove, and resting her little white hand on her black bonnet, thinking it may be suggestive of an early application for the same—concludes to give up the loneliness of housekeeping, and try boarding at an hotel—accepts Tomkins's invitation "to attend the children's concert," just to please little Tommy. Tommy is delighted, and thinks Tomkins "a very kind gentleman" to give him so much candy and so many *bombons*. His mamma begins to admit certain alleviations of her sorrow, in the shape of protracted conversations, walks, rides, calls, &c. She cries a little, when Tommy asks her if she has not "forgotten to plant the flowers" in a certain cemetery. Tomkins comes in, and thinks her lovelier than ever, smiling through her tears. Tommy is sent out in the garden to make "pretty dirt pies," to the utter demolition of a new frock and trousers; and returns very unexpectedly, to find his mamma's cheeks very rosy, and to be tossed up in the air by Tomkins, who declares himself "his new papa."

AND now to give the ladies a chance! Who of our feminine readers has not at least once in her life been bored by the creature whose bodily and mental traits are conveyed in the following description of "A Nice Young Man?"

Attends evening parties—and hands the muffins round.
Smiles if he burns his fingers with the kettle.
Plays the flute.
Parts his hair in the middle.
Takes an umbrella with him to an evening party.
Has a secret passion for gruel.
Writes acrostics, and contributes to ladies' albums.
Curls his whiskers.
Is the "Hon. Sec." to the "Ladies' Benevolent Mangle Distribution Society."
Keeps a cat, and a regular account of his daily expenses.
Carries a pincushion and acidulated drops about him, and is never unprovided with a scent-bottle for fear of accidents.
Goes out in the rain to fetch a cab.
Doesn't smoke.
Helps mamma's shawl on with the grace of one of Stuart's shopmen.
Has his hair and handkerchief full of scents, and it is a pity the same cannot be said of his head.
Holds a skein of silk with exemplary patience—turns over the leaves of his music with great digital skill—reads novels in a clear secretary-like voice *affettuoso*—hisps *moderato*—jokes the old maids *allegro*—quotes poetry *penseroso*—runs ladies errands *prestissimo*—and makes himself *generally utile*.

"DID IT HURT THE ENGINE?"—As one of the engine companies in Bangor, Me., was going to a fire in that city a few nights since, one of the firemen tripped and fell from the drag, and unfortunately the wheels of the heavy machine passed directly over his chest and face. All supposed he was killed, and were picking him up—when he came to, and after spitting out a mouthful of blood and dust, inquired with much feeling, "Did it hurt the engine much?" He seemed to feel relieved when he learned that she had only sprung an axle. His anxiety for the welfare of the "machine" was refreshing in these selfish days.

BRIEF BUT EXPRESSIVE.—In a graveyard in New Jersey, there is a tombstone on which is the following simple yet touching epitaph:

"He was a good egg."

Our readers will agree with us that "Binks" is a genius when they read this "pome," which he modestly entitles "Sum Verses to a Snake."

Prodigious reptile! long and skaly kuss!
You are the dadrattedest biggest thing I ever
Seed that cud tyt itself into a double bo-
Not, and cum all strafe again in a
Minnit or so, without winkin or seemin
To experience any particular paino
In the diafram.

Stoopenjns insecck! marvelous annimile!
You are no doubt seven thousand yeres
Old, and hav a konsiderable of a
Family sneekin round thru the tall
Gras in Afrika, cettin up little greasy
Nigger and a wishin they was bigger.
Yu are the saim miserable devyle,
I'll bet, that put redicklus noshuns
Into the hed of Eve, or his unkle, I
Don't know whitch.

I wonder how big yu was when yu
Was a inphant about 2 fete long? I
Expec yu was a purty good size, and
Lived on phrogs, and lizzards, and polly
Wogs and sutch things.
Yu are havin a nice time now, ennyhow—
Don't hav nothin to do but lay oph
And ete kats and rabbits, and stic
Out yure tung and twist your tale.
I wonder if yu ever swallowed a man
Without takin oph his butes. If thar was
Brass buttins on his kote, I spose
Yu had ter swoller a lot of buttin-
Wholes, and a shu-hamer to nock
The soals oph the boots and dryve in
The tax, so thay wouldn't kut yure
Stummick. I wonder if vittles taste
Go-d all the way down. I expec so—
At leest, fur 6 or 7 fete.

Yu are so almitay long, I shud thynk
If yure tale was kold, yure hed
Woodent no it till the nex day.
But it's hard tu tell; snaks is snaks.

A PLAN by which everybody may derive a correct idea on the seat of war from the arrangement of his own premises is that proposed by the Boston *Ledger*. Europe's present battle ground from a domestic point of view presents the following features:

The clothes line marks the course of the Ticino; a barrel of ashes fortunately remaining for the purpose, and which being moveable can be placed in any position to suit the reader, will serve for Genoa; and running across the yard, if you run far enough, in a north-westerly direction is Alessandria; almost due north our peach tree, guiltless for years of blossom or fruit, will look like Mortara, if you shut both eyes—the fortifications can be supplied by the bricks with which the yard is paved. You "has your choice" as to other positions, there is plenty of room, but Turin had better be located somewhere, and we place so much confidence in the ability of our neighbors, whose windows command the position, to find out and tell where it should be, that we will not trouble our readers with unnecessary explanations. The above is as clear as it possibly can be.

We can imagine the shrill cry of the tom-cat under the peach tree to be the bugles of the Austrian army. From Turin comes the plaintive response of the Sardinians, at once a cry for help and a challenge, and dashing up through the archway by where the barrel stands is the French army, personated in this case by a hopeful scion of our household with a brickbat in each hand. Arrested in these positions, and filling out the picture as you think best, each one has a home view of the field of war in his own back-yard.

THE contrast between matter of fact and matter of fancy is sometimes not a little laughable, as, for instance, this extract from an overheard conversation:

"Tell me, adored Cousin Adolphus, dost thou love me? As stars to twinkle, or flowers to smell? As birds to warble, or cats to quarrel on our smoke-house, when night's dark mantle hangs above us? Answer! speak!"
Adolphus—(matter-of-fact).—"Ef I don't, Mirander, you may take my boots!"

As an instance of juvenile precocity take this, a conversation which actually occurred in Hanover street, Boston, not long since, between two youthful members of the same family, the girl being about twelve years of age and the lad not far from ten:

Young lad to his sister, who was looking behind her—"You're after that feller, you needn't deny it."
Indignant young miss—"I'll have you to know I can get him if want him."

We are told that they sell the meanest kind of tangle-leg whiskey on board some of the Ohio river boats, and here we have a story of the consequences of drinking too much of the stuff:

The other day, a big, brawny Pittsburger, who had landed here, had taken aboard a little more than he could carry, and before he raised the top of the levee, was obliged to lie down beside a log to rest himself. Overcome by fatigue, he soon fell asleep, in which condition a solemn-looking old hog approached, and grunting out his astonishment, gave his head a few shoves with his snout. The Pittsburger bore it as long as he could, when he sang out:

"Old w-o-o-man, ef (hic) yer w-w-and more'n half the bed, say so, but (hic) keep yer c-cussed har out of my (hic) face."

A short time ago a western paper published a poem commencing:

"Dearest, come kiss me; my lips are yet warm,
And my bosom still pants from the clasp of thine arm;
The blood dances wildly through each throbbing vein;
But I droop, oh! I droop for thy kisses again."

To which a very "fresh" young gentleman promptly replied:

"Jee-roo-sa-lem, dearest, I dart like a fish;
My lips shall with kisses respond to thy wish;
I'll check not the blood thrilling wild in each vein,
But I'll stop thee from drooping with kisses again."

"Then turn up thy bill, love, I'll pounce like a bird;
And thro' dale and thro' forest the smack shall be heard.
If you suffer for kisses, I'm thar, 'you may bet';
And I'll kiss thee from morning till the sun shall be set."

"Come kiss thee? why, thunder, I'm one of that kind;
I'm the chap of all others you're trying to find;
So you needn't look farther—I'm in for the chance,
Tho' the blood should 'cavort' and your 'pulse it may dance';"

"So bring on the fruits, love—your kisses, I mean;
For I dream, now, of nothing but peaches and cream,
I'm waiting, and panting, and praying till then;
So come along, dearest, as quick as you can."

A DISTANT DUEL.—A fire-eating Irishman, covered with wounds received in duels, challenged a barrister, who gratified him by an acceptance. The duellist, unable to stand without support, requested that he might have a prop.

"Suppose," said he, "I lean against this milestone?"

"With pleasure," said the lawyer, "on condition that I may lean against the next?"

The challenger burst into a fit of laughter at the joke, and swore he would not fight so good-humored a gentleman.

SUCH A MOUTH.—A fellow, whose countenance was ugly enough scare the old one, was giving some extra flourishes in a public house, when he was observed by a Yankee, who, walking up, asked him if he didn't fall into a brook, when he was young.

"What do you mean, you impertinent scoundrel?"

"Why, I didn't mean nothing, only you've got such a crooked mouth, I thought as how you might have fallen in the brook, when you was a boy; and your mother hung you up by the mouth to dry."

PAT'S THANKFULNESS TO PROVIDENCE.—At a recent fire at Fall River, two Irish laborers, who had behaved gallantly in attempting to subdue the flames, were caught in a dangerous predicament; one gable of the house fell in, and that under which they were standing tottered over them. The younger attempted to fly from the spot, but was overtaken by the burning ruin, and very seriously injured. The other, seeing an open door in the base of the wall, darted through it, and emerged unhurt on the other side. His employer, next day, commenting on his escape, said he should return thanks to Providence for his preservation.

"Och! thin," said Dermot, scratching his head very slowly, "sure I do be thankful to Providence, and I think it was very merciful to me; but, sir, wasn't I mighty cute myself?"

THE EDITOR MAN.—An editor out West was observed to receive a subscription of two dollars for his paper. As soon as the news got abroad there was a tremendous rush to his office. Two tradesmen, a blacksmith and a butcher, all with small bills, were exceedingly earnest; the butcher, however, was most boisterous, and after threatening to shut down on the editor's meat tub, secured the two dollars.

NO LAWFUL IMPEDIMENT: AN EPIGRAM, BY QUISQUIS.

To sprightly Sue, dull Thomas said—

"A witty girl I ne'er will wed."

"It cannot be," quoth Sue, "because

You fear the old Mosaic laws;

For wit and you are not within

Prohibited degrees of kin!"

TRUE ENOUGH.—"What's the use," asked an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

EXCESSIVE MODESTY.—A young lady discharged her beau last week, because he told her that the comet could be seen with the naked eye. Another sent off her lover, because he said (when speaking of church affairs), that she was a lay woman; she regarded it as an insinuation that she laid eggs.

SCHOOLMASTER ABROAD.—"Mother, said a little chap, "what is this word—is it valentines?"

"No, no," replied the knowing mother, "it's Val-en-tines: here you have been to school for six months, and can't give the right pronunciation of the words yet!"

"Well, you see, mother, that you went to school for a longer spell than I did!"

NOT EASILY FRIGHTENED.—Mr. Jenkins was dining at a very hospitable table, but a piece of bacon near him was so very small that the lady of the house remarked to him:

"Pray, Mr. Jenkins, help yourself to the bacon; don't be afraid of it."

"No, indeed, madam, I shall not be. I've seen a piece twice as large, and it did not scare me a bit."

AN OUT AND OUT REGULAR RING-TAILED SNORTER OF A KNIFE.—The editor of the Boston Post says that a newly-invented dozen-bladed knife has been made by a Yankee cutler, which has, in addition to its blades, a corkscrew, a bodkin, a hairbrush, and a bootjack, besides a season ticket to the theatre.

NO CHOICE IN THE MATTER.—The Democratic Standard published at Concord, contains the following:

"Democrats, stick to James Buchanan, or we shall all go to h—ll together!"

Sticking together won't save you, but only crowd the passage.

VALUABLE RECIPE.—If you want to get rid of corns, rub them over with toasted cheese, and let three or four mice nibble them for a night or two. If the mice do their duty, the remedy will be efficient.

HAVE YOU ANY RELATIVES THERE.—To people who have any relatives out in Arkansas, the following will be interesting: "The Pine Bluff Independent says, five men were hung near Brownville, Prairie County, Arkansas, by some of the citizens. No particulars given."

HAPPENED TO BE THERE.—"Pompey," said a good-natured gentleman to his colored man, "I did not know till to-day you had been whipped last week."

"Dida't you, massa?" replied Pompey, "I knew it at de time."

BLEEDING AT THE NOSE.—It is said that the simple elevation of a person's arm will stop bleeding at the nose. The simple elevation of the arm is often the cause of the complaint.

AN IRISHMAN'S ANSWER.—"Why do you drive such a pitiful looking carcass as that? Why don't you put a heavier coat of flesh on him?" said a traveller to an Irish cart-driver.

"A heavier coat of flesh! By the powers, the poor creature can hardly carry what little there is on him now!"

ANOTHER CASSIUS.—There is a man in Mississippi, so lean that he makes no shadow at all. A rattlesnake struck at his leg sixteen times in vain, and then retired in disgust. He makes all hungry who look at him; and when children meet him in the street, they run home crying for bread.

ASTRONOMICAL.—A newspaper editor out West says, "that the simplest way of calculating distances of heavenly bodies, is the rule laid down by John Phenix's celebrated lecture upon astronomy, viz., guess at one-half the distance, and multiply by two."

PRENTICE AGAIN.—Prentice, on the Louisville Journal, says, in reference to some remark made concerning him: "The assertion is an unqualified lie, though made by a thoroughly qualified liar."

MILKING ONE'S BRAINS.—The editor of a well-known magazine wears a long goatee. A wag noticing his habit of handling it while writing, suggested that he was "milking his brains."

SMART BOY.—"What was the text in church, to-day, Charley, my dear?"

"I believe, father, the parson took a claws from the lion that Samson killed."

CON.—What is the difference between a sailor and a soldier? One tans his ropes, the other pitches his tent.

MISS CHUBB'S MATRIMONIAL VISIT TO NEW YORK.



Miss Chubb sighs for a husband, and concludes to go to the city.



Arriving at her brother's house, is astonished at being charged for her luggage!



She asks her brother to get her a "nice young man."



He brings her a very "nice," serious young man.



How the serious young man behaves when the brother goes out



The Christian young man accompanies his affianced to the boat, promising to follow and claim her for his bride.



On the dock, to her horror, her lover is pounced upon for "swindling."



Present appearance and employment of the "Christian young man."



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR AUGUST.

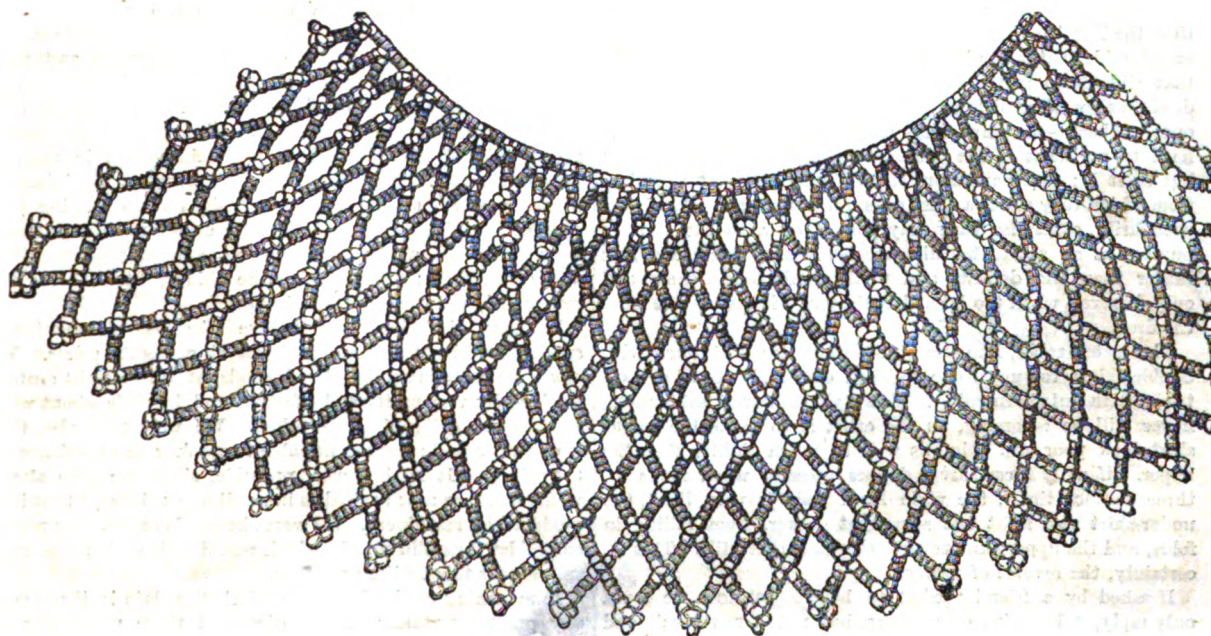
WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

At this particular period of the year, when every one has bought the necessary stock of summer clothing, and it is yet too early to purchase that of the fall—and when, indeed, were there the stores filled with goods appropriate to cold weather, it is far too hot for any one to realize the fact that in two brief months more we may have frosty mornings and chilly evenings—when, to sum up matters, nobody thinks of buying anything for immediate use, it may not be unwise to consider how far it may be desirable to lay out ready cash for the balance of the summer silks and tissues which now remain in the stores.

Every one knows that a great reduction is made at all the establishments in the prices of such articles as are left on hand, and notably in such as, from their style or material, are likely

to look old-fashioned next season. This affords to many an opportunity of purchasing rich and handsome dresses at a much smaller cost than such goods are generally obtained at when first imported, so that many are glad to avail themselves of the opportunity. Then, again, there are people who hold the belief that it is "better to be cut of the world than out of the fashion," and to whom it would appear far worse to wear a dress of last year's style than to break one of the commandments.

Leaving such to the inconveniences entailed on them by their peculiar ideas, and by no means desiring for ourselves such a plethora of purse as would enable us to indulge in them, we cannot help reminding our readers that the war which has just begun in Europe, and of which none of us can foresee the termination, will certainly have a serious effect in enhancing



COLLAR IN BEADWORK. PAGE 183

the prices of all imported goods, and especially those manufactured of silk. It is not merely that, day by day, the workmen in the manufactories will be drafted off to fill up the gaps caused by cannon and *armes de précision* in the army of Italy—even this would have a great effect on commerce—but it is not all. The ground over which the armies, friendly or hostile, are marching, the fields already drenched or about to be drenched with human blood, are precisely those spots which for years have been devoted to the cultivation of the mulberry—the home of the silkworm. When disease attacks one district, another can be brought into cultivation, and the loss is considered but temporary; but the present is a very different and far more hopeless state. The mulberry plantations and silkworm growth require, perhaps, more care and skill in their management than any other agricultural pursuit; and we must look forward to an enormous increase in the price of every article made from silk, and a general scarcity of the finer kinds.

We would counsel our friends, therefore, to avail themselves of any opportunities that may present themselves for purchasing silk dresses at a moderate cost. It is the great consideration in buying any but a very eccentric pattern, that it does not readily look old-fashioned. Indeed, the majority of silk dresses look handsome as long as they are wearable, and this is particularly the case with such as are sold by the yard, the design of which is really very *prononcé*. We can predict, also, with some confidence, that plain silks, *gros de Naples*, *poult de soie*, and others, will be very much worn next winter, and the stock at present being decidedly low, it will be well to make purchases at an early date. The remnants, also, generally such unsaleable things, will now be found of value, since trimmings and flounces of one color on a ground of another, will be among the most *distingué* of dinner toilettes.

It is, perhaps, from a want of consideration of these contingencies that the present purchases in dry goods houses are confined principally to *barèges*, tissues, *grenadines* and such like articles, and in these, universally, a very great reduction is being made. At *USDELL, PEIRSON & LANE*'s, 471 Broadway, beautiful two-flounced *barèges* have been selling at five dollars the dress—something like half the usual cost. Very pretty and glossy, as well as serviceable *Norwich* poplins, in rich plaids, are to be had at four dollars.

A. T. STEWART & Co., E. LAMBERT & Co., ARNOLD & CONSTABLE and all the other good houses, are also offering great inducements to their customers to make purchases; and there is a probability that those who do not avail themselves of it, will find reason next season to deplore the oversight.

Among the summer fabrics, not one appears more popular than the English *barège*. It is so moderate in price, so pretty and durable that it has become a great favorite; and the fact that ribbons to match every shade of it are procurable, has doubtless contributed to make it generally worn. It has but one drawback—the unpleasant odor it so often emits. It is hard to say what is the cause of this very disagreeable fact; but so it is; and purchasers should ascertain that the piece from which they select a dress does not possess any odoriferous peculiarity, otherwise they may pass it over, at the time of buying, as an accidental disagreeable arising from anything rather than the delicate and pretty goods before them, and only discover, when too late, that the smell is inseparable from the dress.

The *barège* robes, like almost all others, are still worn with double skirts, the upper one finished either all round or as a tunic, with fluted trimming. This style, however fashionable, never will be becoming, as the effect is to make the under-skirt look poor and thin, as well as much lighter than the upper. Usually these *barège* dresses present, when made up, three distinct tints; the plain lined body is very light, the under-skirt also light but somewhat darker, from falling in folds, and the upper skirt several shades darker still. This is, certainly, the reverse of pretty.

If asked by a friend "what to buy?" just now, we could only reply, "Bargains everywhere, but not a novelty;" and this is, in fact, the amount of what we have to say to the public. Each house is clearing the season's stock, without making any additions; and we have no novelties to record.

There are, however, particularly pretty travelling dresses at many of them; the most elegant being some French poplins, *chiqué*, black and white, and brown and white, which we saw at *USDELL & PEIRSON*'s. They are very silky and beautiful, and being of a wide width out to advantage. Those in black and white are the prettiest; but the other colors will probably wear better, especially where there is much dust.

EDWARD LAMBERT & Co. have also a very excellent assortment of poplins, dusters, alpacas and other travelling dress goods; and ARNOLD & CONSTABLE and A. T. STEWART offer their usual variety.

STEWART has also, just now, by the way, some really good ladies' hosiery; well woven and well shaped, at twenty-five cents a pair; we have given double the money, frequently, in New York for far inferior goods.

The prevalence of light tints and white in dresses make the laces and embroideries, with their fanciful trimmings, quite important.

Breakfast sets are frequently embroidered in scarlet or blue, with small neat patterns, in the style known to our readers as *Broderie à la minute*; spots and dots in all sorts of forms. With a white morning gown, this delicate coloring on the collar and cuffs is very pretty, and quite admissible, since it just relieves the dress, from which otherwise it could hardly be distinguished. Some of the sets also are trimmed with narrow bands of colored cambric, stitched on, or partly composed of buff or blue piqué. They are cheap and pretty, but of course not so elegant as those which are embroidered. We have not seen in the city any better collection of breakfast sets, in the various fashionable styles, than at the store of E. WILLIAMS & Co., 429 Broadway; and the prices are more than merely reasonable.

Breakfast sets, in great variety, can also be found at JAMES GRAY's, 729 Broadway. The trimming of the Valenciennes and Honiton sets at this house particularly pleased us. Universally of two, and sometimes of three colors combined, the ribbon being rarely more than inch wide, often not that; there is something very light and graceful even about the most elaborate trimmings. The favorite combinations are blue and green, Vert-islay and white, pink and white, amber and black, apricot and mauve, and red white and blue. At James Gray's will be found the newest shapes and styles; and we particularly noticed some Mandarin sleeves, open up the seam, with large puffings above and below the lace. A very handsome medallion set, also, made up with rich Valenciennes, had the cuff set behind a wristband of puffed illusion; this was supported by a large puff of illusion, and between it and a second was a double frill, the upper one of Valenciennes, the other of illusion with a ribbon run along the edge to show off the lace.

HATHAWAY, 687 Broadway, displays a charming and most elegant chenille head-dress. It consists of a bandeau across the top, with a spray of flowers and leaves at each end, the one being considerably longer than the other. The flowers are a species of lily, which look particularly rich in the soft velvety chenille. The durability of this sort of head-dress is a quality which should not be lost sight of in making purchases. This is suitable only for the evening. For morning wear we noticed, at the same store, some charming caps of illusion and ribbon; delicate fairy-like things, fit alike for the young girl, and the matron in her prime.

BLUXOME, 647 Broadway (above Bleecker), is making a specialité of laces and embroideries at moderate prices. We saw some machine-embroidered bands, at thirty-eight cents a yard, really very pretty and effective, and in style about what would cost a dollar if hand-worked. We were told, also, that it will wear well; but are not able to speak from experience on the subject. It is, however, probable, since the edge alone, which is not so much raised as in needlework, betrays that it is produced by machinery. We were shown also some very pretty embroidered muslin shawls, which would look well and be very suitable for this broiling weather.

In mourning goods alone do we find, thus late in the season any great assortment of novelties, and these principally at JACKSON's, 551 Broadway. As our readers are aware, many new materials in mourning goods are imported exclusively by them, and the exclusive attention given by them to this department

of their drygoods business insures a very satisfactory variety to the purchaser. Among the thin black materials is the Spanish berge—why it should not be called *barège* we do not see, for *barège*, of a very fine texture, it appears to be. Another is the *Donna Maria*, more silky-looking than the last; and *crêpe de Paris*, another novelty, is also well adapted for the season.

Black is, however, so hot, even if the fabric be thin, we are glad to see an unusual variety of mourning goods in black and white. The Indian poplins, chine or in narrow stripes, are the same on both sides. They are, we fear, a little heavy for this weather, but would be unexceptionable early in the fall for morning dresses. White is the prevailing tint of this material.

The Florentines, also in narrow stripes, have black for the chief color, the white being hardly more than a thread run in it at short distances. They are very soft, and would make admirable travelling dresses.

The Norwich poplins are thicker, and the stripes clearer and somewhat broader, though still narrow. One variety being entirely black in one direction and white in the other, presents a surface of a neutral gray tint, which is very lady-like.

We always notice, with pleasure, the rich and elegant style of Mrs. Jackson's bonnets, and the beautiful ribbons with which she decorates them. We were permitted to cut off a piece from one in her show-room, the garniture of which was five and a half inches wide (No. 60).

Having had several questions from correspondents regarding the width of ribbon, as designated by numbers, we think we shall gratify many of them by appending to this article a table of numbers and their relative widths; and we are especially encouraged to do so, because we find that *Frank Leslie's Magazine* is constantly quoted and referred to, and preserved as the authority that it claims to be.

Before adding this list, however, we must notice that the Marquisette ornaments which are likely to continue as fashionable as ever, are to be obtained principally at OSBORN, BOARDMAN & TOWNSEND's (not Boardman & Gray's), Broadway, corner of Spring. They consist of bracelets, which will vie with diamonds in brilliance if not in value; breastpins, buckles, clasps for waist-ribbons, and also for sleeves and cuffs. Marquisette looks most rich and brilliant when worn with velvet, or very dark and rich silk and satin; and in the evening its effect is particularly good. This firm have also a large assortment of sets of ornaments in Neapolitan coral. They are cut and set so that very little gold is seen in them. The same may be said of the garnets, which are also fashionable.

TIFFANY & Co., of 556 Broadway, have a handsome yet unpretending style of bracelet, of delicate and minute links, each chased as beautifully as if in itself a work of art, and the bracelet, though massive, as flexible as a ribbon. The end, which is fringed, is drawn through a buckle, usually enamelled and set with diamonds, and the ornament is thus made to fit the wearer.

We expect a great treat in examining some very beautiful ornaments in preparation for the fall trade; and conclude by appending our promised ribbon table:

No.	width	$\frac{1}{2}$ inch.
1		$\frac{1}{2}$
2		$\frac{3}{4}$
3		1
4		$1\frac{1}{2}$
6		$1\frac{3}{4}$
9		2
12		$2\frac{1}{2}$
16		3
18		$3\frac{1}{2}$
22	(the usual bonnet ribbon width)	4
30		$4\frac{1}{2}$
40		$4\frac{3}{4}$
50		5
60		$5\frac{1}{2}$
80	(principally used for sashes)	$5\frac{3}{4}$

REVIEW OF FASHIONS.

We observe that the leading Parisian modistes are modifying the ungraceful effect of the double skirt, as at present worn, by trimming the under one, instead of the upper. This is a move in the right direction, and has a particularly good effect in summer fabrics. A dress recently made by Madame Baronne, of a hazy, misty gray grenadine—a tint always so beautiful in transparent materials—had a full under-skirt, bouillonné until it reached the upper one, which had quilles of the same trimming up the sides, graduated to the waist, and slightly catching it up under the puffings.

A robe of mull muslin was made with quilles of narrow flounces, edged with Valenciennes; there were three of these quilles or pyramids on each side, each consisting of eighteen flounces, gradually becoming shorter towards the waist. Pagoda sleeves, trimmed with quilles to correspond, of nine frills each, the quille just about covering the front half of the sleeve. Over a low corsage, à la Vierge, gathered into a narrow band at the top, and trimmed with lace, is worn a fichu crossing at the waist, and with long ends. It is also trimmed with frills.

Another dress made by the same distinguished modiste had a very novel skirt, with three flounces, entirely covering it, and each flounce edged by three narrow ones. The sleeve was a Marie Stuart, of nine puffings, graduated to the wrist, where it was finished with a ruffle. Corsage high, and full at the waist back and front, cut quite plain on the shoulders. This charming dress was of white organdy with a delicate chintz pattern.

And the description of this dress reminds us to comment on the very different effect produced by a full corsage plain on the shoulders, and one which is gathered or plaited from top to bottom. Few people can afford to add to the height of their shoulders, and none desire to be remarked for the elevation of those parts of the frame. Now a body drawn or plaited on the shoulders deforms the finest figure, besides giving a stiffness and hardness to the outlines of the form, most unbecoming and unnatural. No one who cares in the least for appearances, therefore, will ever allow her dressmaker to disfigure her in that style; nor will any one who understands her business attempt it. All woollen fabrics, *barèges*, *alpaccas* and such like, look particularly bad when so made.

An eccentricity—none the less Parisian for being eccentric—is the fashion of wearing a skirt of one color and a basque of another; the material pique or brilliant. Maize and white is the favorite combination; but pink, blue and lilac, with white are also in vogue.

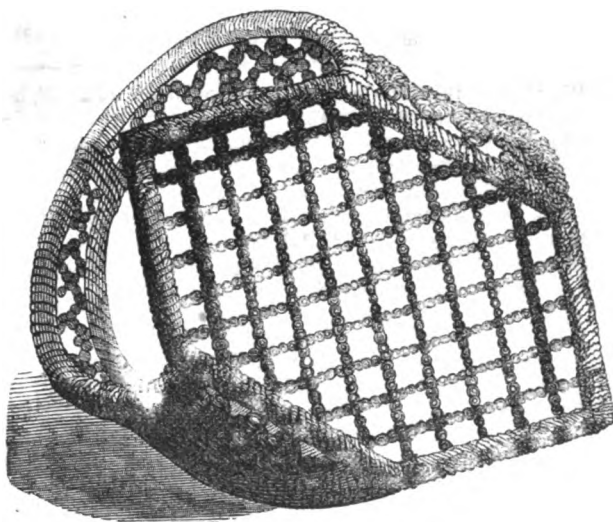
For the home evening dress of young ladies, India muslin is the most distinguished material. It is made with a number of flounces covering the skirt, and the sleeves trimmed to correspond. These flounces are usually worked in simple scallops, with a Chinese eyelet-hole in each; scarlet cotton is much employed for this purpose. Scarlet embroidery is also much used for collars and cuffs to be worn with white peignoirs and morning dresses. They have a much prettier effect than plain white.

For full evening dress *tarlatane* is as much in vogue as ever, and white almost invariably preferred to colors, the great variety of trimmings making a sufficient distinction between the different robes. All the skirts are flounced; but the lowest is usually trimmed with a wreath of delicate flowers, amongst which forget-me-nots, heartsease and violets are the favorites.

Ribbon is as fashionable as ever; the addition of bows and knots, with or without floating ends, being commonly made to the universal dahlia trimming. In silk-dresses the bows are in the form of butterflies, with double wings; and a steel slide (marquisette) slipped on the ribbon forming what is meant for the body of the insect.

Evening dresses have drooping sprays of pink or white roses, with blue bows and ends.

Mantles are worn almost entirely of lace; and black is the most general, although the most elegant toilettes are finished with white lace. Embroidered muslin shawls, with deep flounces, lead by a colored ribbon, covered by a puffing of muslin, are also in good taste; and we have seen some which



NAPKIN RING IN BEADWORK. PAGE 188.

we preferred even to these, with flounces tucked by the sewing machine, instead of embroidered. The muslin being of a very delicate and transparent texture, this style was from its simplicity more elegant than any embroidery could be. For general wear, however, nothing is so elegant or economical as black lace, which will afterwards be useful for another garment, even when the style in which it is now made is *passé*.

Travelling mantles are almost universally made like the dresses to be worn with them. The Chesterfield, with its handy little pockets, and sleeves that leave us the use of our arms, is certainly the most convenient form, if the undersleeves be, as they always ought in a travelling dress, of reasonable dimensions and simple make. But if not, there is a difficulty in getting the arm into the Chesterfield, and a shawl mantelet or a shawllette is preferable.

In bonnets there is scarcely anything worth recording; certainly no change. Amber, apricot and yellow, mingled with black ribbon and black lace, are the most distinguished trimming for straws of all sorts; and the tuft of flowers, or no end of ribbon and lace far on the front of the bonnet, almost invariable. Black is mingled with everything—dress, hat, bonnet or garniture with any pretension to elegance.

A new veil is introduced in Paris, the Voilette Clotilde, which is described as being a most elegant finish to the bonnet, trimming it both in the back and front, and forming a sort of crown of lace. We shall, doubtless, see some shortly in New York.

Shawls, for anything one sees of them, might be extinct; literally they have vanished from the streets, and it can only be guessed that they still hold their place in the wardrobe, and will reappear with all the charm of novelty at a future time.

In head-dresses, we have a revival of the wreaths and plaits of ribbon, surrounding the head *en couronne*, and finished with long floating ends, and large bows at the back of the neck; but in the centre of these coiffures, over the forehead, a brooch or slide of marquise is very generally worn. Jet divides the field with steel; and both are largely employed in all hair nets, torses and other decorations for the hair.

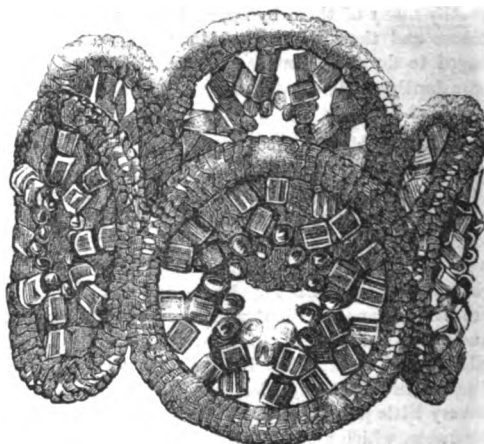
Small Greek caps, composed of a net work of chenille and pearls, have just made their appearance, and promise to be extensively worn. They are just large enough to cover the knot of back hair, and have a border of chenille, with long pendant tassels falling over the left shoulder to match.

Flowers are used invariably for ball coiffures, as also for the dress itself; and for the most part, are formed into coral wreaths—wider at the top than at the side—with long sprays drooping over the shoulders.

Turbans, as might be expected, are becoming generally fashionable; and are made of gauze, illusion and lace, as well as velvet. It is not uncommon to see a bouquet of hyacinths, a flower which has been fashionable throughout the season, arranged in the plume form to trim one side of a turban.

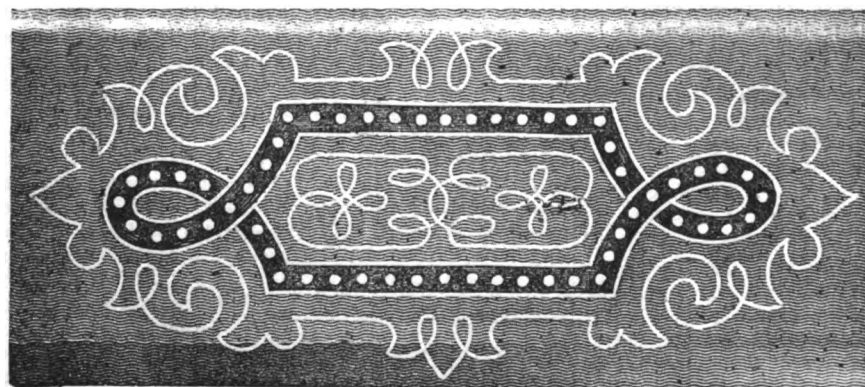
Dress handkerchiefs are often trimmed with a frill of rich lace set on full, the corners being always round. The fashion has the advantage of making these indispensable articles even more useless, if that be possible, than they were before. A great benefit to the community, no doubt.

Ornaments, if of gold, are most *comme il faut*, when of a very antique style, the ancient jewellery being much imitated in modern art. The gold is also of a deep yellow color. But coral



NETTED BORDER FOR HAIR NET. PAGE 183.

is worn more than gold; and with white or light dresses is certainly charming. Marquise is also greatly worn; and jet will probably take a leading place among ornaments towards the fall.



BRAIDED NOTE-CASE. PAGE 184.

STYLES FOR THE MONTH.

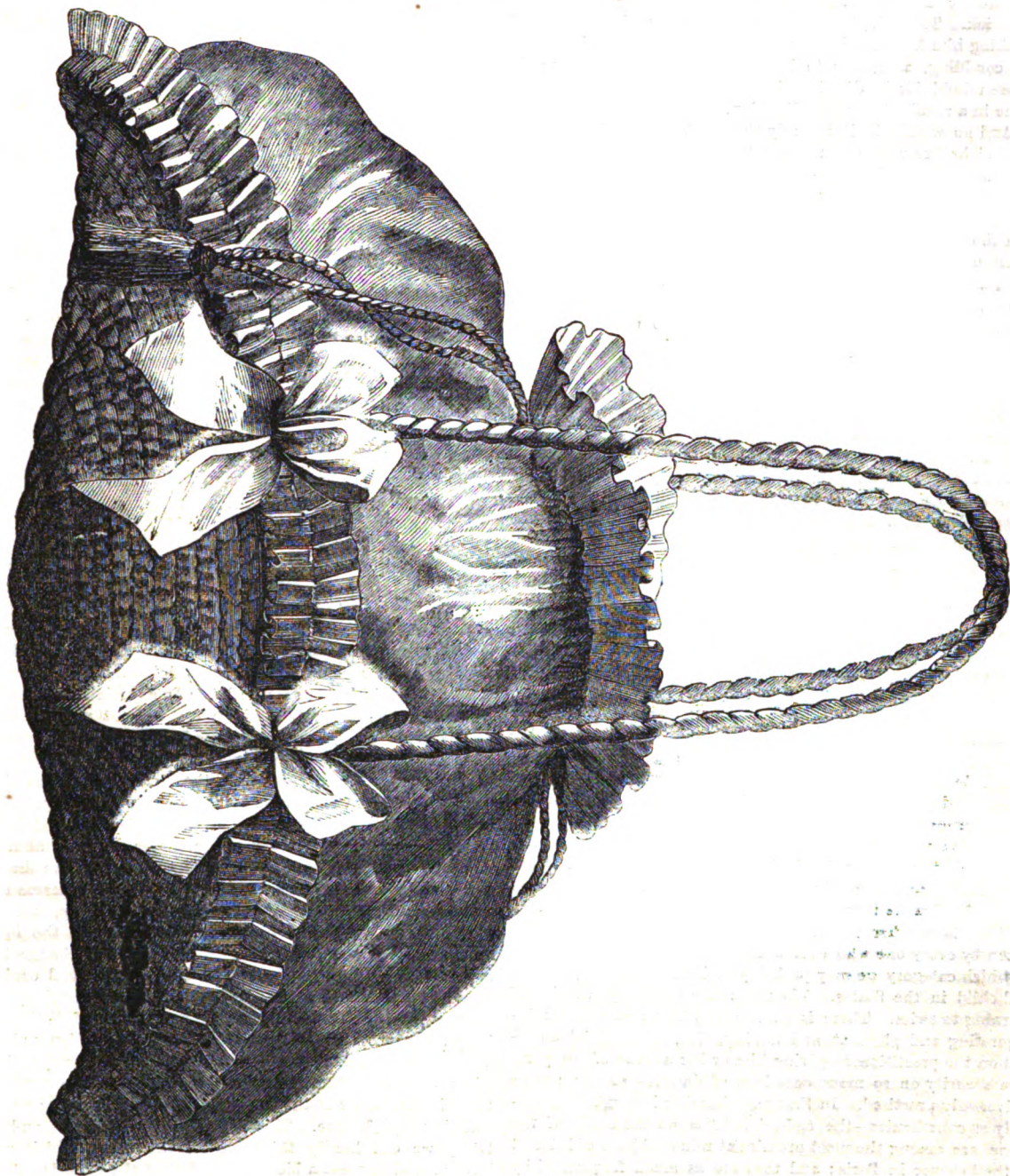
WITH the thermometer at 96° and over, the style most adopted will inevitably be that which is most cool and comfortable. White, or any light-tinted dresses, with scarfs to correspond, making a charmingly graceful and simple toilette, are much patronised. The white scarfs, about three and a half yards long, and not more than half a yard wide, quite straight, and finished only with a hem in which a colored ribbon is run, are very graceful for light and girlish

persons, though out of place for the matron or stout people of any age.

The corsages are almost all surplice style, open at the throat, en V. Edged with narrow lace, and fastened above the corset with a breastpin, they look as pretty and simple as cool. A convenient mode of making the sleeve is to have the upper part (of two or three puffs) separate from the pagoda which finishes it. The dress may then have short or long sleeves at pleasure, and it is more easily ironed than in any other way.

arranged in bandeaux or waved, the tresses at the back being the chief ornament of the head.

Aprons are now extremely fashionable, being made in various ornamental styles. They have generally two very natty pockets, the slits of which are decorated with silk cord set on in a pattern, and terminating in tassels. These cords and tassels are different in color to the apron itself. It is no doubt to these pockets and the impossibility of wearing them in the fashionable transparent dresses of the season, that aprons owe their



GIRTY BASKET. PAGE 184.

The Marie Stuart style, puffed to the wrist, is very becoming to many people, besides having the merit of forming a barrier against those troublesome creditors the mosquitoes, who are now so constantly "sending in their little bills."

The Sultana sleeve, open to the shoulder, is also deservedly in favor. It is more used for tissues and grenadines than for the washing materials. The under-sleeves worn with it are always of muslin, puffed, and with a colored ribbon run in.

The hair, like everything else, being affected by the heat, and for the most part declining to curl, is more frequently

present popularity. But to our fancy they are always pretty and home-like articles of toilette, giving a woman an air of domesticity which makes half the charm.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED PLATE.

SEA-BATHING, with its accompanying fun and frolic, being now the chief occupation of the morning hours of our fair ladies, just as the evening ones are absorbed in dancing, flirting and

eating ice-creams, we give, this month, a sketch of one of those merry parties which may be seen at any time at Newport, Long Branch, Cape May, or any other of our numerous and beautiful watering-places.

And glancing at the plate, we are reminded very forcibly that neither flirting nor dancing is confined to evening or gas light. Both, on the contrary, seem to be as popular amusements when those who practise them are half submerged in the water as ever they are on terra-firma. Then there is such scope for displaying a charming amount of maiden timidity, such a legitimate excuse for exhibiting the clearness of the voice in a scream or a shriek. Such clinging to the supporting arm of a partner and making him feel how delicious a thing it would be to have one so confiding, so gentle to lean on him for life—that really more mischief is done in these bathing parties, than in twice the time in a regular ball-room flirtation.

And no wonder! For surely the most beautiful foot never looked half so well, when encased in gossamer stockings and Este's slippers, as it does while seen gleaming and glittering through the waves of ocean, or tripping, shod only with a bathing shoe, along the pebbly beach; and as to face and form, can the set smiles and conventional talk of a ball-room ever elicit half so much interest as the merry laugh and dripping hair, and careless abandon of a bathing party?

But, by the way, we may remark, that however picturesque dripping locks may be, salt water is by no means the best unguent in the world. On the contrary, it imparts to the hair a species of rusty tint, anything but becoming, and renders it harsh and sticky to the touch. It ought, therefore, to be carefully preserved from contact with the sea water, by an oil skin cap, completely covering it; and over this may be worn a bloomer or flat of any style preferred.

The bathing dresses are now very frequently made into quite a pretty costume. Full loose pants are fastened round the ankles, leaving a frill of the same material to fall over the instep, and a blouse, coming about half way down to the knees with sleeves close at the wrists and finished with a ruffle, completes the costume, which is fastened by a leather girdle, or a belt of the material of the dress, round the waist. The material should always be woollen, which is much better adapted for the water, and more durable than any linen or cotton fabric. We have seen some very pretty bathing dresses of dark blue, bound with crimson, others of brown finished with scarlet. Either of these would both look and wear well.

DELANO & Co., Broadway, have conferred a great boon on the bathing community, as well as on the general sea-going world, by the introduction of their life-preserving bathing dresses and other garments. Considering the dangerous nature of the ground in many of our favorite bathing localities, and the accidents which occur almost every season, it is most important that every one should be provided with a dress which is warranted to preserve the wearer from the perils of drowning. The style of make is really elegant, and the price moderate.

There is another precaution which we could desire to see taken by every one who ever encounters danger on the water, in which category we may probably include every man, woman and child in the States. We mean the simple precaution of learning to swim. There is no reason why an exercise so invigorating and pleasant, and having, also, so beneficial an effect on the practitioner—giving him or her a sense of comparative security on so many occasions of danger—should not be universally practised. In France, swimming is taught as generally as calisthenics—the *écoles de natation*, on the banks of the Seine, are among the most prominent minor objects of interest to the loungeur in Paris; and they are as much frequented by women as by men. Yet the French are by no means a locomotive nation; neither for business or pleasure do they habitually traverse the globe, like the children of Jonathan and his brother John. To us, therefore, the benefit would certainly be immeasurably greater in proportion. Why should we not have our swimming schools.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS:

FULL LENGTH FIGURE.—We are indebted to the house of A. T

Stewart for this very charming dress and scarf, forming a complete walking toilette, particularly suitable to the present season. The material is most exquisite grenadine, and the design is one of singular beauty. The robe is with two flounces, the upper one reaching to the waist. A Greek border, in *lilas de Japon*, affords space for bouquets, which are of the natural colors in the lower row, and of lilas, shaded with wood-color, in the upper. The ground is pure white, and a delicate bayadere stripe covers every other part. The scarf piece, about three yards long, is so woven that the ends correspond with the borders of the flounces, while the centre has the simple bayadere design. Rich white silk fringe ornaments the edges of the scarf.

PARISIAN FASHIONS.

This charming group represents the latest Parisian style of toilette—the gentleman's we don't pretend to describe—but the lady to the left is dressed in a *robe à la* of rose and white silk, the breadths being alternately of each. It is made with a double skirt. The two colors are combined also in the corsage, the bretelles being of pink, and the body of white silk. Sleeves, large bouffants. A coronal of flowers, full over the brow, is placed round the head, resting on the two braids of hair, into which the tresses are woven.

The other figure wears a dress of tulle with three skirts, looped up at the sides with *trainante* wreaths of flowers. The bretelles are also composed of flowers formed into a wreath, widening on the shoulders, and forming a point below the folds crossing the bosom. Long sprays of the same flowers fall over the shoulders from the wreath, which, unlike that of the other figure, is placed far back on the head, the front hair being *crêpé* and worn in bouffants.

NOTEWORTHY NOVELTIES.

WHEN picturing to oneself the greatest amount of wonder and delight that can be experienced by human beings, it has often occurred to us that the restoration of sight after any considerable period of blindness must be one of the most entrancing and rapturous sensations. Not that we were ever visited with such a calamity as absolute blindness; but for many years, if not during our whole life, any clear-sightedness which we may possess has certainly been mental, not physical. Day by day matters became worse. More blunders were perpetrated, and those more ridiculous than the previous ones, until, in something like despair, we tried the Brazilian pebbles of Mr. Semmons, under the Lafarge House, Broadway. The proprietor examined our eyes, and at once invited us to try a certain pair of spectacles. The result was like magic. It was almost a realisation of the miracle of restoration to sight; like the poor sufferer of old, we, too, were ready to exclaim, "Whereas I was blind, now I see!" so different from the old hazy, indistinct look of everything were the clear, sharp outlines, the bright appearance of each object. As strange as the change itself appeared the fact that the sight of each individual could be thus instantaneously suited. It shows that a thorough optician only ought to sell spectacles. The first feeling of distinctness is by no means the only advantage of the Brazilian pebbles. The use of them does not seem to strain or heat the eye. Even when worn in a theatre, exposed to the glare of so much gas, there is not, either at the time or afterwards, the same sense of suffering and fatigue. This is our own experience, and certainly we can hardly think of any discovery which could have proved so great a blessing as that of the Brazilian Pebble Spectacles.

An ingenious little invention, coming, we presume, under the head of "Yankee notions"—one of those specimens of ingenuity for which America is so famous, and which proves how much headwork here is exercised to diminish handwork, even in trifles—is a tiny machine patented recently to assist ladies in threading their needles. It is likely to be very useful to those who work much in embroidery or darning, being appropriate only to long-eyed needles, for which it is excellent.

A new shawl-pin has also recently been brought out. It is

made with the ordinary catch of the Victoria pin, but the front forms a bow, allowing space for the thicknesses of a shawl, and preventing the pin itself from being forced out of place by the heavy folds of a winter wrap. This is a decided improvement, and one which our readers are likely to appreciate.

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

DEEP CROCHET TRIMMING FOR SKIRTS.—SEE LAST NUMBER.

Materials.—Walter Evans & Co.'s Boar's Head Crochet Cotton, No. 12, with a suitable hook.

Make a chain of the required length, and make it into a round, if to be worn so, and work on it one row of sc.

2nd, + 1 tc, 3 ch, miss 3 + repeat to the end.

3rd, Dc all along. Now begin to make the wheels thus :

Wheel, + 3 slip, 5 ch, miss 2, 3 slip. These 5 ch are the centre of the wheel. Turn the work on the wrong side ; 3 ch, dc on the last of 5 ch, 3 ch, dc on centre of 5, 3 ch, dc on first of 5, 3 ch, slip on first slip stitch, and slip 2 along. Turn again ; 3 ch, dc on nearest ch of last row, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc (which comes just over the centre of last row, and is half of this row), 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 1, 1 dc, 3 ch, miss 2 of the foundation, and slip on the next three stitches. Turn and work a dc stitch on every stitch. Slip along two at the end. Turn, and do a sc stitch on each, with two in one at every fourth stitch.

So much must be done of all the wheels, before proceeding further with the pattern ; and it is requisite to leave 23 stitches between every 2 wheels. As the section done takes 20 stitches you will begin at the * with the 3 slip, the 30th stitch from the last wheel. When all the half wheels are done so far, work the open line round them, making the large loops between thus :

1st complete row. Begin 7 stitches before the first wheel, 5 sc, + 2 ch, miss 1, 1 dc + all round the wheel, ending with 2 ch. Miss 2 on the foundation, and do 5 more sc, 7 ch, miss 2, 1 dc, 7 ch, miss 3, 1 dc, 7 ch, miss 2. Repeat along the whole length.

2nd row. + sc on centre one of 5 before the wheel, 12 sc on wheel. 5 ch, draw out the hook and insert in the eighth of 12 (missing 6) draw the last ch stitch through ; 1 ch, sc on each of the 5 ch, sc on all the wheel but the last 7. 5 ch, take out the hook, and missing 4, insert in the 5th, through which draw it. 1 ch, and then sc on each of the 5 ch. Sc on remainder of wheel. 1 sc on 3rd of 5 sc. Sc on each of the 3 loops following, with 3 on centre one of each. Repeat to the end.

You now work on the loops only, leaving the wheel thus : Dc on centre of 1st loop, 7 ch, tc on centre of next, 7 ch, tc on the same, 7 ch, dc on centre of next loop. Turn and cover each of the 7 ch with sc. Turn and do 3 slip stitches ; 9 ch, sc on centre of this loop, 7 ch, dc on centre of middle loop, 9 ch, dc on same, 7 ch, so on centre of next loop, 9 ch, slip on last, but 2 of same loop. Turn 1 ch, then 2 slip, connecting with the side of the small loop on the wheel. Cover all the loops with sc, worked under the ch, until you get to the last, which join to the little wheel-loop like the first. Turn and slip stitch over the loop, and along the wheel for six stitches beyond it. 10 ch, sc on centre of first loop. 10 ch, sc on centre of next, 10 ch, dc just between that loop and the next ; 11 ch, dc on centre of next loop (the one forming the point), 11 dc on the same place. This is the middle, now work the other half to correspond, and turning, work back, covering all the loops with sc. Slip stitch to the centre of the wheel.

Last row of loops beginning from the middle of the first wheel. 5 ch, insert the hook in the first loop and bring the stitch through. 5 more ch : slip on centre of wheel. 12 ch, sc on centre of next loop ; 8 ch, sc on centre of next ; 8 ch, sc on centre of next ; 8 ch, dc between this loop and next ; 8 ch, dc on centre of loop at the point ; 8 ch, another dc in the same stitch ; this last loop is the centre ; do the other half the pattern to correspond, ending it at the centre of the next wheel,

from which you work in like manner, repeating so to the end of the piece.

Last row. Cover every loop with sc, and it will much improve the effect to work picots throughout this row, at regular intervals.

COLLAR IN BEADWORK. PAGE 177.

Materials.—Alabaster or black beads, Nos. 2 and 3 ; with strong crochet silk to match. The beads are to be uncut

This design has the merit over all others for bead collars, that it does not require any pattern, the whole being formed by counting the beads. These are of two sizes—No. 2 and No. 3, the latter being the smallest, but larger than seed beads. To insure perfect regularity, lay aside any bead which is badly shaped or unlike the others in size,

The best mode of threading beads is to dip the end of the silk in a strong solution of gum-water and allow it to dry ; this stiffens the end, and it is perfectly easy to thread the beads on afterwards. Use as great a length of silk as you conveniently can, and join the ends with a sailor's-knot when you take a fresh piece.

Begin at one end. Thread on 3 large, 3 small, + 5 large ; slip the thread through the second of them in the opposite direction, to make the little knot of beads at the edge ; one more large, 3 small, 3 large, 3 small + work between the + + ; three times more. The fourth time, instead of 3 large put 5 large, and slip the thread through the second to make the point. Now work back ; one more large +, 3 small, 3 large, 3 small, one large ; slip through the second of the opposite three large + ; work back, linking this row to the last. When you come to the inner edge do 2 small for the neck, and begin the next end, working outwards. The engraving is so clear that no difficulty can occur in working from it, with the aid of the directions already given.

The long cord and tassel used for fastening are simply made by threading rows of beads, and then plaiting them.

If made in white beads, with a light shade of blue for the large, this collar is very pretty with a pique basque.

NAPKIN RING IN BEADWORK. PAGE 180.

The materials are a frame of stout wire, in the form and of the size of the outlines of our engraving ; with white, blue, ruby or any other color of beads, No. 3, and fine wire.

The frame can readily be made by any wire-worker, or, probably, could be formed with very little difficulty by the lady who is intending to ornament it. Coarse and fine wire, a pair of pliers, and strong scissors being the only implements and materials needed.

The lozenge in the centre must first be formed, the ends being laid over each other, and secured by winding with fine wire. Then the double line for the band is added, laying the ends in the same way along the lozenge, and binding them with fine wire. All the frame is then covered by winding over evenly with soft white braid. The usual way of making wire frames is to solder them ; but the French always do them as we have described, and they are much more pliable, more easily worked over, and less apt to break.

The design is then done with very fine wire, on which beads are easily threaded, the ends being wrapped over the frames, which is finally covered with a row of beads wound closely round, so as to entirely cover the frame.

On glancing at the engraving, the worker will perceive that the bead lines cross each other every fourth bead ; through this bead the wire in both directions must run, and it sometimes looks well if this bead be of a different color to the rest, and somewhat larger.

It is easy to vary this pattern for a ring, so as to distinguish that for each member of a family, there being a great variety of colors in the beads of this size.

DIAGRAM OF NETTED BORDER, FOR A HAIR NET—THE ORIGINAL SIZE. PAGE 180.

Crochet silk, short bugles (or beads), half inch bugles, others a little longer, and meshes of three different sizes are needed.

A long fine needle must be used, instead of the ordinary netting needle, whenever beads or bugles are to be put on in net-

ting; because each one must be threaded when the corresponding stitch is to be made.

The engraving gives so clear an idea of the design, that no mistake can possibly occur in working from it.

BRAIDED NOTE-CASE. PAGE 180.

As the period for making presents is rapidly approaching, and we are sure that many of our fair readers will prefer preparing their own gifts to purchasing them in stores, we are selecting for our work-table such articles as we think particularly suitable, having especially in view simplicity and rapidity of execution.

This design for a braided note-case can be made by any one, with very little trouble. The material should be rich velvet, with very narrow black velvet ribbon, gold thread, No. 8, and gold, turquoise or ruby beads.

Our engraving of the design is of the full size; but a larger margin may be allowed at the sides, so as to make the note-case wider. The length may be increased in a similar manner. Both sides should be in a single piece of velvet.

Having traced the design on a piece of bank post paper, prick all the outlines at even distances with a coarse needle; lay it over the velvet, keeping it in place by means of weights, and rub over it some powdered flake-white from a muslin bag. Remove the paper, and trace over the same outlines with a liquid mixture of the same with thin gum water. The pattern is then ready to be worked.

The black band is of black velvet ribbon, which is sewed on at the edges with silk of the same. At each edge is then sewed over a line of gold thread, and beads are placed at intervals along it. The white lines indicate gold cord, which is laid on, and sewed over with China silk of the same color. The ends of course are drawn in to the other side.

For the manner of making up note-cases I have already given full and ample instructions in the "Lady's Manual of Fancy-



HAIR NET.

all the stock of this establishment it is excellent in quality and moderate in price.

GIPSY BASKET. PAGE 181.

Materials.—Satin cord, of any color preferred; brilliant twine to contrast with it; satin ribbon, of the color of the cord; fine and coarse cord, and a piece of rich silk for the upper part.



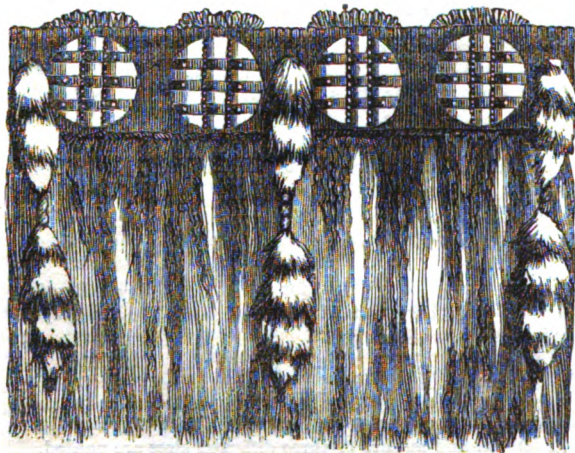
MOSS BUTTON TRIMMING.

Begin on the end of the cord, and work with the twine a piece two inches long. Close into a round; then work round and round, increasing every row to keep it almost flat—increasing especially at the ends. When a piece of crochet as large as the lower part of the basket is done, join in the silk for the upper part. Line both, make a running to draw the cords through. Trim with plaited ribbon and bows.

HAIR NET.

Hair nets are now so very fashionable for breakfast toilette—at which, even for very young ladies, some sort of head-dress is indispensable, that we here give a sketch showing the manner in which this pretty coiffure is to be worn.

Our readers will observe that it comes well over the crown of



TASSELED FRINGE TRIMMING.

work," and it would be tedious to my readers to repeat them here.

MOSS BUTTON TRIMMING.

From the house of Meeker & Maidhoff, 62 Walker street, one door west of Broadway, we have the pattern of the very pretty and novel dress trimming which we here illustrate. It is of very rich silk, scalloped at one edge, where it is finished with a narrow fringe; while the other is straight, and has oval tufts of moss at intervals. A small tuft of moss also heads each scallop. It is obtainable in every variety of fashionable colors; and either in one tint, or combining several; and will make a charming trimming for silk dresses. The quality of this trimming is particularly good; and on that account, as well as its tasteful design, is worthy of notice.

TASSELED FRINGE TRIMMING.

This is a crimped fringe, with chenille drops at intervals, and a heading with a spot on it. In this spot, and the drop, two colors are combined; the remainder of the trimming is of one of them only. It, also, is from the firm of Meeker & Maidhoff; and like



WALKING TOILETTE.

the head, holding the back hair in a sort of bag, with a handsome fringe falling round the head, and on the neck: This fringe is always profusely trimmed with beads and bugles, which are not only very ornamental but also extremely useful, as their weight serves to keep the cap in its place. Rich tassels of beads, or beads and crochet, drop just behind the ear on one side. Crimson, scarlet or blue silk, with black beads and bugles, make the most effective borders, although the remainder of the net be made of the color of the hair. With the present rage for shades of yellow, it is also not improbable that amber may be worn by brunettes.

WHEAT-EAR ALPHABET IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY. PAGE 188.

For the convenience of our readers who may thus be enabled to select any initials they may require, we shall give, in the course of this and the next two or three numbers, a complete alphabet in this very ornamental style.

The letter selected should be traced from the engraving on thin letter paper, accurately drawn, and then inked, so as to look as dark as possible. Lay it under the cambric, and trace it on the latter with a little indigo and water, or if the cambric be clear enough, you may tack the letter underneath, and work over it.

Evans's Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 50, 70, 80 or

100, according to the quality of the handkerchief, will be found most suitable for this work.

It is done in fine satin stitch, and care is necessary to preserve the points and forms of the leaves and corn.

EMBROIDERED CUSHION. PAGE 189.

Materials.—Velvet or cloth, narrow black velvet ribbon, gold thread, No. 3, and embroidery silk to contrast with the color of the cloth.

The design being marked on the cloth, the leaves which form so beautiful a wreath are embroidered on it. The black line of velvet is tacked evenly on or sometimes gummed, and the edges sewed down, being edged with a line of gold thread; a double line of thread is also interlaced with these last.

MANY people like newspapers, but few preserve them; yet the most interesting reading imaginable is a file of old newspapers. It brings up the very age, with all its bustle and every-day affairs, and marks its genius and its spirit more than the most labored description of the historian. Who can take up a paper half a century back, without the thought that almost every name there printed is now cut upon a tombstone at the head of an epitaph?

THE SIN OF A FATHER.

DR. BROWN was poor, and had to make his way in the world. He had gone to study his profession in Edinburgh, and his energy, ability and good conduct had entitled him to some notice on the part of the professors. Once introduced to the ladies of their families, his prepossessing appearance and pleasing manners made him an universal favorite, and perhaps no other student received so many invitations to dances, evening parties, or was so often singled out to fill up an odd vacancy at the last moment at the dinner-table. No one knew particularly who he was, or where he sprang from; but then he had no near relations, as he had once or twice observed; so he was evidently not hampered with low-born or low-bred connections. He had been in mourning for his mother when he first came to college.

All this much was recalled to the recollection of Professor Frazer by his niece Margaret, as she stood before him one morning in his study, telling him, in a low but resolute voice, that the night before Dr. James Brown had offered her marriage, that she had accepted him, and that he was intending to call on Professor Frazer (her uncle and natural guardian) that very morning to obtain his consent to their engagement. Professor Frazer was perfectly aware, from Margaret's manner, that his consent was regarded by her as a mere form, for that her mind was made up; and he had more than once had occasion to find out how inflexible she could be. Yet he too was of the same blood, and held to his own opinions in the same obdurate manner. The consequence of which frequently was, that uncle and niece had argued themselves into mutual bitterness of feeling, without altering each other's opinions one jot. But Professor Frazer could not restrain himself on this occasion of all others.

"Then, Margaret, you will just quietly settle down to be a beggar, for that lad Brown has little or no money to think of marrying upon; you that might be my Lady Kennedy if you would."

"I could not, uncle."

"Nonsense, child. Sir Alexander is a personable and agreeable man—middle-aged, if you will—well, a wilful woman maun have her way; but, if I had had a notion that youngster was sneaking into my house to cajole you into fancying him, I would have seen him far enough before I had ever let your aunt invite him to dinner. Aye! you may mutter; but I say no gentleman would ever have come into my house to seduce my niece's affections without first informing me of his intentions and asking my leave."

"Dr. Brown is a gentleman, Uncle Frazer, whatever you may think of him."

"So you think—so you think. But who cares for the opinion of a love-sick girl? He is a handsome, plausible young fellow, of good address; and I don't mean to deny his ability. But there is something about him I never did like, and now it's accounted for. And Sir Alexander— Well, well! your aunt will be disappointed in you, Margaret. But you were always a headstrong girl. Has this Jamie Brown ever told you who or what his parents were, or where he comes from? I don't ask about his forbears, for he does not look like a lad who has ever had ancestors; and you a Frazer of Lovat! Fie, for shame, Margaret! Who is this Jamie Brown?"

"He is James Brown, Doctor of Medicine of the University of Edinburgh: a good, clever young man, whom I love with my whole heart," replied Margaret, reddening.

"Hoot! is that the way for a maiden to speak? Where does he come from? Who are his kinsfolk? Unless he can give a pretty good account of his family and prospects, I shall just bid him begone, Margaret, and that I tell you fairly."

"Uncle" (her eyes were filling with hot indignant tears), "I am of age; you know he is good and clever, else why have you had him so often to your house? I marry him, and not his kinsfolk. He is an orphan. I doubt if he has any relations that he keeps up with. He has no brothers nor sisters. I don't care where he comes from."

"What was his father?" asked Professor Frazer, coldly.

"I don't know. Why should I go prying into every parti-

cular of his family, and asking who his father was, and what was the maiden name of his mother when his grandmother was married."

"Yet I think I have heard Miss Margaret Frazer speak up pretty strongly in favor of a long line of unspotted ancestry."

"I had forgotten our own, I suppose, when I spoke so. Simon Lord Lovat is a creditable great-uncle to the Frazers. If all tales be true, he ought to have been hanged for a felon instead of beheaded like a loyal gentleman."

"Oh! if you're determined to foul your own nest, I have done. Let James Brown come in; I will make him my bow, and thank him for condescending to marry a Frazer."

"Uncle," said Margaret, now fairly crying, "don't let us part in anger. We love each other in our hearts. You have been good to me, and so has my aunt. But I have given my word to Dr. Brown, and I must keep it. I should love him if he was the son of a ploughman. We don't expect to be rich; but he has a few hundreds to start with, and I have my own hundred a year—"

"Well, well, child, don't cry. You have settled it all for yourself, it seems; so I wash my hands of it. I shake off all responsibility. You will tell your aunt what arrangements you make with Dr. Brown about your marriage, and I will do what you please in the matter. But don't send the young man in to ask my consent. I neither give it nor withhold it. It would have been different if it had been Sir Alexander."

"O! Uncle Frazer, don't speak so. See Dr. Brown, and at any rate—for my sake—tell him you consent. Let me belong to you that much. It seems so desolate at such a time to have to dispose of myself as if nobody owned or cared for me."

The door was thrown open, and Dr. James Brown was announced. Margaret hastened away; and, before he was aware, the professor had given a sort of consent, without asking a question of the happy young man, who hurried away to seek his betrothed, leaving her uncle muttering to himself.

Both Dr. and Mrs. Frazer were so strongly opposed to Margaret's engagement in reality, that they could not help showing it by manner and implication, although they had the grace to keep silent. But Margaret felt even more keenly than her lover that he was not welcome in the house. Her pleasure in seeing him was destroyed by her sense of the cold welcome that he received; and she willingly yielded to his desire of a short engagement, which was contrary to their original plan of waiting until he should be settled in practice in London, and should see his way clear to such an income as should render their marriage a prudent step. Dr. and Mrs. Frazer neither objected nor approved. Margaret would rather have had the most vehement opposition than this icy coldness. But it made her turn with redoubled affection to her warm-hearted and sympathising lover. Not that she had ever discussed her uncle's and aunt's behavior with him. As long as he was apparently unaware of it she would not awaken him to a sense of it. Besides, they had stood to her so long in the relation of parents, that she felt she had no right to bring in a stranger to sit in judgment upon them.

So it was with rather a heavy heart that she arranged their future ménage with Dr. Brown; unable to profit by her aunt's experience and wisdom. But Margaret herself was a prudent and sensible girl. Although accustomed to a degree of comfort in her uncle's house that almost amounted to luxury, she could resolutely dispense with it when occasion required. When Dr. Brown started for London to seek and prepare their new home, she enjoined him not to make any but the most necessary preparations for her reception. She would herself superintend all that was wanting when she came. He had some old furniture stored up in a warehouse which had been his mother's. He proposed selling it, and buying new in its place. Margaret persuaded him not to do this, but to make it go as far as it could. The household of the newly-married couple was to consist of a Scotch woman long connected with the Frazer family, who was to be the sole female servant; and of a man whom Dr. Brown picked up in London, soon after he had fixed on a house, a man named Crawford, who had lived for many years with a gentleman now gone abroad, but who gave him the most excellent character, in reply to Dr. Brown's

Inquiries. This gentleman had employed Crawford in a number of ways; so that in fact he was a kind of Jack-of-all-trades; and Dr. Brown, in every letter to Margaret, had some new accomplishment of his servant's to relate, which he did with the more fulness and zest, because Margaret had slightly questioned the wisdom of starting in life with a man-servant, but had yielded to Dr. Brown's argument of the necessity of keeping up a respectable appearance, making a decent show, &c., to any one who might be inclined to consult him, but be daunted by the appearance of old Christie out of the kitchen, and unwilling to leave any message to one who spoke such unintelligible English. Crawford was so good a carpenter that he could put up shelves, adjust faulty hinges, mend locks, and even went the length of constructing a box with of some old boards that had once formed a packing-case. Crawford one day, when his master was too busy to go out for his dinner, improvised an omelette as good as any Dr. Brown had ever tasted in Paris, when he was studying there. In short, Crawford was a kind of admirable Orichton in his way, and Margaret was quite convinced that Dr. Brown was right in his decision that they must have a man-servant, even before she was respectfully greeted by Crawford as he opened the door to the newly-married couple, when they came to their new home after their short wedding tour.

Dr. Brown was rather afraid lest Margaret should think the house bare and cheerless in its half-furnished state; for he had obeyed her injunctions and bought as little furniture as might be, in addition to the few things he had inherited from his mother. His consulting-room (how grand it sounded!) was completely arranged, ready for stray patients; and it was well calculated to make a good impression on them. There was a Turkey carpet on the floor, that had been his mother's, and was just sufficiently worn to give it the air of respectability which handsome pieces of furniture have when they look as if they had not just been bought for the occasion, but are in some degree hereditary. The same appearance pervaded the room; the library table (bought second-hand, it must be confessed), the bureau—that had been his mother's—the leather chairs (as hereditary as the library table), the shelves Crawford had put up for Dr. Brown's medical books, a good engraving or two on the walls, gave altogether so pleasant an aspect to the apartment that both Dr. and Mrs. Brown thought, for that evening at any rate, that poverty was just as comfortable a thing as riches. Crawford had ventured to take the liberty of placing a few flowers about the room, as his humble way of welcoming his mistress; late autumn flowers, blending the idea of summer with that of winter suggested by the bright little fire in the grate. Christie sent up delicious scones for tea, and Mrs. Frazer had made up for her want of geniality as well as she could by a store of marmalade and mutton hams: Dr. Brown could not be easy even in this comfort until he had shown Margaret, almost with a groan, how many rooms were as yet unfurnished, how much remained to be done. But she laughed at his alarm lest she should be disappointed in her new home, declared that she should like nothing better than planning and contriving; that what with her own talent for upholstery and Crawford's for joinery the rooms should be furnished as if by magic, and no bills—the usual consequences of comfort—be forthcoming.

But with the morning and daylight Dr. Brown's anxiety returned. He saw and felt every crack in the ceiling, every spot on the paper, not for himself but for Margaret. He was constantly in his own mind, as it seemed, comparing the home he had brought her to, to the one she had left. He seemed constantly afraid lest she had repented or would repent having married him. This morbid restlessness was the only drawback to their great happiness; and, to do away with it, Margaret was led into expenses much beyond her original intention. She bought this article in preference to that because her husband, if he went shopping with her, seemed so miserable if he suspected that she denied herself the slightest wish on the score of economy. She learnt to avoid taking him out with her when she went to make her purchases, as it was a very simple thing to her to choose the least expensive thing even though it were the ugliest, when she was by herself, but not a simple painless

thing to her to harden her heart to his look of mortification when she quietly said to the shopman that she could not afford this or that. On coming out of a shop after one of these occasions, he had said:

"O, Margaret, I ought not to have married you. You must forgive me—I have so loved you."

"Forgive you, James!" she said. "For making me so happy! What should make you think I care so much for rep in preference to moreen? Don't speak so again, please."

"O, Margaret! but don't forget how I ask you to forgive me."

Crawford was everything that he had promised to be, and more than could be desired. He was Margaret's right hand in all her little household plans, in a way which irritated Christie not a little. This feud between Christie and Crawford was indeed the greatest discomfort in the household. Crawford was silently triumphant in his superior knowledge of London, in his favor up-stairs, in his power of assisting his mistress, and in the consequent privilege of being frequently consulted. Christie was for ever regretting Scotland, and hinting at Margaret's neglect of one who had followed her fortunes into a strange country to make a favorite of a stranger, and one who was none so good as he ought to be, as she would sometimes affirm. But as she never brought any proof of her vague accusations, Margaret did not choose to question her, but set them down to a jealousy of her fellow-servant, which the mistress did all in her power to heal.

On the whole, however, the four people forming this family lived together in tolerable harmony. Dr. Brown was more than satisfied with his house, his servants, his professional prospects, and most of all with his little bright energetic wife. Margaret from time to time was taken by surprise by certain moods of her husband's; but the tendency of these moods was not to weaken her affection, rather to call out a feeling of pity for what appeared to her morbid sufferings and suspicions—a pity ready to be turned into sympathy as soon as she could discover any definite cause for his occasional depression of spirits. Christie did not pretend to like Crawford; but, as Margaret quietly declined to listen to her grumblings and discontent on this head, and as Crawford himself was almost painfully solicitous to gain the good opinion of the old Scotch woman, there was no open rupture between them. On the whole, the popular, successful Dr. Brown was apparently the most anxious person in his family. There could be no great cause for this as regarded his money affairs. By one of those lucky accidents which sometimes lift a man up out of his struggles, and carry him on to smooth unencumbered ground, he had made a great step in his professional progress, and their income from this source was likely to be fully as much as Margaret and he had ever anticipated in their most sanguine moments, with the likelihood, too, of a steady increase as the years went on.

I must explain myself more fully on this head.

Margaret herself had rather more than a hundred a year; sometimes, indeed, her dividends had amounted to one hundred and thirty or forty pounds; but on that she dared not rely. Dr. Brown had seventeen hundred remaining of the three thousand left him by his mother; and, out of this money, he had to pay for some of the furniture, the bills for which had not been sent in at the time, in spite of all Margaret's entreaties that such might be the case. They came in about a week before the time when the events I am going to narrate took place. Of course they amounted to more than even the prudent Margaret had expected, and she was a little dispirited to find how much money it would take to liquidate them. But, curiously and contradictorily enough—as she had often noticed before—any real cause for anxiety or disappointment did not seem to affect her husband's cheerfulness. He laughed at her dismay over her accounts, jingled the proceeds of that day's work in his pockets, counted it out to her, and calculated the year's probable income from that day's gains. Margaret took the guineas, and carried them up stairs to her own secretaire in silence; having learnt the difficult art of trying to swallow down her household cares in the presence of her husband. When she came back she was cheerful, if grave. He had

WHEAT-EAR ALPHABET.



taken up the bills in her absence, and had been adding them up.

"Two hundred and thirty-six pounds," he said, putting the accounts away to clear the table for tea as Crawford brought in the things. "Why I don't call that much. I believe I reckoned on their coming to a great deal more. I'll go into the city to-morrow and sell out some shares, and set your little heart at ease. Now don't go and put a spoonful less tea in to-night to help to pay these bills. Earning is better than saving, and I am earning at a famous rate. Give me good tea, Maggie, for I have done a good day's work."

They were sitting in the doctor's consulting-room for the better economy of fire. To add to Margaret's discomfort the chimney smoked this evening. She had held her tongue from any repining words; for she remembered the old proverb about a smoky chimney and a scolding wife; but she was more irri-

next morning; and her husband promised to go into the city and provide her with the money.

This he did. He showed her the notes that evening, locked them up for the night in his bureau; and, lo! in the morning they were gone! They had breakfasted in the back parlor, or half-furnished dining-room. A charwoman was in the front room, cleaning after the sweeps. Dr. Brown went to his bureau, singing an old Scotch tune as he left the dining-room. It was so long before he came back that Margaret went to look for him. He was sitting in the chair nearest to the bureau, leaning his head upon it, in an attitude of the deepest despondency. He did not seem to hear Margaret's step, as she made her way among rolled-up carpets and chairs piled on each other. She had to touch him on the shoulder before she could rouse him.

"James, James!" she said in alarm.



tated by the puffs of smoke coming over her pretty white work than she cared to show; and it was in a sharper tone than usual that she spoke in bidding Crawford take care and have the chimney swept. The next morning all had cleared brightly off. Her husband had convinced her that all their money matters were going on well; the fire burned brightly at breakfast time, and the unwonted sun shone in at the windows. Margaret was surprised when Crawford told her that he had not been able to meet with a chimney-sweeper that morning, but that he had tried to arrange the coals in the grate so that for this one morning, at least, his mistress should not be annoyed, and by the next he would take care to secure a sweep. Margaret thanked him, and acquiesced in all his plans about giving a general cleaning to the room, the more readily because she felt that she had spoken sharply the night before. She decided to go and pay all her bills, and make some distant calls on the

He looked up at her almost as if he did not know her.

"O Margaret," he said, and took hold of her hands, and hid his face in her neck.

"Dearest love, what is it?" she asked, thinking he was suddenly taken ill.

"Some one has been to my bureau since last night," he groaned, without looking up or moving.

"And taken the money," said Margaret, in an instant understanding how it stood.

It was a great blow; a great loss, far greater than the few extra pounds by which the bills had exceeded her calculations; yet it seemed as if she could bear it better.

"O dear!" she said, "that is bad; but after all—Do you know," she said, trying to raise his face, so that she might look into it, and give him the encouragement of her honest loving eyes, "at first I thought you were deadly ill, and all sorts of



dreadful possibilities rushed through my mind--it is such a relief to find that it is only money--"

"Only money," he echoed, sadly, avoiding her look, as if he could not bear to show her how much he felt it.

"And after all," she said, with spirit, "it can't be gone far. Only last night here. The chimney-sweeps--we must send Crawford for the police directly. You did not take the numbers of the notes?" ringing the bell as she spoke.

"No; they were only to be in our possession one night," he said.

"No, to be sure not."

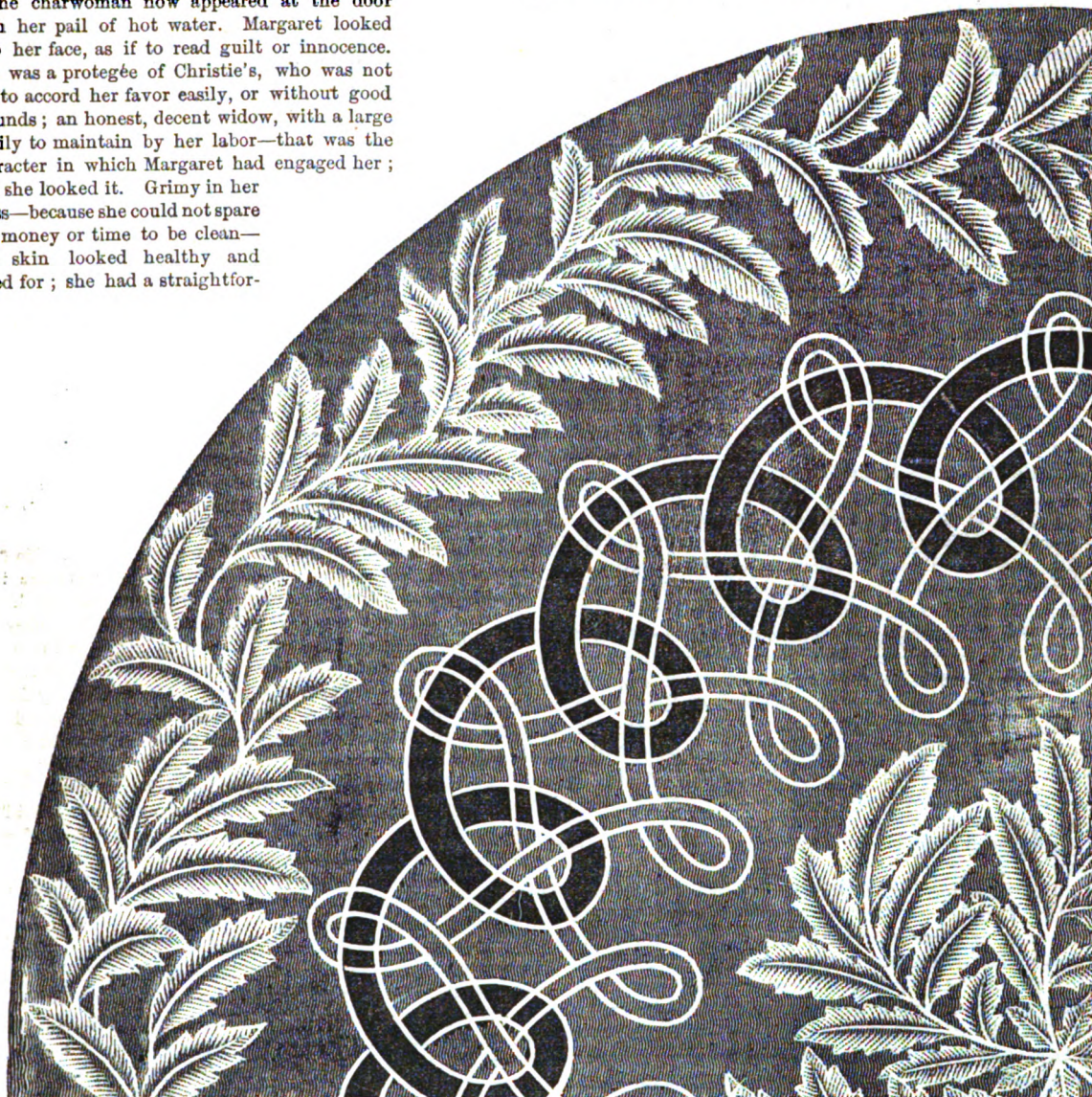
The charwoman now appeared at the door with her pail of hot water. Margaret looked into her face, as if to read guilt or innocence. She was a protégée of Christie's, who was not apt to accord her favor easily, or without good grounds; an honest, decent widow, with a large family to maintain by her labor--that was the character in which Margaret had engaged her; and she looked it. Grimy in her dress--because she could not spare the money or time to be clean--her skin looked healthy and cared for; she had a straightfor-

ward, business-like appearance about her, and seemed in no ways daunted nor surprised to see Dr. and Mrs. Brown standing in the middle of the room, in displeased perplexity and distress. She went about her business without taking any particular notice of them. Margaret's suspicions settled down yet more distinctly upon the chimney-sweeper; but he could not have gone far, the notes could hardly have got into circulation. Such a sum could hardly have been spent by such a man in so short a time, and the restoration of the money was her first, her only object. She had hardly a thought for subsequent duties, such as prosecution of the offender, and the like consequences of crime. While her whole energies were bent on the speedy recovery of the money, and she was rapidly going over the necessary steps to be taken, her husband sat all poured out into his chair, as the Germans say; no force

in him to keep his limbs in any attitude requiring the slightest exertion; his face sunk, miserable, and with that foreshadowing of the lines of age which sudden distress is apt to call out on the youngest and smoothest faces.

"What can Crawford be about?" said Margaret, pulling the bell again with vehemence. "O Crawford!" as the man at that instant appeared at the door.

"Is anything the matter?" he said, interrupting her, as if alarmed into an unusual discomposure by her violent ringing. "I had just gone round the corner with the letter master gave me last night for the post, and when I came back Christie told



EMBROIDERED CUSHION. PAGE 185.

me you had rung for me, ma'am. I beg your pardon, but I have hurried so," and, indeed, his breath did come quickly, and his face was full of penitent anxiety.

"O, Crawford! I am afraid the sweep has got into your master's bureau, and taken all the money he put there last night. It is gone, at any rate. Did you ever leave him in the room alone?"

"I can't say, ma'am; perhaps I did. Yes! I believe I did. I remember now--I had my work to do; and I thought the charwoman was come, and I went to my pantry; and some time after Christie came to me, complaining that Mrs. Roberts was so late; and then I knew that he must have been alone in the room. But dear me, ma'am, who would have thought there had been so much wickedness in him!"

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"How was it he got into the bureau?" said Margaret, turning to her husband. "Was the lock broken?"

He roused himself up, like one who wakens from sleep.

"Yes! No! I suppose I had turned the key without locking it last night. The bureau was closed, not locked, when I went to it this morning, and the bolt was shot." He relapsed into inactive, thoughtful silence.

"At any rate, it is no use losing time in wondering now. Go, Crawford, as fast as you can, for a policeman. You know the name of the chimney-sweeper, of course," she added, as Crawford was preparing to leave the room.

"Indeed, ma'am, I'm very sorry, but I just agreed with the first who was passing along the street. If I could have known—"

But Margaret had turned away with an impatient gesture of despair. Crawford went without another word to seek a policeman.

In vain did his wife try and persuade Dr. Brown to taste any breakfast; a cup of tea was all he would try and swallow, and that was taken in hasty gulps, to clear his dry throat, as he heard Crawford's voice talking to the policeman whom he was ushering in.

The policeman heard all and said little. Then the inspector came. Dr. Brown seemed to leave all the talking to Crawford, who apparently liked nothing better. Margaret was infinitely distressed and dismayed by the effect the robbery seemed to have on her husband's energies. The probable loss of such a sum was bad enough, but there was something so weak and poor in character, in letting it affect him so strongly—to deaden all energy and destroy all hopeful spring, that although Margaret did not dare to define her feeling, nor the cause of it, to herself, she had the fact before her perpetually, that, if she were to judge of her husband from this morning only, she must learn to rely on herself alone in all cases of emergency. The inspector repeatedly turned from Crawford to Dr. and Mrs. Brown for answers to his inquiries. It was Margaret who replied, with terse short sentences, very different from Crawford's long involved explanations.

At length the inspector asked to speak to her alone. She followed him into the next room, past the affronted Crawford and her despondent husband. The inspector gave one sharp look at the charwoman, who was going on with her scouring with stolid indifference, turned her out, and then asked Margaret where Crawford came from—how long he had lived with them, and various other questions, all showing the direction his suspicions had taken. This shocked Margaret extremely; but she quickly answered every inquiry; and, at the end, watched the inspector's face closely, and waited for the avowal of the suspicion.

He led the way back to the other room without a word; however. Crawford had left, and Dr. Brown was trying to read the morning's letters (which had just been delivered); but his hands shook so much that he could not see a line.

"Dr. Brown," said the inspector, "I have little doubt that your man-servant has committed this robbery. I judge so from his whole manner; and from his anxiety to tell the story, and his way of trying to throw suspicion on the chimney-sweeper, neither whose name nor dwelling can he give; at least he says not. Your wife says he has already been out of the house this morning, even before he went to summon a policeman; so there is little doubt that he has found means for concealing or disposing of the notes; and you say you do not know the numbers. However, that can probably be ascertained."

At this moment Christie knocked at the door, and, in a state of great agitation, demanded to speak to Margaret. She brought up an additional store of suspicious circumstances, none of them much in themselves, but all tending to criminate her fellow-servant. She had expected to find herself blamed for starting the idea of Crawford's guilt, and was rather surprised to find herself listened to with attention by the inspector. This led her to tell many other little things all bearing against Crawford, which, a dread of being thought jealous and quarrelsome, had led her to conceal before from her master and mistress. At the end of her story the inspector said:

"There can be no doubt of the course to be taken. You, sir, must give your man-servant in charge. He will be taken before the sitting magistrate directly; and there is already evidence enough to make him be remanded for a week; during which time we may trace the notes, and complete the chain."

"Must I prosecute?" said Dr. Brown, almost lividly pale. "It is, I own, a serious loss of money to me; but there will be the further expenses of the prosecution—the loss of time—the—"

He stopped. He saw his wife's indignant eyes fixed upon him; and shrank from their look of unconscious reproach.

"Yes, inspector," he said, "I give him in charge. Do what you will. Do what is right. Of course I take the consequences. We take the consequences. Don't we, Margaret?" He spoke in a kind of wild low voice; of which Margaret thought it best to take no notice.

"Tell us exactly what to do," she said, very coldly and quietly, addressing herself to the policeman.

He gave her the necessary directions as to their attending at the police-office and bringing Christie as a witness, and then went away to take measures for securing Crawford.

Margaret was surprised to find how little hurry or violence need to be used in Crawford's arrest. She had expected to hear sounds of commotion in the house, if indeed Crawford himself had not taken the alarm and escaped. But, when she had suggested the latter apprehension to the inspector, he smiled, and told her that when he had first heard of the charge from the policeman on the beat, he had stationed a detective officer within sight of the house to watch all ingress or egress; so that Crawford's whereabouts would soon be discovered if he had attempted to escape.

Margaret's attention was now directed to her husband; he was making hurried preparations to set off on his round of visits, and evidently did not wish to have any conversation with her on the subject of the morning's event. He promised to be back by eleven o'clock, before which time the inspector had assured them their presence would not be needed. Once or twice Dr. Brown said, as if to himself, "It is a miserable business." Indeed, Margaret felt it to be so; and now that the necessity for immediate speech and action was over, she began to fancy that she must be very hard-hearted—very deficient in common feeling, inasmuch as she had not suffered like her husband at the discovery that the servant—whom they had been learning to consider as a friend, and to look upon him as having their interests so warmly at heart—was, in all probability, a treacherous thief. She remembered all his pretty marks of attention to her from the day when he had welcomed her arrival at her new home by his humble present of flowers, until only the day before, when, seeing her fatigued, he had, unasked, made her a cup of coffee—coffee such as none but he could make. How often had he thought of warm dry clothes for her husband; how wakeful had he been at nights; how diligent in the mornings! It was no wonder that her husband felt this discovery of domestic treason acutely. It was she who was hard and selfish, and thinking more of the recovery of the money than of the terrible disappointment in character if the charge against Crawford were true.

At eleven o'clock her husband returned with a cab. Christie had thought the occasion of appearing at a police office worthy of her Sunday clothes, and was as smart as her possessions could make her. But Margaret and her husband looked as pale and sorrow-stricken as if they had been the accused and not the accusers.

Dr. Brown shrank from meeting Crawford's eye, as the one took his place in the witness box, the other in the dock. Yet Crawford was trying—Margaret was sure of this—to catch his master's attention. Failing that, he looked at Margaret with an expression she could not fathom. Indeed the whole character of his face was changed. Instead of the calm smooth look of attentive obedience, he had assumed an insolent, threatening expression of defiance; smiling occasionally in a most unpleasant manner as Doctor Brown spoke of the bureau and its contents. He was remanded for a week, but, the evidence as yet being far from conclusive, bail for his appearance was taken. This bail was offered by his brother, a respectable



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ANNIE BROWN; OR, THE TRUE HEART OF WOMAN.

BY MRS. JEWETT.

PART II.—CONTINUED.

"You will always be my friend, you will think of me kindly, you will pity me. I have loved you. It was selfish, it was wrong, but you will forgive me. It was so new, so sweet a feeling, I could not relinquish it. It is all over now, my dream of happiness. I am crushed, crushed to the earth, broken-hearted. Oh! my Arthur, my sweet, sweet boy! He loved me so. Why, was it not enough to make me happy?" Emilie

had risen from her seat, and was pacing the room to and fro. Frederick pale, speechless, leaned his head upon his hand. Suddenly she turned to him. "I make every one unhappy who ever comes within my influence; even those I love best," said she wildly. "Why is it? Am I so wicked? Why is it?" She did not wait for a reply. Her thoughts turned again upon her son, and she wrung her hands convulsively.

"Would to God I could comfort you, my dear Emilie! Would to God I could die for him! It would be sweet, sweet to die for your happiness."

"You are noble, generous and good, my young friend, and I have wronged you. Live, live and be happy. I am stricken down and humble. I feel that my day of agony and repent-



"YOU ARE NOBLE, GENEROUS AND GOOD, MY YOUNG FRIEND, AND I HAVE WRONGED YOU."

ance has come. I must bear it. Forgive the wrong I have done you. I shut my eyes to all consequences. I won you from your true, pure love. Tell her, tell her, Frederick, that I repented of the injury I did her. You will go back. The true love will revive. It is not dead. True love cannot die. Think of me, childless and alone. You will feel no resentment. You are both young, innocent and pure. Pray for me that God will comfort me; and that I need not live long in a world all desolate. Think of my sweet boy. You loved him, Frederick; and oh! he loved you so truly. It was his love that first awoke mine. I saw you through his eyes."

Frederick groaned aloud, covering his face with his hands. Emilie approached and laid her hand upon his head.

"I am not ashamed to say that I love you, for now this love shall teach me to be a truer and a better woman. If Arthur lives, my life shall be dedicated to him. I will go before him in that straight path that leads to the heaven where the good will all meet and be happy. I will point out the way to him. I will not let him grow up worldly and selfish. If he dies, oh, if he dies!"—and her voice became hollow, and she almost gasped the words "if he dies"—"I cannot long survive him. I will consecrate the little time I have to the happiness of others. Be always my friend and the friend of my brother. Let us say farewell."

The tears of both were falling. Sanctified by sorrow, Frederick could not breathe a word of passion. The hand he held was cold as death. The brow he kissed was white as marble. How changed were their mutual relations. An hour ago and they embraced in a delirium of bliss, now they were parting in agony. Each felt it was for ever.

She was gone. The last sound of wheels had died away. It was nearly midnight, and still he sat in the same place into which he had sunk after the last farewell was spoken. Some letters, which the servant had brought in, a few moments after her departure, remained unopened on the table. He roused himself as if from a dream, and taking up the package, went to his own room.

Like a voice from some dimly remembered scene of the past, these letters sounded above the tumultuous sea of passion within his heart. Ages, ages, seemed to have swept over his soul, separating him from that time and those familiar tones. A few hours ago, when in an ecstasy of joy he clasped wildly to his heart the woman whom his fancy had idealised as peerless among all her sex, whom he had worshipped at a distance until she stooped from her high sphere to tell him she returned his passion, he could have cursed the tokens of a buried love that stood as a barrier between him and happiness. Now all was changed. The momentary hope was changed into an agonising certainty. She was lost to him at the moment when he felt she might have been his. A stroke, sudden as an earthquake, had separated them. His brain reeled. His heart seemed burnt to ashes. Almost mechanically he opened the letter that lay uppermost. It was from Annie, and bore a date of some months previous. By an accident of mails he had not received it. Although at the risk of trying my readers' patience, I shall transcribe the letters in full, as it seems necessary to the explanation of affairs intimately connected with my story:

"Your last letters, my dear Frederick, have been short and hurried; but I will not complain at what may be only a needful discipline to my exacting nature. Yet I cannot but feel anxious at the tone of your letters being so sad of late. You seem out of health and spirits, and you do not appear to be satisfied with the life that promised so much happiness.

"It troubles me the more, because it forces a painful lesson on my own mind, that I know I ought to receive thankfully if it is true, but which I cannot accept without sorrow for myself and others. I mean the lesson of repeated disappointment being necessary to teach us how to enjoy the present. This is a very hard lesson for young hearts, filled with love and hope, to learn. I am not outwardly as enthusiastic as you are, but I lay my own plans of happiness quietly, and say little about them; yet I think I cling to them all the more closely because I cannot communicate to others what is deepest in my nature. But why is it, dearest, that you are not as happy as you anticipated? and why are you un-

able to carry out your plans? I thought a strong man's will could overcome all obstacles. I am weak enough myself; I turn this way and that for help to get out of trouble, and long always for a stronger arm to lean upon, and a higher wisdom to guide me; but I am forced at last to come back to myself, and through my own helplessness I become conscious of the only source of strength. Thus, in the end, my weakness becomes my truest wisdom.

"But why is it that we become less happy as our sources of happiness are increased? When I was only a child, with country tastes and simple wishes, my heart was as joyous as a bird's. It was happiness enough to sit and think of you, and to feel how much I loved you. But now I am so ambitious to become more worthy of you, and I am so dissatisfied with my present attainments, and always looking forward to something beyond, that my daily routine is becoming irksome to me. It clashes with my newly-acquired tastes, and interferes with my studies. Mrs. Ludlow's beautiful life, as you described it, made my own appear very tame and homely; and I confess a grain of envy crept into my heart at first when I tried to imagine the beauty and elegance that surrounds her, and contrasted it with my own condition. But I was ashamed of my selfishness and weakness afterwards. Can we not make the homeliest duties noble and beautiful by filling them with the spirit of love and self-sacrifice? Surely I ought to be able to do this, for I feel how necessary I am to others, and how much I can do to make them happy.

"You don't know how my heart longs and pines for my dear mother. Sick as she was, full of suffering as her life was, she was so much to me, I feel her loss every day and hour. She had a beautiful poetic nature that could not stand the rough uses of the life she was compelled to live, without the solace of sympathy. Oh! how little comfort I was to her! and only now, that she is gone, do I seem to understand her. I think she was glad to die. Poor dear mother! She loved me with so much tenderness, and used to say she longed for me to grow old enough to be a companion for her.

"My letter is almost done, and yet I have not said a word on the subject that is uppermost in my thoughts, as if by not speaking of it I could keep it out of sight or prevent it. My father is going to be married again as soon as the year of our mourning is over. The woman who is to come into our house is so unlike my mother I cannot bear to think of her as filling her place; and I foresee much unhappiness to all of us, for my two little sisters have resolved beforehand not to love her or submit to her guidance. My father has given me my choice to remain with them, or make myself independent by teaching. My own inclinations would lead me to choose the latter course, but I think I can do more good by staying in the family; at least until my naughty little sisters are more reconciled to their new mother.

"My father also talks of selling the farm and moving out West; but this change I cannot bear to think of. These are my trials, and I find them hard to bear; but when I think of your love, and how soon you will be here, all trials are lightened, all sorrow is turned into joyful anticipation, for you are all the world to
YOUR ANNIE."

The other letter bears a recent date, and is as follows:

"Your father tells me, dear Frederick, that he is making up a package to send you, and asks me to write. So many of my letters remain unanswered that I almost hesitate; but I do not like to be questioned by your dear father, because I feel it is impossible to answer the questions my own heart puts to me, and how can I answer his? I have written to you many letters of which you make no mention. If you have read them, then you have a true picture of my life; of the changes which have taken place around us, in our home and our family circle, now, alas! so broken. My father has bought a farm in Indiana, in the neighborhood of a large town. He is married, and we shall all leave together. My earliest and only beloved, I have but a few words to say; I see you are unhappy, and I think I know the cause. If I read my heart, although it has never known and never can know another love, I would not for one moment that any remembrance of old times, any feeling of compassion

for me, should stand in the path of your happiness. You may not understand how I can say this sincerely, but I do. My wish is that your life should be happy, and so far from calling it a sacrifice to give up the hopes you taught me first to cherish, I can truly say it costs me nothing compared to the sorrow I should feel—the lasting, bitter sorrow—of knowing I had only the empty form of love without the soul. I do not blame you; you were young; you had not seen the world or society. I had nothing in me to call out all your love and pride; I had only the desire to be everything you could wish, without the capacity, without even the opportunity. I wish to speak with perfect frankness. I have read your last letters over and over again, to be sure that my exacting nature was not misled by an appearance of coldness. I have read all your letters, from first to last, and I think I have the clue to the change that at first seemed inexplicable. I do not take back my own vows, for my love is unchanged; but it shall not blind me to your happiness. do by you as I would be done by. Farewell.

"FROM ANNIE."

"I deserve all, and more," said Frederick, as he laid down the letter. "I honor her the more that she could write me thus. I deserve it—I deserve to be wretched—to lose all."

Two other letters remained to be opened. One, directed in a stranger hand, ran thus:

"DEAR SON OF MY REVERED FRIEND—You will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you, in consideration of my motives. You are aware of your father's impaired health, but not of the precarious situation of your sister Lucy.

"I beseech you, if you desire to behold her again in this world, hasten your departure for home. Believe me, my heart anticipates with deepest sympathy your return to a home so changed by sorrow and suffering as yours. Truly, your friend,
"GEORGE WILMOT."

The remaining letter, scarcely legible, was from his father. It was as follows:

"MY BELOVED BOY—We pray God, morning and evening, for your return. The days of your pilgrimage are nearly over. Come back to make our hearts glad once more. Come back to kiss once more the pale lips of your dying sister; come to bring back the rose to the cheek of her whose heart you have sadly wounded; come to sustain my tottering steps to the end of my life-journey; and, oh! my son, come to be the support, the comfort, the joy of your mother, soon to be left alone. Sad changes await you, but God is the same yesterday, to-day and for ever. May He preserve you safe amidst all perils, and grant you a speedy return.
YOUR FATHER."

After the unhappy young man had finished reading these last few lines, his eyes were fastened upon the paper, until every word seemed burning in his brain. When he laid it aside, his resolution was taken.

"Thank God, it is not too late!" he exclaimed.

The earth seemed crumbling away under him; he staggered as he attempted to walk across the room; but the purpose of his soul was fixed. Amidst the conflict of emotions that seemed to tear his heart in pieces, the cry of passion was often uppermost, still sweet and beguiling with its promise of happiness; but the stronger, deeper voice in his soul, reminding him of duty, was not lost in the wild uproar.

To every life there comes a terrible crisis; to every strong nature, an hour of destiny; when the Immutible, enshrined in light far above the conflict, seems to look down on the battle for life and death going on in the soul.

The morning brought Max with the sad intelligence from Arthur of no hope. The mother's agony was terrible.

"And I must not remain to comfort her!" he exclaimed.

"Both miserable, desolate, and yet divided for ever."

"You love my sister," said Max. "I have known it long; I knew it couldn't be helped. I have seen too many of her victims; but mark you, Fred, it is best that your eyes should have been opened before it was too late: it would have been a match altogether too unequal. You would have repented of it, both of you. Such things are against nature—they are mon-

strous. I have no doubt you were fascinated; a great many older men than you have been; but you will get over it. As for her, poor thing, her sorrow is to come. My heart aches for her. Parting with that boy will kill her, and it must come; God help her when it does."

"Max, I adore your sister; love is a cold word. Last night I would have sacrificed all the world—ambition, fame, friends, everything. Here, read these letters," handing him that from his father and Mr. Wilmot.

"You do not hesitate what you ought to do?" said Max, as he returned them.

"I cannot," replied Frederick.

"You ought not," said Max, earnestly.

"Could I but see her once more!"

"You must not think of it, Fred. She will come back here childless, broken-hearted; it will be no time to think of love. You may dream of giving her consolation, strength; you cannot. Self-reproaches will mingle with her feelings as with yours, and aggravate her misery a thousand fold. Think of those dear to you, whom you can comfort, and return to them."

"I will do so, but where am I to find strength to meet what awaits me there? I am unmanned, Max."

"No, Fred; it is only an episode in your life. You will be stronger than you think."

"You will remain with your sister?"

"Until she is ready to return with me."

"You will write to me?"

"In time."

"And tell me of her?"

"You shall hear from me. If the worst comes, and I fear there is no chance for the poor child, I will write at once."

"If he lives, if there is hope for me—"

"I shall not let you make a fool of yourself. It is a mad passion, Fred; my sister is double your age. When you are in the prime of life—but no, I will not reason with you. Time will cure you."

PART III.—AN EPISODE.

"FATHER, do you think Frederick can possibly get home to-night?"

"It is barely possible," replied her father. "I don't expect him for a week at least."

"Oh, how can I be patient?" exclaimed the sick girl. "I am failing every day, and Annie will be gone before he comes. How sad it will be for him to come home and find us both gone, and you so feeble. I do not believe the good God will let it be so—He cannot."

"Why do you think you are failing, dear child?" asked her father. "You look better to-day than you have done for some time."

"I know I am failing; I grow weaker and weaker," said Lucy. "But I must live to see my brother; I want to tell him something. I think God will let me live to have one hour's talk with him. Will you pray to Him for me, father? Is it wrong?"

"It is not wrong to ask for what we want, dear child, if we do not rebel when our prayer is not granted, if we believe that God will do what is best, and cheerfully give up our will when it is contrary to the Divine will."

"If I could only feel that it was His will," said Lucy.

"My child, you know that not a sparrow falls to the ground without our Father," said Mr. Copeland, tenderly.

"Pray for me, father, that I may be submissive to His will," said Lucy; "I pray so all the time. I will tell you what I can do; for fear I should not live, I will write Frederick a letter; I think I had better do so, don't you?"

"Are you able to write, my child?"

"A little at a time," replied Lucy. "I will begin to-morrow morning, when I feel bright. Oh! I wish Annie would come; isn't it almost her time? I was so nervous this morning I hardly spoke to her. I want to tell her I am sorry."

"If we were not two poor helpless creatures we might con-



"IF HE LIVES, THERE IS HOPE FOR ME."

trive to make her hear us," said Mr. Copeland; "as it is, we must wait for your mother and ask her to call her."

"Poor mother, how tired she must be with taking care of us both; and to think, father, we never can repay her. When she is sick, who will do for her what she is doing for us all the time? God will not let her suffer, will he?"

"From her youth up she has trusted in Him," said the old man, tears coursing each other down his cheeks; "He will not forsake her in age."

"Father," said Lucy, after a pause, "have you ever thought how pleasant it would be if you and I should die together? It seems sad for one to go alone; but if I could keep hold of your hand, father, I should have no fear."

"Have you any fear now?" asked her father.

"I sometimes have a sort of dread, it is not exactly fear, and I don't always have it. The idea of going alone makes me shudder sometimes. I dread the moment when everything will look dark and I can't see the faces of those about me, when I shall have no power to speak and may be longing to say something. But don't you think we shall see our Lord near us when we cannot see the faces of our friends?"

"I do not doubt it, Lucy; we shall both see and feel His presence."

"I remember," said Lucy, "when Annie's mother died, some one stooped down and asked her if she saw. 'I see no one,' she answered. 'It is night; bring the candles.' But, father, it was a bright, glorious morning. Oh! how it made me shudder. I always dreaded darkness. I love to read those passages in the Bible that describe heaven as all light. But here comes our Annie; we shall not have to send mother for her."

"You knew I would come when my work was done, Lucy," said Annie.

"Yes, but I was getting impatient; sick days are long," said Lucy. "I know father is longing to sit by his dear old west window. I wish I could help you, father, but my wrist is as weak as a kitten's."

Annie called to Mrs. Copeland, and with her aid the old gentleman was placed in his favorite retreat, and Annie returned to the room of the invalid.

"You look brighter and better this afternoon than I have seen you for some time," said she.

"So father tells me," said Lucy; "but it is only because he cannot bear to see the truth, and I am afraid you are trying to deceive yourself too, Annie; you must not. I know I am failing, and I am only afraid I shall not live to see Frederick. I have something to say to him that nobody else can say. After that is done, the sooner I go the better."

"Lucy," said Annie, seriously, "you should not talk so—it is not right. I am sure you would be glad to get well, if it was the Lord's will."

"I might be reconciled, I cannot say I should be glad, Annie," said Lucy. "But He has not left it for me to decide; He knows it is better for me to die—I mean to go to Him. Mr. Wilmot has taught me that we do not die. My friends will mourn for me, I know, but they would mourn a great deal more if I lived and was unhappy."

"And why should you be unhappy, dear Lucy?" asked Annie. "Do explain yourself to me. It seems to me your life, until you were taken sick, was as joyous as a bird's."

"I sometimes think I will tell you, Annie," replied Lucy, sadly. "I want to tell some one, only I am afraid it will make you feel sorry for me; and it is all over now, the struggle I mean, and the unhappiness. I will tell you."

"Perhaps I can help you, Lucy?" said Annie, tenderly.

"No, Annie," replied Lucy, "nobody on earth can help me; but God has helped me, and will help me more and more. I seem often to hear him call me; it is as if he said, 'Come, Lucy, you are not strong and brave as some are, come and lean on me—I will teach you how to be wise, and pure, and good!' I know, Annie, that the Lord helps all of us when we ask him; but sometimes it is so hard to have faith; and I fear if I lived I should lean on my friends too much, I should prize the earthly love so dearly that I should not look up to the heavenly."

"I am afraid it is too much the way with all of us," said Annie.

"But all of us don't love in vain. Annie, you do not; sometimes you think so, I know. You have reason to be troubled, but don't lose your faith, Annie, don't, I beg of you. Frederick is changed to all of us; something has come between him and his love of us all, but it will pass away, I know it will. Promise me, Annie, that you will not lose faith in him, that you will try and love him through all."

"I cannot change, Lucy; I do not wish to doubt, and I leave all in the hands of our Father."

"And I know it will turn out right in the end, Annie. I don't believe that such a love as yours for each other can ever change or die away—I don't believe it is possible."

"I thought so once," said Annie, sadly.

"Think so still, dear Annie, believe it still for my sake. These are my dying words. Oh! Annie, do not cast my brother off."

"I shall never cast him off, Lucy—no, not if he forgets me. I know I must always love him, unless to do so should be a sin. But you promised to tell me something about yourself."

"Annie, I mean to keep my word," said Lucy. "It will be hard to tell you all, and yet I want to do it. Do you remember that long walk we took, you, Mr. Wilmot and I, to the cave, a few months ago?"

"I remember it well," replied Annie.

"Do you remember how we went for more than a mile in the bed of the brook? How firm and steady your step was, and how I kept slipping and sliding into the water?"

"Yes, and how Mr. Wilmot had to keep hold of your hand all the time, to prevent your being drowned in the deep gul-lies."

"Did you guess why I kept so far behind you, and why I slipped about so?"

"Indeed I thought very little about it," replied Annie.

"Why should you? But, Annie, I did it on purpose. I wanted to be alone with Mr. Wilmot; I loved to have him take my hand, I loved to hear him say, 'Be careful, dear child.' Annie, he looked upon me only as a child; he did not dream what a child's heart could feel."

"Lucy!"

"I know you think me silly and weak, I was foolish, and yet a child may be too much in earnest for her own good some-

times. I would have waded through water deep enough to drown me, for the sake of keeping hold of his hand. Oh, Annie, he was a god in my eyes, so high above me, so pure, so good, so beautiful. I could have kissed the earth he trod on. But he never knew it. I am glad of it. His heart was filled with you."

Annie blushed; she knew that Lucy had spoken the truth.

"Well, that walk was long ago; but it cost me my life," said Lucy. After we got home, I sat all the evening in my wet clothes, because I could not bear to lose a word of his reading, and was afraid to ask him to wait. After I went to bed, I had a chill, and the next day, you remember, a very bad cold. I seemed to get over that, but it left me with a pain in my side. I did not complain, because I was afraid mother would make me give up, and see the doctor; and he would oblige me to quit study, and walking, and Sunday school; and all these things were such a happiness to me, because they kept me near him. One day, after coughing, I raised clear, fresh blood. I was frightened a while, and thought I would tell, but pretty soon I forgot it. Mr. Wilmot was the first one who spoke to me about my health. He said to me, 'Lucy you ought not to sit up so late, or study so hard. You are getting pale and thin. I will ask your father to borrow neighbor Ellis's pony, and I will teach you how to ride on horseback.' The kind tone in which he spoke to me made me so happy. I tried to believe that he loved me more than anybody else, because he was the first one to see the change in my looks. You must not say I was foolish. You know how love makes us wish to believe everything that seems to prove we are beloved."

Annie pressed the thin hand that burned with feverish heat and trembled with excitement.

"I must not talk much more, it tires me," continued Lucy. "And, indeed, I have not much more to say. Mr. Wilmot never knew I loved him. I am glad—glad that he did not love me, since I must die. If he loved me it would keep my heart back from God. Now I am ready, I am glad to go, Annie. The grave will bury my secret from all the world, but I am not ashamed that God should know it."

Annie's tears fell fast over the hand that was locked in hers, and she murmured, "Poor Lucy."

"No, Annie, no," replied the child cheerfully; "not poor Lucy, but happy, happy Lucy. I would not alter anything if I could. I would not be what I was before I loved Mr. Wilmot. My short dream was a happy one. I thought he loved me. When I found he did not I might have been unhappy, only that I knew I should not live long. I am not dying of a broken heart. I am going to my Heavenly Father, where I can grow stronger and better. Now don't cry any more. I am happy. I want you to do something for me before you go home."

"Anything, dear, that you wish," said Annie, kissing her pale forehead.

"Then go, please, to my little basket and take out my my scissors." Annie did as she desired. "Now I want you to cut off some of my hair, and when I am dead I want you to see and have a pin for dear mother and father; and Annie, when dear father dies, I want some of his silver hair braided with mine under the same glass. It will be a comfort to mother, and I wish you to have a watchguard braided for Frederick and a bracelet for yourself. There is money enough to pay for all in the little bead purse you knit me. You will find that in my upper drawer, and you will find in the same drawer some fine white muslin. I got it to make a dress for last winter's ball, but I was too sick to go, you remember. I want you to take it for your wedding dress, and think when you put it on, how happy I should be to be standing as bridesmaid at your side. I shall be near you, I am sure. Don't cry, Annie. One thing more. It is not wrong for me to ask you to give a lock of my hair to Mr. Wilmot. He loves me as a sister, and will value it."

"Certainly he will, my darling," replied Annie.

"Now, dear, won't you read to me from the Bible?" asked Lucy. "I am so tired."

"What shall I read, dear?"

Lucy murmured, "'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' How sweet it is. 'He maketh me to lie down in green

pastures. He leadeth me beside the still waters.' Read that. Oh, Annie, God doesn't let us suffer any more than we can bear, or any more than is good for us. Won't you put a pencil and a sheet of paper on the little table by the bed before you go, and then read me to sleep?"

Annie did as she asked, reading one psalm after another until the clear eyes slowly closed, and the quiet breathing, which scarcely lifted the folds of her night dress, told that the outward senses were laid asleep, and the innocent, loving soul opened towards that world from which the thin veil of flesh scarce separated it.

After being assured that she was quite asleep, Annie stole softly into the adjoining room, where the minister and his wife were sitting.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked. "Run any errands, or help you in any way?"

"Sit down with us a while, dear child," said Parson Copeland. "We want nothing better than to look on your sweet face."

"Lucy seems brighter this evening," said Annie, as she sat down in a low chair beside Mrs. Copeland.

"I wish I could think she was really better," said the old lady; "but the doctor gives us no hope. I don't see how I can lose her, Annie. She is my baby. I am afraid she has been my idol. She was always so merry and bright, and so kind and good too. But I shall not be childless. You, too, are my own dear daughter. My old age will still look up and smile on you, Annie."

"We must not make young hearts sad," said Parson Copeland. "Bright days are in store for all of us, although we cannot believe it now. We know it is all bright beyond these earth-shadows. Annie, dear, when does your father mean to move?"

"The man who hires the house," replied Annie, "is impatient to get into it."

"Why need you go, dear?" asked Mrs. Copeland. "Why not stay with us?"

"My dear mother," said Annie, "I will come back to you, but I feel I ought to go for a little while."

"Annie will do what is right," said Mr. Copeland. "But you will stay as long as Lucy lives; the doctor says it cannot



"DO YOU REMEMBER HOW WE WENT FOR MORE THAN A MILE IN THE BED OF THE BROOK?"

be long. Perhaps then something may happen to keep you with us longer."

Mr. Wilmot's step was now heard in the hall; he had just returned from his evening walk. His entrance was the signal for Annie's escape. With a sad heart she retired to her little room, to think over all that Lucy had told her. Her little sisters were sleeping in their low bed beside her own; she looked upon them with a mother's tender anxiety. What shall I do? where shall I go? what is my duty? Oh! how beset with difficulties the way seemed before her. She stooped down and kissed the sleeping children.

"Yes, darlings, Annie will stay with you," she exclaimed. "She will be sister and mother still."

Peace stole into her soul as for the moment the path of duty seemed clear to her, and she laid down and slept till daylight.

As was her custom, she went the moment she was dressed in the morning to inquire how Lucy had passed the night. She found all the family assembled in the invalid's room. As Annie entered, she rallied and looked up with a smile of recognition.

"I have been very ill since you left me last night, Annie," said she. "I shall not last much longer. Sit down by me; I want to tell you something, and I am very weak."

Annie seated herself close to the dying girl's pillow.

"I wrote a few lines to Frederick last night," said Lucy. "I think it was too much for me, but I am glad it is done. Now I shall die happy. You will stay with me all day, won't you, Annie?"

Annie promised that she would.

"They can spare you one day from home, I know; to-morrow I shall not miss you. I can't talk, but I want you all close to my bed; I want to keep hold of your hand, mother, as long as I can feel it. Dear father, you will sit as near me as you can. Oh, father, do you think I am fit to die? will our Lord receive me?"

"Whosoever cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out! Those are His own words, Lucy," said Mr. Copeland, tenderly.

"I have not been as good as I might have been," said Lucy; "I might have been more thoughtful and kind to all of you; but I have loved you, father, and mother, and you, Annie, and my dear brother. Oh, tell him I spoke of him the last day I lived! I shall not see him; but it is God's will; I will not complain."

Silence followed—deep, impressive silence. Weeping eyes were fastened in the long agonizing gaze of affection upon the departing child.

"Mother," she said, "let me lay my head on your dear bosom, as I always used to when I was tired. Oh! I am very, very weak and faint, but it is not dark yet."

"You see us all, dear Lucy?" said Annie.

"Oh, yes, and know you too. I am sleepy now. It is so sweet to lie here. Mother, do I tire you?"

"No, my sweet child; lie still and sleep if you can."

"When I wake up I will talk to you again; but now I am so tired. Don't cry, mother."

Yes, dying one, sleep, sleep on that faithful breast for the last time. When thou awakest it will not be there.

Annie bent down to kiss her pure white brow.

"She does not breathe," she said softly.

"Her chest rises and falls yet," whispered Mrs. Copeland.

"Only with your breathing," said Annie. "Oh, my mother! oh, my father! she is gone; but I will be a daughter to you."

She took the lifeless form, wasted to a shadow, and laid it tenderly back on the pillow. A sweet smile had settled on the features. That brow—oh! there was but one other so fairly chiselled; but where was he—the brother—the son?

A groan from the helpless old man broke the stillness that enshrouded the weepers. His head had drooped upon the pillow where his dead child lay. For the moment their cares were directed towards him; but he roused himself, and lifting his streaming eyes heavenward, repeated in a broken voice the words he had so often uttered to the bowed and suffering:

"Let not your heart be troubled." I thought I could not say it," he added; "I thought my God had left me alone in my extremity. Forgive me, Father. I can say it now; wife, we can both say it: 'Thy will be done.' Oh! it makes the heart lighter to be able to say it."

Annie stole softly to the old man's side, and kissed his cheek. Tears, wrung from his aged eyes, fell on her head as she knelt beside him a moment, and then left the room. Mr. Wilmot followed.

"How can we find words to comfort them?" said he. "What a mystery underlies these severe afflictions! How hard it is to believe that infinite love inflicts such wounds! But how beautiful is the thought of that young soul awaking to its new life, and putting on the garments of immortality."

"Forgive me, Mr. Wilmot; I cannot speak. My heart is full of sorrow for them. Go and try to comfort them; I will be back again soon."

"Do come; they need you more than me," said Mr. Wilmot.

"But may I detain you a moment more?"

Annie remained.

"I wish to ask you, if it will not shock the prejudices of the people too much, if we cannot forego the customary gloomy accompaniments of death and funeral services, and substitute some form more bright and cheerful, more in accordance with our faith in another life, more in harmony with our spiritual nature. I feel so sure that this is a means of help and comfort, that I hope you will coincide with my views. Why should we shut out the sunshine? why shroud ourselves in gloom? why chain our senses to the lifeless clod instead of lifting up our soul to the deathless spirit? You will think of this for the sake of all who are sorrowing?"

"I will, Mr. Wilmot," replied Annie. "We need all the help a cheerful faith can give us, for the world is very dark, very sad."

"You will not always see it so, my dear young friend. You do not always, even now."

"No, not always; but often, very often," replied Annie, sadly.

Lucy was buried in the quiet graveyard. Mr. Wilmot performed the funeral service. He had desired all her companions to bring an offering of flowers; the room, the coffin was strewn with them. A cluster of white rosebuds lay on her bosom. He had placed them there. No throbbing of that silent heart betrayed the secret of the guileless love that once would have made it beat so fast, had he laid such an offering there; no blush spread over those pale cheeks. The buds were from the tree she loved, for he had given it to her—a tender slip of green. Cold in its maiden pride lay that form before him, and he knew not as he gazed that the heart which once animated it had borne beyond earth's boundaries his image, engraven into the very fibre of its life.

He spoke of her youth, her purity, her child-like gaiety and innocence. He repeated many beautiful thoughts she had uttered in familiar talk with him. He dwelt upon her gentle and affectionate nature, her tender devotion to her parents, her enthusiasm, her clear intelligence, the constancy of her friendship and her trust in a fatherly God. Many young eyes were wet with tears; many a parent's heart was bowed in silent sympathy.

The procession turned away from the new-made grave; the shadows of a summer afternoon fell slantingly over many a green mound. With mournful leave-takings at the gate, the group separated, each their own way; the minister and his wife to their childless home.

PART IV.—THE BROKEN THREAD RESUMED.

Two years from the last day of May, 18—, a stagecoach drawn by four white horses stopped at Parson Copeland's gate, with one passenger inside, the same who on that happy day alighted with a bound and a voice of cheery welcome, saluting father, mother and sister with a hearty kiss, somewhat boisterous in his good-humor and demonstrative in his affections, startling the echoes from room to room of the old-fashioned house, whose walls, could they have told tales, would have borne tes-

timony to many a mischievous prank and practical joke of untamed boyhood. How changed the picture!

Now the young man uncloses the door, opens the gate, enters the house, silent and alone. Time has left deep traces on his face—passion and excitement have worn deeper lines into his soul. There is no hope in his glance, no buoyancy in his step. He pauses on the threshold, waiting—for what—waiting for a welcome! He does not wait long. It is not the blended music of many voices, it is the low, mournful greeting, broken by sobs of one; it is his mother that first clasps in her arms the only son; it is the father, feeble and helpless, that lays his hand upon his head as he kneels, and thanks God for his return. He dares not ask, but he looks around; they interpret his searching glance and weep afresh. Lucy is not there. He walks to the window; closed blinds and doors tell another tale of change. The mother sees his sad look and dreads to tell him of what she knows he must learn by and by. All are gone that made the neighbor's house a second home to him; she is gone who was once the light of the house—the joy of his heart.

Five years from this sad meeting, and again the stage turns the corner and draws up at the same gate.

"A little farther to the left, if you please," said a faint voice inside; but the coachman did not hear it. Two little girls who had been peeping from the front windows ran back into the kitchen to say that the lady had come, and a motherly-looking little woman followed them to the gate. Oh how glad was the wearied traveller to see a familiar face.

"You expected me, Mrs. Barrett?"

"Yes, I have been looking for you every day this week."

"I am so glad that I have not taken you by surprise."

"We are all ready for you and glad to see you home again," said Mrs. Barrett.

"It is home," said the traveller; "but it seems strange to me to be here."

They were now within the walls of the old homestead. "It looks natural," said Annie; "I am glad to find it so. I have been living in such a growing place, I had quite forgotten that anything could stand still."

"We came very near having the railroad cross right through the middle of the street," said Mrs. Barrett.

"What stopped them?" asked Annie.

"I guess 'twas the women; they set their foot down it shouldn't be, and it wasn't."

"I didn't know the feminine foot had such weight," said Annie. "Where have they laid the road?"

"They have tunnelled through the old Greylock."

"What sacrilege!" exclaimed Annie. "What did the Whippoorwills say about it? Pity they could not have set their foot down. I am sure they must have raised their voice against the innovation."

"You must be hungry, Miss Brown, or will you go to your room and rest before tea?" asked Mrs. Barrett.

"Thank you, I think I will go and refresh a little," said Annie. "I am covered with dust. Don't put yourself to any trouble for supper; a bit of bread and some nice country milk is all I want."

"Your room is the same you used to have. I moved the children out," said Mrs. Barrett.

"It was kind and thoughtful of you," said Annie, "and I thank you with all my heart. You will ring the bell when you are ready for me."

"Oh how glad I am to be alone!" exclaimed Annie, throwing herself into a chair. "I am at home. Shall I, shall I be happy here? Shall I feel alone? I cannot account for this strange oppression. I am not so brave as I thought. I remember so much—oh so much! Blessed, blessed tears, what a comfort they are!"

"The little bed stands where it did. I almost see my sweet sisters lying side by side in it. Oh, shall I not be happy to live, to work for them—to see them happy? Am I so selfish, can I be so weak as to regret—what? It is unaccountable, this strange feeling at my heart. I am almost afraid to look around, lest I should see him. And what if I should! I think it would kill me. Yet by and by I shall be stronger."

I shall be accustomed to the sight of the old places; and if he comes I can meet him calmly.

"I believe I have done right. I believe I shall be happy. Have I been laying up sorrow for myself all these years in cherishing his image?"

She walked back and forth in her room, pressing her hands tightly across her bosom.

"It is useless, utterly useless—I cannot keep it down. I know he is a hundred miles from here, and yet I seem to feel him close by my side, I seem to hear his breath. I am faint-sick; I must rouse myself."

"Tea is ready," said a little voice outside.

"Yes, dear, I will be down presently. How sweet and pure this rain water is; how it refreshes one after the dust of travelling."

Annie sits now at the tea-table. Kind Mrs. Barrett has provided a neat and tempting meal. Annie praises the bread and butter and the milk, and is in raptures with the preserved barberries.

"I haven't seen a barberry these five years, Mrs. Barrett," said she. "How many I have gathered when a child. But what has happened since I went away?" she asked.

"Nothing happens here," said the good lady. "Two or three old folks have died, and two or three young ones have got married—there may be one or two more children born; but really everything goes one year after year just the same. Farmers busy all summer, Lyceum lectures in the winter, and once a year the cattle-show and a ball."

"Why did you let Mr. Wilmot go away?" asked Annie.

"Because some of us didn't know when we were well off. Some folks had rather be driven than led to heaven. Mr. Wilmot had some new notions, and the people were afraid of him."

"I thought Yankees liked new notions," said Annie.

"They don't like to go out of the beaten track in religion," said Mrs. Barrett. "Mr. Wilmot used to preach some queer doctrines."

"Were they disagreeable doctrines?" asked Annie.

"Oh! the trouble was they were too pleasant. You know most of us like to think religion a scourging sort of thing."

"And they have got some one now to show them the steep and thorny road to heaven. I suppose they think in the end they shall be paid for their trouble?"

"As to that, I don't know," said Mrs. Barrett. "The road is steep and thorny enough for all of us, and if there's any light to throw upon it, I for one like the minister that will show it up clear. I liked Mr. Wilmot."

"And so do I. You know he is preaching at J—, where I have been living."

Does any one ask why Annie talked so fast and asked so many questions, let them look into their own hearts for an answer. Reader, did you ever dread to ask or to hear a word said about a subject you were longing to know? Have you ever racked your invention to find topics of conversation for which you cared nothing, for fear that a pause might give an opening for the thought to be uttered by another which was burning in your own bosom? Not one question about the Copeland family did Annie ask that night. At an early hour she escaped to her chamber, and Mrs. Barrett was neighboring with the widow Copeland.

"And the dear child has gone to bed, without coming to see us," said the affectionate old lady.

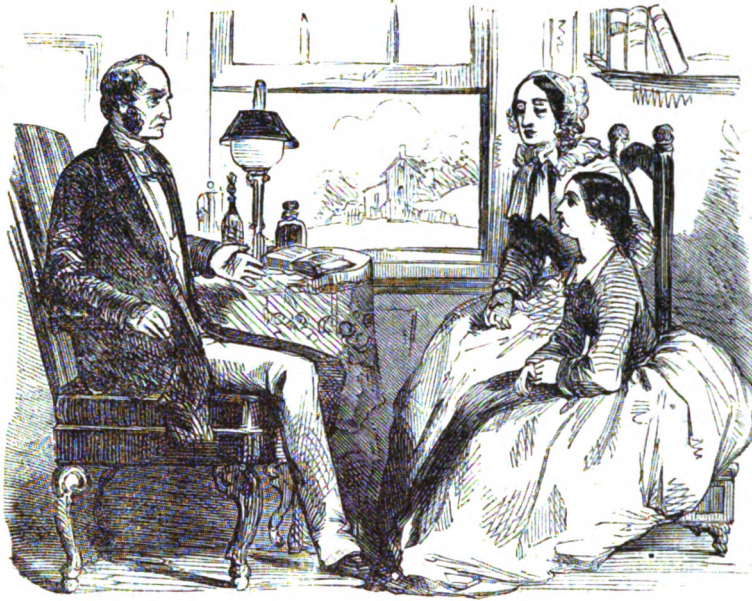
"She was so tired, poor thing," said Mrs. Barrett, by way of apology. "Dear heart! no wonder she feels so much in coming home after staying away so long."

"I have half a mind to run over and say a word of welcome before she goes to sleep," said Mrs. Copeland. "Perhaps it will comfort her."

"I think you had better not, mother," said Frederick, "a night's refreshing sleep is the best comfort she can have."

"How does Annie look, Mrs. Barrett," asked Mrs. Copeland.

"I hardly remember how she used to look, but I don't think she is much changed. I suppose she won't be so pale when she is rested. I must say I don't know whether she is handsome or not. You forget all about her looks when you hear her speak. Her voice is perfect music—just like a flute, and when she



"LUCY SEEMS BRIGHTER THIS EVENING," SAID ANNIE, AS SHE SAT DOWN IN A LOW CHAIR BESIDE MRS. COPELAND.

talking, the color comes and goes, and her whole face lights up beautiful."

Frederick, who had been standing by his mother's chair, now left the room and seated himself by the open door.

"He ain't so well to night," said Mrs. Barrett, after he had gone.

"Yes, he is as well as usual," replied the widow; "he likes to be in the open air."

Mrs. Barrett took leave, and the mother joined her son; she sat down by his side—he took her hand.

"Mother," he said, "I can't bear it. This meeting will be too painful for both of us."

"When the first few words are spoken, the pain will all be over, my son," said his mother cheerfully, "Happy days and years will follow—happy for all of us."

"Do you think so, mother?"

"I know it," replied the old lady earnestly. "A kind Providence has directed her steps back to us. Let us walk up and down the path awhile."

Back and forth, back and forth, and the pale watcher at the window could not withdraw her gaze until at last the door closed behind them, and all was dark and still. There was no sleep for her that night: she flung herself on her pillow and dreamed, not of the future, not of the present, but of the past. Paler than she had been the night before, she appeared at the breakfast-table, paler, but stronger and calmer—for her soul had held communion with its Maker. Breakfast over, she prepared at once to go and see the widow; she knew she should meet the son, she knew she must meet him, and she longed to have it over. Mrs. Copeland saw her coming and met her at the garden gate, embraced her and led her into the family sitting-room. Frederick was there. "Here is Annie, my son," and her hands were clasped in his. He did not see how pale she looked, he did not see how she trembled. Her mother saw it, and insisted she should have a glass of cordial.

"I am quite well, now," said Annie; "my journey has been so long, and in coming back after such an absence one feels so bewildered."

"I know how it is, child," said the widow, soothingly, "you needn't try to explain. But we are so glad to have you back again, Annie. It never seemed right to have you away."

They sat down side by side, the widow and Annie. Frederick stood by the window. Many questions were asked by each to each. Annie was tranquilized. They spoke of changes and sorrows, but the cheerful faith of the good widow chased away all gloom. Now, Mrs. Copeland goes out, purposely perhaps

—perhaps unavoidably, but she has gone—silence follows her departure. Frederick, who has been standing at the window, moves towards Annie. "Mother has gone," he says, "and has left her chair for me. May I take it?" His voice was the same as of old. Annie was glad to hear him speak, to have him break the silence.

"She went out to let us tell our secrets, I verily believe, Annie. Who shall begin?"

The pleasant, familiar tone in which he spoke quite reassured her, and she was able to reply without betraying her emotion.

"Annie, did you know I was at home, this summer," asked Frederick.

"No, I thought you were at C—," replied Annie.

"You had not heard from us for how long?"

"More than a year," replied Annie.

"And when you heard last, I was professor at the college?"

"Yes."

"Has your life been a happy one these few years, Annie?"

"I lived with the kindest of people. I should have been ungrateful not to have been happy."

"Why did you leave them, Annie?"

"For the sake of making a home for my sisters."

"They are not happy?"

"No, my stepmother is not a loveable woman, and my father too is changed."

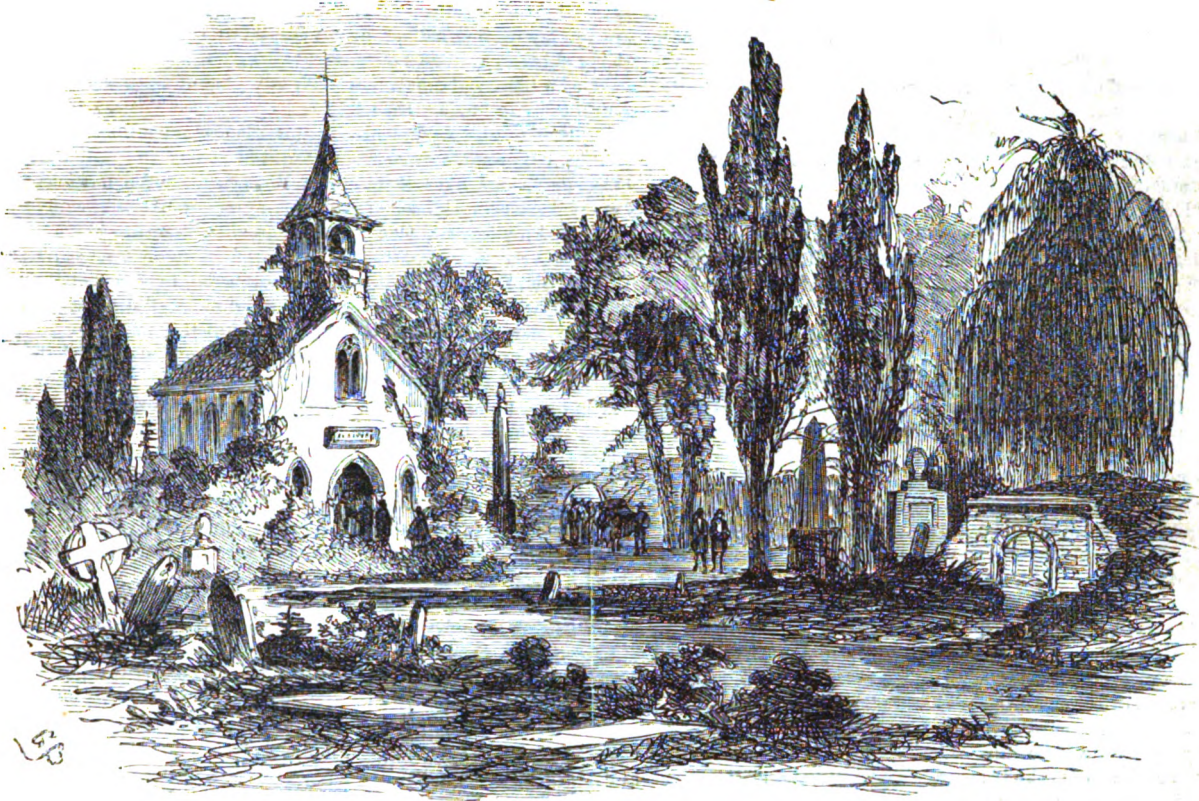
"Your voice sounds as it used to, Annie, just as sweet as ever. I don't think you can be much changed." The hand that had taken hers, suddenly clasped it with a convulsive grasp that made her start.

"What is it, Frederick! what is the matter," she asked anxiously? His whole frame trembled violently, and he became as pale as ashes. "Are you ill, Frederick?"

"No, I was a little nervous, that's all, but it's over now."



BUT HE ROUSED HIMSELF, AND LIFTED HIS STREAMING EYES HEAVENWARD.



LUCY WAS BURIED IN THE QUIET GRAVEYARD.

Annie, mother left me alone with you that I might tell you something you do not know. Shall I tell it?"

Annie replied almost in a whisper, "Yes."

"I can't bear to tell it, I know it will make your kind heart sad. I have given you pain enough in my life, now I wish to spare you all suffering. But if I don't tell you, Annie, some one else will. Shall you rather hear it from me?"

"Oh, yes—don't keep me in suspense. Do tell me now."

"Am I changed, Annie? Look at me."

"You look paler, thinner, older, and I never saw you with glasses before. What is it, Frederick! what are you going to tell me?"

"And you did not know, you don't see, Annie, that I am —," again his frame shook convulsively.

"Oh God, Frederick," she almost gasped, "how you alarm me, what has happened to you! Dear Frederick, why don't you speak!"

"Annie, it is over now. I never shall be so foolish again. I am blind."

"Blind! blind!" she exclaimed. "Why did no one tell me before? Oh, Frederick! blind! and I did not know it."

"What could you have done, Annie? You could have pitied me, but I don't deserve that. Now see, I am calm. I don't often give way to my weakness, but having you here raked up the buried times. If you will listen, I will tell you all about it. I was a great student. Trouble and perplexity, and grief and all sorts of vexation beset me, and I buried myself in books. I studied and wrote night and day. It was a foolish thing to do, but I did it. My eyes were never the strongest, and they couldn't stand the test I imposed upon them. One cold winter's day—the ground was covered with snow—I was miserable and dejected from having been condemned to a week's idleness by my physician, and I thought to walk

off the blues. So I set out over hill and valley on the crust. The white snow and the white air, and the intense light reflected all about me, was too much for these delicate nerves. A dagger pierced my brain. I fell. How long I lay on the ground I don't know. Some man found me, picked me up, and carried me back to C—— in his wagon. It was night when I got there, and it has been night to me ever since. Now I have made your heart ache. I knew I should, but I would not let my mother tell you because, Annie, though I do not deserve it, I thought it would be sweet to feel your pity. But your tears are falling drop by drop on my hand. You mustn't



"BUT YOUR TEARS ARE FALLING DROP BY DROP ON MY HAND. YOU MUSTN'T DO IT, ANNIE."

do it, Annie. The horror of darkness is past. I have got used to it, and scarcely feel the deprivation. I can navigate very successfully round the village. The old instinct carries me from place to place. There is always a bright side to every picture, Annie, and you must promise me not to make yourself unhappy about me. I have learned to be content with my darkness. If I am sad sometimes you will let me hear your sweet voice, won't you? I know you will. You will read to me sometimes?"

"Every day, Frederick."

"Annie, we do not know till we are brought to the extremest point, how much we can suffer and bear up under. I have got some of your faith now, and that helps me. What, weeping still! It will not do."

"I never, never had a blow fall so unexpectedly, so heavily," sobbed Annie.

"What can I say to convince you I might be a great deal worse off than I am? If the sight of me is going to make you unhappy, I will go away and never come back. Why can we not all be happy again?"

"We can; we must," said Annie.

"And we will. But there comes mother, always at the right moment. I have told my story, mother," said he, "and I can't make Annie believe that a man may learn to be satisfied with darkness, when he knows he cannot have light. Now I want you to sit down the other side of me and be, what you are intended by God to be, 'eyes for the blind.' Tell me just how Annie looks. Are her cheeks rosy or pale? Are her eyes blue as violets? Is she the same Annie that she was some ten years ago, or has she grown old and plain?"

"She is the same," replied the mother; "perhaps a shade paler, perhaps a little thinner."

"It seems to me she is taller," said Frederick. "Her voice sounds farther above me. She is still nearer heaven?"

"Without doubt she is," replied Mrs. Copeland. "I hope we all are."

"I feel that I am this moment, at any rate," said Frederick.

"And I feel," said the widow lifting up her eyes, "as if the angels were with us—the spirits of our lost ones sharing our happiness."

"I will leave you together now," said Frederick, "while I go and help aunt Nancy tie up her roses."

"Let us walk about the old place, Annie," said Mrs. Copeland. "I want to see you in the old haunts to make it all real."

Days and weeks glided by. Can I tell whether they brought happiness to those who were again united, after a separation of years. Can I tell the thoughts that swelled in their bosoms; thoughts too sacred to be uttered, too holy to be profaned, too indefinite, too vague to be substantial? Perhaps I could reveal the secrets of these silent hearts, but why should I? In the fulness of time they will reveal themselves.

It was at the close of a pleasant and cloudless day in June that a little group were assembled, as usual, at the widow Copeland's front door. The mother, the son, the friend. Aunt Nancy, unquiet spirit that she was, fluttered here and there among the rose bushes. You might, by the rustling she made, if you did not see her, take her for a bird. If you saw her you might be so wicked as to say she was quite an old bird. So she was old, but very, very kind, very active, very wide awake, very much like those birds of the fable, ever on the wing.

The silence was unbroken for some moments after the good lady had retired. Why was it becoming so oppressive? Has it ever occurred to any of my readers to be thinking intently on a subject, and to be roused from a state of abstraction by a question plainly indicating the magnetic influence of mind upon mind? If so it will not be difficult for such an one to account for the start it gave Annie as Frederick said:

"Just seven years, on this very day and about this hour, where were we, Annie?"

"I have not forgotten," replied Annie.

"Nor I, Annie. I remember how old Greylock looked in the sombre twilight; how you looked as you sat on the rock, fixing your eyes on the mountain, and determined you would not turn to the valley opposite. Then my plan of life that I read to you,

and your strictures on it; your dislike of the word fate. You were right in what you said. That same cold belief in what I called my destiny led me over mountains of difficulty, higher than old Greylock, and a thousand times darker. But I have gained a higher platform now. What a gloomy walk we had of it on the way home, didn't we?"

"Rather sad," replied Annie; "but it was my fault."

"No, the sphere came from me; but it was the only dark passage in our lives then," said Frederick. "We have had many darker ones since. God, what a tempest has scathed and withered my heart since!"

After a pause, he continued:

"Annie, I wonder if it has ever occurred to you that that day, with its happy beginning, its sad but sweet decline, and its stormy end, was an epitome of our heart-history?"

"You know I said I was superstitious then," replied Annie.

"Yes, and I tried to shame you out of it; but at the same time I was more under the influence of the spell than yourself."

"You have forgotten to speak of the closing scene—the breaking away of the clouds, and the shining out of the stars as we separated," said Annie.

"I didn't forget it, but I didn't speak of it, because with me the clouds returned again after the rain. I wonder if we have reached the true serenity of life yet, either of us? Have you?"

"I think not. My mind is often clouded," replied Annie.

"I think mine is growing clearer," said Frederick; "but the tempest overwhelms me sometimes."

"Our best moments in this life are few," said Annie, sadly.

"Those may not really be our best moments, Annie, which we call so, simply because they are peaceful. In our fiercest struggles God is nearest our souls. Why? Because we need him more, are more humble, feel more our dependence, our helplessness; trust more, love more."

"Nothing is so sweet to my mind as the idea of perfect trust," said Annie. "All resistance to the Divine will at an end, no fears and no anxieties for the future. Oh, I wish I could attain it!"

"It will come when we are ready for it. Rest is the harmonious action of all our faculties. Such must be the rest which the Bible tells us 'belongs to the people of God.' No weariness, no languor, no stupor of the spiritual nature would there be, if we all lived in obedience to the laws of Divine order. Am I not a good preacher?"

"I think you are; you ought to be ordained a spiritual guide to the weak and wandering."

"I wonder how I should fill the office?" said Frederick. "I have lately inclined to the idea that it is my true vocation. It is one of the things I can do without eyesight. I remember with what reverent attention I used to listen to a blind old clergyman, who every once in a while exchanged with my father. He had a nasal twang, and something like a lack-adical whine; but there was a pathos in his voice, particularly when he prayed, it melted into my very soul. Blindness was the evil most dreadful to my young mind of any that afflict our humanity. Have you ever observed that in this life the discipline we dread most is the very discipline we have to bear? But when it comes, thank God, the alleviation comes with it, if we will only be quiet and not struggle. Ah, Annie, there's where we make a great mistake, in chafing so under our trials. Isn't it so?"

"I think it is very often," replied Annie.

"Has it been so with you?" asked Frederick.

"Yes, it has."

"But you have found the alleviation as soon as you ceased to struggle?"

"Yes."

"I wish you would tell me more of the history of your life for the last few years, Annie," said Frederick, earnestly. "Perhaps I have no right to your confidence now, particularly as I do not tell you mine? I often think I will, but I cannot without involving others; besides it would do neither of us any good. I had rather drop it all, and begin back from that last parting a purer, holier friendship. Don't you think that is best?"

"If we can drop it, perhaps it is," said Annie; "but how can we? There is no break in true friendship—I acknowledge none."

"But we did not call it friendship then, in those old times. Annie, do you think I bear my lot cheerfully—manfully, I mean?"

"I often wonder at your patience and your happiness," said Annie.

"I was not so patient or so happy before you came; I am not always so out of your sight. I cannot be gloomy with you near me, unless the thought intrudes itself that it will not always last as it is, and that I must not indulge in dreams."

"I see no reason for such thoughts. This is my home till I die," said Annie.

"Oh don't talk about dying," said Frederick, "don't hint at it. Annie, I don't believe you will ever die; it will be with you a passing away from one world to another, a change from glory to glory. Something lies heavy on my mind; may I speak it out?"

"Do so, I beg of you," replied Annie.

I will, Annie. Once I had the power to make you unhappy, and I made you so. I sometimes wish I had the power now to make amends for it; but I have no ability to do anything, as far as my friends are concerned, only to give them as little pain and annoyance as possible. But I want to hear you say you forgive me all I made you suffer, and then I want to feel assured by your own words that you are happy. Sometimes, when you are sitting by me, I fancy you look sad—I fancy you feel restrained in my society. I cannot have it so. I want to hear you say, with the kind voice of old times, 'Frederick, I forgive you. I am happy.'"

"I can say it from my heart," replied Annie. "Dear Frederick, I have nothing to forgive. I am happy happier than I can measure in words, when I am with you."

"Annie—!"

"Yes, I speak the simple truth. Perhaps I ought not to have said it?"

Frederick was silent.

"You cannot misunderstand me—you will not misjudge me?"

"Come nearer to me, Annie. Whisper—you are happy to be with me. Did I dream I heard you say so? I wish I could see your face."

"I had rather you would look into my soul," replied Annie.

"Frederick, may I speak to you plainly—fully? Is it possible that I can deceive myself? Oh, tell me, tell me truly, Frederick!—don't fear to give me pain—tell me if I do indeed make your life brighter by my presence; tell me if you really love to have me near you—if you would love to have me near you always?"

"Oh! Annie, can you doubt it?"

"I do not wish to doubt it; but it is too much happiness to believe it."

"Annie, your sweet words are daggers to me. Would to God I had heard them a year ago! You are happy to be near me; yes, your gentle heart pities me. I have been selfish in accepting your sympathy. Oh! my sweet—no, no, I must not say that now. Annie, I wish you had not said those words."

"Rather, Frederick, let me repeat them—let me say them solemnly, earnestly. I know I am doing what worldly people might call unmanly. You will not so misjudge me. Why should I fear to speak to you openly?—why should I fear to ask you what my heart feels and believes? If you love the Annie of old times still, if her love can make you happy—"

"Oh my God!" exclaimed Frederick, "what do I hear? Do I love you—the dear Annie of old—dearer, a thousand times dearer than of old! And yet—"

"And yet what, dear Frederick?"

"And yet I feel how utterly unworthy I am even to love her, much less to tell her of my love. Put your hand on my heart, Annie; the fire of life is not burnt out. But this must not be—it must not be. Be my guardian angel, be my friend, my sister; help me to put down these wild wishes. Annie, I am old before my time, helpless, and only not a burthen because God has given me kind hearts like yours, to whom self-sacrifice is happiness."

Annie bent over him; her hand brushed aside the thin locks that lay upon his forehead. His arm was around her.

"You love me yet. Oh! Frederick, I never thought I could be so happy. And you need my love now."

"You are making a child of me, Annie. Could I but look into your eyes."

She laid her cheek to his; he passed his hand over it. "There are tears."

"Happy tears," said she, softly.

"After the storm, Annie, what then?" asked Frederick.

"The blessed, blessed calm," she replied.

"And we clasped each other heart to heart, and parted; shall it be so again?—Oh! say shall it, Annie?"

"All but the parting, Frederick; we must never, never part again."

"You say it? Oh, Annie, I never could have asked so much—I—dared not even dream of it. Would you recall the words?"

"Never, never."

"May the very God of love come down and hallow with his presence this hour!" said Frederick. "Annie, you see my tears—they come from a heart too full to speak its joy. You love me; you forget the past, forget my unkindness and neglect, and love me. You come like an angel of light to my darkness with words that breathe of heaven. What can I say? The words die upon my lips. What can I do?—only clasp you to my bosom and weep like a child."

"I will never call tears to those dear eyes again—dearer to me in their blindness than any whose looks of love shine upon me," said Annie.

"Who would not be blind?"

"Will you listen to me while I tell you what is in my thought this moment," asked Annie.

"I will listen for ever, if you will talk, Annie."

"I want to tell you that I have never for a moment ceased to love you," said Annie. "There are no broken threads in my affection. No other man has ever taken the hand I gave to you, or excited one throb of love in the heart that has been yours from childhood. I did not know that we should ever meet again in this world; but I knew we should meet and be one hereafter. One thing you must promise me, I shall exact it of your love. I know there will be times when you will feel that I have made a sacrifice. I know you think so now. You call yourself unworthy on account of the past. Promise me never to speak—never to think of these things. Let me give you all my love, all my confidence. It is my highest joy; it is sweeter even than to be loved."

"Annie, every word you speak is a benediction," said Frederick. "My soul drinks up the sweet dew of your lips as the thirsting earth drinks up the summer rain. My beloved, we are one soul. Have we not one faith, one hope now? I said to you long ago, carelessly, and I saw it hurt you at the time, 'Annie, pray for me.' Oh, how much has suffering taught me since then! Yes, Annie, it has taught me how to pray for myself. It has shown me how much I needed help. We have joined our lives together. The paths that seemed to diverge so widely have met again and are one. They must be one for ever. Did you know my Annie, that Lucy said it would be so. She said your love could never change. Her last words, written with a pencil, I have with me now. I lived upon them until I could no longer see to read them! then I transferred them to my soul and I said, 'The day is only prolonged. The prophecy will be fulfilled hereafter.' The dear little paper traced with her dying hand lies always near my heart. You shall read it."

"Dear Lucy!" murmured Annie; "I think she is near us this moment; she told me once it would make her happy in heaven to know that we were happy. Frederick, we forget how late it is."

"No; but you said we were never to part; what matters it how late it is?"

"But it must be near midnight."

"The day is just dawning; sit still. Tell me of that same bargain of yours about the old homestead. Is it paid for?"

"Not yet; the papers are made out."

"Not signed, sealed and delivered yet. But when are the little sisters coming?"

"Next month, with Mrs. Collins."

"Suppose I make you a present of the house?"

"I am afraid I should always be thinking of my obligation to you."

"I would live out the obligation by retaining a life-long lease of a part of the premises. But you are getting uneasy—so soon—so soon! I can't let you go."

"It is time I should go."

"Yes, I know it. Go then, and we will talk over our plans to-morrow. I will go with you to your own door. I know the path by heart. I don't need my eyes."

Slowly the lovers walked side by side. Never moonlight shone on a lovelier picture. Tall, noble and erect, those sightless eyes turned heavenward; who could have dreamed that he was blind? His brow so lofty, the temple of high and chastened thoughts, his lips, even in silence, eloquent of warm human emotions! What wonder that she lingered. We too linger. But farewell.

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Were they then married at last? To be sure they were. And happy? Yes. And could she have confidence in him again? To be sure she could. And did he tell her all about his passion for Emilie? And did Annie never feel jealous? And what became of that same fascinating woman? Did her son die? Did she come back to America? I did not promise to write a novel, therefore I will only add Emilie did come back, her son did die. She was never married, and if Annie was jealous she took good care that no one should see it.

A FIRESIDE TALE—"MY GRANDMOTHER'S."

CHAPTER I.

THE Christmas dinner had passed pleasantly over, the candles had long been lighted, the log, in honor of ancient custom, crackled merrily on the hearth; my aged grandmother, in her easy chair, sat silently swaying her body to and fro, and watching the sparks that from time to time leaped forth full of brilliancy, only to touch the ground as blackened specks. As her eyes followed each in its short-lived career, the nervous twitching of her deeply-wrinkled cheeks and the tremulous movements of her almost transparent lips, told of a recollection that slumbered not, but associated with the falling ashes some bygone circumstance, in which the hopes were as bright and brief, and the results as dark and comfortless.

We were quite a family party. Life in five of its stages was present, earliest infancy and senility alone being absent. My dear grandmother, although past eighty, had still the unimpaired use of many of her faculties; and although her voice "was sinking again to childish treble," she had not yet entered upon the "last scene of all, that ends life's strange eventful history."

My wife, the sweetest and blithest pilgrim that ever accompanied, through joy and sorrow, through failure and success, a perhaps too exacting mate, for two and twenty years, upon the briery path of life's journey, sat beside me, as was her wont, with the lurking angel still ready to flash forth in a smile upon her homely face at my simplest glance; whilst the honeyed words, that ever deprived pain of its sting, lent a charm to earthly happiness that was not born of conventionality, and waited, like handmaidens, upon the tongue that never spoke to chide.

My eldest daughter, Annie, talking a silent language that wedded life has not yet made her forget, sat within the shadow of the crimson curtains of the window, looking love into the eyes of her betrothed. Other branches of my family were present; my youngest daughter, Edith, amongst the juniors, forming a strange contrast to her aged relative so many generations removed.

"Edward," said the old lady, without altering her position, or withdrawing her eyes from the fire that was consuming itself in the excess of its own brightness; "Edward, this, then, is

another Christmas day, the eighty-second anniversary that I have witnessed. It is a long time," she continued in a tremulous voice, still swaying her body gently as she spoke, and unconsciously forming plaits in the folds of her "well-saved" satin dress with the fingers that years had almost withered. "It is a long time to think of—to look to in the future—but when past it appears but like a shaded yesterday, separated from us by a long and eventful night of strange dreams, pleasant and painful, merry and sad, when one stands, as I do, at the end of it, and draws back the curtain.

"Where is little Edie?" abruptly asked the old lady, for the first time turning towards us. "Call her, for I want her."

Edie needed no further call, but bounded joyfully forward; her great-grandmother almost doated upon her, and the affection was reciprocated.

"Gran'ma wants me," said the child of eight, in tones fuller and stronger than those of the matron of eighty. "What is it, gran'ma?" she continued, insinuating her little plump hand between those of the old lady, and looking up smilingly into her face; "you called me, did you not?"

"I did, my dear," returned my grandmother; "to kiss you—to have you near me; sit down on my footstool, Edie. Ah! I am happier thus. You are my link to the present; all is not yet of the past."

The shrivelled, bony fingers played tenderly with the smooth hand of the child, whilst the furrowed features and long silvery hair formed a strange contrast to the flaxen tresses and lovely face, with which time had as yet but toyed.

"My hand was like yours once, my dear," said the old lady, mournfully, looking wistfully into the beaming eyes before her; "and my hair was as yours is now; but that is long—very, very long ago!"

The child seemed bewildered; she raised her head, and looked incredulously into the restless eyes of her grandmother. She could not reconcile such an idea with what she beheld. She never questioned the subject before, and asked, still doubting her senses:

"Were you not always old, gran'ma?"

As the question, from its peculiarity and abruptness, was calculated to give pain, I gently chid her for her want of thought; but the old lady set me right immediately upon that point, by saying:

"Let her speak, Edward, let her speak; I like to hear such questions. I asked them myself once." Then, addressing the child, she continued, "No, my love; I was not always old. I was as young as you are—younger—many, many years ago."

"Oh, tell me about it, then, gran'ma, dear. I should so like to hear it."

"I will, my sweet one. Lay your head upon my lap, so that I can look in your face. There! not too close to the fire. Now listen.

"Seventy-four years ago this very evening, I sat as Edie sits now, with my head resting on the lap of my grandmamma. It had been a Christmas-day, and merrily had it passed over with us all, and around the fire were gathered my father, my mother, my eldest brother, an uncle, aunt and some half-dozen cousins. My eldest sister—your grandmother, James Seyward," said the old lady, turning her eyes for a moment upon my son-in-law elect—"sat apart from the rest, and seemed little disposed to be gay. She appeared silent and almost sad; but as her reserve was probably called forth by some words from my brother at the dinner-table, we scarcely gave it a thought, or, when we did, only rated her for her pettishness upon an occasion of such mutual festivity. She was a good girl—then in her nineteenth year, and by no means unlike my grand-daughter Annie"—(my grandmother spoke of and to my children, as though a generation had not existed between her and myself; and, as if by mutual consent, the members of my family lent themselves to the self-imposed deception)—"whilst I was only about eight years of age, and more after the style of the old-fashioned little lady who sits at my feet.

"My eldest brother—he was married then—let me see—yes, he was—had, as I have previously hinted, been engaged during dinner in turning the conversation upon my sister Julia, and

her disinclination for matrimony, citing several offers that had been made her of a very advantageous nature. His remarks wounded her more deeply than he then dreamed. So, having reproved him sharply for meddling with an affair that could only concern herself, she left the table in high dudgeon, and kept herself aloof for the remainder of the day."

"How naughty of her, gran'ma!" said little Edie; "and on a Christmas-day too."

Unmindful of the slight and childish interruption, my grandmother continued:

"No one suspected what was the real cause of her want of sociality—not even my brother, whose eye was quick to detect, even in a glance, what others might fail to discover in an act."

"Julia still continued silent, still shut herself, as it were, within herself, and 'pined in thought' whilst others seemed to revel in delight."

"At last my grandmother, fearing that she was not well, offered her a glass of very rare wine, but my sister refused it, and, excusing herself under the plea of a headache, left the room to rest herself for an hour upon her bed. I recollect—as though it happened but an hour ago—the manner in which she withdrew. She went to the door, her hand pressed upon her forehead, paused for a moment, and then coming round to my grandmother, at whose feet I was sitting, as you are now, my little pet, at mine, knelt down beside me, and asked her for her Christmas kiss and benediction. The old lady—for she was almost as old then as I am now—gave her both, for such has been for a long, long time the custom at Christmas in our family. My sister then arose, and walked—her hand still pressed on her head—to my mother and father, kissed them both affectionately, telling them that her indisposition would speedily disappear when her head had a little rest. She did not omit my brother, but kissed him also, telling him that she loved him and forgave him, although many of his allusions pained her. Having in this way made the circuit of the room, she retired, first desiring me to be sure and call her early the following morning. Every one seemed sorry when she had left us, each felt as though a portion of his or her own proper person had been taken away; but I was most especially grieved. With my head buried in my grandmother's lap, I silently wept, for I was the only one she had not kissed. I loved her dearly, and in turn I seemed to be her only idol. So, forming a determination to steal upstairs as soon as I could conveniently escape, I quitted my sorrow, and patiently awaited an opportunity when I might creep up unnoticed to her chamber, and there beg her to give me back my share in her affections, and nestle myself to rest in the embrace that my little heart coveted."

"My father commenced, as was our family custom, to tell a story. It was some ghost tale, about a haunted house, and as he had a peculiar talent for relating anecdotes and elaborating minute details, he was silently and respectfully listened to. There was only one exception, and that was the child whose head still rested upon the knees of her grandmother, and whose thoughts were upstairs on the bed with Julia."

"At last I seized my opportunity, and slipping noiselessly from my low seat, crawled on my hands and knees under the table. I had almost emerged unnoticed from beneath the table cover, when one of my hands came in contact with my father's foot. The circumstance in itself was slight; but as he was one of those men who exact attention in return for an attempt to amuse others, I felt that I had ignited the fusee, and that an explosion would be sure to follow. In that, however, I was wrong. Perceiving that I was the aggressor, he merely reprimanded me sharply, and desiring me to come from beneath the table, ordered me to resume my seat at the feet of my grandmother. I dared not disobey his commands; for, although he was one of the kindest parents on earth, yet hardy must have been the child of his who could dare to break through discipline, or even attempt to disobey him."

"I did as I was desired, trembling at the thoughts of my detection. I resealed myself upon my grandmother's footstool, again rested my head upon her knees, again wept as I thought of Julia's forgetfulness, and from weeping I fell asleep."

"I had been sleeping for at least two hours, when I was

awakened by my grandmother. She shook me heartily to arouse me; and as I looked up at her, surprised and affrighted, I heard her say, 'Gracious me, how red the poor child's eyes are!' 'What's the matter, grandmamma?' I asked. 'Why, you've been dreaming, dear,' she returned. 'Dreaming about whom?' I asked, in evident amazement. 'About Julia, child,' she answered; 'and calling her wildly in your sleep.'

"Let her be taken to bed," said my father, somewhat pettishly. 'The good things of Christmas do not agree with her—they seldom do with children.' My grandmother rang the bell beside her at a signal from him, and the servant appeared to conduct me upstairs. As I bade them good-night, I asked my mother to allow me to sleep with my sister Julia. Although my request was made in a whisper, my father overheard it, and placed a negative upon my prayer at once. 'No, dear,' he said to my mother, 'let her go to her own bed—Julia is not well, and her nonsensical jabbering will annoy her.' 'Oh! I'll not even speak to her papa, dear,' I sobbed earnestly, and perhaps wildly; but his answer still was 'no,' although my my brother, joining in my prayer, said: 'Your ghost tale, father, has scared the little soul—don't hinder her; she can do no harm.' But, alas! my father had been interrupted by me in his story, and the verdict still was 'no.'

Ere I went from the room, my brother, grieved at my great distress, and mortified at my father's unjust refusal, took me to him to cheer me. Oh! how I clung around that brother's neck! Oh! how the great love that has its source in a child's heart, in that moment gushed forth, to live for eighty years in life and death, for he has long since passed from the earth, and whilst living, though surrounded by forgetfulness, still hallowing the occasion and the hour when the kind act gave it life."

The old lady paused in her narrative; the source of that great love was not yet dry; two tears—large, bright, and holy—rolled from furrow to furrow on her aged cheeks, losing themselves in the tresses of the attentive Edie."

Oh! ye that are wise in your own conceit, never despise the young, never turn from their first sorrow at the loss even of a doll or peg-top—every privation is a step in the ladder of life—deal gently with them, speak kindly to them, a little sympathy may insure a great return, when you are yourself a second time a child; comfort their little sorrows, cheer their little hearts; kind words are the seeds sown by the wayside, that bring forth fruit, "some sixty fold, some an hundred fold." Bear in mind ever that—

The child is father to the man;

and when you would pass a sorrowing one coldly by—whether you see it mourning over a dead friend or a lost halfpenny, whether coupled to crime by the iron hand of necessity, or dragged into it by the depraved will of a bad mother—remember that still it is a child—a piece of nature's most flexible wax—"and credible to false prints." Spurn it not because its clothes are rags, or its parents vagrants; it is the mighty, and yet the innocent representative, perhaps, of generations yet unborn. Give it the look of kindness that childhood never mistakes; speak to it the word of cheer, that even old age never forgets. Do it—if not for the sake of your common nature—do it for the sake of one who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it to the least of these little ones, ye did it unto me. Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But to return to the narrative. My grandmother continued:

"We left the room, the servant and myself, and as she went to the kitchen for a candle, she left me standing alone at the foot of the great staircase. The loud wintry wind moaned piteously without, associating itself in my mind with the painful respirings of some dying giant. I shuddered as I listened, for to my young and easily excitable imagination, the long whistling blasts that rushed against the windows, round the corners, through the dismantled trees and portico in front of the house, bore some affinity to the comparison I have drawn. The servant was a long time absent—at least I thought so; I felt horrified by the noises and darkness. The lamp in the hall having barely flickered for a time, suddenly died out, enveloping me in total obscurity. I could stay no longer; up the

stairs I clambered, fearing to turn my head, expecting every moment to be overtaken by some monster. Quickening my pace at every step, I involuntarily made, not for my own room, but my sister's, my heart throbbing in the violence of my fright, as though a legion of spirits were at my heels. Through the long, dark, gloomy passages I made my way, checking my very breathings, and fearing to look round, lest some dread phantom might snatch at me. At length I reached the door, and tried to open it, but it was fastened on the inside, and resisted all my efforts. I called her, first in whispers, then, worked to frenzy, louder, but received no answer. At last I recollected that a door led from my mother's dressing-room into Julia's bed-chamber; so thither I made my way. This door was not fastened; I opened it, passed through to the other door, and found it also unlocked. I entered my sister's room, but as I approached her bed, a mighty gust of wind burst as it were through the very walls, and I struck my tiny figure with a sensible chill. Shuddering I sought the bed, drew back the curtains, but no sister of mine was there. I passed round by the foot of it, and looked for her in the pale moonlight, but she was nowhere to be found. The window was wide open, and already within the room some of the driving snow had made its way. I stood aghast, then wildly shrieked, not one hasty scream, but a succession of piercing convulsive cries burst from my tiny breast, as rushing from myself and solitude, again through my mother's room I made my way to the head of the stairs, only to fall writhing into my brother's arms.

"My father was with him, summoned forth by my violent outcry; seeing me glare, as it were, wildly at the candle he carried in his hand—he judged me wrongfully, harshly, and said angrily, 'She is justly punished for disobedience; let her be taken at once to her own bed.' But no: my brother would not have it so; he passed my father, bearing me still in his arms, into the drawing-room, where my vacant and horrified stare alarmed my mother. With an instinctive foreboding of some impending calamity, she rushed to me: her touch brought back my nature—my tongue became loosed, and, stretching forth to her my trembling arms, I cried, in accents she never afterwards forgot, 'Julia's gone, mamma! Julia's gone! and papa would not let me kiss her!' In a moment my brother handed me to my mother; my father said something about my having eaten too much pudding, but my brother said, 'No, father, this is no time to blame the child; I thought no good would come of your severity. Come with me, and let us judge for ourselves.' All was then bustle and consternation; they rushed upstairs—father, mother, brother, servants—all—all but the extremes of age and youth. Grandmother and grandchild were left together—the heart of age beating nervously against the breast of infancy; the one shaking as though stricken with the palsy—the other writhing in convulsions.

"After a lengthened and of course fruitless search, they returned, rage and sorrow agitating the countenance of my father—pale cheeks and vague surmises that defied hope, attesting the patient anguish of my mother; amazement carved on the features of all. But one master spirit was present—my brother's. Calmness and determination looked forth fixedly from his eyes—every one present turned to him, whilst he paused for a moment's reflection—every one felt that in him must be their confidence, from the weeping grandame down to the shivering child. At length he called for his coat—my father's was also brought—next he ordered out the horses saddled, and bade the coachman and groom mount and attend them. My father, as he hastily thrust on his coat, muttered regrets that he did not let me have my way. 'Ha!' said my brother, 'that chance has passed now; we must cease to talk, and begin to act. Be ruled by me. We cannot fail to trace them—I saw the man's footprints in the snow—they cannot be long gone, or the marks would have been obliterated. Come!' They then left the room together to seek through the cold chill night for the misguided runaway. Conjecture was busy at work as they rode from the door, despair seemed to warp the energies of all left behind. My mother walked about from room to room, looking under beds and into cupboards, hoping against hope. My grandmother dried up her tears, but hugged her sorrow to her heart; whilst I, wearied out, tired out, wept out,

had at last fallen heavily asleep, and thus ended my eighth Christmas day."

CHAPTER II.

My grandmother made a lengthened, almost a painful pause. Circumstances long forgotten sprang up, Lazarus-like, from their tombs. The words so kindly spoken by that just brother awoke with their echoes recollections that lived again in their cadences. Her eyes became riveted once more upon the fire, and the movement of her body recommenced. After a while, I broke the silence by saying tenderly:

"Well, mother dear, the sequel. Did they discover the object of their search?"

"Don't flurry me, Edward," she quietly returned. "My memory is not so bright as it used to be. I find a difficulty in separating the painful portions of it from the pleasant. In fact, the longer we live the less of pleasure we can detect in retrospect—all appears alloyed—the flowers of the future, long passed by, have lost their freshness, for the trail of the serpent is upon them. Give me my own time, Edward dear, and I think I shall tell you all."

Still rocking herself to and fro, and still looking fixedly either at the child or the burning log, she continued silently to ruminate. When next she spoke, a greater degree of sadness mingled with her tones, her pauses were more frequent, not from lack of memory—ah! no—that was fresh and vivid, but the shadows of the past crowded more densely before her mental eye, aroused as they were into ghostly life by the tremulous tones of her voice.

"I find," said my grandmother, when next she turned towards us, "that I am much in advance of my story. Some things I should have told you before, but I began as it were in the middle. The fact of my having done so has somewhat puzzled me, for my thoughts are not as tractable as they used to be. You must, however, make allowances for me, and I sincerely trust, that should any of you live to be my age, the Giver of all good may be as merciful to you as he has been to me, in sparing to me the memory with which I can recall his acts, the sight by which I can read his Word, and the voice to say, 'blessed be his holy name.'"

"During the early part of the year whose last days were embittered by the melancholy occurrence to which I have alluded, our Julia had been upon a lengthened visit to London, with some of my father's friends. Whilst there, an intimacy had sprung up between her and a young cavalry officer, whose entire fortune hung in his scabbard. When my father heard of it, he was exceedingly wroth; for although, as I have before stated, he was the best of parents, yet he had inherited with the family estates a considerable portion of the family pride. He was not one of that class of men we call cold and calculating; who require months to think and as many more to decide. With him, as with my brother, the execution of a project went hand in hand with its conception. So soon then as the tidings of his daughter's partiality for one who was her inferior in fortune reached his ears, he peremptorily called her home, and forbade her, under pain of his severest displeasure, to hold the slightest communication with her lover for the future. Had he been less harsh, things would doubtless in time have worn a different aspect; but no—there was the determination to enforce obedience in his every look and tone, for, unfortunately, he never remembered until it was too late that his own blood coursed through her veins, and that from him she inherited the indomitable will that would not brook restraint. The circumstance was the more unfortunate from the fact that my poor ill-advised sister mistook his real meaning. She only felt that he sought to crush her affections with an iron hand, and therefore looked upon his stern interference in the matter as though in it were embodied all the petty and unnecessary cruelty of domestic tyranny."

"During the interval that elapsed between the recall of my sister and her subsequent elopement, she had never, even to my mother, mentioned the name of her admirer. All thoughts of him seemed to have passively died away from her breast. She became again the toasted beauty of the county—the idol of the paternal hearth. Suitors were not few to 'tell their soft

tales; but although the pretensions of several were backed by wealth, position, and the approbation of her father, not one received even the shadow of encouragement. She was always early abroad, even in the severest weather, and ever pleaded as an excuse for her solitary rambles, the healthy results attendant upon out-door exercise, and her ardent love of the first breath of morning. In those early rambles, we afterwards learned that the post-office in the village was frequently visited; and it was also affirmed, by gossips, after her departure, that in many of her walks she was accompanied by a stranger. With conjectures, surmises and a few spectral facts for their only guides, my father and brother set out in search of her, upon that Christmas night in which my young heart first experienced the pangs of sorrow and disappointment.

"Vainly they searched for her through many weary days—days that wrote their failures, as with a pen of iron, on the features of my father and mother; and when at last they learned that my sister had been married, and was travelling under the name of Mrs. Montgomery, they also discovered that she was no longer in England, but had accompanied her husband to the Continent.

"Madly foolish as would have been the idea of my father's following her, after she had disclaimed his protection by her elopement, and given to another the legal right to 'order her goings,' he really would have tracked her out, had it not been that a voice from home and the grave called back the son and the son's son to lay my poor grandmother in the dust. Yes, she passed away from sorrow; or rather, life and its ills glided away from her. This second visitation of grief fell heavily upon me; for I was her constant companion, and lonely I felt, and heart-broken, as I called on her to bless me, and learned that her tongue for ever was mute—that the hands that had fondled my head, as it lay for hours in her lap, should for ever have ceased to move—and that strange men were to bear her away to the cold dark grave. So they will do before long with your grandma, my darling; but the will of the Lord be done!

"But to return to Julia. She was away in the south of France. She loved her husband fondly; and, from all we could learn, he was devotedly attached to her. The early weeks of their wedded life passed away quickly and happily; but a cloud had gathered in the distance, and was rapidly approaching them, to burst in fury above their heads.

"Montgomery, at the request of his wife, was about to apply for an extension of his furlough, when he received a hasty summons from headquarters, to join his regiment without a moment's delay. As it had been for some days under orders, he was further commanded to proceed at once to Southampton, where a portion had already embarked for the unhealthy shores of India.

"Anguish and dismay entered the breast of poor Julia when she was made acquainted with the orders that dare not be disobeyed, and could not with honor be evaded. Montgomery endeavored to cheer her with promises of a speedy return; but, alas! she knew that his words were traitors to his heart—for the perils of the battles in which he was likely to be engaged, were light in comparison with the deadly effects of the climate upon a constitution by no means strong.

"They returned to England, and Montgomery—having left her to the care of a friend in London, and written to her father, imploring his forgiveness for the rash act into which his fond love had led her—tore himself from the embrace that was only loosened by utter prostration, and posted night and day to Southampton.

"With all his faults, my father's was a generous nature. The moment he received the letter, his mind was made up—his Julia had lost her protector; where an asylum so fitted for her as her home? where the friend whose tenderness could rival the affection of a mother? Suffice it for me to tell you here, that before a week passed over my sister was again in the midst of us; no look, no tone, no gesture, on the part of him whose pride was most wounded, ever recalling to her mind the first false step; but words of sympathy, comfort and hope always cheering her in her loneliness, and directing her to look forward to a happy reunion.

"A few months after she had again formed one of our family, she gave birth to a daughter. From that date until she was taken away from us, she never enjoyed perfect health; her constitution seemed at once to have given way. She daily became more moody and reserved; her thoughts were ever far away, brooding over ideal perils and privations, through which the father of her infant would have to pass. Words of comfort were thrown away upon her; she heeded them not—they were mere sounds to her ears—sounds 'signifying nothing.'

"Eagerly was every paper, containing any intelligence relative to the movements of our troops, devoured by the lonely sufferer. As she opened each, her excitement used to be painful to witness; the extreme pallor of her lips, the tremulous movements of her hands, attesting her agitation, whilst the throbings of her heart were almost audible. Continued suspense of such a character would wear away the constitution of the strongest. You may, therefore, form some slight opinion of its workings upon her. Day by day, we saw her becoming thinner and weaker, and sadder—a solitary speck, red as blood, at times lighting up her transparent cheek—a speck that spoke to us of approaching dissolution—a lurid sunset at the decline of day.

"At last a 'Gazette' brought to England the glorious news of a victory; the same sentences that rejoiced the hearts of thousands, and called forth the acclamations of the unscathed, bearing with them sorrow and despair into many a happy homestead, and crushing out the last ray of expiring hope from breasts already desolate.

"Montgomery had fallen! My poor father read the fatal news, and hid himself away, crushing up the paper, as though by doing so he could avert the impending blow. Hours passed away, and yet Julia never spoke, her eyes alone followed the movements of each one present, who, aware of the dreadful fact, feared to meet their mild glance, and cowered before hers as though guilty of some crime.

"At last, towards evening, my father determined upon broaching the subject, yet coughed and stammered before he commenced like an inexperienced rustic. My sister was not blind to his embarrassment. She was alive to everything. She pitied him. Beckoning him to her side, where he sat still turning his eyes from her, she said, in mild, collected tones:

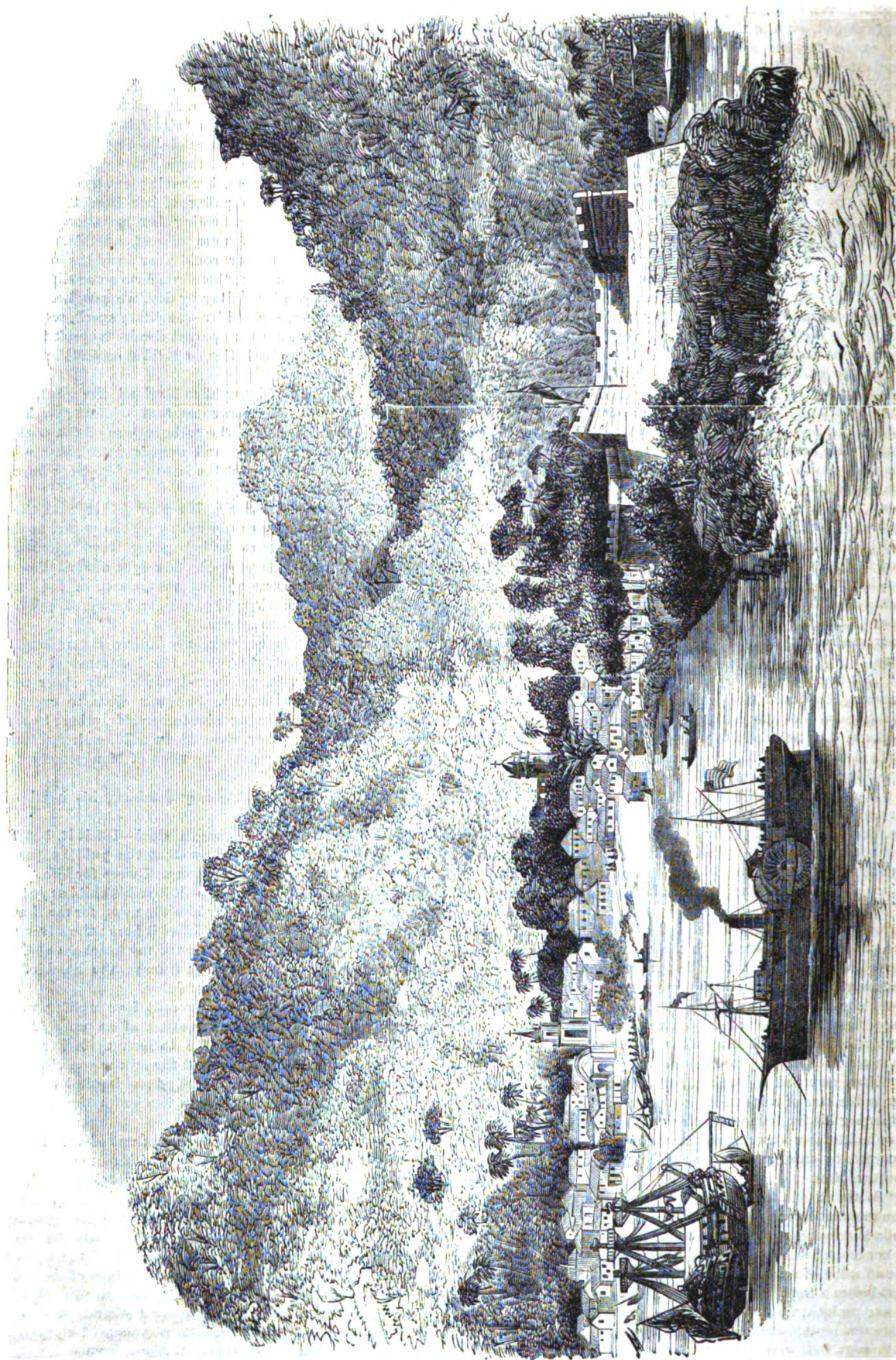
"I would tell you news—sad news of Montgomery, father, dear."

"My father started, but gently detaining his hand within her own, she continued:

"He is dead—he died a month since—I felt it, but feared to pain you by telling you. Now that the public papers have been less kind than your Julia, you will weep for him, and forgive him and me. I know you will love his child as your own, and care for it, and I shall bear him the news, for my time with you will be short. I know it. I feel it here; the silver cord is nearly loosened, and the pulsations of my heart are at times so loud and heavy, that it seems as though the hand of death knocked frequently—impatient of delay."

"Oh! hers was a deep, pure love—a love welling up spontaneously from the innermost recesses of an unsophisticated heart. It was a holy study even to look upon her, as with eyes, alas! too bright, she gazed at the still unconscious pledge of her short-lived union, prayerfully invoking in its behalf the mercy of the orphan's Father, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb.

"But a few days more, and she was not of us. She knew when her hour was approaching, and with more of joy than of sorrow in her tones, she confided to her weeping father's care her smiling infant. Once assured of its future weal, she seemed impatient to be gone, and marvelled why the bridegroom tarried. I saw her look of thankfulness, as she felt that she had at last set her foot within the dark valley of the shadow of death, and the remembrance of it has never been effaced. Upon her face was a smile of glory, not of earth; it was the first dawn shed on her of the opening heaven, and with that dawn became stamped upon her features the assurance of eternal bliss, as the essence winged its trackless flight from the casket in which it had been immured—leaving behind it, to her weeping relatives, only the 'ashes to ashes, and dust to dust.'"



PORT OF ACAPULCO, PACIFIC COAST OF MEXICO.



PRACTISING THE LASSO ON BOYS.

THROUGH MEXICO IN THE SADDLE.

CHAPTER I.—VOYAGE TO VERA CRUZ—THE CUSTOM-HOUSE—THE LASSO—IT TAKES SIX MEN TO SHOE A HORSE—TESTING A MULE.

An equestrian journey across Mexico is not a herculean achievement, but is rarely performed; the diligencia being the safest and cheapest conveyance.

But I owned a good horse, which I wished to take to California; and being desirous to study closely the physical and social features of a country in which Nature has done so much and man so little, I preferred the saddle. "A wilfu' man will have his way," says the Scottish proverb. Disregarding the endeavors of well-meaning friends to dissuade me from imperilling my life in so lawless, and by reputation so heathenish a country, I took passage for Vera Cruz in a sailing vessel. Besides the above-mentioned quadruped, I was accompanied by a medical friend, and also by a respectable member of the canine fraternity, a Newfoundlander named Reuben.

My feelings on that occasion I poetically recorded, having the night previous to my departure devoted a few bumpers to the "honest men and bonnie lasses" of my acquaintance. If the poetry is not what a Chinaman would consider first chop, the sentiment will be duly appreciated if the reader can only find it out:

That last fond look and mournful smile
Are pictured on my heart,
For many a day and many a mile
My love and me will part.
You ask, fair maid, where I am bound
I answer, "Dear Miss Spriggins,"
With tearful eye bent on the ground,
"I'm going to the diggin's."

I will spare the reader the recital of what for thirty days we suffered on board of that venerable barque. Scorched on deck and baked in the cabin, we ate, slept and drank by sheer compulsion, and under protest. My horse, unable to appreciate the nutritive properties of salt junk, molasses and mouldy biscuits, had nearly starved. There were other horses on board, gaunt gray animals, the fashionable color, consigned to the capital of Mexico for the use of a rich citizen, Senor Rubio. He had ordered them through an agent who knew little about horse flesh, and they were shipped without a sufficient supply of provender, consequently mine had to suffer with the rest. Yet I had paid ninety dollars for his passage.

At length one morning the words "Land ho!" rang cheerily from the foretopmast cross-trees. Going on deck I saw in the western horizon what seemed a cloud, which gradually stood out more distinctly in the blue and clear atmosphere. It was the snow-clad peak of Orizaba, seventy miles inland, a sublime and welcome sight to individuals so heartily sick of the sea as we were. That evening we anchored off Vera Cruz, and within half of the fortress of San Juan D'Ulloa.

Mediæval fortifications are of little use in these days of steam navies and rifled cannons, of the Armstrong pattern, warranted to kill at a greater distance than even Otard brandy as concocted in this Empire City for the delectation of men, women and boys. The castle and walls of Vera Cruz are, therefore, a nullity against a foreign enemy; and the former is chiefly useful as a prison for political offenders. Although the

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chief commercial outlet of Mexico on the Atlantic, the harbor is very insecure, especially during the prevalence of the northers. For this reason ships of war lie at Sacrificios, some miles further north than Vera Cruz, and on the point at which Cortez disembarked.

We landed, and with the usual delay, passed the custom-house—an institution which in Mexico appears to fulfil the office of a milch cow for nourishing during their brief existence the abortions that in rapid succession assume the name of government. Just now it happens that the so-called liberal party under President Juarez occupies Vera Cruz, and subsists upon the custom-house, whilst a rival president representing the church or conservative party has possession of the capital, and not only draws upon the revenues of the church, but enjoys the support of the wealthy and substantial part of the community, who, it is fair to assume, have ere this seen quite enough of liberal principles, such as they are, in a semi-barbarous community, seven-eighths of which are Indians and half castes. Miramon, the conservative leader, has thus far had the best of the fight, notwithstanding the recognition of his opponent by the United States. He is moreover aided by the moral support of the representatives of France and England.

Not long ago the English naval commander at Vera Cruz proceeded, in a business-like way, to lay an embargo on the proceeds of the Vera Cruz custom-house to the extent of twenty-five per cent. of its receipts, on behalf of the British creditors of the republic, showing no intention on the part of John Bull to abstain from intermeddling in her affairs. Nor would it be easy by any force of argument to counterbalance the fifteen millions of solid sterling reasons which he has for keeping an eye upon Mexico and her rulers.

We put up at the Hotel of the Diligencia, then kept by a Frenchman, and in a few days recruited ourselves by means of good living and exercise; quenching our throat occasionally with claret cooled by ice from the cone of Orizaba.

Founded by Cortez, and built up under the protection and influence of the Spanish viceroys, Vera Cruz, previously to the revolution, had attained a degree of opulence and prosperity of which there now remains scarcely a vestige. Pronunciamentos, bombardments and yellow fever have ruined or dispersed its once wealthy merchants. The rectangular streets, the plaza,



SCENE IN VERA CRUZ—TESTING A MULE.

the churches, the ramparts and the mixed street population of donkeys, dogs, negroes, samboes and yellow-skinned exquisites are features which it possesses in common with all South American towns. To them add sopilotes or turkey buzzards, unsavory but useful carrion birds which haunt the streets and housetops, and like lobby members of Congress subsist on what they can pick up. The aspect of the people does not bespeak a healthy climate.

"What," said a newly imported Britisher, "is that haze that overhangs the town?"

"Senor, it is the vomito." (It was in the sickly season.)

"Oh! ah!" And next day the stranger was seated in the diligencia bound for the interior.

We would have done so too, but at least ten days would be necessary to recruit the horses for the journey. I therefore had them stabled at a meson near the gate, one of the common road-side hostelries where muleteers and other travellers put up their animals and obtain shelter for themselves.

I was entering the yard, when a muleteer having a long rope of twisted leather hanging from his arm approached a young and mettlesome horse, which seemed disposed to increase the intervening distance. Suddenly the Mexican jerked out his arm, and the horse, as if spell-bound, began to approach his master with the noose of a lasso round his neck.

Here was indeed a weapon of mastery. I had read and heard of the lasso: how the early Spanish adventurers found the natives of Guatemala accustomed to use it in hunting and in war; and how a horseman expert in its use can drag his armed enemy from the saddle to inevitable death; capturing the buffalo and the wild horse of the prairies, and fearing not even to attack the grizzly bear. I at once felt that horsemanship in Mexico is incomplete without skill in throwing the lasso, and determined to acquire the art. In the hands of an expert rider the lasso is so dangerous a weapon, that if, during the late war, the small body of American cavalry had been attacked with it in detail instead of the lance and sabre, they must have been destroyed to a man.

"Will you," I said to the muleteer, "teach me to throw the lasso?"

"*Como no, senor?*" (why not, sir?) a very common way of replying in the affirmative. "It requires a horse well trained, a firm seat, and much practice."

"Will you sell me your lasso?"

"No, senor—it is not worth purchasing. If you are going into the city I will show where to buy a good one."

We returned together; and he explained to me briefly the chief points and principles of the art—how to coil the rope and how to cast it, according to the distance of the object.

"Observe, for instance, that negro boy trotting on his ass. If I want to catch him, it is done in a moment, thus —; and to secure him I have but to tighten the noose, and the *pobrecito* (poor little chap) is done for!" And he suited the action to the word with such perfect ease and precision, that I clapped my hands in approbation.

The little African, finding his neck in danger, pulled up his steed, and with a broad grin—for which I gave him a small coin, it was so full of comical negro fun and intelligence—immediately disengaged himself from the lasso, saying, "*Muchias gracias, senor*" (many thanks, sir).

"For the silver, I suppose?"

"As the senor pleases."

We entered a shop, and I purchased a lasso, which my companion selected. For this service I offered him a *pequeta* (a quarter of a dollar.)

"No, senor," he said. "I shall be some days in Vera Cruz, and if I can serve you, command me."

His manner very distinctly indicated that he could afford to be polite to a stranger without being paid for it.

"Adios, senor, till I have the pleasure of meeting you again." So saying he took his leave.

Courtesy and a certain ease and grace of deportment which command respect, and even confidence, seem to be innate in those who inherit the blood and speak the language of Spain. The very negroes and mendicants in the street salute each other with respect. The highwayman robs you in a polite

manner, if you offer no resistance; and, strange to say, if you resign your seat in the theatre or diligence to a lady, she rewards you with a gesture and an expression of thanks. English and Americans easily ingratiate themselves by a polite demeanor, and incur contempt and hatred by rudeness. An uncouth speech conveying an insult has cost the life of many a "half horse, half alligator" on his way across the Isthmus; and undoubtedly the Panama massacre had no other origin. Important undertakings have failed because confided to individuals who had not common sense enough, or good feeling enough, to make them civil to the people on whose aid and services success entirely depended.

I continued to practise my new accomplishment on pigs, street boys, asses and other peripatetics, and sometimes rode out to the sand hills, where my dog Reuben occasionally underwent the operation, with less philosophy, not being, like the others, used to it.

Having to purchase a baggage mule, I soon discovered that the Mexican dealer is not behind the Yorkshireman in bargaining. But it is curious to hear him praise his animal for age and poverty of condition. "She is very old, senor, and see how lean are her flanks! She is perfection, senor."

Old and lean mules may be "ugly" in temper and perverse in disposition, but they are tough, not easily galled by straps and ropes, and can stand ill-usage to any amount.

On this occasion I put in practice a test never before resorted to, I believe, in Mexico, but common in Ireland for ascertaining the merits of a horse. It consists in mounting in the reversed posture and holding on by the tail. An animal of blood and spirit will resent this proceeding as an insult, and will make desperate efforts to throw his rider.

No sooner had the mule felt the spur than she threw up her heels so suddenly, that but for my firm grip on her caudal appendage I would have been unseated. She then started at full speed down the street, and had passed two blocks ere I succeeded, by using the tail ingeniously as a rudder, in bring her to the right about; but not until she had, in her violent plunges, sent one shoe and then another flying through the air, thereby endangering the heads of the amazed spectators, some dozen of whom speedily assembled.

By a judicious use of the spur I overcame the obstinacy and stubbornness of the old mule, and, gathering headway, she made a straight course for the starting point, where the jovial landlord, some gentlemen passing at the time, and a crowd of brown, black and yellow visages, and rows of teeth, greeted my arrival with loud laughter and applause.

"Very good, very good, senor captain," said a voice that I had already heard; it was that of my friend the muleteer.

It was necessary to have the horse shod for the journey, and having found a smith, I saw with some astonishment five or six men shoeing a horse! an operation which I had been accustomed to perform without assistance in moments of emergency.

This leads me to remark that the mechanical arts in Mexico are in as backward a state as a century or two ago they were in Spain. It seems that in proportion to the spread of liberal ideas there arises in the Spanish race an aversion to manual labor. There are too many professional men, patriots, politicians and generals, and too few mechanics, tradesmen and laborers; hence the poverty of the masses, the low condition of agriculture and the arts, and the undeveloped state of those almost infinite resources and capabilities which Mexico possesses in her fertile soil, her pastures and her mines.

Under the viceroys, cities and towns arose, noble edifices were erected, great thoroughfares cut through forests and mountains, and works accomplished, such as the Desague of Huehuetoca, requiring a stupendous outlay of money, labor and skill. Under the wing of republicanism all national energy has been paralysed, or lives only in the convulsions of civil war and revolution.

The history of the New World has proved that liberal and democratic principles and institutions, however congenial and beneficial they may be to the Anglo-Saxon, serve only to vulgarize, to vitiate and to enfeeble the Spaniard. This fact is known to the leading men of the race on this side of the

Atlantic—to Concha in Cuba, to Santa Anna in Mexico, to Lopez in Paraguay, and to the brilliant and politic Urquiza. No doubt it is also known to President Juarez, who, until safely seated, may find it convenient to conciliate North American favor and protection by hoisting the sacred banner of liberty. "Oh, Liberty, what *humbug* is perpetrated in thy name!" If the spirit of Madame Roland should visit Mexico, such might be her exclamation.

CHAPTER II.—A MEXICAN IRISHMAN AND HIS ADVENTURES—HORSE TAMING BEFORE MR. RAREY—HINTS ON POPULAR HUMBUG AND DELUSION—PIKE'S PEAK AND NORTHERN MEXICO.

ACCENTS familiar to our ears, the veritable brogue of old Ireland, broke upon us one morning as we sat—the doctor and I—in the Franco-Mexican hostelry at Vera Cruz. Enter Kerrigan.

"Good morning, gentlemen. Ye's would not be wanting a smart boy to go with ye to the city of Mexico—one who can speak the language and knows the road?"

"Indeed we do," I replied; "and if you are qualified as you say, we may engage you."

He produced certificates from English and other travellers, and as he was known to the hotel-keeper, we hired him as servant, guide and factotum; he undertaking to lead the baggage mule. He was neatly dressed in white, which is the correct city costume in tropical regions, and was altogether a favorable specimen of the stray Irishman of his class.

Kerrigan had left New York at the breaking out of the California excitement, in one of those companies which were organized by speculative gentlemen to reach safely and speedily the land where gold was to be gathered in bushel measures. In his case, as in many others, the contractor of the expedition proved to be a *chevalier d'industrie*, and the party a set of dupes and victims of misplaced confidence.

"A ship was hired," said Mr. Kerrigan, "and we went on board, fifty of us, from the Battery stairs. She was called the Lively Tortoise, and we dropped down to Sandy Hook. There Mr. — called us together, and sez, 'Me boys, I have left some papers and must go back to fetch them.' Well, we had paid him two hundred dollars a head, and were to have a free passage to Vera Cruz, a mule across to Acapulco, and passage from thence to San Francisco. Like simpletons, we gave him three cheers as he went down the ship's side and stepped into a boat which happened to be at hand. That was the last we saw of him."

"Had you," asked the doctor, "a pleasant passage in the Lively Tortoise?"

"Mighty pleasant, sir," said Kerrigan, "barrin' that for exercise we had to work the pumps for fifteen days. Many is the time we wished for Mr. —, to take a spell with us; but he was safe in New York with our money in his pocket, getting up another batch of fools to serve in the same way. I heer'd since that he had become a big politician."

"By no means impossible," said the doctor. "Gentlemen of that stamp make capital aldermen, and don't come amiss even as members of Congress. I'll wager, though, he never went to California."

"No, sir-ree!" said Mr. Kerrigan, emphatically.

"And how did you and your brothers in affliction fare in Mexico?"

"Some were lucky enough to get back to the States; others pushed on and got to California, or were starved to death in following the route of the Rio Grande and the Gila; some died here of the yellow fever. I, being a smart, likely boy, went to the city of Mexico with an English nobleman on a visit to the Queen's ambassador."

"Just so," said the doctor; "blarney, brass and impudence will carry an Irishman through all dangers and difficulties. But I wonder that an honest Irishman like yourself would stay in such a country as Mexico."

"Well, then," said Mr. Kerrigan, "there is many worse people than the Mexicans; and as to Mexican women—"

"Ah!" said the doctor, interrupting him, "there is the magnet! there is the soft spot on the cranium! You fell in love, of course!"

"Troth, maybe I did, doctor, a good many times."

"You will do, Mr. Kerrigan. I see you are a true son of the sed; so let us lose no time in getting out of Vera Cruz, for I begin to feel tired of the place. Every face I see in the street reminds me of thirty-grain doses of calomel."

In a few days our preparations were made, and by means of early rising, riding and practising with the lasso, and the excellent *cuisine* of our French landlord, I had recovered the tone and vigor which I had lost on the long and tedious voyage. By the way, I may here inform the reader that subsequently in capturing wild horses in California, I turned to profitable account the dexterity which I acquired, having on one occasion, as many who have resided in Marysville will remember, made prisoners of a drove, comprising some of the best native animals ever seen in the streets of San Francisco. Connected with the capture of the wild horse is the art of speedily taming him, and in this art the Mexicans excel. I have more than once brought home to his owner, in a few hours, an animal thoroughly subdued and "Rarefied," although at that time I had never heard of Mr. Rarey.

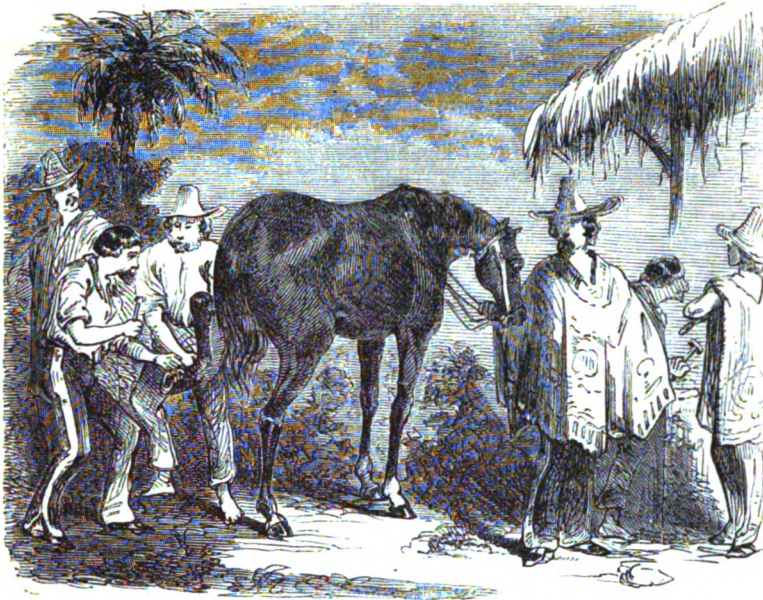
Apocryphal of that pleasant exploit referred to in the narrative of Mr. Kerrigan, it is interesting to remark that the lapse of a few years has not extinguished the race of speculators, who are ever ready to enrich themselves at any cost or risk of human life and happiness. How many schemes of plunder have been baffled by the premature explosion of the Frazer's River and the Pike's Peak bubbles may never be known. It seems as easy to raise a gold mania as to raise a fire, and in both cases the authors of the calamity are those who make the profit—if that can be called profit which must entail the penalty of conscious guilt on this side and beyond the grave. The rank ignorance which prevails throughout the Western States renders it easier to spread the foulest and most ridiculous delusion than to disseminate a plain and salutary truth. This "madness of the many for the gain of the few" is as endemic as the fever and ague. Its next outbreak will perhaps take the character of a rush to the silver regions of Northern Mexico, where, fortunately, the veteran General Twiggs stands like a sentinel to guard the honor of his country against the stain of filibusterism.

CHAPTER III.—THE ROUTE OF CORTES, AND THE GREAT MEXICAN HIGHWAY—SANTA ANNA AND HIS HACIENDAS—THE TIERRA CALIENTE.

MULETEERS reckon it a nine days' journey from Vera Cruz to the capital, at thirty miles a day. The two cities are connected by the celebrated highway, the route followed by Cortes when that daring invader (not filibuster) made his memorable advance, at the head of a handful of Spanish cavaliers and adventurers, amidst foes without number and dangers of which no conception could be formed. This road has been called a monument of human energy, and although far surpassed by modern railways, it reflects immortal honor on the genius and perseverance of the old Spanish viceroys who planned and executed the work at that early period.

The canals, cities, fortifications, cathedrals, causeways and aqueducts which lie scattered over what was once the Hispano-American empire are all pre-revolutionary, and attest the inherent qualities of a race which has succumbed (perhaps only for a time) to political changes which are at variance with its religious and traditional sympathies. The republics have done nothing to emulate the ancient glories of the monarchy. Their ceaseless revolutions prevent that influx of capital and enterprise from the Old World which has helped so largely to build up the greatness of the United States. Their vast physical resources must lie dormant until the adoption of a form of government meriting the confidence of the capitalist.

The republic seems unable to keep in repair the great highway bequeathed by the monarchy. A toll is collected at certain places, but the road remains in chronic dilapidation. Crossing for fifty odd miles the Tierra Caliente, it ascends near Jalapa to the central plateau or table land, gains the still higher elevation of the Tierras Frias, and finally dives precipitately into the great valley of Tenoxtitlan, or Mexico, where



SHOEING MY HORSE IN VERA CRUZ—SIX MEN PERFORM THE OPERATION.

Cortez found and conquered the ancient Aztec city, then surrounded by a lake of alkaline water.

The few passes by which the table land is accessible are of great strategic importance, and could be guarded by a force relatively small, if resolute and well commanded. Yet Miramon, in his late retreat, broke through the forces stationed to intercept him at the pass of Aculcengo with apparent ease, a fact clearly demonstrative of the weakness of the liberal party. To the government of Juarez it was all-important to stop the rival president on his way to the capital.

The names of Tierras Templadas and Tierras Frias indicate the great elevation to which this road ascends—from three to ten thousand feet above the level of the sea; in some places having a climate correspondingly cool and salubrious, except in the Tierra Caliente. The scenery is grand and imposing rather than beautiful. Broad plains bounded by chains of mountains, many of them of volcanic form, frequently arrest the traveler's gaze as he crosses the table land. Orizaba, Iscatcheanti, Popocatepetl soar sublimely above the line of perpetual snow.

The soil is imperfectly and sparsely cultivated, for markets are too distant and labor too dear to permit systematic and profitable farming. The necessities of life are obtained with such facility as to encourage indolence. "*Con maíz y frijoles, no falla más?*" (with corn and frijoles what more is wanted?) says the Mexican cultivator. As to the hacenderos who own herds of cattle and horses, their chief difficulty doubtless consists in obtaining a sufficient number of herdsmen. Towns and villages stand far apart; and smiling homes like those which border the thoroughfares of more civilized and populous countries are rarely to be seen.

On the roads there is but little travel. The diligencia in peaceful times still plies as regularly as the banditti will permit. Travellers associate themselves in mule trains for safety; and every load of silver from the mines is guarded by a military escort. Yet a quarter of a century has passed since Mexico took her place among nominally free nations; becoming every month less fit for free institutions—every year receding further into barbarism.

We left Vera Cruz in the afternoon, and reached Santa Fe in two hours, after riding through sand hills, chapparal and forest. At this wretched little village we endured the usual martyrdom. As the doctor observed, it was an introduction to entomology with *piquante* illustrations.

A tropical storm burst over Santa Fe that night, and on such occasions the industry of the insect tribes is prodigious. But Nature and sleep finally prevailed, and at daybreak we arose, mottled but refreshed, from the benches on which we had stretched ourselves. Nor were we the only sufferers. Poor Reuben's shaggy hide was no protection to him, and his teeth

and claws were in constant activity in the vain endeavor to ferret out the destroyers of his peace.

A cup of chocolate and a hasty toilet despatched, we were on the road. That day we passed the Puerta National, over the river. Close to it is the hill of Cerro Gordo, the scene of one of General Scott's victories. Here the American army learned how little formidable was the enemy that could so easily abandon positions so impregnable by nature as that which the Mexicans had taken up. On the part of the Americans it was a piece of admirable generalship.

For fifteen leagues the road traverses the estates of Santa Anna, which are stocked with thousands of cattle of a favorite breed, which is known by its long spreading horns. To guard the purity of this stock every care is taken. Near the road stands the dictator's estancia or country seat. The cattle on these estates are valued at about eighteen dollars a head, within a week's steam voyage of New York, where they would be worth four times as much. It has

been proposed to fit up a steamship like a floating refrigerator, to bring meat in the carcase from Mexico. Why not—but who will do it?

Santa Anna's estates have for the present been confiscated, but the triumph of the conservatives would insure their restoration, for there is a strong party ready to receive him with open arms.

The Tierra Caliente is capable of maintaining cattle to a great extent, and being close to the coast offers a foundation for a great future trade. The merchant princes of New York should regard Mexico as deserving a better fate than to be a mere bone of contention for political desperados.

The scenery of the Tierra Caliente is monotonously rich, and not less insalubrious than rich. The splendor of tropical vegetation, like the coloring of the snake, conceals a poison generated from the undrained soil, and the swamps are prolific in mud turtles and calentura (fever). The dry soil produces, and might with slave labor produce, a large supply of coffee, sugar, cocoa and cotton. But slavery is at variance with Mexican ideas of human liberty. Indian or other free colored labor is available only to a small extent, and therefore the produce of this region is limited to vanilla and the cochineal cactus; articles of great commercial value in proportion to their bulk, and for that reason cultivated.

In a wilderness alive with birds, reptiles and insects, a zealous naturalist might immortalize himself, unless prematurely arrested by calentura or voraito. It supplies the Vera Cruz market with fruit, game and snakes; which last are said to be not unpalatable. They are brought to the town by the Pintos Indians who inhabit the Tierra Caliente, and relish a snake as keenly as does a native of Australia.



AN ASS LOADED WITH PALM LEAVES TERRIFIES MY HORSE, AND CAUSES A STAMPEDE ON A SMALL BUT FURIOUS SCALE.

Occasionally a pheasant crossing the road half induced us to halt for a day's shooting, but prudence urged us to push on as fast as Juanita, the baggage mule, could follow us. None but a Mexican understands or can travel peaceably with a mule. Either Kerrigan's Spanish did not please her critical taste, or he was too liberal with his rattan, for which I checked him, knowing that almost any animal, but especially the mule, obeys the voice when ready to rebel against the rod. They were perpetually quarrelling.

Cruelty to the brute creation being very repugnant to me, it was with supreme disgust that I saw an old man belaboring a poor little jackass on the road because "he wouldn't go," and I resolved to punish the two-legged animal by putting him in bodily fear. So intent was he on his merciless occupation that ere he saw me I was close behind, holding my naked sabre as if to decapitate him. At this alarming apparition he broke into exclamations of fear and supplication. "*Por dios, señor! misericordia! santissima virgen! no tengo nada*" (I have nothing).

"On one condition," I said as sternly as possible, "I will spare your life. Give over beating your ass." As I spoke the long-eared sufferer quietly rose to his feet, and his old tyrant, a professional beggar man, no doubt has often marvelled that any stranger should care a clack about the sufferings of a donkey. An "ugly mule," like a cross member of a family, can exhaust patience and every other Christian virtue. Under the irritation of Juanita's constant peevishness poor Kerrigan was rapidly losing his senses. Even the philosophy of my medical friend gave way, and he vented his wrath in vigorous expressions against the offender when, in one of her quarrels with Kerrigan, she kicked off her load, one half of which, containing the doctor's traps, fell on the road. With frantic haste he proceeded to unpack, and his worst fears were realized. A bottle containing sulphuric acid was broken, and the contents were playing the mischief with his shirts and amputating tools. *Maldita mula!*

CHAPTER IV.—JALAPA—CLIMATE—MAGNIFICENT VIEW—SUNDAY IN MEXICO—A TERTULIA.

We were then ascending the mountain towards Jalapa, and being desirous to reach the town as early as possible, I rode on accompanied by Reuben, leaving the other three to compound their quarrels and repair damages. It was impossible to resist the temptation to stop from time to time and to contemplate the view, from which I was receding and ascending. At every step I was entering a cool atmosphere, the simple perception of which, in a tropical region, is an inestimable luxury.

Having only eight miles to travel, I reached the town early in the afternoon, and entered it by a narrow iron gateway. My dress and arms made me an object of scrutiny in the streets. "Who is that?" was written on fifty visages. Some, perhaps, took me for the precursor of another invading army. *Quien sabe!*

Summoning a barefooted youth, I told him to guide me to the Diligencia Hotel, at the same time bestowing on him a real boy of way of encouragement.

Thus reassured, he said: "*Como no, señor?*" (why not, sir?) and under his guidance I soon dismounted at the gate of the posada, where every comfort that a traveller can desire awaited me—clean water, clean towels and a hammock to repose in.

In about two hours my companions arrived and found me conversing in the balcony with mine host's daughters, two young ladies that did no discredit to the proverbial beauty of the Jalapenas; their grace and sprightliness bespoke a French rather than a Spanish tone of character and breeding.

Don Jose, the posadero, was well to do, and had a portly frame. Until our nationality had been ascertained he was stiff and formal, as if the visit of General Scott's army had not favorably disposed him towards the "Americans of the North." "We have," he said, "some Americans settled in Jalapa—excellent people—(*muy buena gente*). The Senors F—, who carry on a cotton factory, and employ a large number of Indian boys and girls; then we have Senor S—, a merchant; also, a few others. Foreigners of that kind will always be welcome, be their religion what it may; they are useful to our people.

Then there are Americans that bring clocks and other things adapted to our wants; they get excellent prices, go back to the United States and return again. If they did not like us or our money they would not come back—is it not so, señor?"

"Certainly," I answered; "and the French, how are they liked?"

"Ah," said Don Jose, breaking out into a fit of merriment, "*Muchissimo!* especially by the women. A Frenchman sells his jewellery and his silks and his finery with such a grace. *Valgame Dios!* who would not like a Frenchman? But, upon the whole," he added, "our best friends are the English; they have lent this republic a mountain of money; they send capital to work our mines; they buy our silver and other produce; they send us what we most want and need—good miners and good merchandise, cutlery, broadcloth and cheap cottons. We have an old proverb, señor—

*Paz con la Inglaterra,
Con todo el mundo la Guerra.*

In a few days a conducta will pass this way from the mines of Guanajuata, with silver, on its way to England. We export every year twenty million dollars of silver to England."

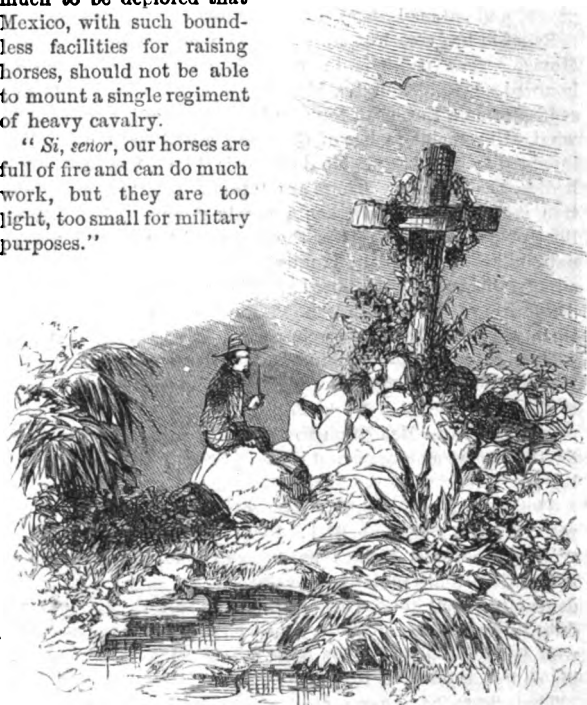
"A good foundation," I replied, "for your '*Pas con la Inglaterra*.'" After all, commercial interests bind nations together more closely than political sympathies; and on this great fact depends the supremacy of British influence throughout every region of Spanish America, from Mexico to Brazil. It is time for the merchants of the United States to wake up, and to enter into honorable and beneficial rivalry with their brethren of Liverpool and London.

Next day (Sunday) Don Jose proposed to us a ride before breakfast, on the Vera Cruz road, to view the Gulf of Mexico, which is frequently visible, although distant about sixty miles, to which we gladly acceded, and in twenty minutes were in the saddle, followed by Reuben, whose vast size must have astonished the multitude of curs that endeavored to make his acquaintance. As soon as he was relieved from the duty of holding my horse's bridle, and could throw off his dignity, he gave way to canine good-fellowship and condescended to mingle with the crowd.

"*Demonio!*" exclaimed Don Jose, "what a superb dog."

Like all men of intelligence, Don Jose took an interest in dogs and horses; and referring to the size of my horse, remarked that it was much to be deplored that Mexico, with such boundless facilities for raising horses, should not be able to mount a single regiment of heavy cavalry.

"*Si, señor,* our horses are full of fire and can do much work, but they are too light, too small for military purposes."



MOUNTAINS OF RIO FRIO—CROSS ERECTED WHERE A MURDER WAS COMMITTED.

"The remedy," I answered, "is easy. Import good stock, with bone as well as blood, from the United States or England, or, better still, from Ireland; and if individuals won't do this, it should be done by the government. In twenty years from now Mexico should produce thousands of horses every year equal in value to any in the world."

"The government, senor," he said, "unfortunately, does not attend to such matters. Our statesmen can talk about Greece and Rome and liberty and all that, and care and attend to their own interests, but leave those of the nation to take care of themselves."

As we rode on my medical friend remarked the freshness and beauty of the vegetation, and the appearance of health and vigor of the people.

"That, senor doctor, is owing to the moistness and coolness of our atmosphere. When the vomito rages on the coast, the wealthy flock to Jalapa as to a place of safety. The vomito never comes up here—some thousand feet higher than the sea. Every wind from the Gulf is loaded with vapor, which breaks into rain or hangs in mists over the Tierra Templada. Therefore we have fine oranges, figs, lemons and bananas, excellent crops of maize and barley, healthy men and rosy women."

"A lovely region, in truth," said the doctor; "lofty mountains, Orizaba towering like a pyramid, deep green forests, rich pastures in all directions, and the air perfumed with orange blossoms. B., he said, "I have a mind to cast off and anchor at Jalapa for the rest of my days."

"You might do worse, doctor," I replied in all seriousness.

"Look, gentlemen," said Don Jose, as we reached an elevated part of the road, "yonder is the Gulf," and he pointed to a streak of azure on the verge of the horizon scarcely distinguishable from the sky above it. Here and there, amid the intervening sea of dark verdure, rose the smoke of an Indian village.

"Now, senores," said Don Jose, when we had sufficiently contemplated this noble prospect, "if you are disposed, we shall return. A ride in the cool morning before breakfast and a siesta at noon is our rule."

As we re-entered Jalapa the people were hearing mass; the females attired in the graceful *basquina* and *mantilla*—grave in color and generally rich in texture—the costume of old Spain, so dear to the poet and the painter, so independent of the costly tardiness of fashion; the gentlemen wore broadcloth, with vests, shirts and pantaloons faultlessly white, and were gloved and patent-leathered to a miracle.

Religion has not lost its influence over the female mind in Mexico. The padre is in every household a welcome and honored guest, although seldom troubled with subscriptions to send him on a European tour for the benefit of his health. For what still remains to her of Christian morality the republic is indebted to her clergy. No doubt this, like other luminiferous bodies, has its spots. There are "proud priests" in all Christian sects. The church has a yearly revenue of twenty millions of dollars, which it is the design of the liberal party to nationalise, or, in plain language, to confiscate—as much an act of robbery as if the board of aldermen should seize the endowments of Trinity Church. Miramon has already charged them with plundering churches of their sacrificial plate, and with an intention to alienate territory in exchange for recognition by the United States, in defiance of a fundamental article of the constitution. Such things, if done or planned, must prove suicidal in Mexico on the part of the liberal government; for the nation at large is not quite prepared to sanction sacrilegious robberies.

The Spanish priest has always been as ready to fight as to preach for a cause which he looks upon as sacred, and in such a cause will always be a formidable enemy. Nor can the purity of his motives be called in question. He is not a demagogue aiming at plunder under the banner of liberty. His duty is clearly prescribed to him by the laws of his country as well as by the tenets of his faith. Why should he not uphold his church in her rights?

The priests have been most absurdly blamed for the recent massacre of Tucubaya, as if they could restrain an infuriated soldiery whose officers could not coerce it.

That evening at the house of Don Jose there was a *tertulia*. To estimate a people they should be studied in the phases of private life. In this point of view the Mexicans do not suffer by comparison. Frugality, temperance, and a high regard for the ties of kindred prevail in their households; and I have never found them otherwise than courteous and hospitable to the stranger.

I admit that I left Jalapa with a reluctance which a longer stay would have increased, and recommend it to future travellers as one of the pleasantest towns in the republic. Near it is cultivated the well-known drug which is named from it. Its population is about fifteen thousand. A railroad from Vera Cruz to within a few miles of Jalapa would probably prove a paying speculation, for it would pass over a nearly level space, and would serve as a nucleus of international relations, which could not be otherwise than beneficial to all concerned.

Leaving Jalapa the road continues to gain a still higher level and a still more temperate climate.

No traveller that I am aware of has described the shepherd dogs of Mexico. These, animals, trained as in the Pyrenees by methods transmitted to the New World, display in the management of the flocks of sheep and goats entrusted to them a sagacity and fidelity which are truly marvellous. In danger the flock clusters round the dog; and when a change of pasture is required he leads, not drives them in the right direction. The rams even respect and love their canine shepherd; and if the billy-goat butts at him, it is in sport not anger. Left without food but what they can catch on the hill-side, and constitutionally not averse to mutton, these noble animals never abandon injure or harass the charges committed to them. On the elevated plains, midway between Jalapa and Perote, we saw flocks, but no human shepherd near them.

In all respects the Spanish sheep dog surpasses the famous Scotch collie, whose well-known sagacity is accompanied by a disposition to play the tyrant and the Jack-in-office; never satisfied unless employed in chasing, snarling and otherwise making miserable the lives of the poor sheep over which he is placed in command, under the immediate orders of his two-legged superior.

The Spanish dog, on the contrary, is ever kind and gentle, except towards a wolf or other marauder. These facts lead to the remark that the art of training animals was better understood by the Spaniards, the Arabs, and other Eastern nations of an earlier civilization than ours.

The more we study the dog and the horse the more we feel that the principles of educating them are but little understood, and ought by all means to be reduced to a system, not confined, as at present, to a few trainers, who make a secret of the arts which they profess.

We were beginning to descend into the valley in which stand the town and castle of Perote, encircled by mountains, seven or eight of which rise to the height of more than ten thousand feet above the level of the sea.

"What a country for stock-raising," said the doctor. "But what is this?—an army!" and he pointed downwards to where a turn of the road enabled us to discern a body of mounted soldiers, followed by wagons and infantry. In twenty minutes we met the advanced guard of dragoons, and the officer in command of it brought his fiery little horse to a stand, and saluted with the sword.

"Buenos dias, senores. *Americanos del Norte?*"

"No, senor, English, at your service."

In a few words he informed us that his troop was the advanced guard of a conducta or escort from the mines of Guanahuata to Vera Cruz; and after lighting his cigar and exchanging a few civilities he passed on.

By and bye the shouting of mule-drivers became audible, and the creaking of heavy wheels on the paved road, followed by the wagon itself, which was flanked on each side by a corporal's guard of infantry.

The ponderous vehicle groaned up the hill under the weight of two tons of silver, drawn by twenty mules and driven by half a dozen *arrieros*, who seemed frantic in their efforts to quicken the speed of the animals.

It slowly passed on, followed by a company of infantry, and

this again by a rear guard of cavalry, mounting about a hundred horses, all in excellent order.

Behind rode the commander of the escort—a brigadier, I believe—with a couple of aides-de-camp, all of whom saluted us with grave courtesy.

It occurred to me, as I noticed the small size of the horses, that Mexicans, if well drilled and better mounted, are otherwise possessed of all the physical requisites of cavalry; but are at present as inefficient as the Cossacks, through whose ranks the British dragoons in the Crimea rode like a whirlwind. I could account easily for the defeat of Santa Anna's numerous cavalry by two hundred American horsemen at Molino del Rey. No people surpass the Mexicans in expert horsemanship, and this fact proves them to be not deficient in physical courage. The Spaniard of to-day is as brave as he was in the sixteenth century, and in physique he is superior to the Frenchman. All that he needs is drill and discipline. So said Col. Napier, the historian of the Peninsular War, and there can be no higher authority.

The brigadier (ere now in all probability a general) informed me, in his reply to a few queries, that the silver was consigned to England. "As to the road," he said, "you had better halt at Puebla for an escort; for thence to the capital is the *mal paiz*," which I will venture to interpret as the favorite robbing ground, although robbery flourishes occasionally in all parts of the route.

Passing over the plain of Perote, we did not visit the town and castle; but as the latter is one of the political institutions of Mexico it merits notice. It is the state prison, where unlucky generals and politicians are incarcerated, either as a punishment or to cause the disgorgement of money. When a Mexican notability gets up a revolution he has the consolation of knowing that, if unsuccessful, no worse fate will probably await him than a temporary confinement in Perote, to which, however, he hopes to consign his opponents. Revolutions and insurrections are so frequent that shooting and garotting the vanquished would be not only inconvenient, but would appear too scandalous in the eyes of the world. Moreover, when a man has been garotted nothing can be got from him—he is no longer squeezable. Many Mexican celebrities, including Santa Anna, have experienced the hospitable care of the governor of Perote. Who shall be its next occupant—Miramon, Juarez or Zuloaga—can only be guessed at. Comfort preferred to escape to the United States. Last winter it was gallantly defended against the liberals by an old colonel, until he and his men were compelled to eat horseflesh. It has been suggested that an institution of this kind would be of great use as a means of causing corrupt officials and depredators under the Stars and Stripes to disgorge ill-gotten gains; but it would require a much more extensive building than Perote to accommodate the number of such pure and patriotic politicians in this latitude.

The pen of a traveller is discursive; like the showman describing a panorama, he must make sudden transitions—from state prisons, for instance, to prairie dogs.

I turned off the road to examine some large hillocks like mole-heaps, and was nearly unhorsed by the sinking of my horse's fore-feet into a hole, the dwelling of a family of prairie dogs, into which I had thus unceremoniously intruded; but luckily the family was not at home. Glancing over the plain, I saw that this was but one of a countless number of holes, the abode of a vast population of prairie dogs, many of which could for a moment be seen as they dived into their domestic establishments in sudden terror. Reuben became all excitement when he scented so much animated and available food, for although now very footsore he had an excellent appetite.

The prairie dog is no relation of the true canine family. His teeth and claws are those of a vegetarian; and his business is to dig a hole and gnaw roots. By instinct he is gregarious, and cannot live without society. The vast multitudes inhabiting a city of prairie dogs require a large supply of food, and the population would soon exceed its means of subsistence were it not kept down, in the wise economy of nature, by numerous enemies—friends, rather, since they avert the horrors of a famine. Various carnivorous species render the prairie dogs

this important service. The horned owl and the rattlesnake settle among them and live very much at ease, like lawyers and doctors in good practice. The prairie wolf is a frequent visitor, and there are eagles, hawks and other depredators that pay flying visits. The turkey buzzard performs the duties of coroner, official assignee and undertaker.

The interior life of these communities is peaceable and orderly. No drunken dog staggers home to maltreat his family; no puppies congregate at corners to insult respectable females; nor do scurvy dogs, clothed in municipal authority, fatten at the expense of the public.

CHAPTER V.—PUEBLA—PULQUE—PAWN-SHOPS—GAMING—COOKERY.

PUEBLA is the second city of the republic, and contains a population of seventy-eight thousand. There is not much to be said in favor of its architectural merits, still less, I believe, in praise of its moral and social condition. Gaming, cockfights, bullfights and liberal principles are assiduously cultivated. In its vicinity there are said to be plantations of the Agave Americana, from which is brewed the national beverage, pulque, yielding in some instances four or five thousand dollars, a large net revenue for a Mexican maguery farm.

Pulque (the process of manufacture need not be described) is the Mexican lager-bier, but much more pleasant and palatable than the German compound. The pulquerias, in which it is retailed, like the Parisian wine-shop and the American bar-room, serve as a political safety-valve wherein much fiery patriotism exhales in harmless talk. Pulquerias absorb much ill-gotten cash, and give birth to many a scheme of robbery and to many a deed of blood. For revolutions they supply much of the raw materials—broken gamblers, bandits and other elements of Mexican dead-rabbitism.

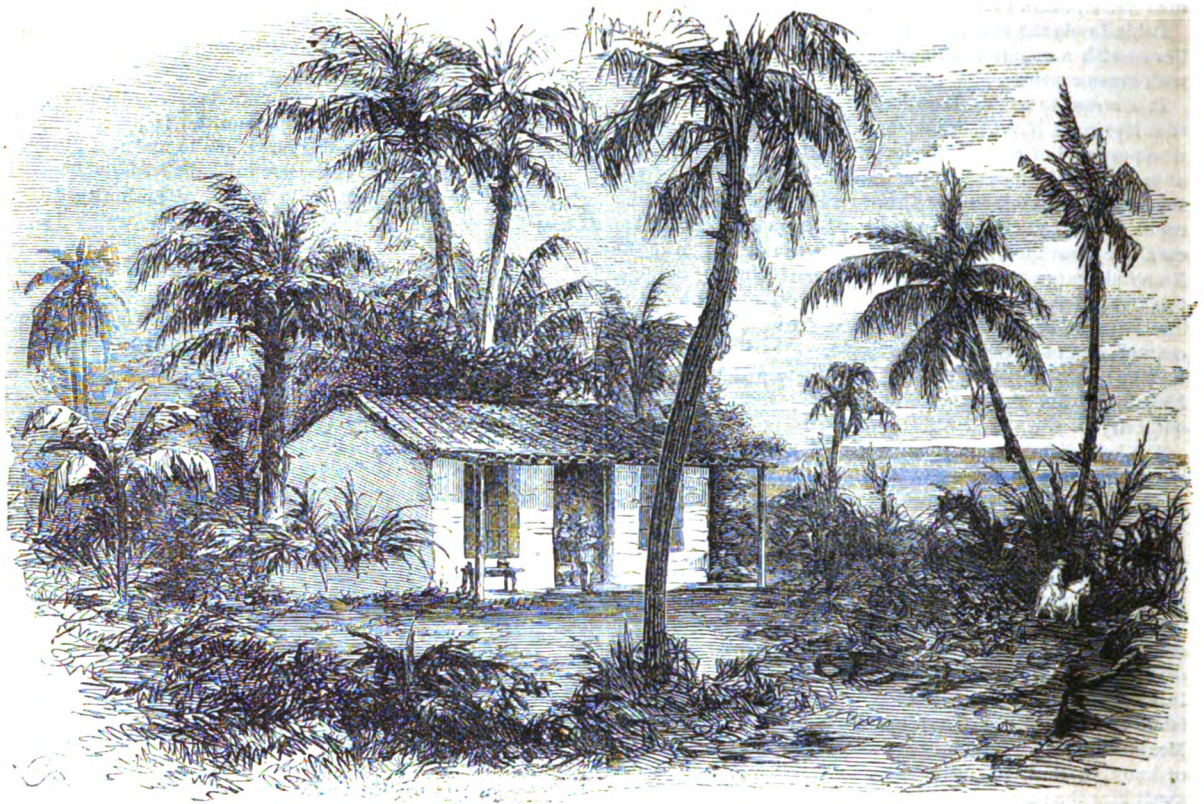
Though less prolific in drunkenness than our groggeries, for inebriety is not a Mexican vice, the pulquerias will favorably compare with any drinking establishments, in the sum of material which they furnish for the jail and the gallows.

Pulquerias, pawn-shops and gaming-rooms are mutually interdependent. The broken gambler resorts to the pawn-shop, thence to the pulqueria, the cock-pit or the monte-table. If unsuccessful, the highway is open as a last refuge and resource, unless there should happen to be a civil war going on, enabling him to fight for glory and plunder, either under the sacred banner of liberty or some other banner patriotically flung to the breeze. Not unfrequently the luckless gambler has to part with his upper garments to the pawnbroker.

As in olden times, even now, under monarchical institutions, the absurd idea prevails that the needy and unfortunate are entitled to some protection against the rapacity of those establishments, where for a licence fee Moses and Aaron can legally set at defiance the usury law, which restrains all other usurers. The *Monts de Piété*, a name indicative of a charitable purpose, are in France and other European countries a government monopoly. An extremely moderate rate of interest is charged, and the surplus after payment of expenses is devoted to charity. Under the republican régime, liberty to be cheated and to cheat is one of the rights of citizenship, and usury is allowed full scope at the expense of those least able to afford it.

The Mexican *cuisine*, like the Spanish, is simple but excellent. In the *posada*, at Puebla, I took the opportunity to study it a little in its details, and was permitted to enter and leave the *coena*, without receiving the decoration of the dishclout from the good-humored cook and her attendant sprites.

A very nice and economical management of fuel (charcoal) is perceptible in the Spanish kitchen, and the cook working in a cool atmosphere, not like our American cook, over a bushel of glowing red-hot anthracite, is never in a stew herself, but performs each culinary operation quietly and properly. A row of small open furnaces let into brickwork is the range, and in these separate furnaces an excellent and savory repast, including soup, meat, poultry and vegetables, with coffee or chocolate is prepared in a very short time. Gigantic masses of beef are not the fashion. Cutlets are not served up underdone, and dyspepsia is unknown.



HACIENDA, OR HOUSE COVERED WITH TILES.

Frijoles, eggs, tortellos, or forcemeat balls seasoned with garlic, cakes of Indian meal and chocolate, followed by a glass of cold water, constitute the frugal but nutritious elements of almost every repast. Few strangers can relish garlic, yet it is an excellent condiment, dietetically considered.

Beef-eating Englishmen and Americans, who cannot afford time to masticate their food, usually condemn this style of diet. They are especially down upon the frijoles, which is a kind of lentil. Liebig found the leguminose to be the most nutritious class of vegetables. Abounding in nitrogen, the frijole is almost a substitute for animal food, and the extreme facility with which it is raised, gives to it a high importance as an element of diet. Potatoes to the Irishman, oatmeal to the Scot, rice to the Hindoo, corn to the Kentuckian, and frijoles to the Spanish American, from Mexico to Peru. The hot pepper pod or chile is also largely used, and, like garlic, becomes indispensable in warm climates. On the same principle the East Indian nabob, English as well as native, feasts upon his rice and curry. It is related of a Kentuckian, that at a dinner party in Tucubaya he consumed a hot pepper pod, and that a glass of champagne was offered to him to cool the agonies of his mouth and throat. Being asked by his entertainer how he had relished his repast, he said, "I like yer cider, old hoss, but darn yer pickles!" The chile must be eaten cautiously.

Until cooking by gas shall come into general vogue, the use of charcoal, as in the Mexican kitchen, would be a decided improvement upon our most expensive cooking stoves and ranges. The march of improvement often leads us back to first principles. The Pueblanos have their churches and padres, objects of much female reverence, their cock-pits and monte-tables, where men part with their dollars or win those of others with an infatuation which is, undoubtedly, the worst feature in the social character of the Spanish race.

Comparisons are often most odious when most true. That Mephistophelian despot who rules France has carried tyranny so far as to shut up gambling-houses and suppress lotteries. A few years of such despotism in Mexico would emancipate her people from the tyranny of the gaming-table; which has done

more to degrade and enfeeble the nation than kings and emperors could do in five centuries.

CHAPTER VI.—THE RIO FRIO MOUNTAINS—ROBBERY OF THE DILIGENCIA.

ADIEU to Puebla. We are once more ready for the road, booted, spurred, armed; and the number and quality of our arms and the measure of our courage are known to the bandits who infest the mountainous and picturesque road before us. That *pardiosero* (beggard) to whom I gave a real, made a mental inventory of all this for the information of his confederates. Had we been *Allemanos* or Germans, he would have marked us as safe to attack; but we are English or Americans, well mounted and well armed, and as such no doubt ready to shoot in a careless manner, when requested to deliver up our personal property on the highway. Moreover Mexican bandits are, to a certain extent, politicians; sensible of the inconvenience of rousing the English ambassador to official wrath. We shall therefore probably escape molestation; nevertheless Kerrigan wears a lengthy visage as he puts the finishing touch to his mule load, and has doubtless offered up prayers in the best Tipperary Spanish for our safety in passing through the Mexican Apennines. The mountains of Rio Frio have been the haunt of robbers ever since the revolution which made her a republic.

Any government could clear this highway of robbers. One individual would undertake it by contract, as an enterprising American is said to have offered to take Sebastopol. Yet the fraternity flourishes and escapes molestation by the government, just as unlicensed grog dealers, mock auctioneers, policy vendors, bogus ticket men and gamblers are here permitted to carry on a nefarious business in open defiance of law. Their collective influence and vote are too weighty to be rashly thrown away by any party. This is a practical result of pure democracy and universal suffrage. And it is to be observed that the vicious and criminal—a large body in every metropolitan constituency—show a disposition to elect office-holders as nearly as possible "of their own stripe," morally as well as politically. Strong as is the liquor-dealing interest and the

policy-dealing interest here, the fraternity of highway robbers in Mexico is also influential, and unpunished in proportion to its numbers. The vote of a "Dead Rabbit" goes as far to elect an alderman as does the vote of the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher.

In peaceful times the worst parts of the road, from Puebla to the capital, are patrolled by cavalry. With what effect will presently be seen.

On leaving Puebla, we note the increasing fertility and beauty of the country; but are impressed with the small extent of cultivation.

The farmer has no inducement to cultivate a surplus of produce, which would probably be taken, and his horses impressed into the service of some general with whose objects or principles he has no sympathy or acquaintance. His friend, the padre, has told him that Mexico needs a strong government, and that Santa Anna is the only man to rule the nation for its good—and he believes the padre.

At San Martin, a village where we halted for the night, the doctor was consulted by an old lady who offered any price to be relieved of a long string of fancied ailments. Where bread can be found medical gentlemen can easily make pills of any required efficacy. Of this fact he took advantage; but when the patient came to receive them, he affected much surprise when, instead of so many dollars, she gave him in payment a thousand thanks, and hoped he might live the same number of years.

"There," said he, with a very comic expression, as she retreated with her prize; "that is how the honorable profession of medicine is treated everywhere."

"True homœopathy," I answered. "What better cure for imaginary diseases than imaginary pills?—*similia similibus*."

"True enough, but unfortunately doctors cannot subsist upon imaginary fees."

A few miles beyond San Martin there is a deep ravine through which flows a mountain torrent, the Rio Frio, not more than a dozen yards wide, and crossed by a bridge of one arch. In this part of the road there are numerous black crosses surmounting piles of stone, each indicating a spot where murder has been committed. Of these I counted six or eight in the range of a musket shot; and there was one *memento mori* of a kind not easily forgotten; on the left a cross and chaplet of flowers, such as in Catholic countries show the disposition of the living to honor the memory of the dead.

On the opposite side, from a tree, dangled by a chain the remains of a skeleton, from which the pelvis and lower limbs had fallen; probably under the weight of a turkey buzzard. The skeleton was that of a robber who had perished in plying his vocation; the cross and the chaplet were in memory of the victim. A short shrift and a rope had followed fast upon the crime, a rare but wholesome act of summary justice. On that bright morning Nature, arrayed in verdure, wore the smile which she ever wears in Central Mexico; like a serene woman whose temper is never ruffled, *rara avis in terra*, if such there be, and whom we could almost wish for variety's sake to get into a passion. Even so the beautiful climate affects the stranger, and makes him long for a small hurricane, or one of the cold terms which send the thermometer below zero.

We were slowly approaching the bridge; by no means free from the apprehension of a sudden attack, but prepared for self-defence. I carried my doubled gun, and the doctor his blunderbuss, across the saddle, with a revolver each in our bolsters, and one in the hand of Kerrigan, who kept close behind us. Reuben, footsore and furnished with leather boots which I had made for him at Puebla, limped bravely on, ready for the fray. On a sudden he stopped, then ran forward, listened and began to bark.

"B—," said the doctor, in a low voice, "there is something in the wind."

"Gentlemen," said Kerrigan, "I thought I heard a noise; let us move on slowly, and keep a good look-out."

In a few minutes the sound became distinct. It was the voice of a woman, uttering long piercing exclamations, which became more distinct as we ascended the winding road towards the bridge.

At the foot of the declivity, and near the bridge, stood the diligencia.

One of the leading horses lay dead on the road, and beside the vehicle was the body of a man, over which knelt the female whose voice we had heard—the sister, as we learned, of the deceased. Several passengers and a few dismounted dragoons stood round. It was obvious that the diligencia had been robbed, and that the soldiers had arrived in time to be too late.

In a brief conversation with an ecclesiastic with a remarkably pleasing and intelligent countenance, who stood close to the distracted female, we learned the nature of the tragedy.

"That young man," he said, "died through imprudence; he should not have offered a vain resistance. Having, perhaps, fatally wounded one of the assailants, his own death was inevitable at their hands."

"He was right," I said. "I would have resisted."

"True, señor; but your ideas are English; your government protects you throughout the world. What would be courage, perhaps duty, in you, would be foolhardiness in us. We once had a government in Mexico, señor."

The priest, though he spoke in a low tone, betrayed much emotion. It was evident that he lamented those days when a Mexican ruler would have strung up a score of highwaymen without compunction, if only to maintain the prestige of his own authority, and that of the government which he represented.

"The young man's death," said the doctor, "must have been immediate."

"Yes, sir," said the priest. "Another cross by the roadside! Unhappy country, when will thy woes have an end?"

"Who were the robbers? Which way did they fly?"

The answer to the first question was that eloquent shrug which conveys so much and says so little; to the second, a motion of the hand told that they had preceded us towards the city.

"Do you know them by sight, sir?" was my next inquiry.

Another shrug.

"Can nothing be done for this poor woman?" said I, pointing to the weeping and sobbing female.

"Señor," he replied, "they are of Puebla; the senorita and the remains of her brother will be conveyed thither. Meantime let me advise you, gentlemen, to be on your guard near the summit, and ride so as to reach the meson at the foot of the mountain by daylight; as you have a mule you have no time to lose."

The advice was good. Remounting, we shook hands with his reverence, who returned our salutation, saying with, I thought, an air of entire sincerity:

"God be with you."

"Now," said my companion, after a short interval, "if I were a Mexican politician, I would make such men as that my friends—intellect and energy in every feature."



FORDING A DRAIN IN THE CITY OF MEXICO.

"And better still," I said, "he shows a kind heart; yet I doubt not he would be a dangerous and bitter enemy to the enemies of his religion."

"An ecclesiastic of the true Spanish type, such as followed Cortez and Pizarro; such as hovered on the flanks and rear of the French armies in Spain, and more recently led the guerillas of Don Carlos against the legionaries under General Evans, ready to carry the cross and the sword against all the church's enemies. The race is the same, although perhaps somewhat degenerate in Mexico."

Kerrigan now came up and handed me a piece of paper.

"It is," said he, "from his reverence."

It was merely the name, "Padre Garcia," in pencil, followed by a complex flourish, such as Spaniards and Frenchmen use as a mark to make a signature less easy to imitate.

"If attacked we are to show it, and not to use firearms if we can possibly avoid it."

"Good!" said the doctor; "but, as to the firearms, that is another affair; it will depend upon circumstances. I don't believe in submitting to robbery."

We were traversing a fine level sweep of road through a pine forest; when hearing the rapid approach of hoofs, we drew up by the roadside, and three well-mounted horsemen passed us, carrying each a lasso.

Against this weapon the stranger must be on his guard, and we brought our firearms into a position for instant use.

But they passed us with merely the usual salutation of the road, pronounced by one of them in a loud and ringing voice, and we resumed our journey at an easy pace.

They were speedily followed by half a dozen mounted patrolmen, who spurred their horses to their utmost pace. I was disposed to follow them, but could not leave our baggage to the mercy of events. The sergeant informed me that he had followed the three fugitives from beyond San Martin. "*Muy mala gente son. Adios, senores,*" and he resumed his gallop.

"Ah, now," said Kerrigan, looking after them, "it's small difference there is between ye, sojers and robbers. It's hand and glove ye are for all this make-believe chasing and galloping. Ye see, gentlemen, this is a queer country. It's my belief that they are all colleaguin together—sojers and robbers, priests and innkeepers, and maybe the government officers themselves. But they know who to rob and who to let alone."

"Indeed, Kerrigan," said the doctor, "it does seem to be a queer country and no mistake; and yet it is not the fault of the people, for to my thinking they are not deficient in sense or talent; certainly not in kindness, good manners, hospitality or any of the social virtues."

CHAPTER VII.—A BANDIT CHIEF—AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE—THE DEVIL NOT SO BLACK AS PAINTED—THE ROBBERS' RENDEZVOUS—THE HOUR OF PRAYER—THE MESON—A MEXICAN SUPPER, AND A KIND LANDLADY.

We had ridden for perhaps two hours, and began to feel that our perils were over, when another incident put us again on the *qui vive*. I saw men lurking in the wood, a hundred and fifty yards from the road. They were not woodcutters, and if peaceful travellers why conceal themselves behind trees? Prudence whispered that it would be wise to let them alone, but the scene at the bridge had roused my indignation, and the idea of being dogged on our journey by villains and bandits was intolerable.

"I will see who these men are, and what they want," I said to the doctor.

He gave a very reluctant assent, using a certain professional style of language, in which he was given to indulge himself, often to my vexation.

"The case, my friend," said he, "is one of doubtful prognosis. It may end favorably, or may suddenly present symptoms of strangulation, caused by the pressure of a lasso round your larynx."

"Or," I said, losing patience, "perforation of the diaphragm may take place, consequent on the action of sulphur and saltpetre. Why not say at once that one may be shot?"

"In either case," he coolly replied, "it would be necessary

to dig another hole by the roadside; otherwise the turkey buzzards would consider it their privilege to sit on the remains and to hold an inquest; verdict, of course, 'served him right.' However let us go ahead."

"If," said I, "those men mean mischief to us, the sooner we know it the better. So be ready, doctor, and you, Kerrigan, follow close up and keep a bright look-out."

The determination may seem rash, but a little reflection will show that it was well grounded and even prudent. We rode slowly into the wood and approached the supposed enemy, expecting each moment to see firearms pointed at us. Within fifty yards of them I halted to reconnoitre the ground, and then discerned beyond a little ravine three horses saddled and caparisoned.

"Why," said the doctor in a low voice, "these are the men who passed us on the road just before the dragoons, that were in pursuit of them."

He was right. At this moment the words, "Good day, senior captain. How is your worship?" were pronounced by the same loud clear voice that I had already heard.

"By the great piper, it is Don Pepe," said Kerrigan. "I know his voice. I thought I knew it an hour ago; be civil to him, sir; he is the smartest man on the road, and no coward."

"Go forward, Kerrigan. Present my compliments, and say I wish to speak with him."

Kerrigan obeyed, and immediately the bandit—for such he was—said a few words to his companions, who retreated quietly towards the horses, whilst he himself advanced to meet us unarmed. He was about thirty-six years of age, muscular and well built, and his bearing and appearance would have created a favorable impression, but for a certain air of recklessness and dissipation.

"Do you smoke, senior capitan, and you, senior doctor?" he said, presenting a silver cigar case. "They are genuine *puros* direct from Havana, although I did not import them."

When we had lighted cigars he said:

"Tell these gentlemen, Senior Kerrigan, that I much lament this morning's work at the bridge. If I had been there it would not have happened. Bloodshed brings ill luck. It is our business to face danger, but not to kill. I have been wounded more than once, but have never taken a traveller's life."

"With sentiments such as you seem to entertain, I would expect you to follow a different career."

"Senior," he replied, "we are what fate or circumstances make us. Some day, *quien sabe?* I may turn honest. But I must first have justice. You scarcely recognize me, senior."

"Have we met before?"

"Several times, senior capitan. At Vera Cruz, at Puebla and elsewhere."

"Can it be," said I, "that you are the muleteer?"

"The same, senior, at your service."

"And the beggar man of Puebla?"

"Still the same; and I trust we shall meet again in the capital, where I may, perhaps, be able to serve you. Sometimes I play the gentleman. I was born and bred one."

"We shall be glad," I said, "to see you; but excuse me if I disapprove of your pursuits. I admire crosses and chaplets in their proper places—the cemetery for instance."

"But they do not adorn the highway you think—and you are right. As to him who shot the traveller this morning he is, ere this, I think, past all human punishment. But if he should survive he must atone for his crime and his breach of orders. Better for him to die. But senior, time flies; you must reach the meson Santa Clara before night. Do not stop on the road. There is a bad place or two, but ride on."

And as we parted from this Mexican Dick Turpin, such is the influence of "manner," I felt rather disposed to admire the man however much I might condemn his occupation.

"A daring and clever scoundrel that," said the doctor, "all the worse for his education; yet not worse than many a robber that moves in the best society. Certainly not so bad as Kerrigan's friend who did not go to California, or those burglars, sharp practitioners at law, stockjobbers, mock auction and bogus ticket swindlers, not to mention contractors and other city banditti that steal more in a week than all that has been

plundered in Mexico in twenty years. I am no admirer of highway heroism, yet there are many worse men than highway-men nowadays."

"Yes, sir," said Kerrigan; "that's so."

Near the summit we passed a house, in the rear of which there stood some saddled horses; and at the windows there were visages expressive of that sinister scrutiny with which the traveller in Mexico becomes familiar.

To gratify curiosity I knocked at the door intending to ask for pulque, and immediately reined back my horse into the middle of the road.

"Look out," said my fellow-traveller; "those villains at the window would not, I believe, hesitate to shoot you. Their aspect is decidedly bad. I have a dose ready of *plumbum cum ferri*, but be watchful."

I was both watchful and ready, and raised my hand as if to beckon some one at a little distance, a ruse which may have had its effect. Then the door opened, and a brawny fellow, apparently intoxicated, and a woman in much agitation clung to his neck and plied him with rapid sentences in a tone of entreaty and remonstrance; but her words I could not distinctly hear. Kerrigan, however, ascertained that the man's intentions were of a very hostile nature.

"What do the gentlemen, require?" she asked.

"Some pulque, senora. We have travelled far and are thirsty."

"It will be supplied," she answered, and at the same time dragged her male companion inside the door. In a few minutes a girl appeared with a pitcher and a glass.

"What does all this mean? What ails the senora? Is anything wrong in the house?" were Kerrigan's questions to the girl.

"Yes, senors, a dead man (my father) is in the house; this morning he was brought here wounded."

"How and by whom wounded?"

"By accident, senor. How can I tell, who knows?" And she looked round in seeming anxiety and alarm.

"Where did this happen?"

"I do not know, senor, I know nothing about it." Just then the door opened partially and the servant ran into the house, whilst the female whom we had already seen by two significant gestures advised us to be silent and to pass quickly on our journey.

And we followed her advice; we passed on leaving behind a scene, doubtless, of crime as well as death. To have remained exposed to the fire of excited and revengeful bandits would have been folly, for such they were.

"The crisis is past," said the doctor, when we were a hundred yards from the house; "but observe, that doses of pulque taken at the roadside are sometimes dangerous to the constitution in this climate."

I may explain what had just occurred. The lone house was a noted rendezvous of bad characters, about a day's journey from the capital. The dead man within was he who had that morning received his death-warrant in robbing the diligencia. The intoxicated one was a member of the fraternity, desirous to avenge the death of his comrade. As to the woman, perhaps his wife or sister, her firm and noble conduct prevented more bloodshed, for it was certainly the intention of that dark-browed, athletic ruffian to make an attack upon us. In any other country I should have thought it worth while to report the facts to the city police authorities.

The sun was sinking as we descended the western slope towards the valley of Mexico. Behind the western range of hills the sky glowed with crimson and gold, and the purple mountains were in rich contrast with the fading and darkening verdure of the plain.

And there reigned a deep stillness, which was in harmony with the hour and the scene. The bat flew silently backwards and forwards. The owl's wings scarcely rustled as he changed his resting-place among the trees. Twilight fell like a curtain over the quiet valley and the distant city, where at that hour church and convent bells proclaimed the "oracion" or evening prayer to the Giver of all good. Could we reflect without thankfulness that we had passed through a day of danger and

fatigue? With such impressions of befitting solemnity, we slowly descended the last clay hill, and having reached the plain, soon found ourselves in the midst of unexpected bustle and noise at the well-known hostelry, to whose hospitable doors we had at length reached.

The mistress of the establishment placed her own apartment at our disposal. Our traps were stowed away and a supper served up that needed no appetising, stimulants or sauces, but the good travelling appetites with which we partook of it. Commend me to a Spanish supper and a Spanish hostess. The former may boast no costly delicacies, but it is well cooked and savory. The stew, the tortillas, the rice and the omelette sustained heavy and repeated inroads, and the hostess urged us to eat as heartily as if we had been her invited guests. Our conversation related to her personal appearance, which was that of a very handsome woman that had expanded to the utmost limits of development that are consistent with grace and beauty.

"The abundant adipose tissue," said the doctor, in his vile medical jargon, "denotes that most blessed thing in woman, a good temper. In your Xantippes, the mental ferment consumes or oxydises all the carbon and hydrogen, whereas in the kind and even-tempered woman it is stowed away comfortably in the shape of fat—giving, when not in excess, just that grace and beauty whereof our hostess is a specimen."

She had heard of the tragical events of the morning, and rejoiced that we had escaped unharmed, travelling as we had ventured to do without escort.

The meson was that night the scene of unusual excitement. A conducta of travellers had halted, and some score of beasts of burden and their owners were assembled in and around it. There were horses, mules and donkeys, much squealing and kicking, and much swearing by arrieros.

Having provided barley and fodder, we secured our animals with halters in a corner by themselves, and placed Reuben in charge of them. An inquisitive gentleman, who undertook rashly to examine the dog's boots, was fain to retreat; for Reuben, when on duty, was ferocious and stood much upon his dignity.

"*Caramba*," said the intruder; "*que perro!* (what a dog); he is like a small bull, and wears boots, too. I don't see his spurs though."

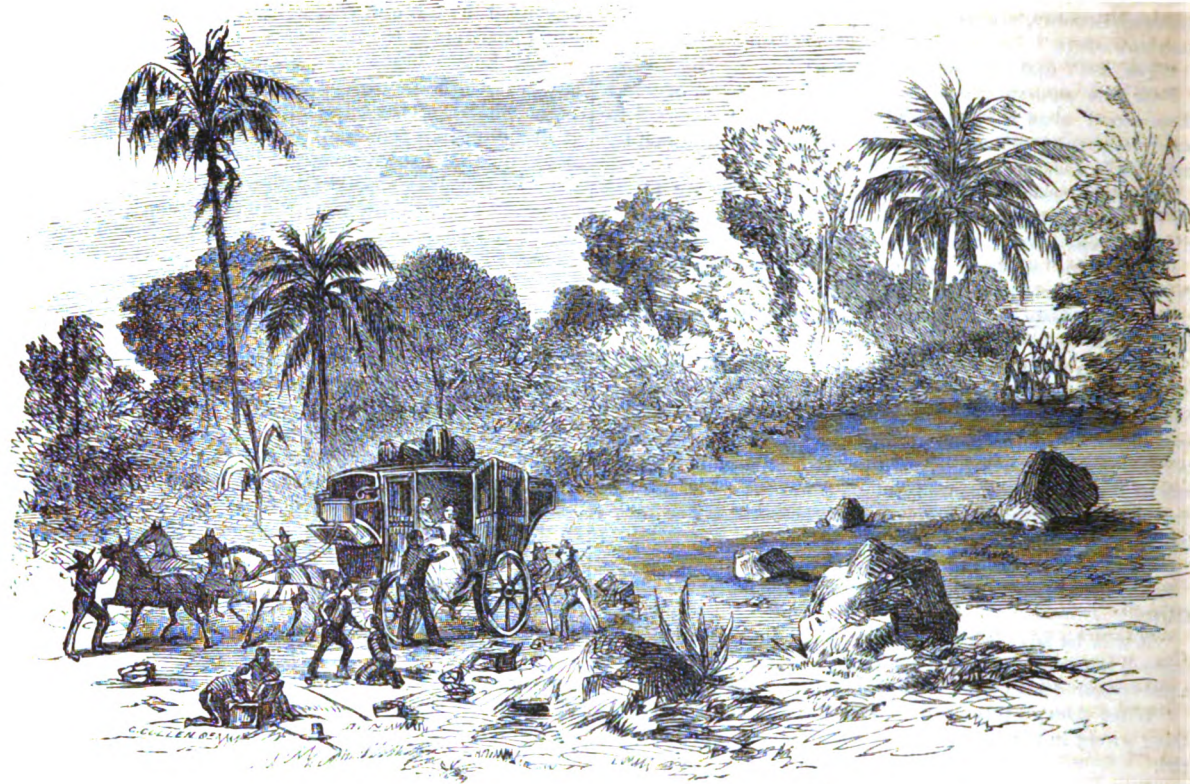
Here there was a laugh among the bystanders.

"Don't you?" said I; "then just look in his mouth and you will see them. He can use them too on *burros* (jackasses)."

"Well put in, senor," said the Mexican. "Accept of a cigar. The senor is Americano, no doubt, or Ingles—I see, rather—yes, Ingles. Do you know how I know you to be Ingles? It is because you don't eat tobacco, and spit out the juice. Did you ever hear," continued my voluble friend, "what happened to the rats in the street drains when the Americanos del Norte were here? They all died, poisoned with tobacco spit! *Es verdad, senor.*"

At this sally we, not to seem ill-humored, joined slightly in the laugh, and then betook ourselves to the verandah; for the night was too fine and the inn too noisy for sleep. We found a number of travellers seated on benches round a long narrow table, and a brisk conversation going on in Spanish, French and German; mugs, glasses and cups were on the table, from which wine and pulque flowed abundantly, and the fumes of cigars and meerschaums overhung the scene like the smoke of battle.

But I heard none of the artillery of champagne corks, for French and German travellers do not indulge in expensive luxuries to gratify foolish vanity. The party was simply merry, and as the full moon rose into the resplendent firmament, she looked on no scene of more peaceful mirth. One or two guitarists of dilapidated aspect sung amateur ditties that had resounded two or three centuries ago on the banks of the Ebro, and were rewarded with a few silver coins by the foreigners, with coppers or clacos by their countrymen, showing that musicians as well as prophets are but little honored at home. A German chorus was followed by the Marseillaise, and the imperial French air, "*Partant pour la Syrie.*" There was no inebriety, quarrelling or rowdiness. The company consisted of a few European traders and a large and mixed body of Mexi-



ROBBERY OF THE DILIGENCIA.

cans, the males generally armed for mutual defence. The few females were mostly of the inferior order, with the exception of some ladies whom I did not see, the daughters of a wealthy hacendero on his way home—he, his sons and a priest, the family confessor, no doubt—travelling on horseback, and the young ladies in litters carried by mules. The old gentleman wore his *serape* with an air of Spanish dignity, and walked backward and forward in animated conversation with his clerical friend, bringing down the point of his cane emphatically upon the ground as he discussed in loud tones some political question of the day. As to the señoritas, I could only fancy them to be dark-eyed brunettes—beauties with cigars in their mouths and no scarcity of suitors; for their sire inherited a large estate and an ancient name.

The *sangre azul*, or blue blood, is still an honored inheritance. It was interesting and pleasing to see the respect which was paid to the old magnate. Probably, like most of his class in society, he abstained from politics, and lived surrounded by his kindred and his numerous servants and dependents, like a Castilian *hidalgo* or an ancient patriarch.

By degrees the mixed assemblage sought repose—many on the floors and passages of the meson, the more fortunate or privileged in hammocks, benches or stretchers. There was no need of extreme precaution, for there was not a light-fingered gentleman in the whole company.

CHAPTER VIII.—SUNRISE—START—APPROACH TO THE CAPITAL—
CORTÉZ AND SCOTT—CHAPULTEPEC—THE AQUEDUCT.

REFRESHED and breakfasted; with only half a day's journey before us, we were in the saddle soon after daybreak, crossing the verdant but sandy plain, from the base of the Rio Frio mountains to the capital, through lawn-like pastures, lightly but picturesquely wooded. Horses and cattle graze over what was once the great alkaline lake of Tezcuco, now reduced to a very small compass. In the days of Cortez the raised causeway, one of the four which led to it, by which the Conquistador made his advance, was nine miles long, and the remains of these Aztec structures are still in existence. Thousands of natives attacked his little force in canoes on each side of the causeway, and he found it

necessary to build small galleys, like the bungaloes of Central America, to protect his flanks.

By the same route marched General Scott, and, like Cortez, he seized Chapultepec as the position from which he could most easily command the city. From this elevated ground passes one of the two aqueducts which supply the population with water—a work rendered necessary by the undrinkable nature of the lake which then surrounded the city until it was drained off. The fortress, of little account in other respects, is the master key in respect to the supply of fresh water, and its capture, like the capture of the Croton Aqueduct by an enemy, would be a fatal and decisive blow to the garrison.

The defences hastily thrown up by Santa Anna to protect Chapultepec were very inadequate to the strategic importance of the position. The line of breastwork, with a ditch behind it, was speedily abandoned, and the Mexicans rushed into the castle, pursued by the victorious Americans. In their terror many of them actually leapt down the precipice which bounds the hill on one side, committing suicide, like the legendary toads of Ireland, to escape slaughter. Not far from Chapultepec is Molino del Rey, where four thousand Mexican cavalry gave way before the charge of two hundred American dragoons—a part of General Scott's force which was not remarkably well drilled or mounted. Chapultepec taken, and a few guns planted on each side of the aqueduct to command the Calle de Plateros and the Plaza, nothing remained to hinder the Americans from walking in and hanging up their hats in the halls of Montezuma, Santa Anna having considerably walked out with his troops the previous night.

Holding a fifth-rate position among cities, and reflecting but faintly the glories of European capitals, Mexico is to the foreigner an agreeable temporary abode, if he is profitably engaged; if otherwise, he will rarely desire to prolong his stay. If, like me, goaded by weariness into something desperate, he shall undertake to leap his horse over one of the broad ditches which bisect the streets longitudinally, and shall, through the animal's obstinacy, fall into the unsavory agglomeration of all shapes and forms of foulness, he will entertain a strong impression that in Mexico public cleanliness is not a prominent feature of the civic government. But it should be remarked that

drainage is made almost impossible by the flat surface of the ground. On the other hand, the usual effects of an undrained soil are prevented by the state of the atmosphere, which is rarefied in proportion to its elevation—no less than seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the ocean.

Or if, through curiosity, he shall visit the pulquerias and other haunts of low life, he will not highly estimate the morals and enlightenment of the masses—albeit each man, down to the lepro and the professional mendicant, is a free and independent sovereign, possessing the privilege of a voice in the state affairs.

Of the higher and middle classes, among whom I became extensively acquainted, I have nothing to say that is not purely laudatory.

I met in society with statesmen, congressmen, diplomatists and other notabilities, either in the city or in the fashionable suburb of Tucsbya; I also mingled extensively among the middle classes, and bear willing testimony to the polite, easy and even elegant tone of social intercourse which prevails.

There were many foreigners belonging to the class of doctors, dentists and daguerreotypists, also projectors and speculators from all parts. A scientific Frenchman proposed to supply the world with brimstone from the crater of Popocatepetl, in opposition to Mount *Ætna*—anciently supposed to be the headquarters of his Satanic majesty under a classic name. An American wished to reduce the distance to Vera Cruz from a nine days' to a nine hours' ride, thereby sacrificing the rights of the free-booting fraternity—an unprincipled invasion of rights and privileges unpardonable in a New Yorker. Another speculator endeavored to form a company to purchase the mountain of mint sweepings and to extract the silver, but could not effect his object within paying limits. The quantity accumulated amounts to many hundred tons, and no doubt contains much silver, if the balance could be placed on the right side and peaceful possession secured.

There was another class of foreigners of a different stamp, men who took no interest in projects and abhorred the name of speculation; they were the sleek and well-fed representatives of European commercial firms and mining companies.

The legislature, modelled after that of Washington, consists of two elective chambers—a house and a senate—which meet in the national, formerly the viceregal palace. As it was not in session during my visit, I can only state from hearsay that the legislative business is conducted with dignity, Spanish etiquette not permitting legislators assembled on public business to indulge in free fights, gross epithets or cudgellings, or in such amusing parliamentary brayings and cockerowings as enliven the banks of the Thames. Whether or not the Mexican legislature has its lobby I am not prepared to say, but rather opine that something of the kind could hardly be dispensed with in any republican legislature where private interest is brought to bear. Although not in the programme, political engineering and log-rolling must be in some degree understood.

In one respect Mexican legislators are behind the age; they do not practise at the bar before addressing the house. Their oratory is therefore comparatively tame and devoid of that brilliant ease and those forcible expressions which so frequently electrify and excite the collective wisdom at Washington. Congressional speeches in Mexico are in general sensible and to the point, seldom straying into Buncombe or soaring on the wings of the eagle.

Thus, while Mexico enjoys the benefits that flow from republican institutions, she labors under all the evils that can afflict or degrade society—a servile legislature, an ignorant populace, an empty treasury, a mutinous army, forced loans, perpetual revolutions, a languishing trade, an extinguished credit, and a low condition of agriculture, art and industry, besides an appalling insecurity of life and property.

At the base of the slope of Chapultepec stands a cypress tree, which was as stately two and a quarter centuries ago, when Cortez rode under its vast shadow, as it is in the present day; it witnessed the fall of the Aztec monarchy and the rise and progress of the Spanish power, during a period of nearly two hundred years. It has witnessed the fitful fortunes of the republic in all its phases of turbulence and bloodshed, from the

first outbreak of liberalism to its present convulsion. Constitutions have been changed, rulers unseated, executed or exiled, in continual and quick succession, but the great tree stands as green and fresh as ever, a link between the past and the present. No wonder that it should be regarded with a feeling akin to veneration. Let us hope that ere it falls beneath the pressure of time it shall behold the re-establishment of prosperity and peace.

CHAPTER IX.—PUBLIC PROMENADES—PRINCE ITURBIDE—A DIPLOMATIST.

LIKE the great European capitals, Mexico has in its immediate outskirts parks laid out for public recreation, shaded by fine trees and adorned with fountains, which are supplied by the aqueduct. To the Paseo and the Alameda every afternoon there flows a stream of promenaders, on foot, on horseback or in vehicles, some of which are built after the latest style of New York and London; others of antique construction, roll heavily and slowly, drawn by mules; but gray horses are preferred by the strictly fashionable.

In the Paseo are reproduced on a smaller scale the glories of the Bois de Boulogne and Hyde Park. Cavaliers in the costume of Andalusia canter on spirited little barbs, in attendance on ladies of ancient pedigree; military beaux and men of fashion, skilled in the mysteries of monte, display their horsemanship. In my rides I was the frequent companion of a gentleman whose position permits me to mention him, without trespassing on the sanctity of private life. Prince Iturbide is the son of the emperor whose short tenure of power taught him that a people once convulsed by revolution needs a strong-handed ruler. Estimable and respected as a citizen, he shuns politics, but has numerous friends and partisans. The title of prince is merely continued through courtesy.

To one gentleman I was indebted for many a pleasant hour. Like me he was a horse and dog fancier, and his diplomatic position and popular style of manners rendered him the best of companions. We were one day crossing the Plaza on our way to the Paseo, when he directed my attention to the cathedral and national palace, which stand near each other.

"That fine building," he said, "stands where stood the palace of Montezuma; and the cathedral occupies the site of the ancient Axayactelle, the Aztec temple. They are such as great men leave to posterity. The palace contains the apartments of the president, the legislative chambers and the principal public offices, enclosing a noble quadrangle. They prove how high the old Spaniards rose above their republican descendants. Do you know how much it cost to drain the lake of Tezcuco, which threatened to submerge the city; communicating as it did with other lakes in the valley at a higher level? It cost eighty millions of dollars, a much larger sum than now. This great Desague, or cut, is the father of drains. It is twelve miles long, three hundred feet wide, and in many places a hundred feet deep, and would have cost a much larger sum in the present day. I agree with my friend Pegrim, from Massachusetts, that those old Scottish viceroys were no small potatoes."

"It would have been cheaper," I said, "to have removed the city to a safer location."

"True. But cheapness did not enter into their calculations in those days. They were building up an empire, and acted accordingly. Moreover, there was a political necessity for employing the people, and the mountain was cut through and the waters of Tezcuco drained into the Atlantic through the bed of the Panuco, from a distance of three hundred miles. In my opinion the Desague of Huehuetoca is one of the most interesting objects in Mexico. As a piece of engineering nothing can surpass it until the Central American Isthmus is cut through by a navigable canal."

We continued our ride down the Calle de los Plateros, and were joined by a young gentleman, to whom my friend introduced me. This *senorito* had just returned from England, where he had been sent to finish his education.

"What news of El Cid?" asked the diplomatist, referring to a valuable horse which had been presented to the young gentleman by his father on his return.

"None as yet; but B——, the chief of the police, thinks that we shall find the robber soon by means of this silver cigar case which I found in his holsters, when he rode off with El Cid, and left his own sorry nag for me to ride home."

"This," said the diplomatist turning to me, "is amusing; it reminds me of an adventure in Gil Blas. You were riding out beyond Tucubaya, I think, Ignacito, when this fellow stopped you on the road?"

"I was. He began to praise my horse and caparison, and called me the handsomest youth in Mexico. '*Valgame Dios*,' he said, 'you are the flower of the Paseo. I am an old man, but I know something about horses. Yours, I think, *senorito*, is badly bitted, which will spoil his action. Will you allow me to try his mouth and his pace?' Thereupon I dismounted, and the old man, whom I took to be a respectable citizen taking a ride for the benefit of his health, got into my saddle. He was so polite and deferential, and so venerable-looking, that I could not refuse."

"Excellent," said the diplomatist, leaning back in his saddle and laughing heartily. "I propose that when we catch the fellow we send him to Washington as a master in the science of human nature and soft sawder—a Mexican Sam Slick. He should open a seminary to educate young American diplomatists. And how did he comport himself in the saddle?"

"Old as he is, there is no better horseman in Mexico; he made El Cid bound under him like a crouching. He put him through every pace, and when I expected him to dismount he began to lecture me. 'You are, indeed,' he said, 'a very fine young man, Don Ignacito. Your father is very rich and owns the mines of Santa Rosa. This equipment does honor to his taste and to his paternal love for so fine a son. It could not have cost less, with all its mounting, than a thousand dollars. But pardon me, *senorito*, if I caution you against rogues that will flutter you only to cheat and rob you. But El Cid is used to the spur; will your excellency condescend to buckle your spurs on my heels?' You remember them, Don P——; they are of pure gold."

"They were," said the diplomatist. "And you complied with this modest request?"

"I did. He then said, 'Thanks, *senorito*. This horse and equipment will exactly suit me. Once more I caution you, *senorito*, against flatterers. *Adios, caballero*, until we meet again.' So saying he rode off at an easy canter towards Puebla."

"Did you follow?"

"I was stupefied with astonishment and anger, but pursuit on the nag that he left would have been useless. I found an old pistol unloaded and the cigar case. *Demonio*, I would not lose El Cid for a thousand pesos."

"That man gave you advice worth more, if you follow it, than El Cid."

I had seen that cigar case before. I could not be mistaken after a brief inspection. I determined, however, to keep silent for the present. The most trivial actions of the rogue endanger him, however expert he may be. Don Pepe little suspected that his civility in offering me a cigar would, in a few weeks, place it in my power to convict him of a highway robbery.

By this time we had reached the Paseo, and Ignacito, seeing a carriage containing ladies, took his leave, and cantering up to the vehicle kissed his hand in true cavalier style to the fair inmates.

"There," said the diplomatist, "goes a type of Young Mexico; not a bad-looking youth, but eaten up with self-conceit and frivolity. See how he capers and ambles, and now shoots ahead, doubles the carriage pole with a *demo-volte*, and pays his respects to another brace of beauties. I know his family, and have much respect for them; and for the old gentleman's sake, who is one of our Mexican Croesuses, do not in the least regret the son's misfortune, if it shall teach him a little wisdom. Observe, by way of contrast, that young Britisher mounted on a thoroughbred. He is an *attaché*, and a type of Young England. He sits stiff and upright, raises his hand slowly to his hat by way of salutation in the style of the duke, and hardly bends his vertebral column even in passing the coach of the dictatress. Young L. knows how to ride

and dress, and entertains a very great disdain for these Lotharios in laced jackets, resembling a circus rider rather than a gentleman. L.'s British stiffness passes for hauteur, and he is not popular among the young Mexican aristocracy; but that will be rubbed out of him ere his diplomatic education is finished."

We continued our ride through the Paseo, during which I related our adventure with Don Pepe, and stated my opinion, from the identity of the cigar case, that the present whereabouts of El Cid was not unknown to that exemplary individual.

"Undoubtedly," said the diplomatist, "he is the man. I know him well. He is a favorable specimen of the *ladron* tribe, with some of the feelings of a gentleman. He owes a grudge against certain parties here on account of property unjustly taken from him by legal process, and on that score justifies his present mode of life. In disguises he is a true artist; one day he is a priest, another a beggar, a muleteer, or even a leper or an Indian. So he manages to make a living by his profession, as he calls it. To do the fellow justice, I have never heard any atrocity laid to his charge, and he can be useful to his friends."

Returning to the city, we stopped at my residence. On the table was a parcel, which I proceeded to open; it contained a small oil painting. The circumstance may seem trivial, but as a trait of Mexican manners is worth relating.

The day previous, whilst visiting a lady, I had admired the painting as it hung in her *sala* or parlor, and next day it was sent for my acceptance.

"How is this?" I exclaimed. "Here is a gift of some value; but I do not covet and cannot accept it," and I handed him the note to read.

"Oh," he said, "that is old Spanish etiquette. I will tell you what to do. Call on Senora F——, thank her for the gift, and request that as you are going to leave for the coast of the Pacific, she will keep the picture and take care of it for you until you return. It is not quite a Velasquez or a Murillo, but it is a tolerably good painting; to send it back in the ordinary way would be indecorous."

This advice I acted upon, and the picture still remains in its proper place in the city of Mexico.

Diplomacy is said to be an art requiring an apprenticeship and a course of training. This system is acted on by European governments, and is no doubt the correct one. It does not follow that a gentleman is competent to fulfil the delicate and sometimes important duties of a foreign mission, merely because he commands political influence in New York or Washington; and it too frequently happens that American diplomatists have reason to regret the want of a diplomatic education. Experience has proved that rectitude of purpose and even good sense and judgment may be baffled in their aim when matched against adroitness and tact.

There is in the Spanish-American a large amount of astuteness, calling for corresponding tact and vigilance in a foreign minister; courtesy combined with firmness. The *suaviter in modo et fortiter in re* is more effectual than the dictatorial system of diplomacy.

Mr. Doyle had an off-hand dash and ease of manner, a bold style of horsemanship, and a superior stud-events which made him very popular in Mexican eyes.

One morning a crowd had assembled outside the walls to witness the military execution of an Irish soldier, one of those who had remained after the departure of General Scott and had entered the Mexican service. For a grave offence, he had been sentenced to death by court martial, and the troops of the garrison were drawn up to witness the punishment. Santa Anna with his staff were on the ground, and the culprit, attended by two Roman Catholic priests, who ministered to him the hopes and consolations of religion, was led to the place of execution.

Among many who had strenuously but unsuccessfully solicited the dictator's clemency on his behalf was Mr. Doyle. The fatal hour had nearly arrived when Mr. Doyle rode to the ground, followed by his servant, and accosting the dictator renewed his solicitation for at least a commutation of the punishment.

"Impossible, señor," said Santa Anna, "your excellency will see that we cannot make a mockery of the sentence of a court martial. The man's guilt was proved."

"General, I cannot now discuss that question; I merely ask his life on the score of humanity, not that as he is a countryman of mine by birth, although subsequently an American citizen. An act of mercy extended to him would tend to the honor, and perhaps, even to the advantage of excellency's government."

"Señor, I regret that I cannot accede to your request. Our soldiery needs an example, for discipline has been much relaxed, and justice claims her due. But it is too late, for see, the prisoner is already kneeling to undergo his punishment."

"Then, general, I must now act officially, since in my private capacity I cannot prevail upon your excellency to pardon this young and unfortunate man. I claim that he be respited, for a time at least, in the name of my government."

He then, beckoning his servant to follow him, rode up to where the prisoner was kneeling.

"Mr. —," said Mr. Doyle, in a loud voice, "rise up;" and the next moment his form was enveloped in the folds of the British ensign, until that moment concealed under the servant's cloak.

"Now, general," he said, addressing the dictator, who had also approached, "consider that this man is under the protection of England. It is now for you to decide whether or not he shall die."

No doubt, Mr. Doyle foresaw the result. Santa Anna had just then very strong motives of a public and political nature for conciliating the English enemy, and at once gracefully yielded the point.

"Let the prisoner be removed to await further orders," he said to the officer in command of the troops. And then shaking Mr. Doyle's hand cordially, the two dignitaries left the ground together, like brothers. No dissatisfaction was expressed by the crowd. On the contrary, approbative shouts were heard, for it was generally conceded that the punishment was in this case unnecessarily severe. Various opinions were expressed concerning this transaction, and some even asserted that it had been pre-arranged between Santa Anna and the envoy.

The support given to Miramon and the church or conservative party by the French and English ministers in the present struggle, is dissatisfactory to the press of the United States; but it rests, no doubt, upon a correct appreciation of the real strength of parties in Mexico. Messrs. Otway and De Gabriac probably regard the idea of a really liberal party as a delusion. In a semi-barbarous population, seven-eighths of whom are Indian or half-caste, there do not exist the intellectual and moral qualities that could enable them to carry out or even to comprehend the principles of free representative government. Twenty-four years of bloodshed and revolution show that the Mexicans need a master, and are incapable of existing or of enjoying peace and prosperity without one. On this theory, no doubt, the Anglo-French policy is based, and having the advice and support of the clergy and of the wealthy and the educated classes, it seems difficult to see how any self-styled liberal party can ultimately prevail. Mr. McLane having, nevertheless, recognized the government of President Juarez, the chief of the supposed liberal or constitutional party, will give it all the aid in his power, but will hardly succeed in making it successful.

Without foreign aid on one side or the other the quarrel will be of long duration. Intervention by France, England or the United States is a boon which is devoutly to be wished for, but no such intervention seems to be possible in the present state of Europe; nor is it probable that the United States will hazard another costly and unprofitable expedition.

The question arises, what substantial advantages can Mexico offer to induce any other nation to undertake the work of pacifying her apart from motives of humanity? No doubt, she is the richest silver region in the world, and it is admitted that with adequate means for producing the metal, the total yearly produce might equal in value double the gold now furnished by California, say a hundred millions of dollars. A foreign

army of occupation of twenty thousand men could be maintained at a cost of five per cent. on that amount. The United States could not maintain an army of intervention but at a cost far above what Mexico could afford to pay. For the same reason, although she has an important stake in Mexico, England also would be unwilling to undertake the office of pacificator. There would, therefore, appear to be a necessity for looking to France, as the only power that could intervene without positive injury to herself.

CHAPTER X.—DEPARTURE FOR THE PACIFIC.

AFTER two months' residence we prepared to leave the capital for Acapulco. In many respects this portion of the route is the least known, but not the least interesting; but the limits of this article compel me to advert only to its most important topographical features. Twelve miles from the city, the route rises from the village of Sant Augustin to the summit of a range which is nearly ten thousand feet above the sea level, commanding a view over the valley of Mexico on the one hand, and that of Cuernavaca, a day's journey across, on the other—the most elevated portion of the great table land of Anahuac. Through the valley last named flows the Mezcala, the first river that we had seen tributary to the Pacific. It is a beautiful stream, and, together with its numerous tributaries, waters a region of surpassing pastoral beauty. From the summit we saw the old-fashioned little town of Cuernavaca, actually twelve miles, yet apparently not half a league, distant.

Near Cuernavaca we inspected a silver mine in successful operation, but on too small a scale to give an idea of the nature of silver mining, or the vast extent to which, under a state of public security, the pursuit is capable of being carried on in Mexico. The publication of Mr. Ward, formerly British ambassador, and a gentleman of high scientific attainments, he having been selected chiefly on that account, lead to the inference that, with proper appliances of capital, skill and labor, the silver produce would speedily double the present gold produce of California.

There are many mines that have been long since abandoned when yielding most richly, for the want of mechanical means to remove water or other impediments; and I know of one instance in which an intelligent American, having obtained an interest in one of these old mines, succeeded within a twelve month in reopening it and restoring it to its former grade of a first-class mine. No doubt there are numerous instances wherein American enterprise and ingenuity might successfully cope with difficulties which had proved insuperable to the Spanish miner of a century ago. Political stability alone is wanting to invite to this argentiferous El Dorado the genius, the skill and the capital which have so speedily transformed California from a lonely desert to a human hive of successful industry. Every league of this journey presents something suggestive of enormous capabilities lying in abeyance, and of agricultural facilities, embracing the productions of the torrid and temperate zones.

Wherever a human dwelling exists—from the thatched hut of the Indian to the rude but commodious abode of the country proprietor, surrounded with faithful dependents, all directly interested in their master's success—the stranger experiences a free and generous hospitality, and will sometimes encounter persons and incidents that remain impressed on his recollection in after years, as indelibly as the cherished memories of his childhood. We made this journey unmolested by any of the highway gentry who infest the more travelled sections of the country, and with the exception of a night's exposure to a tropical thunderstorm in crossing the Palomino range (a very sublime and exciting scene it was), we reached Acapulco on the twelfth day from the date of our departure.

No longer resorted to by Spanish galleons freighted with silver from the Mexican mines, and but rarely visited now-a-days by the California steamers, this little seaport may be supposed to have relapsed into the lethargic condition to which it is destined, in common with every other Spanish American outport, until commerce and industry shall again revive beneath the wing either of the American eagle or some other shape, which can be assumed by the one thing needful—political stability.

J. C. B.

A WOMAN'S PRAYER TO TIME.

BY FRANCES FREELING BRODERIP.

WHEN our youth is in its prime
 Little do we heed of Time;
 Life is bright, and youth is sweet—
 Blossoms spring beneath our feet.
 But the sweetest things must pass,
 Like the sunshine from the grass;
 And our hearts begin to know
 How their dearest hopes must go.
 Then all pleasure do we sip
 With a longing, lingering lip,
 And the old man's robe we clasp
 In a very eager grasp.
 Thus I tremble, Time! at thee:
 What hast thou in store for me?

What though now my pulses beat
 Not with all youth's early heat;
 Though they keep a calmer measure,
 I have yet an earthly treasure
 That with greedy clasp I hold,
 Dearer far than fame and gold.
 I've nor gold nor gems to shine,
 But sweet human blossoms twine
 Round this miser heart of mine.

Some are garnered in a home
 Where nor moth nor rust can come;
 Where their shrined memories linger,
 Time! thou canst not lay thy finger.
 Safe from mortal change or strife,
 Do they bloom in endless life.
 But such tender buds are left,
 I were lost, of them bereft.
 Gentle Time, above us pass,
 Humble daisies in the grass!

Ere the world should coldly come
 'Tween me and their gentle bloom,
 Take us, quiet grave!
 Take my loved, in all their charms,
 To thy cold but constant arms.
 When thy mortal reign is o'er,
 Life immortal shall restore
 All their beauty, all their love,
 All that death could not remove.
 I have seen life's joy depart—
 Seen such shipwrecks of the heart—
 Seen prosperity destroy
 What seemed one bright noon of joy,
 And a love by wealth estranged,
 That faced poverty unchanged.
 Take my worldly stores—mere dross
 Are they to the real heart loss;
 Let them ply their gilded wings
 So thou leav'st me dearer things!

Take all else, O Time! in fee.
 Only leave my loved to me,
 And their memories dear and sweet,
 Precious hopes again to meet;
 Let these long-loved faces shine
 'Neath this lowly roof of mine,
 Let their holy influence shed,
 Bless it living, haunt it dead:
 So, in even poverty,
 With my dear ones left to me,
 I can smile, O Time, on thee!

ITALIAN PORTRAITS.

PIO NONO, THE PRESENT POPE

GIOVANNI-MARIA, dei Conti Mastai Ferretti, born the 13th of May, 1792, and elected Pope the 16th of June, 1846, under the name of Pius IX. is a man who looks more than his actual age; he is short, obese, somewhat pallid, and in precarious health. His benevolent and sleepy countenance breathes good nature and lassitude, but has nothing of an imposing character. Gregory XVI., though ugly and pimply, is said to have had a grand air. Pious IX. plays his part in the gorgeous shows of the Roman Catholic Church indifferently well. The faithful who have come from afar to see him perform mass, are a little surprised to see him take a pinch of snuff in the midst of the

azure-tinted clouds of incense. In his hours of leisure he plays at billiards for exercise, by order of his physicians. He believes in God. He is not only a good Christian, but a devotee. In his enthusiasm for the Virgin Mary, he has invented a useless dogma, and disfigured the Piazza di Spagna by a monument of bad taste. His morals are pure, as they always have been, even when he was a young priest; such instances are common enough among our clergy, but rare, not to say miraculous, beyond the Alps.

CARDINAL ANTONIO LI.

In this year of grace, 1850, he is fifty-three years of age. He presents the appearance of a well-preserved man. His frame is slight and robust, and his constitution is that of a mountaineer. The breadth of his forehead, the brilliancy of his eyes, his beak-like nose, and all the upper part of his face inspire a certain awe. His countenance, of almost Moorish hue, is at times lit up by flashes of intellect; but his heavy jaw, his long, fang-like teeth, and his thick lips, express the grossest appetites. He gives you the idea of a minister grafted on a savage. When he assists the Pope in the ceremonies of the Holy Week, he is magnificently disdainful and impertinent. He turns from time to time in the direction of the diplomatic tribune, and looks without a smile at the poor ambassadors, whom he cajoles from morning to night. You admire the actor who bullies his public. But when at the evening party he engages in close conversation with a handsome woman, the play of his countenance shows the direction of his thoughts, and those of the imaginative observer are imperceptibly carried to a roadside in a lonely forest, in which the principal objects are prostrate postillions, an overturned carriage, trembling females, and a select party of the inhabitants of Sonnino!—EDMOND ABOUT, "*La Question Romaine*."

AN INDIAN MODE OF CURING A PAIN IN THE SIDE.—Paul Kane, the American artist, describes a surgical operation as practised by the Indians in British Columbia: "About ten o'clock at night I strolled into the village, and on hearing a great noise in one of the lodges, I entered it, and found an old woman supporting one of the handsomest Indian girls I had ever seen. She was in a state of nudity. Cross-legged and naked in the middle of the room sat the medicine-man, with a wooden dish of water before him; twelve or fifteen other men were sitting round the lodge. The object in view was to cure the girl of a disease affecting her side. As soon as my presence was noticed, a space was cleared for me to sit down. The officiating medicine-man appeared in a state of profuse perspiration from the exertions he had used, and soon took his seat among the rest as if quite exhausted; a younger medicine-man then took his place in front of the bowl, and close beside the patient. Throwing off his blanket, he commenced singing and gesticulating in the most violent manner, whilst the others kept time by beating with little sticks on the hollow wooden bowls and drums, singing continually. After exercising himself in this manner for about half an hour, until the perspiration ran down his body, he darted suddenly upon the young woman, catching hold of her side with his teeth, and shaking her for a few minutes, while the patient seemed to suffer great agony. He then relinquished his hold, and cried out he had got it, at the same time holding his hands to his mouth; after which he plunged them into the water, and pretended to hold down with great difficulty the disease which he had extracted, lest it might spring out and return to its victim. At length, having obtained the mastery over it, he turned round to me in an exulting manner, and held something up between the finger and thumb of each hand, which had the appearance of a piece of cartilage, whereupon one of the Indians sharpened his knife, and divided it in two, leaving one end in each hand. One of the pieces he threw into the water, and the other into the fire, accompanying the action with a diabolical noise, which none but a medicine-man can make. After which he got up perfectly satisfied with himself, although the poor patient seemed to me anything but relieved by the violent treatment she had undergone."



JENNY LIND, THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE.

BYGONE SUMMERS.

BY ISA CRAIG.

"Gladly do and suffer what thou must."

I.

From between two aged elm trees—
One on either side the lawn—
Shone our ancient rectory windows,
In the sunset and the dawn :
East and west they caught the sunbeams
Earliest, last withdrawn.

Glistened white our ancient rectory,
Set in glistening meadow green ;
Peaceful white from every rising
Throughout all the parish seen ;
Guarded by the gray church tower
With its warlike mien.

Famous were our rectory roses,
Clustering over porch and wall ;
Famous pyramids of blossom
Crowned our chestnuts ; thick the fall
Of our fruit-blossoms snowed ; our apples
Ripened first of all.

Looking back, but one long summer
Doth my childhood seem,
With my gray-haired father sitting
Haloed by a radiant stream
Of the sunshine, in the silence
Reigning there supreme.

Father, priest, thy saint-like picture
Stands out earliest, full and clear ;
Whither my elf and childish playmate—
I the elder by a year—
With a wealth of blossoms dowered,
Through a haze appear.

All throughout the happy schooldays,
Still we met in summer's glow ;
With light hearts we leapt the seasons
In these partings long ago :
Making of the years thus severed
One long summer so.

My boy-comrade I had distanced
In the childish tasks we shared,
And his youthful classic studies
Closely followed, and prepared
Furtlier still to follow ; fearless,
Learning's path I dared.

He must run the race of knowledge,
And I would not lag behind ;
Twice my thought : though unuttered,
Hardly to myself defined,
We two shall keep pace together,
Soul with soul, and mind with mind.

Books to me were school and college,
With my father for my guide.
I with winged steps advancing,
He with free and rapid stride,
Gained the goal for which we started
Almost side by side.

II.

Still enframed in summer glory
Are those memory pictures ; one
A long walk we took together,
In the glow of noon begun,
Bound in banks of golden primrose,
Droppings from the sun.

All the sky was blushing over
With a rose-tint soft and clear,
As we homeward passed together,
Pensive with the parting near,
Watching on the banks of heaven
Primrose stars appear.

On the morrow he was going
Where the millioned city lies,
Full equipped in mental armor,
All the hero in my eyes ;
And I felt a nation's leader
Should in him arise.

And he bowed his noble bearing
To the prayer my lips aspired,
And he called me " more than sister,"

Said my words his soul had fired :
What might he not reach—accomplish—
Genius, faith, inspired !

Letters, frequent, nobly earnest,
Told us of his new career ;
Never seems the mocking spirit
To have whispered in his ear,
That truth dwelleth in denial
Wisdom in a soeet.

Years had passed and he was coming—
He had come at length, I knew ;
Happy tremors shook the roses,
Till they glowed a richer hue :
I at each approaching footfall
Glowed and trembled too.

What delayed him ? There were strangers,
Courtly strangers, at the hall.
Its long vacant rooms were brightening
With the light of feast and ball,
Yet he could not have forgotten
Friends who once were all.

III.

Eastward fell the great elm shadows
While the westward windows awoke
To a dying village Lazarus
Had my father gone,
And into the golden evening
I went forth alone.

Crossed the lawn and crossed the meadow
In the golden sunset gleam
By the plack among the lilies
Crossed the golden gliding stream.
And the shining slope ascended
Moving in a dream.

Wended the slope the tree meeting field-paths
Each with rustic stile between,
Each with thickly-blossomed hedgerow
Like a richly brodered screen,
Shutting out the nestling village
And the spreading scene.

There I stood amid the shining,
Round me closed the bending wheat ;
All their white lamps filled with sunshine,
Swayed convolvulus wreaths, and sweet
The wild roses crowded near me,
And the daisies pressed my feet.

Suddenly the sound of voices,
Low and earnest, lover-wise,
Caught my ear, and from the daisies
I uplifted dreamful eyes ;
While the leafy screen between us
Could their words disguise.

Suddenly they passed before me,
Radiant faces—how their light,
As my shadow fell across them,
Smote me into sudden night !
They, upon each other gazing,
Passed unheeding quite.

In a moment had that vision
A great gulf of fate revealed ;
Looking down its depths of darkness
Stood I on that shining field,
Till my heart fell dead within me,
And my senses reeled.

Stars had risen, dews had fallen,
Ere I started, with the brush
Of a wing that almost touched me,
And a cry that broke the hush,
As into his nest discovered
Near me, flew a thrush.

IV.

Chilly felt the morrow's sunshine,
Dead white seemed the face of day ;
There had fallen on the flowers
Deeper deadness than decay :
From the lovely face of Nature
Life had passed away.

Then he came ; I felt him coming,
Long before his shadow fell
On the window, on the roses,
With no tremor, with no swell
From the dead heart, and I met him
With words dead as well.

Gay yet tender, lightly lifting
Screening tresses from my cheek,
"I am told," he said, "the parish
Of its gentle curate speak;
And I read here studious labors,
Ministries from week to week.

In upon this round of duty
I remorseless come to break;
There is one already loves you,
Comes to claim you for my sake.
And we three this crowning summer
Holiday must make.

You remember, in one letter,
I a certain lady named;
Lightly said my heart was missing,
And the fair thief jestful blamed;
Well, though I have made reprisal,
Still 'tis unreclaimed."

Then he told me all the story
Of his love, its fear and hope;
As one in a tomb awakened,
Voiceless, handbound, strives to grope,
Woke my heart, all dumb and helpless,
With despair to cope.

Had there been but wrong between us
Flashing scorn had brought relief,
Wrath had burst love's bounds asunder;
But to bear this dead, calm grief,
Life must fail—I only murmured,
"Let the doom be brief!"

What a space, though to be counted
But by days, that time doth fill,
While I kept my ancient semblance
With a hypocritic skill,
While I did each daily duty
With dead force of will.

V.

In short sudden gusts of passion
All day long the wind had blown,
Shadows swiftly chasing shadows
O'er the bending grass had flown;
Pattered down the prickly chestnuts,
'Mong the roses strown

By the hearth I left my father
Sleeping, all his face sublimed
With a tender peace, and swiftly
To the old church tower I climbed;
Often on its square roof musing
Hour by hour had chimed.
As if roused to wild defiance,
With the storm my spirit rose;
"Ah!" I cried, "hath Beauty won him!
Blight doth in its bloom repose.
She shall, weak and selfish-hearted,
Cheat the heart that chose."

Then before me, this belying,
That sweet radiant face did start.
'Twas no mocking fiend that muttered,
"He hath won as true a heart
As thine own; and thou couldst never
Such sweet bliss impart.

On my dark, rebellious spirit,
Came a vision of escape,
'Neath the tower a mangled body,
And the village all agape
With the horror. "That were tragic!"
Laughed a fiendish shape.

Laughed a fiend—the tower was reeling
With a longer, wilder blast;
Crouching then, my bitter moanings
To the stormy wind I cast;
Owning all my mortal weakness,
Sought Heaven's aid at last.

Hastening down the church I entered,
Kneeling in the dimness there,
Where the poor and patient people
Bring the burden of their care;
Bring such heavy loads of sorrow
As the poor must bear.

And at once there melted from me
All the sternness of my mood;
Suddenly I thought my father,
Surplice'd, at the altar stood,
Stretched his holy hands in blessing,
And my heart renewed.

And I rose and hastened homeward,
Over churchyard turf and tomb,
Through the porch, and entered softly
The unlighted, silent room;
Found the old man as I left him,
Sleeping in the gloom.

Found a solemn awe creep o'er me,
For he looked so white and still;
Drawing near to kiss his forehead,
Found it strangely cold and chill:
Knew at length that I had seen him,
With a fearful thrill.

VI.

My Life's summer stormfull ending,
Launched me on the world's rude main,
Where each healthful breeze and billow
Brought the sweetness after pain,
Till I learnt to suffer gladly,
Turning loss to gain.

If at times my spirit fainteth,
Some far shore of bliss to find,
Never on the face of heaven
Have the guiding stars been blind;
Joy I've found in living nature,
Love in human kind.

He is happy—loving husband,
Tender father, friend most true;
Yet sometimes the thought I venture,
That with such world-work to do,
He had reached a nobler manhood
Had he suffered too.

THE DOCTOR'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.

THE old feud between Sea and Land was raging on in the old uncompromising way. The Sea, fitful, fierce and headlong as ever; the Land, still forbearing and dignified, and yet beginning to be a little alarmed, for the Sea's gains and encroachments were unquestionable. Oldest inhabitants shook their heads forebodingly when they spoke of the great washing away of cliffs they could remember in their time, and how highwater mark was a good dozen yards further in-shore than it used to be; and, in truth, it did look very much as though the Sea had gnawed all those bays with which the strand was scalloped, as children bite half-moon shapes in their bread and butter, leaving headlands jutting out at intervals, and as though its appetite was still undiminished. So the Land had called in the aid of man, and what with sea-walls, dykes, piles, piers and breakwaters, was endeavoring to ward off the attack of its old foe as best it might; and man, like all too-strong allies, was appropriating to himself, and building, gardening, tilling and sowing for his own enrichment, as though his right was unimpeachable and his power without bounds. And the Sea dashed, and plunged and gurgled amongst the piles, and turned all white in its rage at the strength opposed to it, and then ran back for a new and fiercer charge, and foamed and dashed over the rocks, now decking their brows with shining brown wreaths of seaweed, and now spitefully tearing off the decorations like a miser lover, and generally roaring, billowing and bullying about, in a way that quite shocked the polished little pebbles proposing to themselves quiet bathing on the sands.

The north-east wind, fresh and lusty from the sea, was blowing hard up the High street of Brillington—that quiet, comfortable, north-country watering-place—which, as a watering-place, I am afraid must be counted a failure, but as a secluded, breezy, wholesome nook of retirement for health and rest, cannot be too highly rated. It was a pity that anybody had sought to inoculate it with aristocratic ambitions. It had not taken the fashion-vaccine kindly, anyhow. The esplanade was a black, gritty, asphalted enclosure, like the courtyard of a prison, but for the breaking of the waves at its feet. The assembly-rooms were a lath-and-plasterer's folly in Elizabethan pasteboard and red brick. The town was glutted with lodgings to let and boarding-houses without boards. The gigantic new hotel looked cold, and empty and desolate, with its wan, whitewashed face without, and its wealth of French-polished,

unripe, carrotty-colored mahogany within. The photographer, who had pitched his art-tent close on the brink of the sea, wore an intense aspect of grief, and kept his eye fixed constantly on the horizon, as though he expected to be picked up like a man from a wreck, by a sail to heave presently in sight on his leeward quarter. He had taken portraits of all the seamen whose mission it was to lounge through the day waiting for people wanting "a row or a sail," who never came. The labor had kept his hand in, but decoy-work was futile, and the advantages arising from it might be fairly described in the language of his art, as rather negative than positive. The inhabitants, who were all sanguine in belief that fashion would ultimately take deep root in the place, were not consistent in their explanations as to the existing dearth of visitors. Some said, "It was growing late in the season, you see; the days were getting short—drawing in; it was cold for bathing; they couldn't expect to do much more now." Others took quite a different view, and said, "Bless you, our season hasn't commenced yet—it's always late; they didn't know why, but so it was. Next week, they shouldn't wonder but what there would be shoals of people, and the place so full you'd hardly get a bed." Anyhow it was quite clear the rush of visitors had not been and didn't come, and the winter was journeying down from the north on an express train of icebergs, as fast as it possibly could.

Not in one of those bleak situations, with "a fine sea view" and plenty of cold wind, that visitors select for their temporary sojourn, but in a quieter and more sheltered part, down the high road and getting on towards the church, there stood not long ago a red-brick house, with a bow-window, bright green door, a vivid brass knocker, and a dazzling plate, inscribed "Crewe, Surgeon." Just the very house you would select for permanent residence. In the window hangs a bird-cage; its inhabitant, abnormally lustrous in plumage, black in eye and sharp in beak, amuses himself by wonderful bursts of song, great showering about of his seed, splashing in his water, vigorous pecking at a sparkling lump of sugar fixed between the bars of the cage, with an occasional taste, by way of seasoning, of the chickweed thatching of his roof. Now and then, too, a little white hand steals up to dance about his house like a ghost, and frighten him or delight him; which does it do? If you look over the blind, and can peep through the thick boughs of that stout geranium, you will perceive the very charming owner of that white hand, a lady in lilac-silk, working hard at some mysterious feminine employment, bending over a strip of muslin, which she is bewildering with all sorts of arabesque designs, aided by very fine needles and thread and quite a doll's pair of scissors, small, sharp and pointed. She is sitting alone, and really applying herself wonderfully, occasionally just halting for a two minutes' reverie or to see if anybody be passing in the street, or to hum a few bars of music, or to say "Sweet, sweet, pretty Dick," to her bird, or to haunt him with her pretty hand in the manner before alluded to.

This is Mrs. Crewe—"Pretty Mrs. Crewe," as some chose to call her; and it wasn't an inappropriate name—the newly-married wife of Jacob Crewe, the doctor—"Old Crewe," as some styled him, not too kindly. That Jacob Crewe should have thought of marrying had of course astonished every one. As a rule people like being astonished, and are glad to avail themselves of any opportunity for the indulgence of their predilections. That old Crewe should think of marrying was of course astonishing; then, that he should have married the lady he had married was even more astonishing—"a mere child," people said. "If he must marry, why not Miss Skeffington, who is much nearer his own time of life, and in every way much better suited to him? As for his present wife, what could he possibly see in her?" asked all the ladies in Brillington. The gentlemen slightly varied the interrogatory; they wanted to know what she could possibly have seen in him? Brillington certainly ought to have been grateful to Jacob Crewe—he had given it so much to talk about. To think that he, a confirmed bachelor, should suddenly be absent for three months, and then return with a wife, a young and pretty wife, too; taking away the keys of house-

keeping from his sister, Miss Crewe, and obtaining lodgings for her in another part of the town: it was, indeed, wonderful!

Then arose the great question as to whether Mrs. Crewe was really pretty?

"Pretty? Oh, dear, no!" said Miss Skeffington. "Why, her features are irregular—very irregular, indeed. She's below the middle stature, too—really, quite undergrown. Her figure is not bad, but too slim and girlish altogether for the wife of a person of Mr. Crewe's years. And doesn't she squint? and isn't there something of a tinge of red in her hair?" Of course opinions differed very much. I think the gentlemen of Brillington agreed to a man that she was pretty, decidedly pretty; not a doubt about it; very pretty indeed. The London waiter at the gaunt hotel had given it as his notion about her that "she was a clipper;" and the grocer's assistant, being a young man of susceptible nature, was passionately in love with her, turning a fine crimson whenever she entered the shop, and making the direst mistakes in her orders by way of demonstrating the extent of his attachment.

After all, it depended very much upon the views people entertained about beauty. Do you insist upon geometrical regularity, precise proportion of feature to feature, and do you ignore all claims not possessing these? Who dares to define the exact laws of the Beautiful? My own views on the subject are latitudinarian, I am afraid, for I am prepared to hold that Mrs. Crewe was beautiful; and yet dear, respected Miss Skeffington, I do admit that her features were not regular. But can I forget that she had the most pearly, peachy, delicate complexion ever seen? the most pert, pretty, bewitching epigrammatic nose? eyes—I can only guess at them, and I should say gray, shot with brown—(the fact was, you could not stop to sift their hue and search your paint-box for the proper color to paint them with; you fell in love with them at once, and flung away all thoughts of analysis and comparison); and a mouth, the most compact little coral jewel-box for the pearls inside it was possible to imagine; and then her hair—I beg your pardon, Miss Skeffington, it was not red, but it was the most obstinate and mutinous hair I ever knew; it would persist, at most odd and inconvenient intervals, in tumbling down in great cables of gold and brown, and flooding a shiny white neck with its affluence; it was always waving and curling about in an irresistible, unfettered way—not in the formal ridge and furrow pattern of the crimping irons, but in an uncertain and original manner entirely of its own invention; and nothing would pacify it but the raising of two wonderful arms, pliant and soft, and white as swan-necks, to gather together the truant locks and fold them and coax them into something like order again. It is a shocking thing, I am afraid, in days when hair is gummed, and pusted, and pomaded and stuck diligently together, till heads look like highly-polished skittle-balls, and texture is lost in one brightly-varnished surface—it is a lamentable thing, under these conditions, to own that Mrs. Crewe's hair was never what is called smooth, but always waving and tumbled, like a troubled running brook with orange sunrises dancing on it.

Now, was Mrs. Crewe pretty? And yet, in this poor *catalogue raisonné*, I feel I've conveyed such a dim water-color notion of her, that I haven't half done her justice. I can only persist in it, therefore—and pray take my opinion, and don't heed Miss Skeffington—that she was pretty—a beauty all her own, a beauty most uncertain, most unexpected. Every time you saw her you became suddenly convinced of some new charm you had never taken account of before, some new glance, some new expression, some tender dimple, that appeared and disappeared like a shooting star, some new tumbling down of her hair! And the wonderful light of her eyes as they gleamed through the golden network! No, she did not do it on purpose, Miss Skeffington, I give you my word of honor; it was purely accidental.

So Mrs. Crewe sat in the bow-window, working. And now there entered the room a short, sturdy gentleman, with a heavy tread. But Mrs. Crewe was rather lost in thought at that precise moment, and did not hear him. He walked up to her, and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Hullo, Nelly! wake up."

It was a bright, cheery voice, and Nelly darted up.

"I didn't hear you, Jacob. Why you quite frightened me!" and she kissed him. The kiss was returned with interest. He was a sensible man was Mr. Crewe.

"Working yourself to sleep, Nelly, is that it? Now be quiet, I didn't ask your opinion."

This was to the bird, which had become supernaturally lively at the sound of voices, made himself master of the whole circumstance, given a twinkle with his bright beads of eyes, black stars that they were, and sent up a rocket of chirping and song by way of announcement of his proximity.

"Why, where did you get all these flowers, Nelly, not out of the garden, surely?"

There was a bouquet in a vase on the table.

"Oh, no! Mr. Harding brought them to me. How cold your hands are! It's quite a winter's evening, isn't it!"

"Yes, it's blowing from the north-east."

"Mr. Harding said it was cold and comfortless."

Did Mr. Crewe lose a little of his bright look, or was it that the evening was clouding over?

"Has any one called?" he asked, abruptly.

"Only Mr. Harding. He called to see you."

Did it occur to Mrs. Crewe that she had three times mentioned the same name? If she were not aware of it, Mr. Crewe was. He turned away; decidedly he looked less bright than before.

"He knew I was not in," he muttered. "I met him as I went out. Be quiet, do!" and he beat on the bars of the cage rather cruelly. Poor little Yellow-ball stopped his song and cowered down on the groundfloor of his habitation in a depressed state of mind. Mrs. Crewe took up her work again; I think she was blushing a little. Mr. Crewe changed the conversation.

"Poor old Goody Hay's down again with the ague. I've been to see her, but I'm afraid her strength's going. The rector's throat bad, too. He won't obey orders; will talk, and read, and preach too much. I must lecture him seriously about it."

Mrs. Crewe made no observation. I am not sure that she was listening. Jacob's face clouded a little more. It was not a handsome face; but it had a sound, strong, honest expression, and was very bright-looking when he was happy. He tumbled about his iron-gray hair by way of occupation.

"Ned Barnes is very bad. He will never be out in his lugger again. So weak, he can't be lifted off his bed. Poor fellow! he bears up bravely. So quiet, and reposed, and grateful. His wife's a hard woman, I'm afraid. Tells him, before his face, how much he's changed; and that she's sure he can't last through the night. It's wrong of her. I'm afraid she doesn't love her husband."

Mrs. Crewe had heard him this time.

"Not love her husband, Jacob?" A tear stole down her cheek, like a dewdrop down a peach. "Oh, don't judge her too hardly, Jacob! She's in great trouble. It's hard to say that of her."

Jacob patted her head fondly, looked at her tenderly—so tenderly, and yet with something of sorrow in his glance. He was positively handsome at that moment—short and sturdy, iron-gray, time-and-weather-worn, getting on for fifty years old, and looking even a trifle more—he was positively handsome at that moment.

"Has Susan been?" he asked.

"No, dear; she promised to call, but I've not not seen her yet."

"Perhaps she'll come in to tea in the evening."

"She may. Mr. Harding said he should call this evening to leave a book for me."

Jacob winced, and his face darkened.

"Isn't it to be had at the library?"

"He said they hadn't got it yet."

"I'm going out again. I shall be back soon—before tea-time. I want to see how poor Barnes is."

And he went out; not in the direction of Barnes's cottage though, but round the corner, down the High street, and straight on to the pier. It was quite dusk, and blowing cold.

Mr. Crewe heeded not, but walked steadily on. He looked sad and absorbed.

The pierhead wore quite an incessant tall feather of spray. The waves roared themselves hoarse, and dashed themselves to pieces against the massive granite blocks of the pier. The tide was rolling in bravely; a streak of gray light out to the left showed what a severe lashing the furthest headland was receiving. The seagulls croaked furiously as they whirled along the surface of the shore, like feathered meteors. One moment you could hear the flap of their white wings, and the next they seemed far out at sea, and lost in the rising of the waves. The shingle was sucked up and then shot out again by the in-rolling tide with a strange, guttering sound. The clouds, dark with anger and night, rolled about in a menacing and troubled manner.

Mr. Crewe leant against the granite of the pier wall. Cold though the wind blew, Mr. Crewe paused to wipe his forehead, and let the chill air play with his iron-gray locks.

"I did it for the best! I did it for the best!" he murmured hastily. "God help me if I did wrong!"

He paused for a minute. He was gazing straight out on the horizon. There was a collier standing out to sea a long way off, and pitching and tossing with the regularity of clockwork it seemed, looking at her from such a distance; but he heeded not the ship. His mind and his eye had dissolved partnership for a time.

"I never knew how much I loved her. I never thought I could have loved any one as I love her. It didn't seem to me to be in my nature. Poor Nelly! I did it for the best. But if I have only brought sorrow upon you; if——"

He stopped—there was a footstep. Some one else was walking on the pier. A tall, fine-looking man, attired in rather dandy-seaman dress, and smoking a cigar, passed without observing him. In the intervals of his smoking he was singing *Donna è mobile*. Mr. Crewe glanced scowlingly after him.

"I had been happy but for him—a London idler! Why did he come here to disturb my peace? I had been happy but for him. It may be jest to him—it's terrible earnest to me!"

The waves washed over the pier close to where he was standing; he was compelled to move a little. He could just see the man before mentioned standing at the pierhead smoking his cigar quietly.

"In the old days we should have decided this matter in a different way. I almost wish they would come back again, those old times. He's a bigger man than I am; younger too—many a year; and yet I wouldn't mind standing up against him. In fact, I should like it. I think I could show him north-country fall or two that he has never seen before."

He laughed at his own pugnacity.

"Bah! We can't do this now. We fight with smiles now, not with frowns. We shake hands, and hate each other the while. We stucco our suffering with civility. I should like a return to savageness for a short time, and be at liberty to announce my hate—my contempt."

"Good evening, Mr. Crewe!"

"Good evening, Mr. Harding!"

"We shall have a blowing night, I think."

"Yes."

"How is Mrs. Crewe this evening?"

"Quite well, thank you."

They exchanged a few common places. There was not sufficient sympathy between them to beget any generous conversation.

"What a clod!" sneered Mr. Harding, as he turned for another stroll to the pierhead.

"Poor Nelly!" murmured Mr. Crewe. "By-the-bye, I must see about Barnes."

Mr. Harding puffed his cigar, and stared listlessly at the rolling water, and for some two minutes was particularly engaged in watching the uncertain flight of a seagull, and making bets with himself as to the direction in which the bird would next swoop. Tired with this he yawned again, and drew his long, woman's hand through his flaxen whiskers, and then turning his back on the sea, thrust out both his arms, and indulged in

a protracted yawn and stretch. He was looking towards the town, which is very fairly seen from the pierhead.

"This is a nice deadly-lively place, this is! Who would have thought of my sticking here for these six weeks? How I've done it I don't know. Nothing but smoke—smoke—and——" His eye caught the High street, and the corner where the road turned down towards Mr. Crewe's house. "Yes; she's pretty enough to justify me," he said. "There was luck about that fall. Who would have thought that such a doctor would have had such a wife? The introduction was cheap at a few bruises! Once let a man in your house, it takes a great deal to get him out. How will it end?" He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows? Who cares? Not I!"

He thrust his hand into his pocket, out of which a French novel with a ragged yellow paper cover was peering. Another attack of yawning was coming on, so he set about walking rapidly. He flung away his cigar end. Was it intentional? The lighted end came down very near to the naked foot of a little boy in a large red nightcap, mending the nets spread to dry on the pier-wall. Intentional or not, the urchin took a simple-minded view of the transaction. He took up the fragment, and commenced to smoke it out himself. He converted the curse, if one was intended, into a blessing, provided always the boy did not make himself ill. At any rate he felt grateful when he commenced his smoking, to the gentleman who had given him the opportunity; it little matters how he felt when he left off.

The gentleman meanwhile, six yards away, had clean forgotten the boy.

Young, handsome, bold and strong enough to have been a hero, how was this man playing duck-and-drake with his body and soul!

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE little Mrs. Crewe had been entertaining a visitor. This was Miss Crewe, the sister of Jacob, and some eight years his senior—a small, slight, rather pinched lady, in a rustling black silk dress, with piercing eyes and sharp features.

"I could not come before, dear," said Mrs. Crewe. "I've been busy—oh, so busy!"

"You stop to tea, of course, Susan?"

"Couldn't think of it. I am engaged to go to the rectory this evening. We're about to get up a new Dorcas Club for the winter."

Miss Crewe was an influential person in Brillington, and a sworn ally of the rector. With the best intentions and the kindest heart in the world, there was a dash of sharpness, not to say acidity, about her, that did not prepossess people in her favor in the first instance. The Sunday-school children stood in prodigious awe of her, and no small trembling seized that infant band when Miss Crewe examined her Catechism class. Great was the anxiety to reckon upon what girl would devolve the difficulty of accomplishing "the duty towards her neighbor," and happy the individual that could rely upon having some such short sentence as the sixth commandment for her portion of the morning's toil. Not but what Miss Crewe was alive to the *ruses* of her class, and would often put to rout and utterly discomfit the calculators by "dodging," as they termed it, and appointing some one in particular to answer. It must be mentioned, too, that Miss Crewe's manner of doing good was in some instances indiscriminate and ill-considered. She was in the habit of sowing tracts upon all subjects broadcast among all classes of people. To her brother, the most hard-working man in the town, she occasionally presented a pamphlet against Sloth. Little Mrs. Crewe, who ate only in birdpecks and drank only in birdsips, was warned seriously in some publication against gluttony, and in others against intemperance and profane speaking; very poor cottagers were strenuously admonished against vanity and overdressing; and good old farmer Wakefield is known to have once received a caution against tight-lacing. But these were mere accidents, unavoidable under Miss Crewe's system. Occasionally, of course, people received tracts apposite to their misdeeds and failings, and then, no doubt, Miss Crewe's object was accomplished. So that if she did now and then fire with blank cartridge, she also now and then

lodged her shot in the mark. It must be added, that Miss Crewe's affection for her brother Jacob amounted almost to veneration. For some twenty years she had kept house for him, and bitter indeed was the trial for her when she received intelligence of his approaching marriage, and the consequent termination of her housekeeping duties. Jacob was in London, and wrote as tenderly and cautiously as he could to break to her the intended change in his condition.

"I couldn't help it," as Miss Crewe explained to her great friend and confidant, the rector's wife, "I couldn't help it, and I was very—very angry with him. To think that at his time of life he should go and break up his comfortable home, and bring down a mere child of a wife, who could know nothing of his ways; who could know nothing whatever about housekeeping—it wasn't to be expected she should! I was very angry and very sorry. It was wrong, but I couldn't help it. To think that Jacob and I should part, after so many years of living together—that this girl should come between us and and take away his love from me! It was hard, and I felt it so. I sent the servant to bed, and I sat before the fire, and I had a good cry all by myself; and at last I went to bed, and turning it all over again in my mind, cried myself to sleep, I think. However, I was better in the morning, and thought how foolish and sinful I'd been; and I didn't say a word to anybody, but I packed up a carpet-bag and travelled up to London. I hadn't been there for fifteen years, and I went straight to Jacob, and told him that as I had been the first to know of it, so I was determined to be the first to congratulate him. I couldn't help crying, you know, but I felt ever so much better; and Jacob too, he seemed relieved, and introduced me to his future wife. Such a pretty, shrinking flower! And then they were married, and I came away with a sad heart; but yet happier than I went, I can tell you."

And to do Miss Crewe justice, she had quite banished all thoughts of jealousy, and had opened her heart to the timid little bride, and given her the best place in her affections, next to that held by Jacob. And so she loved them both, and looked after them both in her curious, prim, bustling way, that would have had something ludicrous about it, if it hadn't been so tender and so true.

"Any news stirring in Brillington?" asked Mrs. Crewe.

"No, I think not, Nelly," answered Susan. "The poor Hudsons have got the fever very badly. I've been making up a subscription for them. They want such a heap of comforts, poor things. Mr. Harding gave me a guinea for them."

"Did he?" said Mrs. Crewe, looking up; "that was kind of him."

"Yes; he only asked that he shouldn't be required to go near them."

"Why should he ask that?"

"He was afraid of taking the fever, I suppose," answered Miss Crewe.

"But Jacob isn't afraid!"

"No, Nelly, dear; he's the doctor. It would be a bad thing for the sick if the doctor were afraid of going among them."

"But you go among them, Susan?"

"Well, I'm the doctor's sister," laughed Susan; "it doesn't matter about me."

"And I—"

"No, no—you are the doctor's wife; we can't have you, Nelly darling, going about catching fevers."

And Miss Crewe's acid looks had completely disappeared, and something of Jacob's tenderness gleamed in her eyes as she gazed at pretty Mrs. Crewe, looking into the fire with rather a puzzled air. I suppose the conversation had not been so logically clear as she could have desired it. She gave it up, however, and changed the topic.

"I think Brillington's a dull place," she said.

"Brillington dull? My dear Mrs. Crewe"—(in moments of expostulation Susan always gave Nelly her full matrimonial title)—"my dear Mrs. Crewe, how can you think so?"

"Well, I do think so; and Mr. Harding, he was saying the same thing only this very day."

"What does he know about it?" said Susan, rather angrily;

"a fine London gentleman, he can't appreciate all the quiet beauties of this place. Besides, he comes down here, and the day after his arrival gets thrown from his horse racing about on the cliff, where he ought never to have gone, and sprains his wrist; lucky for him it was no worse, and that Jacob was near to see to him and set him up all right again. He thinks it dull! what did he come for, then?"

This also was not a clearly logical observation, but it was conclusive with Miss Crewe. Nelly pursued her own train of meditation.

"Do you know, Susan," she said, "I often wish that Jacob would leave Brillington."

"Leave Brillington?" Miss Crewe was aghast.

"Yes," Mrs. Crewe went on calmly. "I mean, give over his practice and retire."

"Retire?" Miss Crewe's amazement passed all bounds.

"He has been working very hard for a great many years, and I am sure he has earned rest and right to retire; and with his own means joined to my fortune—"

"What are you talking about?" asked Susan, bluntly.

"You think the word too grand, perhaps," said Nelly, in her quiet, pretty way; "but I mean the income I brought to Jacob on our marriage."

"What?" Susan despaired of understanding.

Nelly colored. She was a little roused at Susan's strange manner. There was the slightest tinge of feminine sarcasm in her tone as she went on:

"I don't profess to understand business matters very deeply, but I have always been given to understand—I have always believed, that at poor papa's death I became entitled to some money under mamma's settlement, which produced an income somewhere about four hundred a year. On my marriage, this money—as was very right—became the property of my husband, to be used for our joint benefit. Well, it seems to me that this sum—"

Mrs. Crewe was talking of these serious affairs in the calmest and most silvery voice imaginable, smoothing awhile the pleats of her lilac dress. Miss Crewe was looking at her with eyes and mouth open.

"My dear Nelly, don't go rambling on in this way!" she interrupted her at last. "It's quite time you should know the truth, if you have not known it before. The money you brought Jacob? Why, your father died insolvent! At the time you married Jacob you possessed not one halfpenny in the world. Your only income now is the income he toils to bring you."

It was Nelly's turn to look aghast.

"Is this so, Susan?" she asked, in a sad, plaintive voice. "Is this indeed so?" And the color left her pretty cheeks, and she trembled all over.

Susan looked frightened. It occurred to her that she had foolishly betrayed what Jacob had been at some pains to conceal—that she had inflicted very grievous pain upon poor Nelly—that she had done altogether very wrong. She bowed her head in answer to Nelly's imploring look.

At the low wail that broke from those pale, quivering lips, even Yellowball stirred in his cage, and gave vent to a long but subdued soliloquy, in which he seemed to ask a long list of sad questions, and to answer them all himself, and generally to lament over and sympathise with the sorrows of his fair mistress.

"Why was this hid from me? Why did he deceive me thus?" And Mrs. Crewe's hair came tumbling down, and she hid her tearful face in her white hands, and looked the most lovable picture of distress that ever was seen. "It was wrong of him! it was cruel of him!"

Susan was conscious of her own error, but she couldn't hear Jacob accused.

"No, Nelly dearest, don't say that: don't say that of the truest, tenderest man that ever breathed. I see now why this was concealed from you. He loved you, Nelly, with the true, pure love of an honest heart. He didn't want that love to be mistaken for charity. He didn't want you to come here thinking that it was because you had no alternative; because no other door was open to you. He sought your love, Nelly—not

the love of a poor, helpless orphan, but of a woman deeming herself independent, and able to bestow her hand and heart where she might please."

Nelly hid her face on Miss Crewe's shoulder. Susan clasped her pretty charge to her heart, and rocked her to and fro, as though she were lulling to sleep a much-cherished child.

"Poor, dear darling!" thought Miss Crewe: "how shamefully I've behaved to her! how I've pained her! What will Jacob say to me? I must be very, very good to her, to make up for all this cruelty."

But Nelly recovered herself soon, and Yellowball delayed the period of his retiring for the evening on purpose to deliver an anthem expressive of great rejoicing and congratulation. And when Miss Crewe took her leave, which she did reluctantly, although bound heavily to visit the Rectory, for the establishment of the Dorcas Club, she left Mrs. Crewe a little flushed certainly, but otherwise composed, and very nearly herself.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Crewe was sitting by the fire, still feeling something pained and humbled, when Jacob returned. He looked pale and cold, and walking to the fire patted his wife's head affectionately. She turned up her beautiful eyes, and he couldn't resist stooping down and kissing her forehead.

"Barnes has gone," said Mr. Crewe at length. "Poor fellow! he passed away without any pain, I think; very humble, and resigned and happy, it seemed to me only anxious about his two poor little children."

"And his wife?" asked Mrs. Crewe.

"I did her wrong. She's a strange, rough woman, and I thought she had no feeling for the suffering man. But it was her blunt way. Poor thing! I never saw such grief! No tears, no wailing, but a dumb, blank look of sorrow, and a rigid clasp of her hands, as she glared with her parched eyes on the dead man. She loved him with her whole soul. I could do little to comfort her. Her sorrows are too hot and new upon her. I must send Susan round to-morrow. She'll read to her and console her. Once bring tears to her eyes, and she'll be saved; otherwise, poor soul, her mind may wander."

"I'll go, Jacob."

"You, Nelly?"

"Why not? I can comfort her, or grieve with her. Why should I not? Don't think of me always as a useless child, Jacob. Don't ever take a plaything view of me. Why shouldn't I do some good? why shouldn't I do some work?"

"You're a good girl, Nelly! Go, if you like, to-morrow morning, and take a few yards of black ribbon with you; it will do her good to be sewing that on the children's hats. They're but badly off, poor things, so we must see and do what we can for them. Their neighbors are kind and thoughtful, and helping them in that thorough, hearty way with which the poor always aid each other. You see, suffering's a near neighbor with them all, and they learn to feel for each other's sorrows, knowing their own."

Nelly felt proud of her husband, talking in his feeling, thoughtful way of his poor patients. Mr. Crewe seated himself in the comfortable armchair by the fire, and little Mrs. Crewe took up her position on the footstool at his feet.

Mary entered.

"Mr. Harding's compliments, and he had left the book. He would call himself presently."

Mr. Crewe looked a little serious.

"What is the book, Nelly?"

"A novel," said Nelly, blushing, a little ashamed.

"Give it to me, Mary," said Mr. Crewe.

Mary handed the book, and withdrew.

"A novel, eh? I have not read a novel for a dozen years, I should think," Mr. Crewe went on. "Are you fond of novels, Nelly?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Crewe, rather humbly.

"I haven't much time for reading myself, or I should like to try an experiment, and see if I could like a novel again. But the *Times* the day after, and the *Lancet* the week after publication, seem to be all I can get leisure to read. I—"

Why did he stop so suddenly, and a flash of palor lighted



THE CASS ROCK.—SEE PAGE 235.

his face, as he opened the book? Why did he close it again with that nervous abruptness? What had he seen in the book that he should bear that startled aspect? He could have looked no differently had he met a serpent darting out its javelin tongue at him.

He held the book tightly clenched in his right hand. In his left was clasped the soft white hand of his wife. She was gazing abstractedly into the fire, and had not perceived the sudden change in him. He glanced down at her with eyes that sought to probe her very soul. He did not speak. He was afraid his voice would quaver, and break down and betray him; for his heart was beating noisily, and his breath was short, and there seemed a tightness about his neck. At length he began, in a low voice, but in as natural a tone as he could manage. He resumed the subject he had been discussing before he opened the book.

"Yes. It's a long while since I read a novel; a very long while. Yet I remember reading one once—long ago, now—which made a deep impression upon me."

"What was it called?" asked Mrs. Crewe, still rather dreamily.

"I forget now. I forget," Mr. Crewe continued, after a pause; "but it was a good story, painful rather; but novel-readers like that. I know it affected me grievously; but then, you see, I had had but a poor training in the business."

He still kept his eyes fixed upon the pretty face below, intent on the fire, and quite unconscious of his anxious gaze.

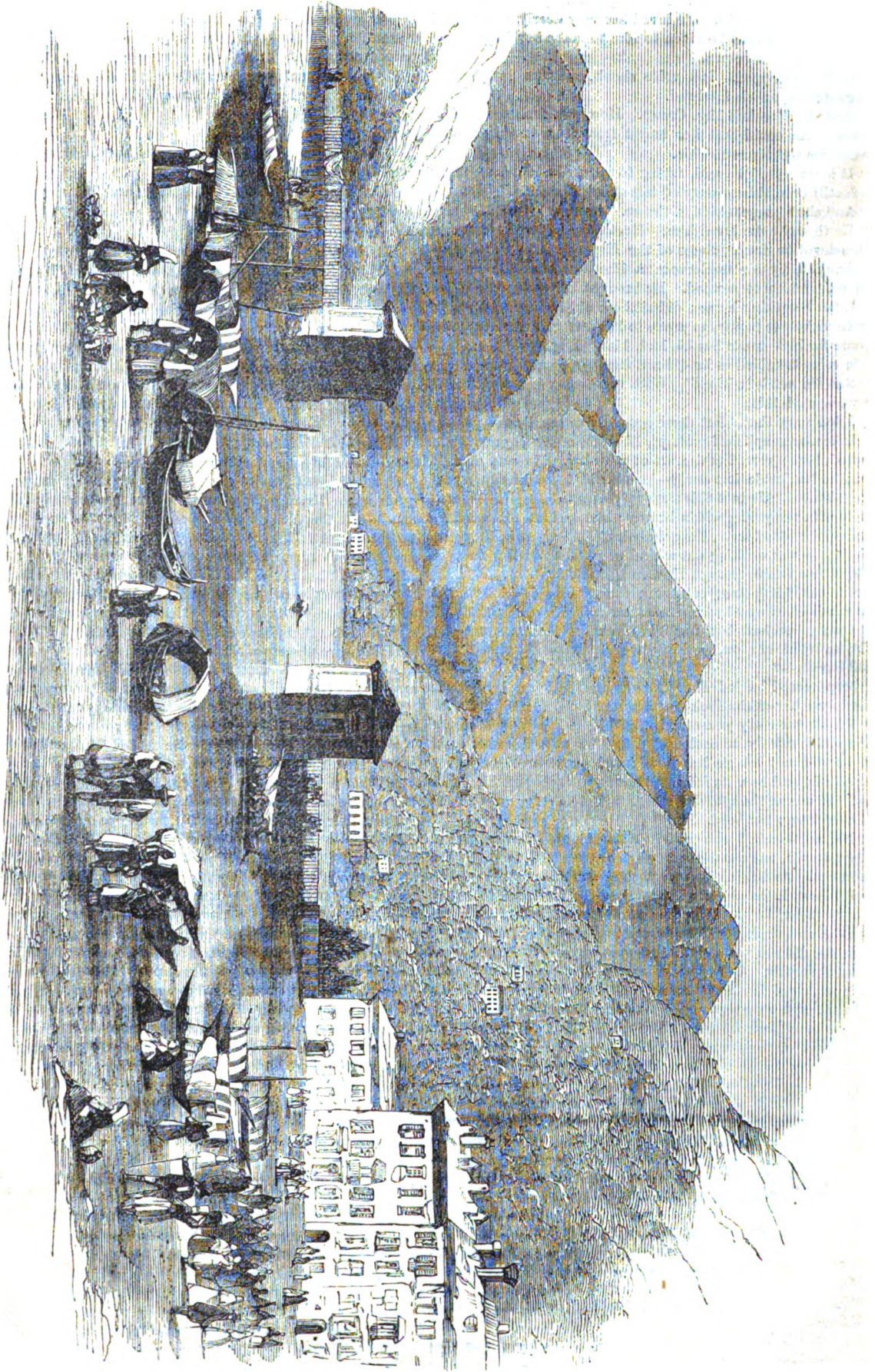
"It was the story of a man—this is, as far as I can recollect it—of a man who, advancing in life, married a woman—a mere girl—very many years younger than himself."

Nelly roused herself a little at this.

"He was, I think, a merchant—but it's so long ago now, I almost forget—quite absorbed in business; quite unused to sentimentalism; no adept in love-making; a hard-working, rough, plodding man; a little dull, perhaps—not unlikely. But the girl's father was his very dear old friend, long years back; and when the daughter was bequeathed to his charge, the man the book was about—I forget what they called him in the book—the man promised to himself to stand in the place of her dead father to the orphan. But soon, somehow, unconsciously almost, he found a change growing in him. He found a fire burning up in his rugged heart, he had thought long since cold and dead. He loved his ward."

Nelly was listening very intently now. She had brought up her other hand, and clasped it on Jacob's left hand. She was gazing earnestly into his face. He did not choose to meet her glance. It was his turn to study the fire fixedly.

"It was a strange union between the old and the young heart. It seemed scarcely natural. And yet his love for her was whole, very earnest, very true. It had taken complete



LAKE OF COMO.—See Page 235.

possession of him. He had fought against it, but he had been beaten and had succumbed. It is only the very great tempests that move the old oaks. He loved her very dearly, and prayed Heaven that it might be given to him to make her happy, and to win her love in return."

Mr. Crewe stopped. His voice shook, and the perspiration was glistening on his forehead.

"And she?" asked Mrs. Crewe. How anxiously she looked to him! He could feel her hands trembling as they wound themselves tightly round his.

"It is strange," he said, trying to appear indifferent; "how much still even the memory of this story affects me."

"And she?" repeated Mrs. Crewe.

"He thought she loved him. He thought that he had won by his devotion forgetfulness of the disparity between them—had bought, by his tenderness, a like tenderness in return. And so, and so it seemed. He brought her to his home, his quiet, hard-working home; did all he could in his poor rough way to make her happy, to prove to her the great, strong love he bore for her—made her his idol, his darling, his queen."

His voice trembled so he did not dare to go on.

"She did not love him!" With what a nervous excitement she whispered this.

"I don't say that. But there came one across them—young, handsome, accomplished perhaps, likely in many ways to win a woman's love; versed in the art of pleasing. He was an idle man; he had made it a study—he should have known something about it. He met this strangely-assorted couple. He was struck with the young wife's beauty; shocked at the want of manner, the blunt ways, the gray hair of the husband; thought, perhaps, he was working out a kind of poetical justice in sundering those twain, though Heaven had joined them. Paid his court to the fair young creature; poured into her ears quite new words of sympathy, of condolence, of love even; flattered her vanity, praised her wondrous beauty—that was an easy task; so lured her on, step by step, imperceptibly almost; so lured her on—"

"Stop, stop!" cried Mrs. Crewe, huskily; an icy shiver passed over her as she spoke, and her face was deathly pale.

"Finish the story yourself, Nelly."

He said it calmly, almost coldly, and he rose from his seat, but he did not let go her hand; and oh, how tightly that clasped his, and how its fellow joined it, and clasped his other also! It was as though she feared to lose him for ever, if she but once let go her hold.

"No, no, Jacob!" she cried in a low, hurried, anxious voice. "She faltered, but she did not fall; she trembled, but only for a moment. And think how young she was! how little used to deceit! how little able to battle strongly for herself! Only for a moment, Jacob, when her vanity was flattered; for she was vain, and weak, and foolish, and rather proud of attentions, which she did not perceive at first were but masks for the most shameful insults. Only for a moment, Jacob, and then came the thoughts of her happy home, and her good, true, honest husband; and his ceaseless kindness and tenderness, and of the love she bore him; for deep, deep in her heart she loved him, Jacob—and—O forgive me, Jacob! pity me, and forgive me!"

Her words failed her, but the actions that came to her aid were even more eloquent. Another minute and Nelly was weeping, half with sorrow and half with love, on her husband's bosom, and her golden hair had burst its bonds once more, and fallen in a waving mantle on his shoulder. How tight he clasped her to his heart, and how he kissed first her ivory forehead, and then kissed away the tears from her eyes, and so got to her lips and remained there a considerable time—a very happy husband, indeed!

"Oh, Jacob, how good you have been! how ungrateful I have seemed, when I owe everything in this world to you! To think that you should have taken me, a penniless orphan child."

"What do you mean, Nelly? Oh, Susan, Susan! what have you been doing?"

"She did right, Jacob, quite right—it was only fit I should know the full extent of your great kindness, your generosity."

"No, no, Nelly—not so. Your father was my good old

friend. We had not met for years, but we had been boys together. Dying, he begged me to charge myself with your protection, and then confessed that the money which should have been yours he, as trustee for you, had lost by an unfortunate speculation. There was no wrong-doing, Nelly, only an error in judgment, which embittered the last few years of his life, and deprived you of a fortune which you shall never feel the want of, Nelly."

"Dear Jacob!"

Mary came in abruptly. She looked demurely astonished.

"Mr. Harding," she announced.

"Detain him for two minutes, Mary, and then show him in."

"Will you see him, Jacob?"

"Are you afraid?"

"Afraid!"

And I think at that moment she would have led an assaulting party, to show her love for Jacob.

"Stay. You should know of this, Nelly."

"Mr. Crewe opened the novel he had been holding in his hand all the while. There fell out on to the carpet a three-cornered note on pink paper.

"He has dared —?" said Mrs. Crewe, with a glance of fierce indignation you would have hardly thought her capable of.

"Hush! he is here."

"Leave all to me, Jacob; remember—"

She had just time to garner up her golden treasury of hair again when Mr. Harding entered. He looked handsome, as usual—a little pale and jaded, perhaps, but that was also usual with him. A trifle embarrassed and anxious, but that was not so usual with him. He was courteously received, but the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Crewe had a vivacious twinkle in them he did not quite understand, and there seemed a strong under-current of intelligence between them which he did not quite like.

"Has she got my note?" he asked himself.

Mrs. Crewe was especially cool and calm—most bewilderingly so, considering all that had passed. Mr. Harding was quite annoyed at the contrast she presented to his own uneasiness. "Have I been mistaken? Is this indifference? or acting merely?"

"Suppose you play at chess with Mr. Harding, Nelly," suggested Mr. Crewe.

"Suicidal husband!" thought Mr. Harding. "Little flirt, I'll punish her! She doesn't like being beaten."

But either Mrs. Crewe played with unusual brilliancy, or Mr. Harding was particularly absent and forgetful. He was rapidly beaten. I think the game was terminated against him in what chess-players call "fool's mate." He was so angry he would have liked to have flung the chessmen into the fire. Mrs. Crewe gave quite a little crow of triumph; it was not polite of her, but she couldn't help it. Mr. Crewe was reading.

"Where did you get this novel, Nelly? Hear this sentimental nonsense." And in a mock-heroic tone he read out a few paragraphs of rather highly seasoned love-making. It was malicious of him, and Mrs. Crewe enjoyed it amazingly. She said she had never heard anything so funny. Mr. Harding did not appreciate the absurdity of the extract, for it was from the novel he had lent that evening to Mrs. Crewe. He bit his nails in a furious reverie. Had he been duped, tricked, ridiculed, and all by the wife of a poor country doctor? It was not to be credited. He was aroused by the merry laugh of Nelly.

"Just look at my kitten! see the antics she is performing!"

Mr. Harding looked. The kitten was gambolling on the hearthrug, tearing to pieces the bouquet he had in the morning presented to Mrs. Crewe, and the little lady was laughing until the tears jewelled her eyes. Mr. Harding turned quite pale. He could stand it no longer; he rose to take his leave. Mrs. Crewe, in bidding him adieu, said to him, in a quiet, low, conclusive tone, and out of the hearing of her husband:

"You have made a mistake, Mr. Harding, I think. This note was found in the book you sent this evening. It is addressed to me, but as I am sure that is owing to an error, you see it remains unopened. If it is for me, I will hand it at once to my husband, who always reads my letters first. Perhaps you had better not call again. Good-bye."

Mr. Harding did not know precisely how he got out of the house and into the street. When he found himself there he was tearing a pink note with his teeth. He tore it into shreds, and flung them furiously from him. He was white and trembling in a great rage indeed.

"I'll smoke on the pier; I can't go to bed yet."

It was not an easy task to light a cigar in that whirling east wind. When lighted, it was certainly an annoying thing that an agile wave should leap over the pier wall, wet Mr. Harding very thoroughly, and extinguish his cigar. He was not in a mood to bear these inconveniences philosophically. With an oath he flung his intended solace into the sea, scowled at the tumbling waters, and the white moon peering out every now and then between the patches of racing clouds, and pouring a flood of molten silver upon the effervescing crests of the waves, pulled his hat over his angry forehead, and strode away through the town and back to his hotel.

He rang the bell, and shouted savagely for his servant, "Benson!"

Benson had been singing a comic song in the bar-parlor. However, he smoothed all the jovial wrinkles out of his face, and assumed his usual stolid, grave, imperturbable expression.

"This is a beastly place, Benson!"

Benson looked assentingly. He never thought it worth while to hold any opinion adverse to his master's. Probably he considered it would be of no use if he did.

"Pack up. I'll get back to town. Let the bill be paid."

"When did Mr. Harding think of going?"

"Instantly! To-night!"

Benson begged pardon; but the last train went at 9.25, half-an-hour ago.

"The first train to-morrow morning."

Benson begged pardon again. The first train was the "parly" at 6.30.

"Not that, of course, fool! The ten o'clock."

Benson, still imperturbable, acquiesced, and withdrew, took the starch out of his face, and resumed his comic song and his glass of "warm with" in the bar-parlor.

The next day Mr. Harding, still angry and scowling, was whirled by the screaming train far away from Brillington, and soon lost in the black vortex of London. There is no need, even if it were practicable, to trace his footsteps further. He was never seen again in Brillington.

I like to think that Mr. and Mrs. Crewe, even as the good people in the fairy tale who have surmounted the difficulties of their destinies, lived happily ever after; for who can be so happy as those who lead good lives? I like to think that there were two or three flaxen-headed miniature editions of Mrs. Crewe, who gambolled with the frolicsome waves on Brillington Sands, and enjoyed mingled feelings of love and awe for Miss Susan Crewe and her catechetical labors. I like to think that love and thanksgiving went forth from suffering hearts in Brillington when little Mrs. Crewe shied upon them the sunshine of her presence, the consolation of her tender care; and that when the good deeds of the good old doctor were reckoned up and lauded, not less hearty were the praises, not less earnest the blessings, showered upon the Doctor's Wife.

THE BASS ROCK.

The Bass Rock is a small green-stone island situated in the Frith of Forth, on the coast of Scotland.

It would be scarcely any value were it not for the immense number of solan geese and other wild fowl which make it their haunt, as there is only about seven acres of pasture land, the rest of the surface being a barren rock.

Numbers of men obtain a precarious livelihood by descending the face of the rock and taking from the nests of the wild fowl the eggs and down, which form a not unimportant branch of commerce.

The means adopted to reach the nests is hazardous in the extreme. A sharp stake is driven in the ground at the top of the cliff, and leaving a companion to watch the rope, lest it should chafe against the rock, the fowler leisurely descends and

gathers all the eggs within his reach; after which he is drawn up and the rope removed to a different locality.

On the western coast of Ireland the same means are adopted by the peasantry to reach the otherwise inaccessible spots, and also in the Orkneys and the Western Isles.

The ropes by which the fowlers descend are made of hide, carefully cut and twisted. They sometimes constitute the greatest part of the wealth of a family, and are handed down from the father to the son as a most valuable inheritance; and, should they be inherited by a daughter, she is looked upon as a most desirable match.

The solan goose is about the size of the common land goose, of a white color, except the tops of the wings, which are black, and the top of the head, which is yellow.

The bill is long and very sharp-pointed. This sharpness of the bill led to the practice of fastening herrings on a board and then setting it afloat on the water, when the solan geese, on seeing the fish, would dart down on it, and, driving their beaks into the board, would be held there until the arrival of the fowler.

This practice has of late years been prohibited by an act of Parliament, on account of its cruelty, and a severe penalty is declared against the perpetrators.

COMO.

Como, the capital of the province of the same name, and situated on the Lake of Como, has acquired additional interest of late in consequence of its being the scene of Garibaldi's contests with the Austrians.

Como is situated on the south-west extremity of the lake, and is laid out in a very irregular manner, it having been likened in form to a crab; the city forming the body, and the two suburbs of Vico and St. Agostino being the claws.

Como was, in ancient days, a city of much importance, and was originally called Comum by the Greek colony which was founded in the neighborhood by Pompeius Strabo, and subsequently by Julius Cæsar.

It appears from the letters of the younger Pliny, who was born at Como, that his native city was, in his time, in a very flourishing state, and in the enjoyment of all the privileges which belonged to a Roman *municipium*.

Como does not figure in history after the fall of the empire, until the year 1107; about which time it became an independent city, and engaged in war with Milan, but was destroyed by its more powerful neighbor in 1127.

It was rebuilt by the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in 1155, and four years later was fortified.

It remained a republic for over two hundred years, until it fell under the dominion of the Viscontes, and it has since been united to the fortunes of Milan.

Como is a place of considerable trade and industry throughout its existence, the silk fabrics manufactured here having been esteemed next to those of Milan; and in former times there were many more looms at work than at Lyons.

The cathedral of Como is a very fine building, and its appearance is heightened by the grandeur and solidity of construction.

Como also contains the very remarkable church of San Fedile, and enjoys a classical reputation as the residence of the two Plinys, and the scene of the scientific researches of the elder Pliny, the naturalist.

The little port of Como is formed by two piers, each ending in a square pavilion, the view up the lake from which is pleasing. The lake abounds with fish. Of these the most numerous are the trout, pike, perch and the agone, a species of clupea. The agoni migrate periodically from one end of the lake to the other. Strange stories are told, and credited by the lower orders, of an enormous fish, or other aquatic animal, larger than a man, which browses at the bottom of the lake, like the dugong. There cannot be a more delightful voyage than that along the S. W. arm of the lake to Como: the shores are literally speckled with villages and with white villas, the summer resort of the Milanese nobility, during the season of the Villeg-



STUFFED FROGS FROM WURTEMBERG.

giatura. The Lake of Como, called by the ancients *Lacus Larius*, is about forty miles long from north to south. Its southern extremity is divided into two branches by the promontory of Bellaggio; at the bottom of one of these bays lies Como (Comum), the birthplace of Pliny and Volta; and, at the extremity of the other, on the east, Lecco. The chief feeder of the lake is the Adda, which enters it at the north, and flows out at Lecco. The bay of Como has no outlet, so that its waters must also find their way out by the Adda. Taken altogether, it perhaps surpasses in beauty of scenery, and in the richness of its almost tropical vegetation, every other lake in Italy.

A WORD ON TAXIDERMISTRY.

ALTHOUGH in every large city there are many persons whose employment is preserving and stuffing the skins of rare beasts and birds, yet the art of taxidermy, properly speaking, is but little understood.

— Something more than the mere preservation of a mass of fur or feathers is needed; something more than a rude representation of the appearance of the living animal.

It is of course the heads and faces of the animals which are principally deficient. Not only is all natural expression utterly and irremediably lost, but the lips and nostrils are frequently so ill preserved as to have shrunk back, producing a spectral-

like appearance which would have frightened the original, if he had come across one of his kindred, decorated with such a ghastly grin.

The author of "Wanderings in South America," perhaps the greatest authority on the subject, is loud in his denunciation of the carelessness and want of observation in those people who make taxidermy their profession. He insists that the mere preservation of skin and color is but a small part of the art; that the feature, gait and expression of the animal should be copied with the utmost fidelity, and that a specimen is only half preserved which does not give a correct idea of the habitual gestures and mode of standing of the original.

The stuffed specimens of frogs and cats, of which we give engravings, having the expressions so much exaggerated, and being in positions foreign to their nature, are perhaps more caricatures than real art; but the skill which could produce such expressions could of necessity be capable of perpetuating those nice gradations of position and expression which is the poetry of the taxidermist's art.

These specimens were from Wurtemberg, and we recognize in them that odd tendency in the Teutonic mind to gift animals with human intelligence, and make them take parts in histories just like men and women.

They were first shown in the great English Exhibition of 1851, where, from the novelty of the idea, they attracted much attention.

A WHALING ADVENTURE.

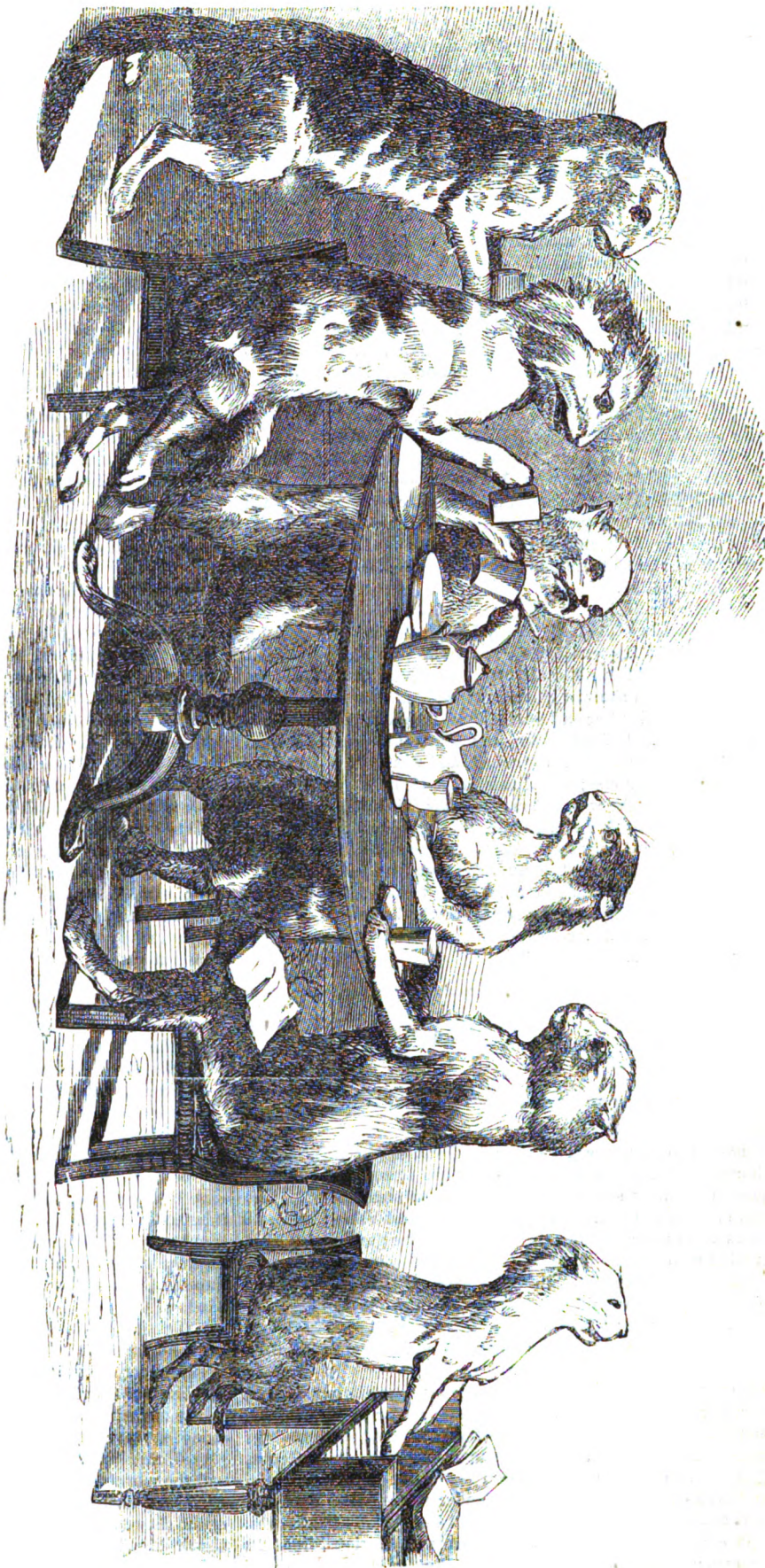
DAVID painted the furious race after the whale, and "how the boat gradually gained, and how at last, as he was grinding his teeth and pulling like mad, he heard a sound ahead like a hundred elephants wallowing. And now he hoped to see the harpooner leave his oar and rise and fling his weapon; but that moment, up flukes, a tower of fish was seen a moment in the air with a tail fin at the top of it, 'just about the size of this room we are sitting in, ladies,' and down the whale sounded; then it was pull on again in her wake, according as she heaved in sounding; pull for the dear life; and after a while the oarsmen saw the steersman's eyes prying over the sea turn like hot coals; the men caught fire at this and put their very backbones into each stroke, and the boat skimmed and flew. Suddenly the steersman cried out fiercely, 'Stand up, harpoon!' Up rose harpoon, his eye like a hot coal now. The men saw nothing; they must pull fiercer than ever. The harpooner balanced his iron, swayed his body lightly, and the harpoon hissed from him. A soft thud, then a heaving of the water all round, a slap that sounded like a church tower falling flat upon an acre of boards, and drenched and blinded and half-smothered us all in spray, and at the same moment away whirled the boat, dancing and kicking in the whale's foaming, bubbling wake, and we holding on like grim death by the thwarts, not to be spun out into the sea.'

"Delightful!" cried Miss Fountain; "the waves bounded beneath you like a steed that knows its rider. Pray continue."

"Yes, Miss Fountain. Now, of course, you can see that if the line ran out too easy the whale would leave us astern altogether, and that if it jammed or ran too hard she would tow us under water."

"Of course we see," said Eve, ironically; "we understand everything by instinct—hang explanations when I'm excited! go ahead, do!"

STUFFED CATS FROM WUTEMBERG.



"Then I won't explain how it is or why it is, but I'll just let you know that two or three hundred fathom of line are passed round and round the boat from stem to stern and back, and carried in and out between the oarsmen as they sit. Well, it was all new to me then; but when the boat began jumping and rocking, and the line began whizzing in and out and screaming and smoking like — there now, fancy a machine, a complicated one, made of poisonous serpents, the steam on, and you sitting in the middle of the works with not an inch to spare, on the crankiest, rockingest, jumpingest, bumpingest, rollingest cradle that ever—"

"David!" said Eve, solemnly.

"Hullo!" sang out David.

"Don't!"

"Oh! yes, do!" cried Lucy, slightly clasping her hands.

"If this little black ugly line was to catch you, it would spin you out of the boat like a shuttlecock; if it held you it would cut you in two, or hang you to death and drown you all at one time; and if it got jammed against anything alive or dead that could stand the strain, it would take the boat and crew down to the coral before you could wink twice."

"Oh, dear!" said Lucy, "then I don't think I like it now; it is too terrible. Pray go on, Mr. —Mr. —"

"Well, Miss Fountain, when a novice like me saw this black serpent twisting and twirling, and smoking and hissing in and out among us, I remembered the skipper's words, and I hailed Jack; it was he had the line; he was now in the bow."

"'Jack,' said I.

"'Hullo!' said he.

"'For God's sake are there any hitches in the line?' said I.

"'Not as I knows on,' says he, much cooler than you sit there—and that is a sailor all over. Well, she towed us about a mile, and then she was blown, and we hauled up on the line, and came up with her and drove lances into her, till she spouted blood instead of salt water, and went into her flurry and rolled suddenly over our way, dead, and was within a foot of smashing us to atoms; but if she had it would only have been an accident, for she was past malice, poor thing. Then we took possession, planted our flagstaff in her spouting hole, you know, and pulled back to the ship, and she come down and anchored to the whale, and then for the first time I saw the blubber stripped off a whale and hoisted by tackles into the ship's hold, which is as curious as any part of the business, but a dirty job, and not fit for the present company; and I dare say that is enough about whales."

THE PLAYMATE—A PAGE IN THE EARLY HISTORY OF PAGANINI.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ELISE POLKO.

A DAY in May, under the clear brilliant sky of Italy, has a charm that we children of the north can scarcely understand, though we may sometimes imagine it in our dreams. The earth smiles and decks herself in her brightest robes; the sun looks down upon her with a warm and tender gaze, and the air is filled with the fragrance of a thousand flowers. The human heart grows and expands amid this glorious nature, exults and rejoices with all around it; and the human eye is fiery and tender as the burning sun-god himself. A cold, life-wearied face is as seldom seen there as the ice-flowers with which frost wreathes our northern windows.

So much more striking, on this account, was the appearance of a boy who, on a bright May-day in the year 1793, sat alone by the sea-shore, gazing on the vast, glittering expanse of water before him, and turning his back upon the fair city of Genoa, that, like a radiant bride, rests on the bosom of the proud sea. He was a child ten years old, of slender figure, with a refined, pale face, dark hair and eyebrows, and wonderfully black eyes. The expression of his eyes was almost mysterious, from its frequent rapid changes; now flashing, ardent, proud and triumphant; now sad as death. A clear, sweet, childish voice broke in upon the melancholy mood of the youthful dreamer.

A charming little girl ran up, and, throwing herself into his arms, exclaimed:

"You naughty Nicolo, where have you been this whole long afternoon? and I have been looking for you everywhere!" and she kissed him heartily, looking lovingly on him with her large brown eyes, and, at last, shook down from her little white apron a whole heap of flowers, wild roses, myrtles and orange-flowers.

Nicolo embraced the little speaker, smiled quite joyously, stroked her wild, dark locks, and said, gently:

"Gianetta, I slipped away from my father. I wanted to sit still and dream, and I be happy a little while, here by this beautiful, bright sea—you know the place I love best!"

Instead of answering, Gianetta began to rail at her young friend's cruel father.

"He gives you no rest by night or by day," said she; "he will bring you to your grave, so my mother thinks. 'Your Nicolo is not strong,' she says; 'that mad violin of his is wearing away his soul, and his father works his body to death.' And she is right, too!" she said, with deep sadness.

"Do not believe it," Nicolo answered, in a serious tone. "I am not going to die; I cannot die until I have grown up to be a big man; and I am not so weak either. See here;" and, with these words, he rose up, his figure seeming to grow as he stretched it to its full height, his eyes burned with a wild fire, and a peculiar smile played round his mouth.

He lifted Gianetta suddenly from the ground, and, with his strong arms, held her over the glancing waves at his feet. The little girl did not turn pale; she did not move; but sighed gently as Nicolo set her down again upon the ground. She said nothing more about dying, however, but looked slyly at the boy as he stood by her side. Her charming *naïveté* soon returned. She prattled and sang, and Nicolo listened patiently to her thousand childish schemes, and her stories about her flowers and birds. And if, in the midst of this sweet prattle, he fell into a melancholy mood, a kiss or a gentle touch of Gianetta's hand would quickly rouse him, and then she grew quite radiant and light-hearted, and was inexpressibly lovely.

Thus they sat together by the sea-shore, with the deep blue sky above them. The brilliant sunshine poured down on both those young heads, but the brow of the boy was earnest and full of care, the girl's face was like spring itself. When it began to grow dark, they went homewards arm in arm, passing through many wide streets until they turned into a little side street, at the end of which stood two houses nearly covered with vines; Gianetta lived in one, Nicolo in the other, opposite to her. The boy encountered the frowning face of a hard, severe father. Gianetta's mother stood at her door, looking out anxiously, and kissed the wild little girl tenderly as she entered. The children said "Good night," and parted.

As Nicolo, with a deep sigh, entered his solitary little chamber, he hastily opened the low window, that the lovely night air might come in, took from a small coffin-like case an old violin, which he gazed upon with passionate tenderness, and began a fantasia upon it. The pure, strangely powerful sounds were heard afar in the silent night, and floated up and down in the narrow chamber, so that the walls seemed to shake and tremble with their undulations. Scarcely was the first note heard when a large and beautifully marked spider ran into the room from the thick vine-leaves that surrounded the window.

"Welcome, little Silvercup," said Nicolo, kindly, and laid his hand upon the ledge of the window.

The spider ran quickly upon it; and the boy placed her upon the frame of his violin, where she held fast with her little feet and remained fixed and motionless, listening to the sea of harmony, as wave after wave passed over her. The boy played and played, until his arm grew weary, his eyelids began to droop, and the morning, with her rosy veil of light, to look in at his window. Then he laid down the beloved violin. The spider again showed signs of life, crept over Nicolo's hand as if to thank him, and he carried her to the window, where she quickly disappeared amid the foliage of the vine. The boy followed her with his eyes; the feeling of comfortless solitude came over him, a feeling that overpowered him every night.

when little Silvercup, this strange playmate of his sad early years, had gone from him.

Nicolo clung to the faithful little creature with real love. The first note of his violin summoned her, and it was only when the last sound died away that she awoke from her stupefaction, from the strange intoxicating dreams into which these enchanting melodies transported her. Often when Nicolo, lost in deep reverie, dreamed that his bold ambitious wishes and proud hopes were realised, and mechanically struck the strings, Silvercup would softly creep in, and the boy felt her touch like a gentle kiss, and, closing his eyes, would forget his loneliness and that no one loved him.

His father was his severe master; his tender mother was dead; the boys of his own age shrunk from him as if afraid; little Gianetta alone played with him and fondled him; but Nicolo's heart was divided between the warm-hearted little girl and his strange window friend. Gianetta could not bear the spider.

"They are witches," she said, and was afraid of them.

Nicolo never put Silvercup on his violin when the child was with him, and, listening breathlessly to his wonderful playing, had crouched in a corner of the room. The spider soon seemed to perceive she was not welcome at such times. She never crept in when Gianetta was there; but if Nicolo approached the window with his violin and gave a stolen glance outside, he always saw his mute listener hanging motionless on a vine-leaf.

Gianetta, however, was not satisfied when his weary arm sank down from exhaustion and the sweet sounds ceased. Nicolo must tell her stories, and he did it willingly. Wild and fearful were the tales he related to the listening child; and not only these—no, all the dreams, too, of his own ardent heart, all the plans of his struggling soul, he confided to the silent, faithful breast of his loving little friend; and she could not answer him a word—she only pressed his hot, feverish hand more and more closely in her own, and her large eyes gazed tenderly on him, as if they felt and clearly understood him. Then he would tell her of the illustrious German master, Mozart; how, in his sixth year, he had written great concerts, and had shone like a star in the heaven of musical art; and his cheeks would burn, and, trembling with excitement, glowing tears of indignation gushed from his eyes.

"See, Gianetta," he said, with a bitter smile, "what a poor miserable bungler I am compared to him;" and the little girl knew not how to comfort him.

One day Nicolo, while a prey to these inward tortures, had been practising under his father's direction the most monotonous and difficult exercises. His hands were weary, his forehead glowed; all the force and life of his whole body seemed concentrated in his eyes—they shone strangely. He suddenly heard the voice of Gianetta's mother anxiously and hastily calling his name. Nicolo hastened to her. Gianetta was suddenly taken ill; she had been attacked by a violent fever. She fixed her eyes long and earnestly on him—her favorite playmate, her friend. He understood her meaning, and brought his violin. His heart was in a wild tumult.

"Gianetta, a lullaby for thee!" he passionately exclaimed.

She smiled. Then the magic violin of the boy poured forth its enrapturing harmonies, strangely sweet and soothing, as if lulling her to rest. When he had finished, Gianetta raised herself up from her couch, and called Nicolo by name. He threw his arms around her.

"Thank thee, my darling," she gently whispered. "Nicolo, I shall sleep sweetly, but you must not rest yet. Thou must shine upon the earth, a bright, surpassing star. Go forth, far, far away from here. Think of me and my last words."

The affectionate child bowed her head and died.

Nicolo stayed all night beside her beloved form. The next day, half beside himself, he wandered aimlessly about. As he returned home late in the evening, his dark, quiet room made him shudder. From his window he looked directly into Gianetta's chamber. Candles were lighted there; the child lay upon a bier adorned with flowers, buried in flowers, angelically lovely. A monk knelt beside the coffin and prayed for

the pure young spirit which had been so early called from its fair home.

"Farewell, tender, loving heart," said the mourning boy, in a low tone, and hot tears coursed down his pale cheeks. "I shall go away, far away—ah, as far as I can! Nothing now holds me back; alone, unloved!" and he fell upon his knees, and sobbed convulsively.

At that same moment he felt a soft, peculiar touch upon his hand; he started, and Silvercup crept over it.

"It is you, my dumb darling; alas, now my only playmate," exclaimed Nicolo, while a momentary ray of joy gleamed in his countenance. He looked musingly upon the faithful creature. At length he rose up. "One more parting greeting for Gianetta, and then away into the wide world with thee, powerful and heavenly, and only beloved of my heart!" and with these words he pressed his violin passionately to his bosom.

Then the strings sang with more mysterious power than ever. Notes of enrapturing sweetness, yet trembling with sorrow, were wafted over to the sleeping Gianetta. The dead seemed to smile; the sweet flowers trembled; the tapers flickered; the praying monk dropped his folded hands, and strange, enchanting dreams overpowered him.

When the morning sun looked with his glowing eyes into the little room, there lay upon the floor a half-fainting boy, his violin in his arms; upon its strings was Silvercup—dead.

Was the prophecy of the lovely Gianetta fulfilled? The boy's name was Nicolo Paganini. Have you ever heard of him?

HOW THE KING'S BED WAS MADE.

Nor many Christmas seasons have passed since a pantomime at one of the most popular of London theatres was produced, upon no less a subject than King Henry the Eighth. So far as we remember the performance, the selection was well justified by the carrying out. There is, when looked upon in this light, something in the *physique* of the bluff monarch peculiarly adapted to pantomime. His rotundity affords the actor an opportunity of padding to an extent which may bear any amount of cuffs, bangs and tumbles.

The costume is almost that of the harlequinade; for the dress of our old friend the clown is simply that of the time of King Hal. The shape of Mr. Clown's doublet is that of the age of Howard and Surrey. Its fanciful ornamentation is a mere exaggeration of the "slashing" in vogue at the period. His short, ample, puffed trunk hose are of the exact form of those historical galligaskins—"to old King Harry so well known, some writers hold they were his own." Pantaloon's entire dress is of scarcely more modern date than that of Henry. Again, the very face of Henry, as limned by Holbein, and still to be gazed upon at Hampton Court, is like nothing so much as a pantomime mask. Those unwieldy yeomen of the guard, with their enormous halberds, their thick waists, and their fancy attire, are the very order of persons for pantomime guards. The comparison might be carried much farther. One might show Henry to have been even in his acts the very type and model of a pantomime tyrant; but we have to relate something more instructive and not less entertaining than mere speculation. In fact, we have fallen upon a curious corroboration of the pantomimic view of the king, in a document extracted from a manuscript, elegantly written and illustrated, formerly the official guide used by King Henry's chamberlain, Henry Fitz-Alan, Earl of Arundel, in the performance of his duties.

The chapter to which we refer is headed "The oolde order of makeyng the kynges bedde, not to be used or done but as his grace will commaund and appoynte from time to time hereafter." And this is the way in which this important ceremonial is to be accomplished: First, a groom or a page to take a torch, and to go to the wardrobe of the king's bed, and bring "them of the wardrobe"—i.e., the officials of that department—with "the kynges stuff into the chamber for making of the same bedde." In this chamber should be in readiness a gentleman usher, with four attendants ("iiij yomen") "for to make the same bedde." The page is to stand at the bed-foot with a

torch. This indicates that the proceedings are not to be taken until night. The wardrobe-keepers then advance, and open the "kynges stuff of hys bedde" upon a "faire sheete" between the page and the foot of the bedde; "three (iiij) yomen on every side of the bedde." As the original iiij yeomen cannot very well, with due deference to arithmetic, accomplish this feat of standing three on each side of the bed, a merciful provision is made for its performance by two at the least. The gentleman usher directs the beef-eating yeomen generally. One yeoman is then with a dagger "to searche the strawe of the kynges bedde, that there be none untreuth therein." Alas, he should come yet later in the night, when no dagger will be allowed to search the regal straw, to find the untruth in such a monstrous mass as even nations seldom see; nestling, too, unmolested, on the couch of King Hal.

We are not, however, to imagine that the king, like Margery Daw, is to sleep immediately upon straw. Yet the fact of this being searched with a dagger proves that in those days the domestic mattress was a luxury unknown in the palaces of kings. The yeoman with the dagger, having set his mind at rest upon the question of untruth in the straw, is to cast "thereupon a bedde of down." The next direction is truly pantomimic. The yeomen are "to tumble over the bed of the downe for the search thereof." Perhaps, however, it is not intended that the yeomen should actually turn somersaults and "cartwheels" over the "downe bedde"—certainly a temptation—but that, instead of tumbling over it, they should, as we now say, tumble it over. Then they are to beat and "tuffe (buffet) the bedde, and lay on the bolster without touching the bedde, where as it ought to lye." Then they of the wardrobe are to deliver the "fustian;" rather a poor substitute, we suspect, for the familiar Witney. This with the sheets, another "overmore-fustian" for upper blanket, and "suche coverynge as as shall content the kyng" are all to be laid on, by the iiij yeomen taking each one a corner of the drapery and laying each article separately "upon the bedde," which the iiij yeomen are by no means to touch. The "tucking up" and "turning down," as well as the due placing of the pillows, are provided for severally in due course. Then the yeomen are to make a "crosse and kysynge it" where their hands have been. "And so then every of them stick up the aungell about the bedde, and lett down the corteysns of the said bedde." But much yet remains to be done, a portion of which will be at once seen to be of the highest importance. A "body-squyer, or the gentleman usher, is to set the kynges sword at his bedde's hedde." Next a squire is to set a keeper of the "bedde," with a light, to sit up in the room until his gracious majesty, the newly appointed Defender of the Faith, shall waddle into his bedchamber. And now comes the real business.

A groom or page is to take a torch, and leave the "bedde" to fetch a loaf of bread, a pot with ale, and a pot with wine, "for them that maketh the bedde, and every man." Let us hope that they will behave themselves in their good cheer. If not, beware! Complaints have already been made. Who set the black jack on the velvet counterpane last Monday, and left a ring of malten stain on the gorgeous coverlet? Who wiped his fingers, wet with over-spilt claret, on the corner of the hangings, and left a crimson smear as of a blood-stained hand defiling the king's monogram? Look to it. No more of this. Henceforth let it be strictly bidden that "No manner of man do set any dysse upon the kynges bedde for fere of hurting the kynges ryche counterpoint that lyeth thereon, and that noo man wipe or rubbe their hands upon none arras of the kynges, in the chamber where the kyng is specially, and in all other."

Here cease the directions as to making the "kynges bedde." With a faint recollection of the pantomime from which we started, one can supply an appropriate sequel. The iiij yeomen get first hilarious, then fight, and extinguish the gentleman usher with the wine-can. General "pelt and spill" with the pillows and bolsters. Enter King Hal, in nightcap and gown, with a flat candlestick seven feet high. Kicks them all round, drives them off, and clambers into bed. Tumbles out on the other side. Enter ghosts of women, with crowned heads under their arms. Abject terror of Henry: Scene closes.

In due seriousness, we, whose beds are made simply by the unassisted hands of the chambermaid, with no more luxurious draperies than clean flax and warm woollen can supply, have little cause to envy the "makeynge of the kynges bedde." Not all his yeomen, his squires, his gentlemen ushers, or his grooms, will medicine him to sweet sleep with those dreadful ulcerated limbs—that bloated mortifying body. Let us say nothing of possible inward rackings and writhings, to which even the physical pangs may be tolerable agony. Would not King Hal, think you, have willingly tossed away coverlet, fustian, and bed of down, for a few hours' slumbers even upon the straw which had been searched with a dagger and no untruth found therein? But we have written already at length, and so we will simply draw close the "corteysns of the kynges bedde," and in charity wish his majesty a good night and pleasant dreams.

ARABIAN MODE FOR TAMING HORSES.

The horse castor is a wart or excrescence which grows on every horse's fore-legs and generally on the hind-legs. It has a peculiar, rank, musty smell, and is easily pulled off. The ammoniacal effluvia of the horse seems particularly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a very great attraction for all animals—especially canine, and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor he is instinctively drawn towards it.

The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

The direction given for taming horses are as follows:

Procure some horse castor and grate fine. Also get some oil of rhodium and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate in air-tight bottles.

Rub a little of the oil of cumin upon your hands, and approach the horse on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him without any trouble.

Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it.

You can then lead him anywhere.

Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar, apple or potato.

Put nine drops of the oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the forefinger stopping the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse.

As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, and he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearlessly and promptly, with your knees pressed to the horse's sides, and your toes turned in and heels out; then you will be always on the alert from a shy or sheer from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then, if you want to teach him to lie down, stand on his right or left side; have a couple of leather straps, about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you're ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time gently, firmly and steadily pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the straps.

He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him, be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself, shelter him well, groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let him stand out a long time in the cold, without shelter or covering; for remember that the horse is a native of a warm climate, and in many respects, his constitution is as tender as a man's.



SIR THOMAS OVERBURY ARRESTED IN HIS HOUSE ON A KING'S ORDER

THE JEWEL OF POISON.

CHAPTER I.—THE MASKED NUPTIALS.

ABOUT the beginning of summer in the year of grace 1613, there stood upon the banks of the Thames, a little above Battersea, one of those irregular and many-gabled dwellings that, altered and extended according to the whim or necessity of its different owners, and ornamented to the taste of each succeeding reign, seem to defy authentic description.

A narrow terrace or balcony, with some half-dozen broad stone steps in its centre, and protected by a low, heavy balustrade, ran along one extremity of the building, and conducted to the water's edge. Three tall windows, of the Tudor architecture, opened from an apartment upon this miniature esplanade, and, by means of the stairs, formed what might be denominated its river entrance.

Of the rest of the mansion, as it is immaterial to our story, we shall omit further mention; and proceed at once through one of the open casements that conducted from the terrace, and beg the reader to accompany us to the chamber within.

This apartment was of considerable extent; the entire circumference of its high walls being clothed in brilliant tapestry, on which was woven, in rich and harmonious colors, the whole history of the last reign's great triumph—the defeat of the Armada. A marble chimney-piece, whose capacious throat was filled with a huge bough, hewn from an apple tree, and covered with half-developed fruit, and the deep-sunk portal were the only parts of the chamber uncovered by the elaborate arras. A square table, covered to the ground with a piece of fine-wrought and deep-bordered tapestry, stood in the centre; while, suspended on a pole that traversed the three windows, hung damask curtains, drawn back on either side by bullion cord and tassels.

Seated on one of the chairs, her beautiful chin resting on her parted fingers, and the white rounded elbow just touching the edge of the rich table-cover, sat the vain but lovely Marianna.

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Overbury, the court belle and most accomplished coquette of her age. The enormous farthingale or hoop in which she was attired, with the double petticoat of blue and amber satin, with the ruff, bands and collar, stiffened like boards with yellow starch; the jewelled stomacher, the high-heeled shoes and clocked stockings; with the small quaint and pointed cap—formed, on the whole, a costume formal, stiff and most inelegant. Yet was Miss Overbury's beauty so great, her personal and natural attractions so fascinating, that the beholder, lost in the contemplation of her charms, forgot the objectionable garb in which she was, from fashion, habited, and saw alone the lustrous eyes, the coral lips, the dimpled chin, and all the witching loveliness that played insidiously in her every look, and her beguiling and infectious smile.

Removed a short distance from the table, with the left hand curved and resting on the guarded hilt of his sword, while the right, with bent fingers and upturned palm, was advanced, in easy action, towards the lady before him, stood the young and unfortunate Sir Thomas Overbury. The dress of this celebrated man was of a rich but somewhat melancholy cast, agreeing with the general tenor of his mind; and though strictly in the fashion, was in all parts sober and subdued, and worn less for display than the necessity of complying with arbitrary custom.

The features of Sir Thomas Overbury at this period, when at the age of two and thirty, were not what might be called handsome, but there was a pleasing truthfulness—a calm philosophy—in every lineament that impressed respect, and, if they did not inspire admiration, awoke a confidence and begot a trust from the beholder. There was, too, an easy dignity—a resolved purpose—in his words, look and action that disarmed levity and at once compelled attention and regard.

"Think not, Marianna Overbury," said her brother, continuing some previous remark, as his figure fell into the calm attitude in which we have endeavored to describe him, and speaking with steady enunciation, while his deep voice lent a harmony to every word, and impressed each sentence with a manly and definitive resolve; "think not, I repeat, that my

name, my honor, or my family shall be impeached by your vanity or caprice; or that I will stand tamely by and see you guilty of an act that in the lowest of your sex is heartless selfishness—in you a sin and glaring vice!"

"Indeed, my sage brother!" replied his sister, with a bewitching smile, half turning her head towards him with a coquettish playfulness, and shaking back the ringlets of her auburn hair to expose the diamond pendants from her small ear. "And sooth, now, master mine and brother dominant, what wondrous offence have I committed that you should dress your features in that garb of Puritan philosophy to censure poor me? Gra'mercy on me! but you look for all the world like the morality in a stage mystery. Ha, ha, ha!" And her loud, clear laugh rang round the room like silvery music, as she leant back in her chair and pointed with her white and tiny hand to her grave and sober-suited brother.

"You have truly named it, my sister. It is an offence—a culpable fault," resumed Sir Thomas.

"Nay, mercy me, then! Let us have it, man; and give me grace for timely amendment."

"Your levity, I fear, will give you grace for nothing half so effective as reformation of the fault I mean."

"Thou art a harsh shriver, brother. But proceed."

"You have trifled with the affections of a man of honor. You have slighted his esteem; wounded his self-love—"

"Oh, the vain mortal! Vulnerable man! Wounded through his vanity, and by the unpractised hand of a novice woman. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, doughty warrior!" cried Marianna, in bantering mirth.

"Think not so lightly, sister, of your fault or man's susceptibility. I would rather run my rapier through my dear friend's heart than wound the self-respect that is alike to man and woman the emulous shield of their best purposes. Take from our lives our own approval, and what can worlds supply to fill the dangerous void, when self-protecting pride is gone?"

"Be more explicit with my fault; my vice, as you so choicely call it. I plead 'Not guilty' to my panel."

"Have you not accepted Sir Harry Seymore, my friend, your early companion, as your affianced suitor?" demanded her brother, with a hasty wave of his hand at his sister's evasion. "Be pleased to answer."

"I believe there was some such declaration on his part," replied Marianna, taking up a fan of feathers, with an ebony handle, and waving the plumage to and fro with assumed indifference.

"Believe, sister!" cried Sir Thomas, quickly; "can your pledged word and recorded promise have such feeble hold on your integrity as to become a thing of supposition? Mark me, Marianna! Sir Harry is my friend: in that pledge I am in honor bound as deep as you; and as your brother first, and guardian legally, I will exact fulfilment of the treaty."

"Nay, now, you are imperious."

"For your honor, and my own, I will be just."

"And shall I have no will—no eyes, discernment—no judgment for myself?" inquired his sister, proudly.

"You have had all; done all; made your election."

"And will break it, too, if it displeases me."

"Never, Marianna, never!" replied Sir Thomas firmly.

"Never! Tilly vally, brother! I will have my own way, and wed whom I please. Sir Harry Seymore, indeed! The man's a fool!"

"Beware, sister, beware! Till within two months since England held not for your eyes a man so estimable or so noble as your elected husband and my sworn friend. And you have allowed a villain, a low adventurer, a mindless fool, a court toy, a monarch's plaything, to usurp your reason and trepan your heart—bartered the priceless gold of a devoted love for the gewgaw tinsel of this summer fly, whose painted wings are all his wealth; and even that—Heaven! my heart swells to think of it—these gay plumes are wrung from my impoverished country to deck this lean and beggarly parasite!"

"And three months back the sapient and the honorable Sir Thomas Overbury called this villain friend; this beggarly

adventurer, pupil; and this court parasite, companion," retorted his sister, with bitter sarcasm.

"Obedient to the mandates of my king," replied Sir Thomas, unmoved by his sister's taunt, "I joined the sovereign in the most unregal task of giving to this illiterate youth that little knowledge fortune had bestowed on me; the chrysalis was then unfledged, and displayed a gratitude for my unwearying pains. That service past, and the base insect decked with coroneted wings, he flies above my aim; and studies to requite the man, whose counsel guided his successful steps and placed him in the air on which he soars, by seeking to lay dishonor on the head that taught his ignorance to speak."

"May I not, then, claim an equal right to exemption with yourself, and say the man I loved I now no longer like?" observed Marianna.

"On just and open evidence you may—you should; but you have it not to urge. The only fault your lover has is his devoted constancy, under all caprice, to you alone. You have, before the open court, slighted and wronged him: and for whom? This abject and insufferable fool!"

"Why did the man provoke me, then?"

"Why did your vanity aspire above degree, and aim to clutch at a dishonored coronet?"

"Alas, forsooth! Gra'mercy, sir, 'tis at my feet!"

"There let it perish, then! For by my honor, which I esteem far dearer than my life, if it encircle that fair brow never shall speech pass more between us. Sooner would I take the aspiring peasant by the hand and call him brother, than own a sister so debased as mated with this vice-stamped earl."

"You know Sir Harry Seymore has renounced all pretensions to my hand," replied his sister, somewhat embarrassed by her brother's determined manner, and speaking half in pique at the desertion of her lover. "You know he has left."

"Yes; when he saw you fettered by that slanderer's mesh. He felt a heart so caught was all unworthy of the nobleness of his. Nor would I wrong so far the friend I love as offer to his keeping the hand without the untrammelled soul of her who owned it. Either thou art his, perfect in love and honor, as befits my sister, or never shall he call you wife. Pause, Marianna, pause! This subtle villain hovers around, bent solely on your ruin. Already has his shameful artifice divorced Lord Essex from his wife, and he but waits the semblance of a decent hour to make the guilty woman his. You shake your head, and look incredulous. What! can it be? Has the base Scot dared to pour his damned poison in your ear, and stop the utterance of your marvel, by his pretold tale? And has he, then, presumed— But hear me, and mark me well!" he exclaimed, as he strode up to the table and grasped his sister's arm, and peered intently into her face, as if to read the inmost workings of her mind.

"So, you dare not meet my gaze! You cannot lift your eyes to mine, and answer with an honest look," he continued, as Marianna's countenance grew alternately pale and flushed beneath his scrutiny, and her eyes, so lately defiant and mirthful, fell abashed before the close and prolonged inspection. "It is so, then! And you have met him here! Now hear me. If ever from this hour you meet that man again, to whom I see your sense and soul are bound, prepare to call him husband. On the instant wed him! Great and powerful as he is, and though half of this land's sceptre is in his grasp, he shall do you justice. Right shall for once overcome might, and cunning match deceit. I swear it! By my redemption and my sword, I swear it! I leave you, Marianna; once more we meet, and then to part for ever. You have sacrificed a true heart's love to your caprice, and lost a brother;" and relinquishing her arm, Sir Thomas turned from his sister, and with a gloomy brow and foreboding heart, quitted the chamber.

For nearly an hour Marianna Overbury sat musingly, with her head resting on her hand, by the table as her brother had left her, perfectly unconscious of the increasing gloom that darkened each object around as night closed rapidly in; till, roused to recollection by the entrance of a servant with lights, she rose, and throwing open the glass door of the centre win-

dow, gazed for a few moments on the beautiful river that flowed broad and tranquilly beneath the terrace at her feet; then turning, inquired of the servant after her brother. To the answer that he had gone from the house and had not returned, she made no reply, but unfastening the gold cords of the casement, the heavy and loaded curtains swept down from their festoons along the floor, and in an instant completely enveloped the whole extent of window.

Recrossing the room, she resumed her former seat, and drawing a volume that lay on the table towards her, began to peruse the subject of its contents; but unable long to keep her mind to the direction of the tale, she closed the book with distaste, and leaning her fair cheek on her white fingers, seemed buried in profoundest contemplation.

Presently the folds of the damask curtains were gently ruffled, and the tall figure of a man, enveloped in an ample cloak, his features masked, and wearing the high-crowned hat of the period, with one large ostrich feather, entered noiselessly through the open casement, and approaching on tiptoe the chair of the meditative beauty, dropped the mantle from his person, and at the same instant removing his hat and vizard, fell gracefully at the feet of the stately lady.

"My lord! Alas! my lord, how can you be so rash as to venture once again within this house? always hazardous; but now, ah, doubly dangerous!" exclaimed Marianna, in an alarmed and agitated voice, as her wandering eye searched inquiringly around the apartment, and rising in perturbation at the abrupt and unexpected visit of her kneeling lover.

"Danger, my worshipped saint! Do not mix so gross a theme with the contemplation of thy matchless excellence. The danger's here—the mischief in your eyes, my treasured happiness! All else is dull, uninteresting earth. Danger is the cold suspense my warm affection fears from your delay; and death the consequence of thy unkindness. Life's terrible realities live alone for me within your coldness or your scorn. Oh, speak to me, and say I am but welcome!"

"Arise, my lord; arise! You do perplex me. I pry'thee, my lord, arise!" replied Marianna, confused, her brother's threat every moment recurring to her mind, and producing on her features a painful struggle between pride and alarm.

"I will obey you, lady," cried Lord Rochester, rising from his knee, and drawing his tall and handsome form up to its full height, and throwing upon a chair his diamond-looped hat; revealing in the light of the wax tapers a perfect blaze of gems, that, woven into chains, laced and intersected the breast, sleeves and tags of his doublet, and bordered like a string of stars his crimson sword-belt, displaying, with all the profusion of a weak mind, on one suit the revenue of a princedom. "Madam, I obey. But wherefore this anxiety? Why should that beaming face, which is my heaven to contemplate, be shadowed thus by some dark doubt—some needless fear?"

"Leave me, Lord Rochester; I beseech you, leave me! If you indeed love me, show it now in that, and prove it after more in deeds than words. But now, oh, now begone! At once: tarry no longer, and do not question me; but fly immediately."

"You know my love is far too deeply proved to fear or doubt should I for once refuse, presumptuously, to disobey your strongly expressed desire. What danger can befall me here, before this temple of my faith, where my recorded vows are hourly centred and my being dedicated?"

"Oh, peace, I pray you! and consult your safety: you are in danger—imminent hazard!" cried Marianna, eagerly, as she wrung her hands in evident distress and apprehension.

"Danger again, my sweet! Nay, tell me whence these fears arise. Banish them all, my love. I will protect you against all harm. Save only me from the more potent deadliness of your reserve; give me that safety from your love, and all the world is then at peace and smiling."

"Alas, alas! you will not see. It is my brother; he is incensed against you—threatens—"

"A summer vapor, my sweet love, on friendship's sky; a trivial shadowing of our true hearts. No more, believe me. A

smile, a hand, a look will wipe the difference out. And for thy sake I will be first to make atonement and re-cement our amity. Then think no more of that, my heart's delight; but let us speak of love, love only, only love!"

"Nay, nay; his anger is most grave, and he will be here anon. I even now expect him back. Then fly at once, my lord; begone and leave me!"

"Nay, my peerless beauty, why draw upon thy happy mind such harsh alarms? Rest thee sure; there is no cause to fear. I met your brother's barge upon the water, and, unseen myself, heard his direction to be rowed to Greenwich; and as the tide will ebb ere he can reach his point, there is no likelihood of his return to-night. And if he did, what has Lord Rochester to fear from him?"

"Alas! I apprehend more than your confidence admits."

"Or shall permit me to entertain. You do not know the cause of our dispute. Your brother, in his exacting sense of honor, would sacrifice you to his friend Sir Harry Seymore; and for the same end, to crush my hopes of you, urges the hateful marriage on me of the Lady Essex. So situated, my beloved, what can I do but assume compliance, and dissemble? Fly with me now, beloved. I have a house prepared at Barnet, where, under the protecting shield of a dear friend, a lady trusty and honorable, you will be safe till holy wedlock makes you mine in face of all duplicity and power."

"I may not hear you—dare not quit my brother's roof. But wherefore this delay? why not perform the rite at once? And then I care not where you take me to, till time enables you to own me as your lawful wife."

"I must rejoin the king at Windsor to-morrow morning, sweet. Besides, the clergyman to whom I spoke—good Mistress Turner's husband—will not return from Oxford until the day after to-morrow, by which time I shall have performed my duty to the king, and craved his leave of absence. Fear nothing, love, from this delay. Is not my honor pledged to your confiding heart? and can you doubt the only gage a nobleman can give?"

"Oh, had I doubted, my lord, these meetings had never been; this trial of my love had never chanced. But still, what need of haste? better wait till all is ready, and delay our flight till then."

"Impossible, my love! Your brother even now is gone to bring your sullen lover to your feet, and you will be then so watched that any hope after to-night were folly to depend upon. Then come, my sweet; my barge is near at hand, waiting my signal to approach; and with twelve stout rowers we shall reach Richmond ere midnight, where my carriage waits to bear you safe to welcome shelter. Nay, my Marianna, come! Come, dearest love!"

"I know not what to say, or how to act," replied the irresolute Marianna, as Rochester, placing one arm round her waist, drew her imperceptibly to the centre of the room. "I dare not go, yet dread to stay. Oh, would the clergyman were there!"

"I would he were, for thy sweet sake. I dare not trust our secret to a stranger, who might too soon betray us, to the risk of all we value. I'd give a year's revenue to call the laggard back upon the instant spur. Believe me, love, this brief delay weighs heavier on my heart than thine. But come; we waste the precious moments. Let us haste. Come! Now, by my soul, I'd yield my utmost wealth to any priest who, on the moment, as we speak, would make you mine for ever! Come, love, come!"

"I will provide you one," exclaimed the deep voice of Sir Thomas Overbury, who had noiselessly entered by the door, and stood with folded arms scornfully surveying the pair.

"Confusion! Death!" ejaculated Rochester, starting back and relinquishing his embrace of Marianna, who, hiding her face in her hands, sank back, with a suppressed cry, into a chair.

"It gives me joy to think that I can pleasure so great and powerful a nobleman as the high and mighty Robert Carr, Earl of Rochester," resumed Sir Thomas, with calm and cutting scorn.



"I WILL PROVIDE ONE," EXCLAIMED THE DEEP VOICE OF SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

"You presume, Sir Thomas Overbury, on my forbearance, and the respect I have for your great talents, or you would hardly venture on such sarcasm where I am principal."

"Low, abject caitiff! bloated and overgrown with favor; dare you assume a loftiness of thought and speech to one who towers as high above your grovelling soul as doth the glorious sun above dull earth!"

"I would respect my tutor; and such deference as we give to churchmen I would accord to you. You are, I bethink me, a man of philosophy and peace!" replied Rochester, tauntingly.

The blood mounted in a moment to the generally pale features of Sir Thomas, and his face assumed a deep and dusky hue from the surcharged veins, while his eyes flashed with a denouncing fire, as, unfolding his arms, he strode to within a few feet of the gay lordling. But checking himself abruptly in his intention, he paused, and looking with a contemptuous smile fixedly in the other's face, said, musingly:

"No! That is not my purpose. No. I should undo my aim. No!"

Then, in a louder voice, he proceeded:

"It is not for such as you, Robert Carr, to presume to question the feelings of a man born in honor and bred in rectitude. Your ignorance, as it has, ere now, saved you from the royal rod, may stand your shield from me. You dare as soon consume your hand in fire as draw an honest sword to guard your despicable life."

"I shall yet find a means, when from the shelter of your protecting roof, to make you weep for every word so used," added Rochester, crimson with struggling passion. "Here, Sir Thomas Overbury at least is safe."

"I know the fact, and am here all as potent as my Lord of Rochester, when he borrows his king's prerogative."

"I shall tarry no further argument," cried the earl indig-

nantly, taking a few steps towards the curtained window. "We shall meet again, and soon; till then live in safety and——"

"Nay, pause, my noble lord! You have been famed for gallantry," said Sir Thomas, interrupting the other's speech and further progress by his words. "You have forgotten yourself; you would not leave the lady, my lord, behind," he added, pointing to his shrinking sister. "Must I remind you of your late impatience? It was even now you wished to have a priest!"

"What your prying curiosity overheard, I shall take my own time to rectify," replied Rochester, imperiously.

"Your pardon; it will admit of no delay," added the brother calmly.

"It shall——"

"Not! you mean," interposed Sir Thomas, with the same imperturbable gravity, his eyes alone expressing the depth of his anger.

"What! do you beard me, sir?" exclaimed Rochester, provoked beyond endurance, and drawing off his glove, stepped back, as if about to dash it in the face of his confronter.

"Have a care, my lord," observed Sir Thomas, unmoved, as he marked the menacing action of the young lord. "Rouse not the slumbering panther—your life is yet but in its spring."

"I was indeed about to forget myself," he replied, dropping his raised arm. "You correct me well. I will thank you for this kindness hereafter;" and throwing his mantle over his shoulder and raising his hat with a distant salute, the earl again approached the window.

"I apprised your lordship the priest was ready. You forget the courtesy due to my vigilant solicitude. Shall I summon his reverence?"

"Your jests are most ill-timed; but I lack the leisure, sir, to give an answer to their misplaced humor."

"By your leave, then, I shall exact one."

"How! would you detain me, sir?"

"A few moments, my lord, for a few brief moments only."

And he stepped a few paces backward towards the door; but Rochester, deeming some danger at hand, and anxious to quit a spot where he had been so humiliated and his scheme of villainy so frustrated, he drew his sword, and assuming an attitude of defiance, exclaimed:

"Let your own life, sir, answer the hazard of my obstruction! Freely I came, and freely will I leave!" but at this moment Marianna rose from her chair, and rushing forward, seized the arm of Rochester, and depressing his blade, cried:

"My lord, put up your sword! You would not draw upon my brother?"

"Madam, all reverence to yourself apart, the man who seeks to chain my will or stop my path should feel its edge, though he stood kindred to my father!" and relinquishing his wrist from her grasp, the earl turned proudly to depart.

"Stand, my lord! Come forth there!" cried Sir Thomas, in an authoritative voice, as he calmly folded his arms and gazed contemptuously on Rochester, while at the same instant a number of retainers stepped from behind the curtains, each man presenting his partisan in a line at the breast of the amazed and speechless nobleman. "These, my Lord of Rochester, when honor fails to bind, become the arguments of justice. The priest—a reverend father of our church, a valid minister, my lord—with competent witnesses to attest the holy rite, tarry your presence in the adjoining chamber," observed Sir Thomas, looking alternately on the snared bridegroom and his trembling sister, who had again sunk into her seat, overcome with shame, remorse and grief; while Rochester's face grew livid from mortified pride, rage and passion; and he bit his nether lip till the blood stained his pallid countenance.

"Brother, I implore you, save me, spare me!" cried Marianna, throwing herself beseechingly at his feet. "I see my fault, the snare I have escaped. Oh! brother, save me!—pity me!"

"Lift up your bride, my lord! you are shrewdly backward in your gallantry," said Sir Thomas, retracing slowly a few steps from his supplicating sister. "No, madam!" he continued, addressing Marianna; "you mistake, I am saving you. Better die Countess of Rochester than the disgraced dupe of this voluptuary—see, the impatient bridegroom awaits your coming."

"Arise, madam! It is an ill compliment to wed you at the point of the pike," answered Rochester, sheathing his sword, and making a virtue of the compulsion; while he assumed an indifferent air as he tendered the kneeling Marianna his hand and raised her from the ground. At the same time the servants, at a signal from their master, recovered their arms, and stood mutely gazing on the party. "But if the ceremony savors more of the tower than the palace, you must thank your considerate brother, lady, for this strong mark of his attachment," and he glanced scornfully on the armed servants. "Come, madam, our object is but forestalled—let us not keep the reverend father waiting. By your leave, sir. Come, madam, let me lead you to the altar."

And, partly leading and half supporting the trembling and downcast maiden, he conducted her towards the door, Sir Thomas standing courteously aside to let them pass; but before they reached the entrance the portal was thrown open, and disclosed the chamber beyond brilliantly lighted and filled with domestics of the household, ranged round the apartment, while at the opposite door of egress stood six stalwart varlets with pike, cuirass and morion; and in the centre, by a large table, were two clergymen in their canonicals, each holding a large volume in his hand.

A few hassocks and three chairs before the temporary altar was the only furniture in the apartment. The perfect silence that reigned within, and the masked face of every individual present, struck a sudden awe into the soul of the earl, despite his assumed levity. There was something at once so vindictive, solemn and mysterious in every circumstance of the evening, and especially in this last pageant, that the weak mind of the vacillating Rochester shrank with timid fear; and but

that the eyes of so many were fixed on his every look, and that his pride brought aid to his crushed spirit, he would have openly betrayed the craven in his blood.

"Your brother, madam, is most provident of our pleasure. He has given us a masked nuptials! the conceit is worthy of so great a mind," exclaimed the earl, sarcastically, as he conducted his timid and alarmed bride into the chamber, followed by Sir Thomas and the armed servitors, who, having closed the door, ranged themselves before it, like those on the opposite entrance.

More like a funeral than a nuptial ceremony was that strange rite solemnized, the brother, with formal coldness, giving from his guardian hand the person of his unresisting sister. No words were spoken, save what the ordinance demanded; no greeting from rejoicing friends and happy guests sealed that solemn compact; no parents' smiles and tears, no husband's kiss, no kindred's hands were there to ratify the deed, but all was silent, cold and dead. A formal ceremony of wine and cake passed round untasted; and as the united pair retraced their steps in silence to the former chamber, and moved with lighted flambeaux to the balcony, not once a word was uttered. And as Lord Rochester and his wife descended the broad steps, lined with armed retainers, each holding in his hand a torch, it seemed more a dumb and funeral rite than the pertinings of a gladsome wedlock.

Stepping into the well-manned barge, that was to have conveyed the fugitives in their flight to Richmond, the earl conducted his bride beneath the gilded awning, and with a courteous bow, formally bade his newly-made brother "Good-night." The oars were instantly dropped, and the gay barge, with one torch burning at its head, shot into the centre of the dark stream.

The next moment every light on the shore was quenched, and not a soul was to be seen upon the lately crowded balcony, while through the obscure night, like a bright firefly, the stately barge, indistinct and shadowy, glided its measured, noiseless way through the surrounding gloom and solemn silence.

Before the morning's sun had penetrated the dun cloud of fog that, like a huge pall, hung over the wide city, the house of Sir Thomas Overbury had been sequestered to the crown, his domestics rigidly confined, and he himself, secured while making preparations for a hasty departure, was a fast-bound prisoner in the strongest dungeon of the Tower.

CHAPTER II.—TRAGEDY PERFORMED BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

About an hour before midnight on the 15th September, in the year 1413, a female figure, masked, and muffled in a large cloak, bearing in one hand a covered basket, and securing the folds of her mantle with the other, followed a warder with a lantern under one of the gloomy and ribbed arches of the tower. In the deep recess of this gateway, the faint light disclosed upon one side a small, narrow door, the surface of which, plated with iron and studded with innumerable square-headed nails, seemed to defy alike the assault of man or the decay of time.

Drawing from his belt a bunch of ponderous keys, the warder applied the largest to the aperture in the door, and, shooting back the massive bolt, pushed open the heavy and creaking portal. A cold stream of damp and mouldy air rushed instantly from the open cavity, and made the disguised female turn away her head to breathe the purer atmosphere from the arch, before encountering the heavy vapor of the subterranean region she was about so boldly to explore.

The jailor raised his dim lantern over the frowning doorway, and exposed a deep and winding stair below, along whose black, dewy steps the eye could trace the light and slimy trail of lizards and of slugs, while around the walls, and on the narrow steps beneath, grew a fungus carpeting of gray, elastic fen. Huge spiders threw their web across the stair from side to side, or hung like living shuttles from their threads, leaving on the intruders' features, as they passed them by, their clinging webs.

The quick but undaunted eye of the female took in, in an instant, all the loathsome characters of the spot, and read, in a glance, the construction of the way it was the man's object to reveal by the position of his light; and, with a hasty action of

her hand, motioned the warder to descend, closing the door herself, as she made the first few steps to follow him, while the man, going backwards, depressed his lantern to the level of the stairs, to guide her footing on the slippery and decaying stones.

Having, at length, descended the intricate and tortuous steps, they reached a long and gloomy passage, intersected on every hand by others, darker, fouler, and more chilling, if possible, than the main and winding one they traversed, while on each side loomed dimly out the frowning ribs and deep-set door of many a dreary cell. The condensed damp of this pestiferous region stood like a death-sweat along the slimy walls and arched roof of the vaulted gallery, and, as the guide and follower passed by, huge drops of the putrescent humor fell from the surcharged arch with dull and heavy plash upon the dark ground, or left a damp stain upon their close-wrapped vestments. The warder at length stopped before the door of a cell at the extremity of this noisome labyrinth, and, again drawing forth his keys, was about to insert the one selected in the lock, when his companion laid her hand on his arm, and whispered, in a soft, harmonious voice—

"Tell me, what sound is that I hear, so indistinct and fluctuating?"

"That, madam, my lady," replied the man, endeavoring to modulate his rough accent to a whisper; "why, God's benisons! 'tis the river you hear overhead and round you, madam. We are now under the Traitors' Gate, and the water here-a-way, that is, at this end of the dungeons, always makes that lullaby. It's a great comfort to a prisoner, that is, I wot; 'tis quite soothing like." And unlocking the strong door, he took a wax taper from his pouch, and, having lighted it at his lantern, presented it to the lady, and, admonishing her of the few steps that led inward from the door, ushered her into the vault and withdrew. Then fastening the portal, and leaving the key in the lock, retraced his steps along the vaulted passage, and finally took his stand at the low wicket, under the obscuring canopy of the heavy gateway.

The dungeon in which the visitor now found herself was a low vault or crypt, hardly ten feet high in the centre, and gradually rounding off, till its circular ceiling met the compact earth that, hard as flint, formed its cold and level flooring.

Eight bent and projecting ribs of stone sprang at equal distances from the ground, and running upwards, met in the centre of the low dome in a carved head of hideous features, that, traced with all the malignity of man's art, grinned with a horrid leer on the imprisoned wretch beneath. A few piles, driven into the hard earth, served as a support to two rough slabs of deal, which, with a scant and timeworn drugget, formed a rude table by day—if there were ever day in such perpetual gloom—and a more miserable couch for the long, ceaseless night of the unhappy captive. Two low stools, a pitcher of the moat water, and a loaf of rye and barley bread, was all this wretched cave and human den contained.

Standing at the farthest extremity of this truncated chamber, his arms folded on his breast, his long hair hanging matted and shaggy over his bent brows, and flowing far down his shoulders, stood the tall but now gaunt figure of the brave and noble Sir Thomas Overbury. His eyes, as they peered through the curtained air and dim obscurity, seemed large, sunken and hollow, and emitted from their sockets a bright and restless beam. His cheeks were shrunk, his jaw protruding, and the sharp angles of his frame denoted the keen ravages of hunger, cold, and the noxious influence of polluted air and stagnant water. Five months had wrought a change so wild and ghastly, that his best friend had passed him by unrecognised.

Setting down the basket on the rude table, and taking out two large tapers, the female lighted their wicks, and, with the one given her by the jailor, ranged the candles on the board; then, lifting her masked face towards the captive, started a real or assumed horror at his wild and haggard features, and the vast attenuation of his once muscular frame.

"Merciful Heaven! what a change is here!" cried the lady, in a soft and feeling voice, whose tone, as she clasped her gloved hands, seemed to vibrate through the hearer's brain, and made the prisoner start as if an adder's sting had pierced him through

the heart. "Is this the comely, wise and gallant Sir Thomas Overbury? Oh, tyranny most cruel! Ah! little did I think of such a hideous change as this. Aid me, Heaven! and give me strength to comfort and relieve this victim of man's malignity!"

"Vile woman!" replied Sir Thomas, in a deep and hollow voice, as he advanced more into the light, and scornfully gazed on the exquisite form before him, as, dropping her mask and mantle, she stood in all her feminine loveliness, contemplating the sad wreck with eyes of melting tenderness. "Have you come hither but to insult me, and triumph over the man your artifice and dark revenge have brought to this untimely pass? Are you come here to gloat upon your work, and note how your paramour's victim endures his lingering suffering? Behold the ruin time has made? Glut your savage hatred, and read the ravage on my cheeks. Gaze here! fill up your remorseless mind with every wasted lineament, and having writ the picture on your eye, haste to your voluptuous boy, and tell him all you saw. Behold! peruse! and begone!" And approaching the table, he threw back the damp locks from his forehead, and drawing himself up to his full stature, pointed to his pale emaciated features.

"Oh, you do mistake my errand, misconstrue my thoughts," exclaimed the fair visitor. "Ah! how different was my purpose here. I came to rescue and to save you."

"Frances Howard, Countess of Essex, as incapable is truth to dwell upon thy lips as light on darkness. Why do you seek to make me scorn you more?"

"Alas! alas! now do I suffer for my fault indeed." And the countess burst into tears, and hid her face in her handkerchief, as, with interrupting sobs, she continued her vindication—"What, will you be more inexorable than Heaven itself, to whom I, night and day, put up my prayers for pardon and relief! If you have suffered, oh! how much more have I endured. Compelled to mask beneath complacency and mirth the deep disgust and anguish of my heart—a passive victim to a husband's tyranny."

"What?—you, woman—countess—speak!" cried Sir Thomas, in breathless eagerness, as his imagination conjured up a fearful picture. "What do your words imply? Husband! Tell me, woman, whose wife art thou?"

"The Earl of Somerset's," replied the countess, still weeping.

"Somerset! How long have I been buried here? Somerset! There was no such dignity when I lived on earth. Yet—yet—it might be possible! Tell me—if you have yet one touch of nature in your soul. Where is my sister—where is the Lady Rochester?" demanded the prisoner, with tremulous anxiety.

"Dead!" faintly murmured the lady, muffling her face in her hands, and sobbing bitterly as she spoke. "Woe is me—dead!"

"My God! Dead! So young, so beautiful, so early in her grave!" exclaimed Sir Thomas, raising his hands and clasping them on his forehead. "O torture! I need not ask you for the manner of her death. Your living tells me all. Dead—dead—my sister Marianna dead! Murdered, rather say. Aye, murdered, and to make way for thee!"

"Oh, too fairly do your fears presage the dreadful truth! She was poisoned, secretly destroyed, and the king—can I proceed, dare I go on? will you still doubt me if I reveal the rest?" she inquired with supplicating hesitation.

"Go on! I am a captive, and have no power to bid you cease. Oh, my sweet sister, it was I who doomed you. It is I who am your executioner. Oh, I am terribly punished for that one act of tyranny. God pardon me! What of the king, madam?"

"Ignorant of the earl's marriage with your sister—and oh! how soon that lie was cancelled—the king commanded me to wed Lord Rochester; nay, with his royal hand gave me at the altar to his keeping, adding to many princely gifts the earldom of Somerset. Ah, me! I little knew what malice lurked beneath that noble form, till, far too soon, he made me sensible of all the villainy within his breast. He told me of his forced marriage, and how the innocent bride within a week found her nuptial couch in an obscure and secret grave—of your imprisonment, and the lingering death that here awaited you."

"Proceed, madam," faintly articulated Sir Thomas, as the countess paused in her revelation.

"Too soon did I discover that I was betrayed. What availed remorse, or the recollection of the counsel I had spurned, when, with a friend's solicitude and a brother's care, you would have saved me from the fatal match which folly, witchcraft or some fatal spell made, to my deluded eyes, appear the only happiness on earth. You warned, denounced the match, and in my heart I hated you, and burned to revenge what I believed to be officious meddling. But I have lived to weep my fault away with scalding tears; for never, since the evil hour that made me his, has my sad heart known peace, or one comfort visited my deserted breast."

"Can this be possible?" ejaculated the prisoner, half doubting what he heard. "Can you so soon have proved the baseness of your lover's heart?" he inquired in a gentler voice, as the countess sank on one of the low stools, and leant her head on the rude table in all the outward evidence of remorse and anguish. "Can it, indeed, be possible that you have a soul to feel—that envy, malice and revenge are not the sole possessors of your heart?"

"Oh, can you doubt these tears—this abject state of crushed and utter misery—my deep accusing, and my keen despair! Oh, judge me by your own pure and generous nature; not by the cause you have to hate me, or never more shall I gain the friendship I now so rashly seek with so much hazard to myself;" and reclining her head upon the board, she gave way to renewed tears and lamentation.

"Can I have been deceived?" cried Sir Thomas, in a musing and self-reproachful tone. "If so, great Heaven! let me at least be just." Then drawing close to the table, he added, in a kindlier voice, "One word, madam; tell me in one word. For what object have you honored me with this visit?"

"To save you! set you free!" she rejoined with energy, rising and gazing in his face with anxious but decisive meaning.

"To save me?" replied the captive, with a faint and incredulous smile. "You forget I am Rochester's—nay, I crave forgiveness—the Earl of Somerset's prisoner—and, being that, I know too well that liberty and I have shaken hands."

"Yet I will free you, weak as I am; yes, free that noble spirit; and within an hour give you perpetual liberty, or failing, perish with you."

"Impossible! You deceive yourself. The lieutenant of the Tower is a creature of his own, placed in this trust for an especial purpose—a being that exists but on thy husband's breath, pledged, body and soul, to the furtherance of his desires! You overrate your power, good madam; yet, from my heart, I thank you for the intent."

"Too well I know the monster that you mean; but I have bribed him for an hour's remission of his duty. The jailor is my friend, and trusty. All is prepared, disguises are at hand, a boat is moored without the moat. Let me but see you hence, and I return once more to my detested home, which this success will, for my future days, make less hateful to me. But come, you are faint; take food and wine; 'tis here all ready. You will require your utmost strength to navigate the boat, for the wind is high, and the tide against you, and I dare not trust a human soul to keep you company. Here, Sir Thomas; haste, drink and eat."

And opening the basket, the countess took out a goblet and two flasks of wine, some manchets and slices of cold venison, and spread the whole out before him, filled the cup with wine, and then presenting the sparkling beverage to his hand, urged him to drink.

At the first sight of such long-denied dainties, the eyes of Sir Thomas Overbury sparkled with momentary pleasure, and his cracked lips and yearning nature longed to revel in the luxurious banquet; and eagerly stretching out his emaciated fingers, he was about to grasp the bowl so temptingly offered, when a sudden dread—a dark suspicion, fastened on his mind, and drawing coldly back, he folded his arms over his breast, and gazing with a distrustful look into the fair visitor's eyes, said calmly:

"Drink, madam."

"Oh, cruel man, to doubt me still, at such a time! But see how freely—weakening its potency with my tears—I will comply," added the countess, drinking deeply of the wine. "And, though grief overpower all appetite, behold how I will eat to pleasure you. But pray, oh, pray you speed; for we must hence in half an hour." And, breaking the bread and meat, she began to keep him company in the repast; while Sir Thomas, with all the ravenous zest of long privation, feasted on the rich morsels, gaining each moment strength from the sustenance. "Here, as a pledge of amity between us," cried the lady, taking a brilliant ring from her finger, and dropping it into the goblet she had replenished with wine and tendered him, "this royal gem, King James's gift upon my wedding day, I dedicate, after the Roman fashion, to my friend—for so you will now let me call you. Oh! how invaluable is the diamond that could buy me your esteem."

As Sir Thomas raised the bowl, saluting the fair giver with a wan smile, and drinking the generous beverage, the countess watched him with a look of such intense and earnest interest that her large orbs seemed flashing fire from their concentrated feeling; while the excitement of her manner grew by fits wild, capricious and hysterical, as she still plied the food and urged the wine, with a nervous eagerness that more than once drew comment from the observant eyes of the busy captive.

"Madam, you are ill!" remarked the prisoner, as he rose from the seat he had taken, and declined further viands. "The charitable part you have so generously resolved to play exceeds your strength. Your eyes look hot and bright, your features deadly pale. I fear you are ill!"

"Oh, nothing—nothing! 'Tis but the noxious air of these pent dungeons. Nothing! I shall be well anon—quite well," "But how fare you, sir? Dearth me, I fear I have infected you!" she continued abruptly, as her companion slowly resumed his seat, and, leaning his elbows on the table, rested his head upon his outspread hands.

Sir Thomas made no answer to her comment, and for several minutes not a sound disturbed the deadly silence of the vault; while, with eyes that seemed to scorch the object upon which they looked, so fierce and brilliant were the rays that darted from their expanded spheres, and with a cold, malicious smile, like the remorseless grin of an embodied fiend, the countess fixed her basilisk orbs on the devoted victim, watching, with a panther-like scrutiny, the faintest breath that issued from the racked bosom of her wretched foe.

Presently the prison-door was cautiously pushed open, and two masked men slowly descended the few steps, and on tip-toe approached the countess, who, without once moving her gaze or erect attitude, seemed intuitively to feel their presence.

"Is he dead?" inquired the Earl of Somerset, in a scarce audible whisper, partly lifting his vizard, as he placed his lips to his wife's ear.

"Dying!" was the brief answer, delivered in a calm undertone, without one falter in the steady direction of her eye, or motion of her rigid outline. The earl cautiously extended his arm to the board, and securing the goblet, inserted his fingers to the bottom, and withdrew the ring, holding it down to the light, as he carefully turned it round, and exposed to his companion's gaze the socket where the jewel had so lately been. The stone was gone—or, rather, the deadly crystal—the substituted diamond was dissolved!

"He has taken all, Ellis, the very dregs," whispered Somerset, in the same low breath, to his associate, the lieutenant of the Tower.

"All!" reiterated the countess, as her features relaxed into a dark and forbidding smile of triumph. "All—every drop!" and she articulated each syllable with savage enunciation.

"Oh, my God!" groaned Sir Thomas, with prolonged agony, that seemed to struggle from the lowest regions of his tortured heart; "oh, mercy!"

"Keep back awhile, my lord," muttered Ellis, retiring further into the shade, "'twill soon be over."

"Vile woman!" gasped the captive, slowly raising his head from its recumbent posture, and exposing to the light of the tapers the shrunk and distorted features of his blue and bloodless face, on which the beaded sweat of death stood like a fog-

frost over the contracted lineaments. "Remorseless, savage monster!" he continued, with slow and painful aspiration. "You have poisoned me. Oh, God! that beauty should be so conjoined with vice! Wretched, guilty woman! I will not forestall the wrath of God, and, in my agony, destroy you. No! you shall live to perish by the slow, consuming fire of a clamorous conscience. Take thy fiendish eyes from off my face! there's so much hell within their light, my very trust is blighted by them. Oh, oh! torment—insup—" and, as his body writhed from the intensity of suffering, he grasped the rough board with his convulsed hand, transfixing the hard wood with the talons of his sinewy fingers, as the muscles of his wrist started and plunged beneath the skin like living snakes.

"Oh, that thy fell partner were but here! By my soul's value, I would rob avenging heaven of its due, and snatch—Ha! who have we there?" he exclaimed, in a cracked and dissonant shout, springing to his feet, as the dim outline of the two figures loomed out of the shadow. "'Tis he! I know the cursed form. Now, then, revenge is mine! Ha! ha! ha! Revenge!" and making a bound forward, he parted his bent fingers to grapple the alarmed Somerset; but ere he could reach the object of his hate the lieutenant interposed, and, with the powerful grasp of his vice-like hand, seized the victim by the throat and held him stationary.

"Let me despatch him at once," cried the ruffian, directing his masked face to Somerset for approval.

"Forbear, my lord-lieutenant! Are you mad?" exclaimed the countess, stamping her foot fiercely on the ground. "Let go your hold, I command you! You will disfigure the body and leave marks on the corpse! Help him, Robert—throw him on the ground, and I will teach you how to shorten his treacherous breath."

Complying with her imperious commands, Ellis relinquished his hold of the captive's throat, and aided by the earl, who sprang forward to his assistance, they endeavored, in silence, to fulfil the orders of the malignant countess; but though the potency of the poison, in its paroxysms, prostrated his strength, in the brief moments of their remission, the wine and food of which he had largely partaken, and the natural tenacity of life, gave the victim power to struggle desperately before the two men could force him backwards on the earth.

"Now," cried the savage woman, in the calm tones of an indifferent performance, "seat yourself upon his legs, my lord, and you, Ellis, keep down his arms."

"Tigress! she-wolf! monster! What would you do?" groaned forth the pinioned victim. "You two are men, strike your daggers in my heart, and by my soul I will forgive you both. Here, Robert Carr, base-born Scott, despicable villain—strike! End me, kill me like a man! Dastard Ellis, drive home, and spare me the shame of dying by a woman! Coward, slave, pander—strike! strike!" till, exhausted with the agony of the poison, his head fell back and speech failed him.

"The same draught that cuts thee from the world my hand gave to thy presumptuous sister—it was I who poisoned her!" cried the vindictive countess, slowly walking up to the prostrate prisoner. "Did you think to slight Frances Howard with impunity, or escape her revenge? Abject worm!—keep him still, gentlemen!" she continued, stooping down, and as Sir Thomas essayed to speak, thrusting the folds of her embroidered handkerchief far into his jaws, and, standing up, placed her small foot firmly on the gagged mouth, and with a steady smile watched the darkening features beneath her tread.

For ten minutes the inhuman trio preserved their horrid attitude. The face of the earl, from whose forehead the mask had fallen in the struggle, was deadly white and moistened with a clammy sweat. Gazing up to his wife, he seemed to wait the signal from herself to rise; while the more courageous villain by his side kept his giant strength upon the unresisting arms.

Half an hour later the gag had been removed from the mouth of the corpse, the body laid, as if asleep, upon the rude couch, the dungeon locked, and every trace of the late visit to the vault removed; and before the hour of two had pealed from the Abbey clock, his majesty's servants, the Earl and

Countess of Somerset, had sought in safety the privacy of their chamber, in the palatial residence of Westminster.

Two days after the tragical event we have just narrated, the body of one of the warders was discovered, with the keys attached to his girdle, drowned in the Tower moat. A strict examination was ordered by the lord-lieutenant, to account for so mysterious a death. The vaults under his charge were searched, and in one of the dungeons the dead body of Sir Thomas Overbury was found extended on his bed, and from its appearance it was concluded that the jailor, from some neglect, having starved his prisoner, in a fit of remorse or terror for the consequences, had expiated his offence by a voluntary death.

A brief regret at the untimely fate of the wise and learned knight was all that marked his end; and in a month the recollection of the sad event had passed away, and men almost forgot alike his name and the very record of his death.

But time, the sure developer of crime, at length revealed a clue to this dark tragedy, and brought home to each participating hand confirmatory evidence. Sir Jervis Ellis, the lieutenant of the Tower, with Mrs. Turner and two subordinates, suffered the just penalty of the offended law, but the foul instigators of this and other crimes escaped the punishment of human justice.

State secrets and domestic confidence swayed the weak and irresolute (perhaps guilty) James to spare two lives from public execution, to endure in lingering and reproachful conscience an existence hateful to all, and loathsome to themselves.

Banished from court, despised by every honorable mind, shunned and execrated by the world, the fallen earl and his licentious wife retired in stately solitude to a remote mansion, where, served with scorn, isolated from human converse, loathing and detesting each other, a prey to all the agony of upbraiding crime, tortured by day with wild remorse, haunted by night with frightful dreams and broken rest, mutually cursing and reproaching—the wretched pair, together, but apart, drew out a tedious term of long-enduring years, and died at last in the extremity of age, to the end detested and abhorred, without one friend to mourn, or kindly hand to smooth the pillow of departing life; and found at length, within a nameless grave, a rest from fearful thoughts and living torments.

No stone records the spot, no chronicle reveals the place of sepulchre; no legend tells what obscure and lonely tomb hearsed in the proud, the powerful Somerset, and his more sinful wife; but silence rests, with just oblivion, on a king's minion and the object of the people's hate!

THE POPULATION OF ROME.—First for the plebeians: If some day, seeking for the Convent of Neophytes or the house of Lucrezia Borgia, you wander by accident among the straight streets paved by filth, around the Quartier des Monts you will elbow thousands of vagabonds, thieves, sharpers, guitar-players, models, beggars, cicerones, and *ruffians*, with their wives and daughters. Have you any business with them? They will salute "your excellency," and steal your handkerchief. I know of no other place in Europe, even in London, where one may meet with a more atrocious brood. As for the middle classes, I brought away from Rome a somewhat mean idea of them. A few distinguished artistes, a few courageous and clever advocates, a few learned medical men, a few wealthy and competent farmers, hardly suffice, in my opinion, to constitute a real citizen class. But as for the nobility, heaven help us! Thirty-one princes or dukes; a vast number of marquises, counts, barons and chevaliers; a multitude of untitled noble families, among whom Benedict XIV. enrolled sixty at the capitol; an immense extent of seigniorial domains; a thousand palaces; a hundred galleries, small and great; a sufficing revenue; an incredible prodigality of horses, carriages, liveries and cabinets; regal fêtes every winter; a remnant of small privileges and popular veneration; such are the aspects distinguishing the Roman nobility, and holding it up to the admiration of every booby in the universe. Ignorance, laziness, vanity, servility, and, above all, nullity, are the least contemptible characteristics that degrade them below all the other aristocracies of Europe.



CROW-BOY'S CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON.

THE CROW-BOY . OR, THE CHRISTMAS LUNCHEON.

ALL sorts and conditions of life, in-door and out-door, find their appropriate consolation in the Christmas season. The day of itself, fine or dreary, seems, as if by virtue of its associations, to induce happy feelings. There is an influence in the time which forbids even the wretched to be miserable. The pauper dreams, though wide awake, that he is rich ; and the beggar feels as potent as a king. His rags, indeed, are the true robes of royalty ; and frequently, in their unexpected combinations,

are so picturesque as to excite the admiration of the æsthetic. Even the rude worker in the fields, to whom no Christmas dinner is a probability, has his share in the common enjoyment, though, as it would appear, of a most mysterious sort. But, of all these special idealists, the Crow-Boy on Christmas Day, engaged in the open corn-field, strikes us with the most wonder. He is a psychological curiosity, as profound a mystic as Böhme, and a better poet than Bloomfield.

The artist has hit the character in the specific situation to a nicety. The actual about the boy is as cold and hard as are nature's dealings in general with her unsophisticated children,

who have not acquired the skill to subdue their parent to their own mood. The wintry cloud, the cheerless snow, the chill blast—these are his only companions in his solitary occupation. But there is an idea, that somehow or other has grown up in his mind: "It is Christmas Day!" By virtue of this idea, he is a metaphysician of the first water—an ideologist—a philosopher as intensely absent as Newton. He feels no more the cloud, the snow, and the wind, than the unparalleled mathematician himself, while wrapt in his sublime speculations, felt the want of the dinner which he habitually neglected. With that needful article, however, our Crow-boy is supplied. He has had it in his wallet all the morning—an extra store of bread, meat and cheese; for this is Christmas Day!

And this frugal meal is, to our Crow-Boy's imagination, a banquet equal to a bishop's, a revel not to be matched by a lord cardinal. Observe him while engaged in its mastication. His cheek is stuffed with the wholesome and savory morsel; while his dog, with his lips overflowing with slaver, looks up expectantly into his face; and his gun lies idly by the hedge. You may note by his sidelong leer that he well enough perceives the crows at their work of depredation. But it is Christmas Day, and festival tide with him. Care may sleep at such a season; therefore let them feast on. His gun for this day, at any rate, shall sound no alarm.

The season, too, makes the boy charitable to the poor crows. Out of the treasury of his happiness he can afford to impart a blessing to them. They shall also have their Christmas Day; for though by convention they are his victims, by creation they are his fellow-creatures. Nature made the field for them as well as for him and his master. Nay, she gave to them a special privilege in the air. Man can only walk; they can fly. Herein they are more like the angels than their tyrant. The boy thinks, perhaps, on this—in however rude a guise—and, seized with a poetic wonder, feels the weight of the unintelligible universe, and confesses himself as great a fool as the wisest. But he, thus life-and-food-enjoying his Christmas solitude (solitude save for those crows, who on this day dine with him, perhaps not uninvited guests)—he himself is, after all, the greatest mystery.

GENUINE TRANSACTIONS ON THE AFRICAN COAST.

Sketches from a Sailor's Diary between 1842-5.

THE CONGO.

THERE are few events better calculated to vary the monotony of an African cruise, to excite the interest and raise the spirits generally of officers and men, than a watering-trip up the Congo. In a merely seamanlike point of view there used to be something glorious in the anticipation (before the degenerating influence of steam took so prominent a part in our manœuvres afloat) of measuring our strength, by the aid of canvas alone, with the giant forces of the majestic river, which, rushing past its ocean barriers at a rate varying from five to six miles an hour, is able to rouse into action the sluggish waters of the equatorial latitudes some hundred miles from its mouth, and to discolor the blue waves of the Atlantic during its progress. The barriers once forced, the stream mastered, and an ascent of nine or ten miles accomplished, how simple the process of completing the ship's water! no wear and tear of boats, no watering-parties to be told off, and none of their ordinary concomitants—fevers and agues, with death in the background. A trip up the Congo, therefore, becomes a special object of interest to a considerate captain and his first-lieutenant, as well as to the ship's surgeon. Such prudential and disinterested motives, however, do not seem to exercise so much influence among the junior officers and seamen of a ship, if we may judge by the nature of their preparations for the intended visit. In fact the Congo is, or at all events it used to be, an admirable place not only for completing the ship's water, but for replenishing the hencoops, and indeed for obtaining farming stock in general, and last, not least, the most talkative parrots which Africa can produce. With the middies,

however, parrots are not by any means the chief objects of attraction; the possession of some diverting vagabond of a monkey always carries the day, more especially if (as is generally the case) the first-lieutenant has issued his veto against Jacko's admission into the ship.

The Congo chiefs encourage the love of barter among their subjects to a great extent, and, it seems, impose a royalty on everything that's sold; nor are they above acting as principals in the dealings with our cruisers. It is a well-known fact that "King Sober," as he is or was termed, would barter away everything he possessed for rum or other spirituous liquor as long as he could stand; after that stage was passed, the care of his prostrate majesty and of his mercantile interests was necessarily deputed to the devotion of his loyal subjects. Of this spiritual propensity the middy is soon made aware, and as he has heard that the "Sober King's" territory is famous for its monkeys, he may be seen trying to coax the purser out of a few bottles of rum to soften the heart of the sable prince. Then, on the lower deck, you may see Jack turning out and overhauling the contents of what he usually styles his "jew-box," where he stows all his odds and ends, including little souvenirs of his innumerable sweethearts, among which having found the last literary production of his Portsmouth Sall or his Plymouth Sue, he spells over her request to bring her home the most perfect of parrots, and to bestow on it during the passage the most liberal education a ship can afford. Then he turns out from some stowhole or other a well-worn red nightcap, and as he puts it with great glee he might be heard to say, "That 'll settle your business, old girl! if I don't get a parrot for this article, I'm a Dutchman!"

A considerable degree of activity may be also observed in the steerage and officers' cabins. The stewards muster their dusty array of empty bottles, each of which in the exchange with the natives is worth a fowl; the caterers of the messes examine their rolls of printed cottons (staple articles of commerce in an African market), while many a tarnished uniform of red or blue, and epaulettes deserted by all but a few straggling bullions, are once more brought to light, ready for adorning the person of some aspiring Congo dandy.

FORCING THE CONGO STREAM.

And now to describe the cruiser's conflict with the mighty tide-sluice. In order to bring the stirring scene more clearly before a landsman's imagination I will indulge in a homely simile. During a high wind on the sea-coast, have you ever noticed a number of gannets, or sea-gulls, or other sea-birds of like enterprising habits, perched on a ledge under the lee of a projecting rock or promontory, where they have found a temporary resting-place preparatory to continuing their flight in the teeth of the gale? See how they smooth their feathers and remove the drops of spray from their pinions, and how knowingly they appear to be scanning the passing clouds, in order, as it would seem, to form some estimate of the resistance they are about to encounter! Suddenly the ledge is vacant, the birds are off! But how different the results of their flight! The more crafty, or, it may be presumed, the older birds, have just taken a short sweep under the lee of the rock, to gain the necessary impetus, then almost brushed the point, so as to offer the smallest feather-edge as it were to the first blast; but the remainder of the flock having taken a wider sweep from the rock have encountered the gale on their broadsides, and may be seen drifting far to leeward like snow-flakes before the winter storm, while their more fortunate companions are winging their flight in the windward sky.

We will now suppose three of our cruisers have been nestling under the lee of Sharks' Point (the southernmost barrier of the Congo), and to be about to attempt against the current precisely the same manœuvre that our friends the sea-birds have just put in practice against the gale. For some hours their anxious chiefs have been intently watching the curl of the well-known "white horses" on the dark bosom of the Congo, ready to take advantage of the first favorable moment for dashing into the strength of the stream. The brig has made up her mind for a start. Up goes the signal, "Permission to part company?" which is quickly affirmed by the frigate; and

the former, under a pyramid of canvas, may be seen rounding the well-known point. Alas! she has given it too wide a berth; the current catches her on her bow before she has gathered sufficient way—she falls off rapidly, broadside on, and away she goes at the mercy of the current, which will not give her any peace until she has reached the opposite shore, where, in the absence of the more orthodox means of anchoring, she may make fast to the trunk of any tree she pleases, and send the boatswain aloft on one of the branches to square yards.

And now a rakish-looking brigantino, undeterred by the failure of her consort, and whose commander appears over-eager to avoid its cause, puts her head towards the point, and so close that she loses the strength of the breeze, which baffles, then heads, while the lee-braces come in too slowly, and the squaresails take aback; the vessel quickly loses her way, the current soon takes the command out of the officer's hands, and away she goes to console her companion among the woods opposite.

But what is the frigate about all this time? Her movements prove her to be an old stager, one of the old sea-birds, at all events. She is evidently waiting for the breeze to freshen, and for the "white horses" to become more defined, which is generally the case in the afternoon. There goes the lofty canvas on her! her starboard topmast and topgallant studdingsails have already caught the breeze, and her lower one is ready across the gunwale, while the braces are well manned. Hark a port! Down goes the helm—the sails barely lift as the yards run forward—the lower studdingsail is already set—the whole of the canvas is full—Sharks' Point is soon left behind—and away goes the good ship up the river, at the rate of nine or ten knots through the water, and two or three per hour towards her intended anchorage.

Her course is a solitary one—not a canoe, not an inhabitant to be seen. As for their villages, they are effectually screened by the dense mangrove forests, which seem at first sight to form an impenetrable network on either side of the river, but which are nevertheless intersected by innumerable creeks, well known to illicit traders.

At length the frigate reaches her anchorage, where she is soon wrapped in impenetrable mist. The last drowsy call of the parrot as he settled himself to roost has been hushed; the monkeys have chattered themselves to sleep; the merry song of the crew is no longer heard; there is not a sound during the night-watches to disturb the solemn silence that reigns o'er the bosom of the Congo, save the murmuring of the racing tide, or the "All's well" of the sentries accompanying each sound of the ship's bell.

DAY IN THE CONGO.

Some time has elapsed since the daylight-gun startled the wild solitudes of the Congo, and the shrill pipe of the boatswain and his mates gave the first signs of returning animation among the frigate's crew. The first lieutenant has been indulging his beloved decks and paintwork with the unusual luxury of a fresh-water bath. The sun has already begun to break through the mist, unmasking the long line of mangroves, and imparting a little cheerfulness to the scene. In the meantime all eyes on board the frigate are directed to every apparent creek or gap in the line of mangroves, in search of the canoes with their black occupants; the caterers and stewards are already mustering on the gangway with their marketable stock, and every preparation is in progress for a busy morning. They are only impatient that it has not yet begun. Eager expectation, however, makes them unjust to their friends, who are all the while hastening on to the rendezvous; but they have a long way to come, and cannot arrive so soon as they and their visitors would wish. Six bells (seven o'clock), however, have hardly struck when the first canoe appears in sight; and now the whole left bank of the river becomes suddenly animated by the rapid succession of the dealers. Innumerable canoes, like ants from a green roadside bank, are seen darting out from every opening in the forest, while their occupants, with vigorous strokes of the paddle, engage in a well-contested race up the river inshore, and out of the greatest force of the stream, preparatory to striking boldly across to the frigate's

anchorage; nor do they often miss their goal, their calculations being made with the greatest anxiety, as the slightest error necessitates their return to the bank to commence operations *de novo*, involving the loss of the first fruits of the market.

Soon all of the flotilla are alongside who have not been capsize in their eagerness to secure the best berth. Every black hand not engaged with the paddle is holding up some skinny fowl, or directing attention to a placid-looking sheep, or forcing some unhappy grunter, by repeated pokes, to announce his presence; then the parrots and monkeys innumerable; such crowing, bleating, cackling, &c. as was never heard alongside a ship anywhere but in the Congo. The waist hammock-nettings are admirably adapted for conducting the traffic, the plan of which is simple enough. An empty bottle in each hand is displayed by some one inboard; up goes a fowl in each, to correspond, on the part of the negro expectant below. A *bona fide* fathom of cloth is held out at arm's length from the hammock-netting; thereon a negro marketer points to a pig, or sheep, or parrot (as the case may be), with the one hand, and holds up so many fingers of the other as indicate the market price in fathoms; then down goes the latter, suspended by a rope's-end, into the canoe, and the next moment up comes the living animal, which, if it be a pig, screams at the very pitch of his voice at so unusual a mode of progression; and so on *ad infinitum*, or until the market is exhausted. The best bargainer out-and-out in the morning's proceedings is Jack with his red nightcap, for by its aid he has not only secured a parrot apiece for his loves at the two principal home-ports, but received the promise of a third, which, considering his character as a general lover, he will have no difficulty in disposing of.

And now a canoe with one sitter is reported as approaching the ship, whose tall, dignified appearance, with his anklets, and his bracelets, and his staff, proclaims the Congo chief, who, fallen though he be, still retains the noble carriage of his ancestors. And here I should mention that the African chieftain has a staff, as have the great captains in our own country; but it is one which he carries in his hand, being indeed nothing more than a *bona fide* stick, some six feet in length, with one or two circular nobs on it, according to the particular rank of its owner, the whole being beautifully plaited over with parti-colored grass. Each gunwale of the canoe is occupied by a parrot, while two chattering monkeys, seated cheek by jowl on the stem, form an admirable figure-head. The chief is close alongside, when his attendant, who has ceased paddling, in an evil moment lays hold of the guy of the swinging boom; the canoe immediately broaches-to, the stream pours over her gunwale, and over she goes, immersing in the broad Congo the poor prince and his guilty subject, staff, parrots and all, who are borne away on the bosom of their native stream. One wistful look the chief turns towards the frigate—not to reproach her crew for their seeming apathy, for he knows assistance to be impracticable, but he is aware that his day's barter is at an end; one lingering look, and then he strikes out manfully across the stream, knowing that he has no time to lose if he would effect a landing on his own dominions, and thereby avoid a contest with the sharks, which constitute a formidable line of sentinels to guard the river barriers. His devoted subject, in the meantime, has additional cause of anxiety, for the two parrots have sought refuge from the water on his shoulders, and are digging their beaks into his woolly locks to secure their hold, while one of the monkeys is doing his best to dispossess them, in order to secure for himself a drier berth; the other one, fortunately for himself, made a spring for the ship as the canoe capsized, and had been cleverly smuggled into a main-deck port by an unseen hand.

The crew, though unable to help, had not been uninterested by the catastrophe. Various exclamations had been heard. "Man overboard!" cries one; "Chief overboard!" exclaims another; while a small voice from the midshipmen's berth chimed in, "Which king? Not King Sober, I hope; is it?" "Not he, sir!" exclaims an old Congo cruiser; "he ain't so partial to cold water at this time of the morning; besides, he generally wears a red coat!"

And lo! as he says the word, there climbs upon deck another chief, the very one of whom they were speaking, with the

identical red coat, surmounted by a very antiquated cocked hat, shorn of its bullion, with staff in hand—in short, a general officer all complete except the breeches—the want of which, however, lays bare the anklets that, shining on his black skin, proclaim the Congo chief. He advances with dignified gait to exchange greetings with the captain, who, having just completed his toilette, has made his first appearance on the quarter-deck, and hurries over the ceremony of shaking hands, perhaps from the fear of having to repeat his ablutions. Some kind of mysterious converse now appears to be passing between them; and might not an enthusiastic devotee in the cause of benighted Africa very naturally suppose that the tenor of this conversation would lie in congratulating the commander on his exertions in the cause of freedom, and in relating how he himself (the sable abolitioner) had been occupied of late in chastising the unlawful attempts of his subjects to foster the illicit trade? Not a bit of it! The chances are, that at that very moment there were some hundreds of unfortunate beings cooped up, with the knowledge of King Sober, in some barracoon not many miles from his own village. In fact, the general subject of conversation seems to have turned on “rum.” To humor the old drunkard, orders are transmitted to the captain’s steward, and the black chief disappears down the after-ladder; from which, however, he soon emerges, and takes his seat on one of the gun-carriages, addressing an occasional question or two to the captain as he passes to and fro during his quarter-deck walk.

“How many guns you got, captain?”

“Forty-two,” is the answer; “but I suppose you manage to see double that number.”

King Sober seems lost in contemplation for a moment or two.

“How many men you have, captain?”

“Four hundred.”

“Why, Spanny ship, all the same this, carry two thousand, captain!”

“Ah, I see: you mean slaves. Your head always runs the same way.”

“No, no, captain; me read queen book too hard” (these Africans designate all kinds of letters, treaties, &c. by the name of “book”).

Here the conversation is cut short by the captain’s retiring to his breakfast, when one or two middies, taking advantage of his absence and that of the senior lieutenant, approach Sober Jack, and venture to broach the subject of their earnest wishes; but the dignity of the prince does not vanish after the first glass sufficiently for him to condescend to palaver with a humble middy, and he watches their intrusion with unequivocal looks of contempt.

“Well, King Sober,” asks one, “how many monkeys have you got for us?”

“Monkey!” replies the indignant chief. “You monkey yourself, boy! me talk with the captain!”

Then away he stalks on a voyage of discovery to the decks below, in the course of which he enters the gun-room, and may be seen trying on sundry cast-off pieces of finery, and imbibing an occasional glass of grog between the acts. At length his dignity has so far evaporated, that he continues his course into the steerage, where he is soon surrounded by a bevy of midshipmen, nothing daunted by their late repulse, and who seem very shortly, by their radiant looks, to be gratified to their hearts’ content by the success of their dealings: so much so, indeed, that they have secured for themselves the honor of the chief’s company to dinner at their usual hour, noon; while more than one specimen of the forbidden animal has braved the first-lieutenant’s wrath, and found his way into some dark hole assigned for his accommodation. Fortunately, however, for the little remaining dignity and sobriety of the middies’ intended guest, a well-timed order from the quarter-deck, that all strangers should leave the ship, is now put in force; so the sable chief is enabled to walk unassisted over the side, though with less of majesty in his deportment, and less of steadiness in his gait, than on his arrival.

Thus the forenoons of a ship’s visit to the Congo pass glibly enough. The afternoons are usually devoted by parties of enterprising officers to exploring the labyrinth of creeks, most of

which, at some time or other, have afforded a lurking place to the pirate and slaver (terms all but synonymous), and among the intricacies of which, in case of alarm, they steal away, secure from the observation. Other parties of officers, disposed to return the visits of the natives, in lieu of following the line of creeks—the more circuitous but more practicable course—prefer to force their adventurous way through the thick of the mangroves, or river forest, an amusement attended with much personal inconvenience. But the pleasure of the trip is enhanced by the difficulties attending it; and the mangroves once conquered, the exploring parties are rewarded with a charming open country, and a pleasant visit to the adjacent villages.

THE CRUISER’S LAST NIGHT IN THE CONGO.

Subsequent nights passed in the Congo are very different from the first. Instead of the solemn silence, there is a concatenation of sounds from the terrified throats of the multiplicity of animals who have not yet settled down into their change of berth. First, loud and continued outcries of awakened chickens proceed from the direction of the hencoops, into which some mischievous rascal of a monkey has managed to force an entrance, and is passing all kinds of practical jokes on his feathered countrymen; next, a mammy-sick parrot in the vicinity of the steerage, either dreaming, or awaking with the idea of being a very illused bird, gives utterance to the shrillest of shrieks, which, being taken up by a dozen other condoling members of his species, sets the captain’s, gun-room, and first lieutenant’s bells going furiously for their attendant orderlies.

“Sentry, stop those infernal parrots!”

“Sentry,” exclaims one of the gun-room officers, turning out of his cabin in a rage, “go and choke that parrot. Who does it belong to?”

“The captain, sir,” replies the sentry, as a last resource, to be quit of all further importunity; and the grumbling officer thereon endeavors once more to settle himself to sleep with an oath on his lips. To sleep! Poor, deluded man! for, soon after, the mischief-loving midshipman of the middle watch, whose powers of animal mimicry are unrivalled, steals forward, and concealing himself in the neighborhood of the hencoops, gives one good, honest, English crow; in an instant he is responded to by a chorus from little short of a hundred African cocks, who, taking their time from their new fugleman, repeat the joyful note again and again in their glee at the supposed return of dawn. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, tinkle, commence the bells, with redoubled fury; even the marine officer this time is startled from his slumber, and joins his messmates in frantic calls for the unfortunate orderly.

“What the devil is that noise?”

“The cocks are making it daylight, sir.”

“What time is it, sentry?”

“Two bells in the middle watch, sir.”

“Sentry, why wasn’t I called at daylight?”

“It’s not daylight, sir, by four hours.”

“Sentry, go and stop those confounded cocks!”

“The maindeck sentry has been trying, sir; but there’s one cock got loose, who always starts them off.”

“Go forward yourself with your lantern, and wring his neck,” are the last orders of the irate first lieutenant; and away goes the discomfited orderly, with the full intention of carrying out his orders, when either the sight of his person, or of his martial array, or of the lantern he holds in his hand, so terrifies a semi-civilized lot of pigs confined in a temporary pen made with gratings, that they clear the opposing barriers at a bound, and commence scampering round the deck: at which stage of the proceedings a favorite Newfoundland dog, considering himself bound to interfere, or that the whole scene was got up for his amusement, leaps among the panic-stricken herd, who, smarting under the vigor of his attacks in front and rear, retreat in full cry to the shelter of their temporary habitation; not, however, without tripping up the heels of the orderly, still busy in his search for the truant cock, and who suddenly finds himself on his back, the heavy concussion of his fall and the jingle of his accoutrements waking every soul in the ship.

“Holla! what’s that?” says Jack, looking over the gunwale of his hammock, and addressing his neighboring shipmate.

"Only a marine fallen down the hatchway!"

"Pick up the pieces," chimes in a third.

"Never mind the pieces," roars another; "we can draw a new marine at Ascension!"

At these sallies the whole lower deck is convulsed with laughter, including the marines themselves. The bell soon strikes eight (four a.m.), the middle watch is past, the poor orderly is not sorry to retire to his roost, while the young scamp of a midshipman, the chief cause of the confusion, as he swings himself joyfully into his hammock, indulges in self-congratulation, not only that he has not once closed his own eyes during a whole middle watch (a rare occurrence, indeed), but that he has prevented everybody else from doing so.

FAREWELL TO THE CONGO.

After the scenes of the preceding night it must be ident that it hardly requires the morning gun to reanimate frigate's sleepless crew, and that the pipe of the boatswain and his mates is almost a welcome sound; the decks are indulged for the last time with a fresh-water wash, and in the course of the forenoon the ship may be seen backing and filling, or lazily drifting, broadside on, down the stream, like a miniature Noah's ark, being nearly as rich as Noah in specimens of natural history.

The education of the parrot tribe is soon complete, in one line more especially. Through whatever part of the ship you may wander, the ear is assailed with sounds of the same meaning: "Boatswain's mate!" "Sir!" "Pipe to grog!" Then, from one of the steerage cabin: "Purser! purser! you old blackguard! a glass of grog." Then, how often is the ire of the first lieutenant roused during his walks of inspection round the decks, by a glimpse of the grinning and half-drunken physiognomy of the forbidden animal; for even the Congo monkeys have a grogward propensity, a taste which Jack never fails to encourage among his pets. There he is, the longtailed rascal, peeping out of one of the pigeon-holes on the main-deck, or out of one of the before-mentioned jew-boxes, from whence Jack has ejected his love letters and other treasures, to make a habitation for his pet; then is heard a stentorian voice, "Heave the brute overboard! Away with him!" and over goes poor Jacko, like the Congo chief, to brave the perils of his native stream.

I do not remember at the time I speak of any further acts of retributive justice. The kind-hearted captain, although soon wide awake to the fact that there were monkeys enough on board to man the royal yards, yet, as the ship was homeward bound, extended his act of mercy, or, at all events, turned his blind side to them. The latter, however, were not equally considerate towards their own species. I do not think it is peculiar to the Congo monkeys, but it is a lamentable fact, how addicted are animals of the kind to the commission of two crimes, murder and suicide! I remember seeing a monkey on the voyage I am speaking of stealing behind another of his species, who had perched himself on the sheet anchor, and was quietly contemplating the blue waste around him; he approached with the utmost caution, and when he had succeeded in taking a place unobserved where he had the command of the position, he suddenly laid hold of his victim, and pushed him overboard. The drowning monkey was speedily left behind, notwithstanding the ropes charitably thrown out to him; and as the ship sped by him, the one who had committed the deed ran along the gunwale to keep him the longer in view, chattering and making faces at him as he passed. Another monkey I remember to have seen raise his arm over his head, as though to secure himself in sinking, and then plunge overboard; and so fixed was he in his purpose, and so successful in the means he took, that he never reappeared on the surface, even for an instant. Another attempted the same action, but with less fixity of purpose; for no sooner did he touch the water than he began screaming most pitifully, and was in the act of jaying hold of the rope which was thrown to him, when a shovel-nose shark "came and gobbled him up," and there was an end of poor Jacko.

And now, farewell, majestic river; farewell, Congo's degenerate but hospitable chiefs! One cannot but feel an interest in you, in spite of your drunken and slave-jobbing propensities.



THE POPE'S CHAIR.

For the benefit of such of our readers as may happen to be numismatists, we give an engraving of a very rare medal, struck during the pontificate of Pope Alexander VIII., who occupied the papal chair from 1689 to 1691.

On the reverse is a curious representation of the chair of St. Peter, the identity of which occasioned so much controversy a few years ago.

The medal is in English hands, being preserved in the well-known collection of Sir George Chetwynd.



WHAT A PRETTY LITTLE HAND.

I AM not a bashful man. Generally speaking, I am fully as confident and forward as most of my sex. I dress well, dance well, sing tolerably; I don't tread on ladies' dresses when I make my bow; and I have not the trick of coloring to the roots of my hair when I am spoken to. Yet there was one period of my life when all my merits seemed to my own eyes insignificant, and I felt very modest, not to say bashful. It was when I was in love. Then I sometimes did not know where to put my hands and feet. Did I mention that in the said hands and feet consists my greatest beauty? They are both small.

Three years ago I fell in love. I did not walk into it quietly, weighing my idol's perfections against her defects. I fell in, head and ears, two seconds after the introduction.

"Mr. Haynes—Miss Arnold," said a mutual friend, and lo! I was desperately in love. She was a little, fairy-like figure, with long, brown curls floating over a snowy neck and shoul-

ders, and falling down on the waist of an enchanting sky-blue dress. Her large, dark blue eyes were full of saucy light, yet, oh! how tender and loving they could look. This I found out later.

Of all the provoking, tantalising little coquettes, that ever teased the heart out of a poor man, Susy Arnold was the most bewitching. I would pass an evening with her, and go home certain that one more interview would make me the happiest of men; but the next time I met her, a cool nod and indifferent glance threw down all my castles. She was very cautious. Not a word did she drop to make me believe that she loved me; and yet her hand would linger in mine, her color rise if I looked my feelings, and her eyes droop, to be raised again in an instant, full of laughing defiance. She declared her intention to be an old maid most emphatically, and in the next sentence would add, "I never did love, but if I should take a fancy to anybody, I should love him like—like a house a-fire. Though," she would say, carelessly, "I never saw anybody yet worth settling my thoughts upon."

I tried in a thousand ways to make her betray some interest in myself. Propose outright I could not. She had a way, whenever I tried it, of looking in my face with an air of grave attention, of profound interest, that was equivalent in its effect to knocking me down; it took all the breath out of me.

One evening while there, I was seized with a violent headache. I told her I was subject to such attacks, and the gipsy, putting on a grave face, gave me a lecture on the subject of health, winding up with:

"The best thing you can do is to get a wife to take care of you, and to keep you from over study. I advise you to do it—if you can get anybody to have you."

"Indeed," I said, rather piqued, "there are only too many. I refrain from a selection for fear of breaking other hearts. How fond all the ladies are of me!" I added, conceitedly, "though I can't see that I am particularly fascinating."

"Neither can I," said Susy, with an air of perfect simplicity.

"Can't you?" said I. "I hoped—hoped—" Oh! that dreadfully attentive face of hers. "That is, Miss Susy, I thought, perhaps—oh! my head, my head!" and I buried my face in the cushion.

"Does it ache so very badly?" she asked, tenderly, and she put her cool, little hand in among my curls. I felt the thrill her fingers gave me all the way to the toes of my boots.

My head being really very painful, I was obliged to leave; but all the way home the soft, cool touch of those little fingers lingered upon my brow.

Soon after this it became necessary for me to leave the city on business. An offer of a partnership in the office of a lawyer friend of mine made me decide to extend my trip, and see how the "land lay."

One thing was certain, I could not leave home for months, perhaps years, without some answer from Susy. Dressed in my most faultless costume, and full of hope, I went to Mr. Arnold's. Susy was in the parlor at the piano alone. She nodded gaily as I came in, but continued her song. It was, "I've something sweet to tell you!"

At the words, "I love you! I adore you!" she gave me such a glance. I was ready to prostrate myself; but, sweeping back the curls with laughing defiance, she warbled, "But I'm talking in my sleep."

"Then," I cried, "you love me when you sleep! May I think so?"

"Oh! yes, if you choose; for Rory O'More says that dreams go by contraries, you know."

I sat down beside her.

"Ah!" I said, sighing, "Rory's idol dreamed she hated him."

"Yes," said Susy, "that was the difference between his case and yours."

We chatted away for a time. At last I began:

"Miss Susy, I came up this evening to tell you that I—I—"

How she was listening! A bright thought struck me. I would tell her of my journey, and in the emotion she was certain to betray, it would be easy to declare my love.

"Miss Susy," I said, "I am going to London to-morrow."

She swept her hands across the keys of the piano into a stormy polka. I tried to see her face, but her curls fell over it. I was prepared to catch her if she fainted, or comfort her if she wept. I listened for the sobs I fancied the music was intended to conceal; but throwing back the curls with a sudden toss, she struck the last chord of the polka, and said, gaily:

"Going away?"

"Yes, for some months."

"Dear me, how distressing! Just stop at Levy's as you go home and order me some extra pocket handkerchiefs for this melancholy occasion, will you?"

"You do not seem to require them," I said, rather piqued; "I shall stay some months."

"Well, write to pa, won't you? And if you get married or die, or anything, let us know."

"I have an offer to be a partner in a law office," I said, determined to try her, "and, if I accept it, as I have some thoughts of doing, I shall never return."

Her face did not change. The old, saucy look was there, as I spoke; but I noticed that one little hand closed convulsively over her watchchain, and that the other fell upon the keys, making, for the first time, a discord.

"Going away for ever?" she said, with a sad tone, that made my heart throb.

"Miss Susy, I hoped you, at least, would miss me, and sorrow in my absence."

She opened her eyes with an expression of profound amazement.

"I?"

"Yes, it might change all my plans, if my absence would grieve you."

"Change all your plans?"

"Yes, I hoped—thought—"

Oh! that earnest, grave face. My cheeks burned, my hands and feet seemed to swell, and I felt cold chills all over me. I could not go on. I broke down for the third time.

There was an awkward silence. I glanced at Susy. Her eyes were resting on my hand, which lay on the arm of the sofa. The contrast between the black horsehair and the flesh seemed to strike her.

"What a pretty little hand!" she said.

A brilliant idea passed through my brain.

"You may have it if you will!" I said, offering it.

She took it between her own, and, toying with the fingers, said, "May I?"

"Yes if—if you will give me this one," and I raised her beautiful hand to my lips.

She looked into my face. What she read there I cannot say; but if ever eyes tried to talk, mine did then. Her color rose, the white lids fell over the glorious eyes, and the tiny hand struggled to free itself. Was I fool enough to release it?

What I said I know not; but I dare say my wife can tell you. Five minutes later, my arm encircled the brown dress, the brown curls fell upon my breast, and my lips were in contact with—another pair.

GOSSIP ABOUT GREAT MEN.

An interesting chapter might be written about the weaknesses of great men. The anecdotes of Archimedes will be remembered, who rushed through the streets of Syracuse, *al fresco*, crying *Eureka!* and, at the taking of the city, was killed by a soldier, while tracing geometrical lines on sand. Socrates, when filled with some idea, would stand for hours fixed like a statue. It is recorded of him that he stood amidst the soldiers in the camp of Potidea, in rooted abstraction, listening to his "prophetic or supernatural voice." Democritus shut himself up for days together in a little apartment in his garden. Dante was subject to fits of abstraction, in which he often quite forgot himself. One day he found an interesting book, which he had long sought for, in a druggist's shop at Sienna, and sat reading there till night came on.

Bude, whom Erasmus called the wonder of France, was a

thoroughly absent man. One day his domestic broke into his study with the intelligence that his house was on fire. "Go inform my wife," said he; "you know I do not interfere in household affairs!" Scalliger only slept for a few hours, and passed whole days without thinking of food. Sully, when his mind was occupied with plans of reform, displayed extraordinary fits of forgetfulness. One day in winter, when on his way to church, he observed, "How cold it is to-day!" "Not more cold than usual," said one of his attendants. "Then I must have the ague," said Sully. "Is it not more probable that you are too scantily dressed?" he was asked. On lifting his tunic the secret was at once discovered; he had forgotten all his under clothes but his breeches!

Mrs. Bray tells a somewhat familiar story of the painter Stothard. When invited on one occasion to dine with the poet Rogers, on reaching the house in St. James's palace, he complained of cold, and, chancing to put his hand on his neck, he had forgotten to put on his cravat, when he hastily returned home to complete his attire.

Buffon was very fond of dress. He assumed the air of the grand seigneur, sported jewels and finery, wore rich lace and velvets, and was curled and scented to excess—wearing his hair *en perruque* while at his studies. Pope, too, was a little dandy in a bag-wig and sword; and his crooked figure enveloped in fashionable garments gave him the look of an overdressed monkey. Voltaire, also, was fond of magnificent attire, and usually dressed in an absurd manner. Diderot once travelled from St. Petersburg to Paris in his morning-gown and nightcap, and in this guise promenaded the streets and public places of the towns on his route. He was often taken for a madman. While composing his works he used to walk about at a rapid pace, making huge strides, and sometimes throwing his wig in the air when he had struck out a happy idea. One day a friend found him in tears. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed, "what is the matter?" "I am weeping," answered Diderot, "at a story that I have just composed!"

Young, the poet, composed his Night Thoughts with a skull before him, in which he would sometimes place a lighted candle; and he occasionally sought his sepulchral inspiration by wandering among the tombs at midnight. Mrs. Radcliffe courted the horrors with which she filled her gloomy romances by supping on half-raw beefsteaks, plentifully garnished with onions. Dryden used to take physic before setting himself to compose a new piece. Kant, the German philosopher, while lecturing had the habit of fixing his attention upon one of his auditors who wore a garment without a button in a particular place. One day the student had the button sewed on. Kant, on commencing his lecture, fixed his eyes on the usual place. The button was there! Fancy the consternation of the philosopher, whose ideas had become associated with that buttonless garment. His lecture that day was detestable; he was quite unbinged by the circumstance.

Too many authors have been fond of the bottle. Rabelais said, "Eating and drinking are my true sources of inspiration. See this bottle! it is my true and only Helicon, my cabalistic fountain, my sole enthusiasm. Drinking, I deliberate, and deliberating I drink." Ennius, Æschylus and Cato all got their inspiration while drinking. Mezerai had always a large bottle of wine beside him among his books; he drank of it at each page he wrote. He turned the night into day, and never composed except by lamplight, even in the daytime. All his windows were darkened; and it was no unusual thing for him to show a friend to the door with a lamp, though outside it was broad daylight! On the contrary, Varillas, the historian, never wrote except at full mid-day. His ideas, he imagined, grew and declined with the sun's light.

Lamb was also a great smoker at one period of his life. But he determined to give it up, as he found it led to drinking—to "drinking egg-flip hot at the Salutation." So he wrote his "Farewell to Tobacco," and gave it up—returning to it again, but finally abandoning it. In a letter to Wordsworth he said, "Tobacco has been my evening comfort and morning curse for these five years; and you know how difficult it is to refrain from picking one's lips even when it has become a habit. I have had it in my head to write this poem (Farewell to To-

bacco) these two years; but tobacco stood in its own light when it gave me headaches that prevented my singing its praises." Once, in the height of Lamb's smoking fever, he was puffing the smoke of strong, coarse tobacco from a clay pipe, in the company of Dr. Parr, who whiffed only the finest weed, when the latter, addressing Lamb, asked, "Dear me, sir, how is it that you have acquired so prodigious a smoking power?" "I have acquired it," answered Lamb, "by toiling after it, as some men toil after virtue."

It was from frequenting the society of Dr. Parr that Robert Hall, the famous preacher, when at Cambridge, acquired the habit of smoking. He smoked in self-defence. Some one asked him why he had commenced such an odious habit. "Oh," said Hall, "I am qualifying myself for the society of a doctor of divinity; and this (holding up the pipe) is the test of my admission." A friend found him busy with his pipe one day, blowing huge clouds of smoke. "Ah," said the new comer, "I find you again at your idol." "Yes," said Hall, "burning it!" But his friends were anxious that he should give up the practice, and one of them presented him with Adam Clark's pamphlet on The Use and Abuse of Tobacco to read. He read the pamphlet, and returned it to the lender, saying, as if to preclude discussion, "Thank you, sir, for Adam Clark's pamphlet. I can't refute his arguments, and I can't give up smoking."

Among other smokers of distinction may be named the poet Milton, whose nightcap was a pipe of tobacco and a glass of pure water. But he was exceedingly moderate in the indulgence of this "vice." Sir Walter Raleigh, who introduced the use of this weed into England, smoked frequently; and the anecdote of his servant, who emptied a bucket of water on him, thinking he was on fire, because he saw smoke issuing from his mouth, is very well known. Many other poets and literary men have smoked. Carlyle, at this day, blows a tremendous cloud.

Southey's indulgence at bedtime was a glass of hot rum punch, enriched with a little black-currant jelly. Byron wrote under the influence of gin and water. Coleridge took immense quantities of rum. Gluck, the musical composer, wrote with a bottle of champagne beside him; Sacchini, when his wife was by his side and numerous cats gambolling about him.

Other authors have found relaxation in other ways. Thus Daguesseau, when he wanted relaxation from the study of jurisprudence and history, betook himself to a pair of compasses and a book of mathematics. Richelieu amused himself by playing with cats and studying their tricks. Cowper had his tame hares. Sir Walter Scott was always attended by his favorite dogs. Professor Wilson was famous for his terriers.

Alfieri, like Luther and Milton, found the greatest solace and inspiration in music. "Nothing," said he, "so moves my heart, and soul, and intellect, and rouses my very faculties, like music—and especially the music of woman's voice. Almost all my tragedies have been conceived under the immediate emotion caused by music." Voltaire took pleasure in the opera (not so Thomas Carlyle, as you may have seen), and there dictated some of his most brilliant letters.

But the foibles of men of genius are endless, and would be a curious subject for some D'Israeli, in a future volume of the Curiosities of Literature, to depict at length, if the subject be indeed worth the required amount of pains and labor.

"NO COUNT" LAWYERS.—Judge W—, who has been for many years a worthy occupant of the federal bench in Michigan, fell into conversation a few days since, in a barber's shop, with a plain, substantial-looking and rather aged stranger, from the neighborhood of Tecumseh. The judge having been formerly well acquainted with that vicinity, took occasion to ask after certain of its citizens. "You know Mr. B—, do you?" said the judge. "Very well," was the reply. "He is quite well, is he?" "Quite well," was the answer. Judge W— then remarked, "Mr. B— is a very fine man." "Y-e-s," says the old farmer, rather cautiously. "a fine man for a lawyer—you know we don't expect a great deal of them!"

HOW SHALL I WOO HER

BY W. M. PRAED.

How shall I woo her?—I will stand
Beside her when she sings;
And watch that fine and fairy hand
Flit o'er the quivering strings;
And I will tell her, I have heard,
Though sweet her song may be,
A voice, whose every whispered word
Was more than song to me!

How shall I woo her?—I will gaze,
In sad and silent trance,
On those blue eyes, whose liquid rays
Look love in every glance;
And I will tell her, eyes more bright,
Though bright her own may beam,
Will fling a deeper spell to-night
Upon me in my dream.

How shall I woo her?—I will try
The charm of olden time,
And swear by earth and sea and sky,
And rave in prose and rhyme—
And I will tell her when I bent
My knee in other years,
I was not half so eloquent,
I could not speak for tears!

How shall I woo her?—I will bow
Before the holy shrine;
And pray the prayer, and vow the vow,
And press her lips to mine;
And I will tell her, when she parts
From passion's thrilling kiss,
That memory to many hearts
Is dearer far than bliss.

Away! away! the chords are mute,
The bond is rent in twain—
You cannot wake that silent lute,
Nor clasp those links again;
Love's toil I know is little cost,
Love's perjury is light sin;
But souls that lose what I have lost—
What have they left to win?

ADVENTURE WITH A TIGER.—A letter from Penang gives the following singular escape from, but ultimate death by, the attack of a tiger on a Catholic missionary of that island, which will be read with painful interest: "My escape from the tiger," says the writer, "was truly miraculous, but that of Padre Cuellon was still more so, as the following details of the attack upon that worthy priest will clearly prove. The padre was on his way to church, and was immersed in the study of his sermon, when a tiger, to his utter surprise, suddenly rushed out of the jungle or tall grass; but, as the beast had not measured its distance to a nicety, the padre, walking very quickly, was more frightened than hurt. The tiger, however, brushed so close to the padre that the latter's trousers were torn, the snap of the beast being within a hair's breadth of his leg. The brute, not content with a single spring, made another charge upon the poor padre, and as he had nothing to defend himself with but his large paper umbrella, he suddenly opened it out in the brute's face, which had the effect of cowing it for a time. The tiger, however, evidently gamer or more pertinacious in his attacks than is wont with his tribe, charged the padre at least a dozen times, which occupied nearly twenty minutes. In the meantime the padre gradually edged towards a tree in an open space of ground; and, as there was a large white ants' nest between him and the tiger, round which the latter had to make a slight tour, this enabled the padre to climb the tree and get out of his way. The tiger, on getting round the nest, was at first puzzled at not seeing the padre, but in a few minutes he laid his nose to the ground and soon scented the whereabouts of his intended victim. 'The tiger,' said the padre, 'quietly sat down under the tree and gave a wistful look towards me, but it fortunately was of no avail.' The natives, at length hearing the cries of the worthy padre, hastened to the spot and rendered the assistance required. The tiger fled the

instant it heard their shouts. The poor padre burst into tears, and sang the *Te Deum* in token of gratitude for his delivery. Padre Cuellon, however, did not rally long; the fright had too serious an effect upon his system, and in about ten days he sank to rise no more."

ORIGIN OF THE NAMES OF STATES.—Maine was called *Marvoo-shen*, but about 1738 took the name it now bears from Maine, a province in the western part of France. The name is originally derived from the *Cenomanni*, an ancient Gallic people, New Hampshire was the name given to the territory granted by the Plymouth company to Captain John Mason, by patent in 1739, and was derived from the patentee, who was Governor of Portsmouth, in Hampshire, England. Vermont is from *verd*, green, and *mont*, mountain. Massachusetts was named from a tribe of Indians in the vicinity of Boston. Roger Williams says the word signifies "blue hills." Rhode Island was so called in 1644, in relation to the island of Rhodes in the Mediterranean. New York was named in honor of the Duke of York, to whom this territory was granted. Pennsylvania was called after William Penn. In 1664, the Duke of York made a grant of what is now the State of New Jersey to Lord Berkeley and Sir George Carteret, and it received its name in compliment to the latter, who had been Governor of the island of Jersey. Delaware was so called in 1702, after Lord De La Ware. Maryland was named in honor of Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., in his patent to Lord Baltimore, June 3, 1632. Virginia was called after the Virgin Queen of England, Elizabeth. The Carolinas were named by the French, in honor of Charles IX. of France. Georgia was called, in 1692, after George II. Louisiana was named after Louis XIV. of France. Florida received its name from Ponce de Leon, in 1512, while on his voyage in search of the fountain of youth. He discovered it on Easter Sunday—in Spanish, *Pasque Florida*. The States of Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Arkansas and Missouri are all named from their principal rivers, and the names are of Indian origin—excepting, perhaps, Kentucky—and their meanings involved in obscurity. Tennessee is said to signify a curved spoon; Illinois, the Rivers of Men; Mississippi, the Whole River, or a river formed by the union of many. Michigan was named from the lake on its borders. Iowa is an Indian name; also Texas, signifying "Beautiful." California was thus named by the Spaniards at a very early day.

COCKADES.—Mr. Timbs, in his "Popular Errors Explained," gives the following article: "It is difficult to ascertain the origin, or to define the meaning, of the cockade as worn by gentlemen's servants. The most feasible suggestion is, that it was first adopted at the period of the wars of York and Lancaster, when the retainers of either party were known by the white or red roses borne in their caps. In after times, military and naval officers followed the practice, and designated their servants by the cockade, which has a certain resemblance to the old badge of the rose. At the present day, the right to wear a cockade seems to be confined to the servants of all those in any way connected with the army or navy, or the military or naval defence of the country: this latter class includes the militia, the lieutenants, the deputy-lieutenants, &c., of each county, and various other persons."

PUNISHING A WOMAN-WHIPPER.—My attention was attracted by the appearance of a man who waited on the table during dinner; his dress was more that of a country gentleman than a servant, and his countenance peculiarly sad and subdued. I found my eyes continually wandering towards this individual, whose manner disquieted me, for he moved about wearily, and as if his task was a weary one. After dinner the superintendent asked me if I had observed the waiter. "Yes. What is he? Who is he?" "The richest man in Eastern Paraguay. He has a very large, well stocked estancia." "And yet is here as a servant?" "Yes; he was guilty of the ungallant act of whipping a woman, and the president has degraded him to be a servant at the iron works. He will at least liberate himself only by paying a sum, or its equivalent in cattle." So much for the rights of woman, and the summary administration of the law in Paraguay.



FIRST NIGHT OUT.

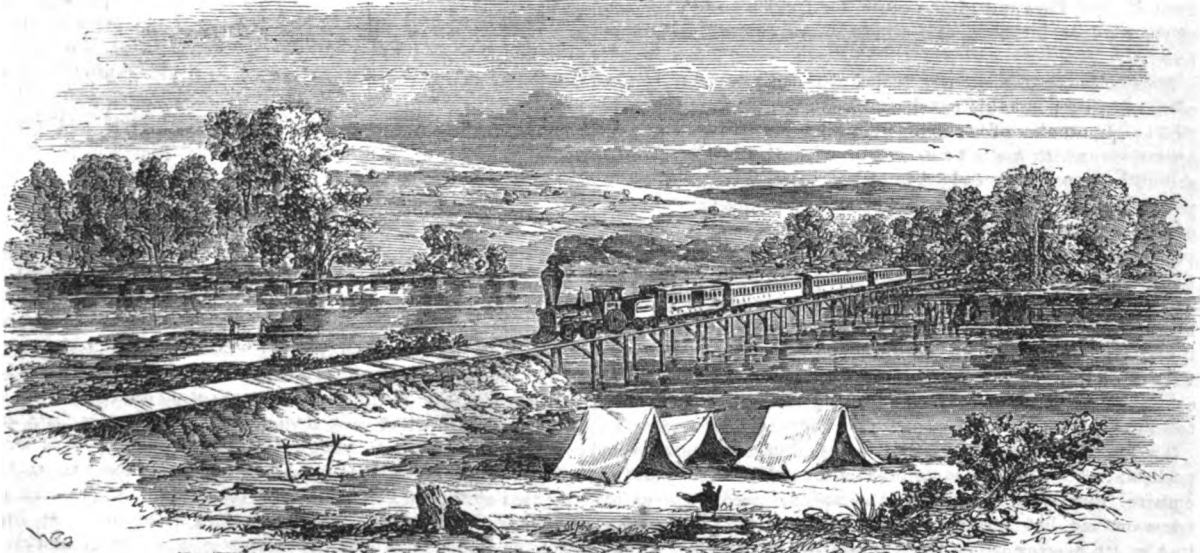
OUR EXCURSION.

It was just as the summer had rounded into autumn, when that scarcely perceptible change urged by chilly mornings and frosty nights falls upon the earth like a shadow, that I rejoiced in an invitation to accompany two friends on a hunting and fishing excursion, to be of some two weeks' duration. We were to visit those sections of Indiana and Illinois where that most tortuous of winding streams, the Kankakee River, holds its erratic course; in fact, it afterwards proved that our wanderings were wholly confined to the borders of that classic stream.

John L. was the prime and moving spirit in the affair, under whose immediate direction it was gotten up, and who was admirably formed by nature and abundantly accomplished by experience for the planning and executing just such an adventure. It was he made out a list of our travelling baggage, traps and accompaniments, which were nearly as follows: first, we caused to be built an excellent and staunch boat, some eighteen feet long and handsomely proportioned, which when I first saw, being ignorant of the laws of ship gravity, I straightway expres-

ed doubts of its ability to carry us and our baggage safely over the "white caps" of the "raging Kankakee;" which sage opinion afforded infinite merriment to George, the second of the two friends mentioned, who ridiculed me and my fears in an unmerciful and heartless manner, till I was glad to withdraw all opposition and trust to my guardian angel for that safety which I thought endangered by the small dimensions of the bark which was to bear us over the waters. But to return. The next on our list was a strong, protecting tent, which was ordered of a size to accommodate six men, but which proved upon trial just large enough for the three. Then followed three patent rods and reels, three fine double guns, buffalo robes, Mackinaw blankets, &c., &c. Next came provisions, from which we resolved to exclude all unnecessary luxuries, that we might not encumber ourselves or our vessel with needless packages. Item, ten pounds of pickled pork, which I considered a sufficient quantity to provision a detachment of the army now invading Utah! an opinion which was quietly set aside by Jack, whose wise, practical spirit knew better. Item, four pounds of old Mocha, scorched and ground ready for use, and so packed as to preserve its

inimitable flavor, which inflamed the brain with visions of an Oriental paradise, whose dark-eyed maidens, with graceful and voluptuous forms languishing in the shade of glorious palms seen only under the burning skies of Asia, were not the least inviting features of those ecstatic moments produced by draughts of sweetened mocha. Item third, two pounds of best black tea, which proved so great a luxury that John inwardly determined that none but himself should enjoy it. Items fourth, fifth and sixth were four pounds of cheese—not animated—six ditto of crackers, with six loaves of bread. Then followed a sack of salt and other seasonings, with a stone vessel said to contain two gallons of "life itself," but which having been drawn from a cask containing the remains of powdered charcoal, the liquor was thereby discolored; but being a rectifier, I thought it would have the desired effect in correcting the swamp water we had in prospective. I considered this nearer a luxury than anything else on the list; but as he thought differently, and it was his individual purchase, it was not discarded under that head. Having previously determined to accomplish our adventure with clean hands, a pound of Castile soap was thought indispensable, though some might esteem it a luxury, which it certainly was



N. A. & S. R. R., AT KANKAKEE RIVER.

to us. Of cooking and table utensils we were supplied with one dinner pot, ditto frying pan and gridiron, one large spoon, three small ditto, three knives and one fork! When I remonstrated with John upon this disproportionate arrangement he retorted that forks came under the head of luxuries, and that we could all use the one fork, as occasion might require. But I noticed in the course of our wanderings, that when George or myself wished for the fork, and thought it our right to use it, we invariably found it in John's plate, together with any choice morsel which might have been designed for our common palate.

After these were our valises, stuffed with various articles of wearing apparel, cigars, pipes and tobacco, together with an extra pair of socks, the one used for a soap-bag, the other for a dishcloth! this last being a happy invention of George's, who had a brain fertile in like resources, and ingenuity inexhaustible as it was curious in its practical results.

After thus much of prelude patient readers will be glad to learn that we had the boat hauled to the depot of the L. and I. railroad company, and duly placed in an open cattle car, having previously stowed our "plunder" therein. This cattle car was one of a train consisting of a dozen or more being forwarded by the manufacturers at I. to a company on the Mississippi River. The L. and I. railroad company were charging eight cents per mile for transportation of these cars, and with characteristic liberality demanded of us five dollars extra for freight on the road from I. to L., a distance of seventy-five miles or thereabout. This was so clever and lively an operation, that it was unanimously concluded to give the company all the benefit it could reap from such an advertisement; consequently I make mention of it here, that other companies may go and do likewise.

We shipped the boat with its contents over night, and embarked on the same train before daylight next morning. Having breakfasted at four o'clock, we were obliged to carry our valises, rods and guns to the train, where we arrived in good time after serious tribulations, caused by our sad disappearance in an ambushed gravel-pit, from which we emerged with whole bones, and without damage to the jug of "rectified," which had fallen to my lot to take care of; John vowing that my solicitude was so great that the object of it grew hourly lighter. It is unnecessary to state that this was a gratuitous slander on his part, though I confess to a tender anxiety in regard to my charge, which I could only express by careful examination, every now and then, of the vessel that contained it.

We reached L. in due season, where our train was run on to the N. A. & S.-railroad; consequently we did not have to re-ship; but, notwithstanding this, the honesty and liberality of the said company were again exerted for our benefit, to the tune of six dollars and eighty cents, for freight on the balance of the road we intended to journey before embarking in our boat.

Maledictions are frequently hurled at railway companies, and often unjustly; but this spavined institution we thought entitled to any number of backbanded encomiums for its swindling operations, which are not confined to excursionists alone. We should have paid our freight-bill with better grace had they put us through in anything like good time; but they started out with an engine that proved broken-winded, having to stop every ten miles to draw breath. The consequence was, we had to disembark in the night at a point we should have reached in daylight, a fact not calculated to put us in the best of humors with the railroad train or ourselves. We remained that night at a station on the said road called St. Pierre, and were somewhat comforted and relieved from our wet and dispirited condition by a good supper, presided over by a genteel landlord.

The railway alluded to, not satisfied with picking our pockets, had landed us some four miles short of our point of embarkation on the river, so that we had to employ a team to transport us to the desired spot, which came so near performing its stipulated agreement that it set us down in a bayou a half mile from the river; which intervening distance we were forced to accomplish by some astonishing marine feats, or, rather,

freshwater exploits, the recollection of which provokes laughter to this hour. Suffice it to say, that after a deal of paddling, poking, pushing and unloading every now and then, to drag the boat over a promontory or the railroad track, and with the assistance of some generous spirits, encamped at the bridge, our perseverance was rewarded by being enabled to seat ourselves with ease in our little bark, and float peacefully down the meandering Kankakee!

As it was two o'clock before we were fairly afloat, we were soon obliged to think about encamping for the night. George had frequently remarked that it would be difficult to find good ground for this purpose; what then was our surprise and delight when we came to a spot which had evidently been used by adventurous spirits before us for this very end. They had constructed a log hut, inside of which we pitched our tent. Having lighted a fire, George tore off some clapboards from a corner of the cabin, for the double purpose of feeding the fire and allowing the smoke to escape from the newly-made aperture. As we had killed no game of any consequence during the afternoon, it was decided we should sup off broiled ham, one of which we had purchased, though not noticed in my inventory. The duty of washing dishes alternated between us, a graceful occupation which we would all have liked to dispense with, but which none of us was allowed to shirk without notice or fine. The culinary department having been attended to, the smoking ditto was brought on the tapis. A part of the latter could have been dispensed with; the hut smoked horribly, or, rather, the fire we had built within it, reducing poor John's eyes to the condition of a love-sick girl over her first letter from him who had won her tender little heart! But at length meerschaum and fragrant Havanas produced a mingled odor and inward gratification, that caused a sweet peace to descend on our spirits, and induced a drowsy languor, in the midst of which we thought how sleep would come with all its shadowy phantoms, and lead us through the pleasure-grounds of the "land of dreams," till awakened by the shrill clarions of morn, we would fold our tent and rapidly glide away, but not silently as the Arabs in brother Longfellow's beautiful poem.

On the following morning we met ducks in great variety and numbers, mallard and teal predominating. It was amusing to notice the alacrity with which we fired, and the excitement that would possess us during an attack upon a large flock of birds, especially when we came upon them suddenly. John and myself would generally get the first shots, in consequence of George being located in the stern of the boat, and having the general management and direction thereof. On one occasion we came very unexpectedly in view of a number of "blue-bills;" John and myself fired instantly, and in the excitement of the occasion George had unconsciously brought his paddle to bear, covering the whole flock; but as the paddle did not go off no beneficial result occurred. After that day we noticed a great many wood-duck, which were constantly giving utterance to a peculiar shrieking wail, a noise entirely different from that produced by any other species of water-fowl. The first day out, it was decided that the first mallard should command a prize—what it was I do not remember, although I won it, and I did not consider myself a tip-top shot either; though in handling the rod and reel I yielded the palm to no one, a boast I am always ready to back at any time.

We were kept busy shooting all day, losing nearly half of what we killed, though indefatigable in our exertions to obtain the birds after they were down; but they would hide from us, and baffle all attempts to find them. Now and then we would see flocks of geese sitting cozily in a bayou or branch off the main stream. George called them "honkers." It was a difficult matter to obtain a shot at these honkers while sitting, as a well-posted sentinel would always give timely warning of our approach. We killed several during the expedition, but most of them on the wing.

The second night's encampment was at Birch's Bridge, a private institution, erected by the gentleman whose name it bore. Ignorant of this fact and of the toll which Mr. B. justly demanded of all pilgrims passing that way, John and myself had started with a tin bucket to procure some potatoes for the purpose of manufacturing a prairie chicken stew from the

fowls we had shot on the prairie, near that spot. We passed the old gentleman on the bridge, but had not proceeded many steps when he hailed us and peremptorily demanded where we were going. I was disposed to answer frankly and politely, but John, irate at what he deemed more than Yankee inquisitiveness and impertinence, was on the point of returning a very short answer, when Mr. B. revealed himself and his business. We immediately tendered him the customary fee and explained our errand there, upon learning which the kind-hearted old man refused toll and pointed to an adjoining field, where he bade us help ourselves to as many of the esculent edibles we were in search of as we should want without charge. We remained in his vicinity a day and a half, and found him cheerful, sociable and hospitable; and when, with many thanks, we wished him good-bye, he gave us a hearty invitation to visit him again. It was here we enjoyed the only opportunity to fish that we had during the excursion, and were rewarded with only ten pounds of pike, if I omit eight or ten small catfish which John and myself designed for next morning's breakfast. As George evinced a holy horror at the idea of eating catfish, of course he was not expected to partake, but of which, after the trouble of skinning and preparing in first-rate style, the qualms of John's conscience, or stomach, would not suffer him to partake; so we returned them to their native element, and broke our fast with generous slices of ham.

At this point, also, we had opportunity to view some of the noted "swamp lands" of Indiana. When reading of swamp lands, one pictures to one's self marshy, dismal, wet and dreary districts, dotted with patches

Of tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
And many a fen where the serpent feeds
And man never trod before.

He conjures up Jack-o'-lanterns, miasmatic odors and noxious vapors, mingled with bilious attacks and terrible agues, calling for bark and all manner of odious bitters in a shaky and cavernous voice. Never was imagination more at fault when comparing the above pictures with the reality, where we were encamped for thirty-six hours. Never had our eyes beheld more beautiful prairie-land, interspersed with magnificent groves of oak; lying high, too—no marsh, no dampness, except where it was bordered by the river. The soil deep and black, and evidently of inexhaustible fertility.

And these were the lands described and sold as "swamp lands," no doubt for twelve and a half cents per acre, by those sappers of the public treasury, thereby defrauding the State of a handsome revenue.

Alas for the rarity
Of human honesty
Under the sun.

We left "Camp Birch" at ten o'clock in the morning, and proceeded along calmly as usual for a while, when the wind commenced blowing an infant hurricane, showing me the "white caps" of Kankakee, which had not entirely ceased haunting me, although George's derision had prevented me from alluding to them again. I looked at him when the white foamy waves came bounding towards us, and observed that he was glad to hug the weather shore, and looked rather crestfallen when I gravely remarked that I must be laboring under a singular optical illusion, as the river looked rough and full of "white caps," and I knew it could not be so, from his own personal assurance.

The wind was in our face, and it was hard paddling against its giant strength; indeed the whole party was completely knocked up, for never did three poor mortals work harder than did we that long autumn afternoon. At length George, who was our acknowledged "look-out," descried good camping ground, which we were glad enough to occupy, being sufficiently weary to rest from our labors at the oar.

Next morning we resumed our journey, and pursued our way silently as possible down the now quiet stream. No sound smote the air save an accidental cough from some one of the party, or the noise of George's shotpouch falling to the bottom of the boat as he hastily reloaded his gun, thus frightening every duck within shooting distance, to the suppressed chagrin of all hands. The following custom was adopted,

when the game was difficult of approach—at sight of birds in the distance, in order to scare them up and give us a chance at them on the wing, word was passed aft by Jack to George in the stern sheets, to "sound the hewzag," which was performed with admirable effect and productive of happy results.

Our boat was now becoming tolerably well balanced with game, which in conjunction with other luggage made her hard to manage. We could not get out without clambering over the feathered heap. Our chief anxiety was to preserve it to such time as we could forward it home; but this time was much further in perspective than we had thought.

We had now been three days out from Camp Birch, and not a human being had greeted our eyes since we had left that point. It was indeed a dismal, dark, gloomy river; not a habitation for long, weary miles. Now we would pass a broad, deep bayou, the shores lined with wild rice and impenetrable underbrush, in which lay concealed myriads of wildfowl. Again, thick, dark forests would rise up to view, where the white man's foot had never trod, and whose eternal silence was only broken by the hooting of the owl or howl of the distant prairie-wolf; whose pathless solitudes the summer sunbeams had never pierced, and down whose dim and undiscovered aisles the autumn breeze went wailing like a lost spirit moaning for its parted joys. Then again we would float past a vast and boundless prairie, where the long, dark grass waved fitfully in the wind, amid whose undulating spears no single object appeared to disturb its bewildering monotony; no house, no tree visible for miles. Often George would rise to his feet and strain his vision to catch some faint sign of civilization. Suddenly we would be greeted by the cheerful exclamation of "a house! a house!" "Where away?" shouted Jack. "Ten miles off the lee bow!" George would respond; then we would all mechanically bend once more to our paddles, wishing for the night to come.

Once more we encamped, and this came very near proving our last encampment below. The river was much swollen by recent rains, and as the land lay very low, the shores were nearly submerged. We had come a long way that day, and George had been for some time anxiously on the look-out for some convenient and comfortable spot whereon to pitch our tent. For a while it was thought we should have to remain in the boat all night; but just as hope was forsaking us, we discovered some birds in a bayou running a short distance inland, and resolved to have one more shot before yielding to the approaching shades of night. Our fire fortunately took effect, and as we proceeded after the game, George saw a small piece of cleared ground out of the water, just large enough to conveniently hold our tent, a spot

Where the deadly vine did weep
Its venomous tear, and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew.

We disembarked, and bestowed ourselves as comfortably as the nature of the case would allow.

In the rear of our tent the ground was elevated, with a gradual descent to the north, and our tent was pitched facing this direction. Our fires, of course, were always built within a few feet of the entrance to the tent; and now, though in the midst of a vast forest, wood for this purpose could scarcely be procured. After a deal of labor George at length managed to collect enough for our culinary wants; for, though we all assisted him in his arduous task, he wielded the axe with double our force and dexterity, having in his early youth lived in the bush for a long time; thereby, as Mrs. Partington would say, becoming *manured* to a woodman's life!

When supper was over, and while quietly enjoying our accustomed smoke, the same accomplished woodman plucked a burning limb from the fire, and thoughtlessly placed it against the dry curled bark of a swamp maple which stood some ten or twelve feet distant from our tent, but leaning in a contrary direction. Neither of us, at the time, observed that the bark had ignited, nor was our attention directed to it again until we were awakened from deep sleep, in the middle of the night, by a loud, roaring noise, sounding like the distant roaring of a fierce tempest. George and myself suddenly bounded from the



A SHOT UNDER EXOTICISM.

tent, and beheld the tree completely fired from within. It had proved hollow, and the noise that had awakened us was caused by the flame surging from an aperture thirty feet from the ground, made by the separation of a decayed limb from the main trunk.

It was a grand and beautiful sight; tongues of flame, braided of many colors, shot up towards the midnight sky; millions of sparks darted from the aperture named, and fell in sparkling showers to the ground, altogether forming a magnificent display of fireworks rarely beheld. Very soon the top of the tree above the blazing opening fell downwards, resting upon the ground, its splintered column still leaning against the parent tree. We considered it highly fortunate that it retained this position, and were deluded into the belief that all danger had passed away, having at first been fearful that the blazing limb would fall upon the tent when it descended; but now this fear having proved groundless, after two hours' close watching, George and myself retired to that rest which John had maintained uninterrupted through all the roar and crash around him. Yet that could hardly be called rest which was nothing more than a dozing wakefulness, a sort of semi-conscious state, when the eye takes cognizance of the material things around, while the mind itself is floating in dreamy languor, more easily yielded to than described. We had lain thus for another pair of hours, when suddenly, crash! came the flaming mass upon our tent! Scarcely had it struck before George, with surprising alertness, sprang out into open air, and, violently agitated, stood looking with amazement upon the now closed aperture from which he had emerged so quickly, anxiously inquiring of the welfare of those who, stunned by the unexpectedness of the accident, were not so fortunate in making their escape.

The limb had fallen diagonally across the ridge-pole of the tent, snapping it like a pipe-stem. Had it not in its descent carried with it a young sapling in its immediate vicinity, thereby breaking the force of its fall, John and myself would have been killed on the spot; as it was, I received a slight hurt on the knee, while he escaped unhurt. The tent was fired instantly; my friend and myself made violent efforts, like Sterne's starling of old, to get out of our dangerous prison, which we at last effected through a small opening, which John had made in the tent, and which we had enlarged by repeated buffeting at the canvas. George was

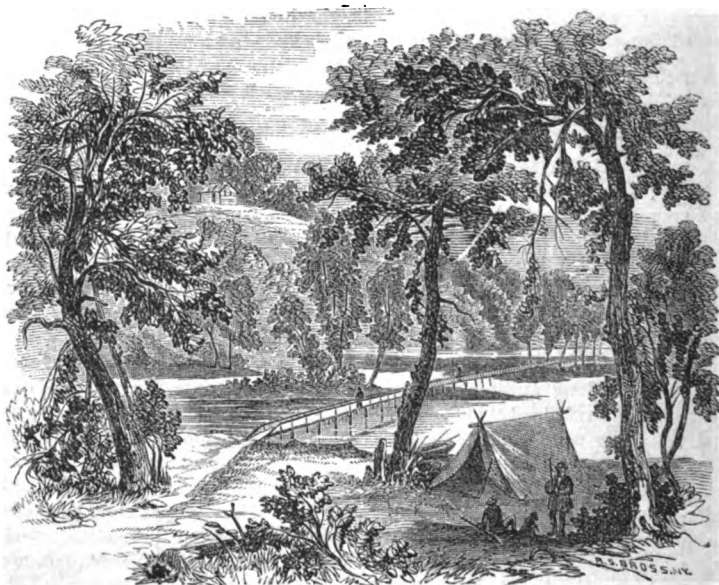
overjoyed to find that neither of us were seriously injured, and confessed his readiness to receive any punishment we might think proper to bestow upon him for the carelessness which occasioned the accident. We laughed it off with as good grace as possible, but were obliged to observe that it was a serious mishap, which might have resulted in the death of one or more of our gay party, the escape being truly providential, considering the imminent danger to which we were exposed. We were a jolly trio, it is true; but there was not one of us, I imagine, who did not inwardly offer up thanks to the great Dispenser of all good, that he had rescued us from a terrible and sudden death.

Our next encampment was the most eligible spot for the purpose of any we had found during the whole excursion, and its appearance was hailed with cheers of delight. Judging from the face of things, the place had been last occupied by trappers; for scattered in all directions were the remains of raccoons, squirrels and other animals, while the poles which had supported their tent were still standing. It was high ground immediately on the bank of the river, nearly surrounded by a beautiful forest—mostly oak—with a vast prairie in the

distance to the right of us, while opposite was an eternal swamp. A delightful grove reared its graceful proportions towards the back of our tent, from whose branches hung the drooping tendrils of the wild grape, which proved a grateful and delicious quencher to our abundant thirst.

It was here that George had a notable combat with a decayed tree, which he had selected for firewood. The dead monarch was majestic even in decay, being full two feet across and some thirty feet high. It was hemmed in at the top by adjoining trees, which seemed to surround and support their dead fellow with something like human love. George went at his self-imposed task with a strong will and good heart, dealing stroke after stroke with the force of a tried forester's arm, groaning deeply but not loudly, during the siege. At length the burly trunk was sundered, yet still it stood, supported at the top by the tangled branches of its live neighbors, just as I predicted it would.

Poor George was sadly annoyed, and next essayed to pry the huge monster from its severed trunk, but all in vain; we were obliged to abandon it, and with a parting malediction and a gratuitous stroke upon the innocent cause of his chagrin, George



BIRCH'S BRIDGE.

proceeded further into the dense wood, where his labors were at last rewarded as he desired.

Having at length procured a fire, we sat down to a comfortable supper, to which meal I have not hitherto done justice. As dinner was always omitted, it formed the principal table recreation of the day. Having a good stock of prairie chickens on hand—which had been killed at various times during our temporary halts on those broad and teeming savannas—the first dish consisted of a delicious stew of that fowl. Then each would select the peculiar species of duck which best pleased his individual palate for a separate broil. For instance, George preferred the blue-bill, John affected the plump little teal, and I fancied the wood duck, which I hold to be as acceptable a morsel as the most fastidious epicure could desire. Our manner of dressing these for the table added much to their flavor, and made the mouth water before they were transferred from the glowing coals to our tent-board, where they were soon demolished by the hungry sportsmen. Having first cleaned the dainty birds we cut them open on the back,



FIREWORKS.

night hideous with their unearthly cries; and in the middle of the night we were awakened by the flapping of great wings and the screams of divers owls around and upon the tent, which did not prove the most agreeable lullaby in the world, or suggestive of the pleasantest of ideas. However, when morning came oblivion came also, and we could not perceive that we were any the worse for our midnight serenade.

Once more we embarked, and once again the waters bounded beneath our boat, for we caught ourselves impelling her forward with almost the energy of despair, urged by the desire to look upon our kind again, and to exchange those little social courtesies of life so dear to the heart of civilized man. Down the dark river we sped along, George singing snatches of that most plaintive melody, "Annie Laurie."

The murmured strains thrilled me as they were said to have thrilled the stout hearts on the plain of Balaklava! for I knew there were those far away for whom I would gladly "lay me down and dee," to mitigate a pang or shield them from one of the sufferings which so often assail our poor weak humanity. George was



OBTAINING FUEL UNDER DIFFICULTY.

then gashing them in the breast, placed thin slices of pickled pork in the juicy gaps, and seasoning them to suit the taste, laid them on the gridiron over bright and flameless coals. After such a supper we regaled ourselves with the usual smoke.

It was a beautiful night, and all around reigned that deathly stillness common to the country, only interrupted by the distant howl of the prairie wolf, or an occasional exclamation from one of the party. At last the moon was seen rising through the dark wood, tipping with silver the graceful shrub and stately forest tree, and granting us occasional glimpses of her mild face through the thick undergrowth that stood up rankly around. Thoughts of home and distant friends came softly o'er us, and like many another exiled wight, we mused upon the past with all its pages dark or light, until slumber came and led us gently to the quiet "land of dreams."

Our game had been drawn and placed without the tent, presenting a very tempting prey to the prowling "varmints" which usually make



NAVIGATION OBSTRUCTED.

Similarly affected, but being of a quiet, undemonstrative nature he strove to conceal it, though we were both certain (Jack and myself) that there was an Annie Laurie sighing at his absence perhaps at that moment, and praying fervently for his return.

We had proceeded some eight or ten miles on our lonely way when a tent was descried pitched on the margin of the river, and smoke lazily ascending from a fire near, where, as we approached, we saw two or three swarthy forms busily engaged in preparing dinner. We hailed them with the question, "how near was the next town?" and received for answer, "fourteen miles." This was joyful news, for we thought our pilgrimage almost over. Still it was two o'clock, and fourteen miles was no small distance for three weary souls to paddle before night-fall. Our boat was heavily laden, and we had beside a large fish-box in tow containing our pike, which was nearly as hard to draw as a small team. We determined to land, take out the fish, knock them on the head, and cut the box adrift all which was duly accomplished, when we again seated ourselves, and worked with lighter hearts and with a much lighter load than we had had for a week previous. Our boat seemed to fly through the water, so great was the difference; and we felt certain of arriving at the desired haven before night set in. We were doomed to disappointment, however, for the sun went down and still no town greeted our longing sight.

We now passed a raft moored at the shore, and apparently quite recently deserted, as we discovered thereon various articles, such as cooking utensils, a bag of meal suspended on a pole, coats, &c.; and as we rounded a bend we discovered the owners of the raft engaged in the very arduous task of removing a formidable obstruction to navigation. The river branched here, a small island being the cause; and immediately at the head of this island, on the left as we descended, a very large tree had fallen across the stream, it being the principal or main channel, thereby effectually blocking their passage. We glided rapidly down the opposite side to them, leaving them vigorously at work on the tree with a crosscut saw. At length signs of cultivation in the shape of habitations began to appear near the shore, and the tinkle of cowbells warned us of our close proximity to their owners' homes, making us feel lonelier and still more eager to reach the goal of our hopes. Again and again would "Annie Laurie" ring out in the evening breeze, to be answered by the wail of the wood-duck or the dismal hooting of the owl; again would we bend to our paddles, and though sorely wearied worked with untiring energy, till at last our ears were greeted by occasional sounds of water roaring over the rapids, though it was still far away. For nearly an hour did the welcome but dreary noise sound in our ears, and still it seemed that we made no nearer approach to the spot where it thundered ceaselessly. At length, when our patience was nearly exhausted and our spirits at a very low ebb, "light, ho!" was sung out by John; and light it was. We now began to near the town in earnest and with great caution, as we had no desire to be carried over the rapids, which might have been the case otherwise. After having first ran high and dry upon an immense log, which very nearly proved our destruction, we finally got off, and shortly after our boat touched the shore.

There was not quite as much praying done, perhaps, as at the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers; but we all felt thankful for having escaped the many dangers with which we had been threatened, and for having arrived thus far on our way home in safety.

The town at which we had arrived was called Moments; and here I was to leave the boys, taking the game with me, that it might be preserved, while they proceeded some fifteen miles further to Kankakee City. I purchased two large sacks at the town where we landed, and stuffed them both full of game, consisting of one hundred head; and then prepared for a night-ride over the prairie to Kankakee City, to take the train on the Illinois Central Railroad for Matoon, and from thence to proceed home.

We had made a journey of two hundred miles down the Kankakee River, a feat that had never before been accomplished by any individual except General Mitchell, by whom that portion of the country was surveyed and we finished it in just one

week from the time of our embarkation at St. Pierre, thus accomplishing in seven days what should have occupied the space of a month to do it well and thoroughly.

I arrived safely at home in I., in good season, while my friends were three days longer out. They met with some further tribulation, George, while descending the rapids, having taken to water not quite as naturally as a duck, but involuntarily, which somewhat dampened his linen, if it failed to lessen his ardor, for he expressed a desire to remain out a week longer. As for myself, I must confess to being satisfied with my apprenticeship at the business, and was quite willing to accept my discharge three days earlier than the others did theirs. Still I must acknowledge the trip a delightful one, and can imagine no more pleasant manner in which to pass that beautiful season of the year which is inserted like a golden wedge between the lingering autumn and laggard winter, than by just such a sporting excursion down the wild and winding Kankakee.

MELLOW OLD WINE AND HOW IT IS MADE.—It has been frequently observed that wine ripens more readily on the coast than it does inland. The reason of this has been a fertile source of speculation. It has been conjectured that this effect arises from the influence of the sea air, a small quantity of which enters the bottles in the process of corking; but the same reason would not apply to bottles filled and corked elsewhere and brought to the coast to ripen. A similar result happens to wine carried sea voyages; this has been attributed to the continual shaking of the wine in bottles. But if that were the reason, why should the same results happen to wine stored in cellars by the sea-side? In considering this point the methods adopted by the wine-makers for ripening their wines may be noticed. At Madeira, to hasten the ripening of wine, they cover the bottles with horse dung. A similar method is practised in the Côte d'Or, and in the department of Saône et Loire. M. Vergnette Lanotte, a wine-maker in the Côte d'Or, tried in 1848 a method precisely the reverse. He congealed instead of heating his wine, and, it is said, with success. M. Kruger proposes two methods, one similar to that of the vine growers of Madeira, and which was the practice of the ancients, that is heating the cellar by means of pipes, and the other suspending in the heated cellar plates of iron over the exposed surface of the wine. The iron, he contends, when in a state of oxydation, extracts the oxygen from the wine, and produces maturity more speedily. M. Odart de la Dorée, the author of the "Manuel du Vigneron," and of the "Ampelographie Universelle," indicates a process older and still more rational, which is to heat the bottles. The ancients, we know, were careful to heat their amphoras. He advises us simply to heat the bottles, taking the precaution not to fill them quite full, to prevent their bursting. They are next to be placed in an oven some hours after the bread has been withdrawn, and left there from twelve to twenty hours. They are then taken out, filled up, recorked, and the operation is complete. The wines, it is said, will speedily attain maturity. This process appears to be the simplest and best of all.

CURE FOR LOVE.—Recommended to take twelve ounces of dilute, one pound of resolution, two ounces of the powder of experience, a large sprig of time, fourteen drachms of the quiet of dishonor, one quart of gentle fire of love, sweeten it with the sugar of forgetfulness, skim it with the spoon of melancholy, put it to the bottom of your heart, cork it with the cork of a sound conscience, and then let it remain, and you will instantly find ease, and be restored to your right senses again. These things are to be had of the apothecary, at the house of Understanding, next door to Reason, in Prudent street, in the parish of Contentment.

CHOICE OF WORDS.—When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew the fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Act as you might be disposed to do on your estate; employ such words as have the largest families, keeping clear of foundlings and of those of which nobody can tell whence they come, unless he happens to be a scholar.

PEEPS AT PARIS, THROUGH AMERICAN SPECTACLES.

PARIS, AUGUST.

So we have peace, a peace the conditions whereof make us wonder that we ever had war. For what have the French, as a people, gained by this Italian campaign? The blood of sixty thousand Frenchmen stains the plain of Lombardy, millions of French francs have been spent to supply the munitions of war; and, now, what has been accomplished?

How much better off is Italy than before? what has become of Louis Napoleon's promise that she should be free from the Alps to the Adriatic? How is the condition bettered of the oppressed three millions of people in Rome? What are Garibaldi and Kossuth, the real patriots, to do, now that their powerful ally has washed his hands of their affair? What realization is there in prospect of the hope held out to Hungary that she should be delivered from Austrian tyranny? Finally, to whose interests has all this expensive campaign been subservient but to those of the man of sleepy eyes and waxed moustaches, now making such desperate efforts to ape his uncle? *Singer son oncle*, as some Parisian friends expressed it to me. These are pregnant questions; and until Napoleon III. can answer them to the satisfaction of the people whose money he has spent, whose fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, he has left to die in the Italian marshes, they cannot but murmur under their breath the apposite words of the old proverb, *Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

In the street, and especially in the shops along the Boulevards, the war has had its natural effects. The retail merchants have utilized it as usual. Bellicose costumes are furnished at short notice; these are, for the most part, composed of a Cavour hat, a Magenta vest pattern and Garibaldi pantalons. For the past day or two I have been inquiring for Victor Emanuel under-shirts, with the wholesome solicitude of a bachelor in strange lands. At the restaurant, yesterday, the *garçon* brought me a chicken with Solferino sauce, but the latter differed but little from the Marengo sauce of the day before, except it be that it was spiced a trifle higher. The Magenta Hotel announced its opening a few days ago, and so on.

The theatres, too, are determined to make a good thing of the war. At the Porte St. Martin has been produced the most noteworthy piece on the subject, "*La Voie Sacrée*," a drama in five acts and fourteen tableaux. Fourteen tableaux are a good many to survive these July nights, when the mercury is up to an irresponsible number of degrees Réaumur; but then the piece, being a fine spectacle, is really worth going to see. Each of its tableaux terminates with an engagement, and thus is brought before the eye of the spectator the different battles of Montebello, Magenta, Malegnano, Palestro and Solferino all in the course of three hours or so.

The "comic business" of the play is done by Laurent in the character of Trumeau, a clownish lover of Madeleine the *vivandière*, who joins the corps of Zouaves in order to follow his sweetheart to the wars. But Zouaves are not picked up in the street, and Trumeau, who is in the middle-class restaurant way, and boasts continually of being the inventor of a beef soup for which no beef is required, and of the most economical lemonade in the world (made, I presume, by merely mentioning the word "lemon" over a glass of water) has only enlisted for love's sake. We cannot say that he is a coward, but the whistling of cannon-balls past his ear has a singular effect upon him. On critical occasions he depends entirely upon Madeleine, who is the better man of the two. At one time, following her lead, he enters a house at some distance from the French camp, and of no very reassuring aspect.

"Stay here," says the *vivandière* to him. "I will go and reconnoitre a bit."

"But if any one addresses me in German what is to become of me?"

"You have only to answer *ja*; that is the basis of the language."

Trumeau resigns himself to await her return. Looking about the room he discovers that the table is laid for dinner. An appetizing *mortadella* and a bottle of excellent wine give to the ideas of the Zouave a new direction. Seeing that there is no one there to do him the honors of the table, he invites himself thereto, sits down, serves himself abundantly and drinks his own health. Suddenly the door opens and a superb Austrian peasant woman appears before the terrified diner. This good-intentioned creature, surprised at the *aplomb* of her visitor, concludes that he must be her cousin.

"Are you not my cousin?" she says to him in German.

"Ja," replies Trumeau, faithful to his instructions.

"How glad I am to see you!" says the pretended female cousin, still in German; "you are tired, hungry, thirsty?"

"Ja, ja, ja," answered Trumeau, and more tidbits are put upon his plate and fresh glasses of wine poured out for him, and he is smothered with caresses and cousinly affection.

"Do you love me still?" next asks the beauty.

"Ja," replies Trumeau, and for the next three minutes his mouth is sealed with Teutonic kisses.

"Then you have not deceived me?"

"Ja."

"What! you have deceived me? you have not been faithful to me? you have had other sweethearts?"

"Ja, ja, ja!"

Imagine, if you please, the change suddenly operated in the feelings of the German cousin. A shower of blows, a series of nose-pullings, and one or two vigorous kicks eject our soup-inventor ingloriously from his former delightful quarters.

"*La Voie Sacrée*" is superbly mounted, and in that respect resembles another play lately produced here, where the intervention of the scene-painter, however, did not insure a success. This latter piece was a modern comedy and, apropos of it, a good thing said by a witty journalist to the author.

"My friend," said the critic to the would-be dramatist, "your comedy is worthy of Molière."

"You flatter me," said the author, with an irrepressible smile of delight.

"Not at all," responded the critic. "You recollect there were two Molières, one the man of genius whom all the world admires, the author of *Tartuffe*—there were some good things in *Tartuffe*—the other, his father, an upholsterer. You must admit that your piece is put upon the stage most excellently well. Now I said and maintain that your play is in every respect worthy of Molière—the father."

But to return to our war and its episodes. One of the most touching things I have heard lately is the following true story:

Last April two beautiful young girls, the pride of a worthy family of the *bourgeoisie*, were asked in marriage by two young men, friends, one French and the other a German, who had formed an acquaintance at the *Ecole Centrale*, which is, so to speak, a branch of the *Ecole Polytechnique*, with this difference, that foreigners are admitted there as well as Frenchmen.

These friends, who stood at the head of their school, had "proposed" to these young ladies, without ever dreaming that the overhanging rupture with Austria should come to mar their perspective happiness.

But it was written otherwise, and at the commencement of hostilities the young men were summoned to take their places under the banners of their respective countries.

After an inexpressibly touching scene the young men took leave of their *fiancées*. At first the German, with the promptings of a noble heart, proposed to the Parisian that he should espouse the one whom he loved, to which the latter passively listened. But to this the sisters, resolute women if ever there were any in this world, objected.

"No," said the younger, "I could not marry Alfred and see his friend set out for the battle-ground desolate and alone."

"Nor," added the elder, "can there be any marriage when the brothers-in-law, our husbands, may cross swords on the plains of Lombardy, when one may perish by the hand of the other. Let each of us here do our duty; you, dearest Hermann, in the Austrian camp and for your country, and you, Alfred, under the flag of France and for France! If, in the end, the God of all people and of all armies spares you from fratricide, if He restores peace to your arms and to ours, if some day our countries are again peaceably united, return, and you will find us both devoted and faithful!"

Then with an almost heart-rending adieu the friends parted from their betrothed, embraced each other and separated, each to join the army of his country. They were both killed in the same battle, and their dead bodies were picked up on the field of carnage, not twenty feet apart!

All the world has heard of the famous duel in which, a year ago, M. Henri de Pène, the witty young journalist, came so very near losing his life. M. de Pène has entirely recovered from the wounds received on that sad occasion, and is now as well as he ever was, a fact which his presence about town, no less than his *spirituel* contributions to *Figaro* and *Le Nord*, go to prove. In a recent feuilleton in the last-named journal, and apropos of his duel, De Pène, over his *nom de plume* of "Nemo," relates a little circumstance which, to my mind, contains the substance of a little romance.

A few nights ago, seven young gentlemen, French and Russian, in quest of a supper, on their way in fact, from the opera to the Café Anglais, met on the Boulevard three *dames aux camélias* returning from Mabilly in an open barouche, and, oh! marvel! alone! An invitation to supper was no sooner extended to these beauties of the night than accepted. It does not take long at Paris to get companions, male or female, when a supper is in question. In this case the *entente cordiale* had been so readily established between the young men who had stopped the carriage, and its load of lace and crinoline, that neither party knew exactly of what the other was composed.

When the party (of which we must premise the reader M. de Pène formed one) united around the table sparkling with glass and silver and damask linen, by the light of two chandeliers, the masculine part of the company discovered to their great chagrin, that one of the invited belles was a "Magenta widow."

These ladies of the *camélias* have hearts—short-sighted moralists to the contrary notwithstanding; hearts which may be bought, it is true, by some, but which beat for the one loved object with a passion as sublime, as pure, as self-sacrificing as the love of a mother for her child, in whose souls burns ever the flame of the higher love, like the sacred perfumes in the censers of the priests. "*L'humilité de la courtisane amoureuse*," says Balzac, "*comporte des magnificences qui en remontent aux anges*."

It was not at all surprising then that this woman who made a trade of love, should have loved at one period of her life a young and brilliant cavalry officer.

And he who had been the object of her only love had fallen at the village of Magenta, by the side of his general, who was also overtaken by death in nearly the same moment as his subordinate officer. The general was forty-four years old; his orderly, united to him in death, had scarcely passed his twenty-fifth year.

Twice in his life M. de Pène had seen this young man; the first time it was on a night of the carnival; he was disguised as a court fool and was gaily dancing a most animated quadrille. He interrupted the dance to be introduced to the young journalist, whom he wished to thank for a professional service he had rendered him. In the matter of a recent duel, in which the officer had had the misfortune to be a too complete victor, M. de Pène had written in a widely circulated journal what he believed to be the truth. As this truth was favorable to the unfortunate duellist, the latter took occasion to express to the writer his deep gratitude for the favor which he had done him in disseminating it.

"Our acquaintance," says M. de Pène, to whom we now yield the narrating pen, "stopped here for the time being. Several months passed without my seeing him, and when we again met, a mutual misunderstanding had placed him among the number of my adver-

saries; we found each other face to face, and with a sword in our hands. The task of holding me to answer for the sins of which he thought me guilty having then fallen to a third party. I heard no more of the young officer until I was told of the proud ending of his youth.

"Every one about this gay supper-table had heard the sad intelligence except the one to whom it would have been a cause of mourning. Thus it happened, that while all were saddened with this sorrow which, had she known, she would have felt more deeply than any one, she alone was gay, rallied the guests upon their down-heartedness, and asked why these gentlemen had put crape on their glasses.

"No one had the courage to answer her.

"When she learned next day the cruel fate of him who had held the best place in her heart, oh! how bitter must have been the remembrance of her ignorant gaiety of the night before?"

So wags the world, and many a *de profundis* goes side by side with a cantata.

The whirligig of Fashion, here and everywhere during the past few years, has brought about most singular changes. The usages of society have progressed in refinement of taste and tact, and now the politest way of telling a friend exactly what he wants to know when you invite him to dinner, has been found.

This process, which I shall presently describe, seems to me the result of the philosophical view which society now takes of itself. At one time the cards which simply indicated that the lady of the house would be at home on a certain day, or which were sent as invitations to a ball or a soirée, furnished a subject for much conflicting criticism. In the humble opinion of the subscriber, nothing could have been more reasonable than this custom—it indicated exactly the degree of hospitality wished to be extended.

"Company" (the word best expressing what the French mean by *réunion*) may be of various kinds: it may consist of a gathering of intimate friends, or of acquaintances, or a mixed and crowded assembly. It was to tell you beforehand which of these you were to expect that the printed card of invitation was adopted. For a grand occasion it expresses to you that the hostess will be very glad to see you, but warns you that you will be included willy nilly in the big net which, in such cases, to add to the brilliancy of our entertainment, we spread for all those with whom we have any relations. The card, speaking for the hostess, says: I am to give a rout, a concert, a ball for vanity's sake, a ball necessitated by my position, by my obligations to other ball-givers in society, or a ball *de courtoisie*; I have no reason to wish you absent; I even desire your presence. I offer you my hand, but it is a gloved one.

The printed letter takes the place of the card if the hostess wishes to recognise a greater degree of intimacy, and you only receive a written letter from your Amphytrion when your presence is absolutely indispensable, and the salon to which you are called is to be filled by your friends or equals. These shades of courtesy have been carefully studied, and are, I think rightly, observed with a certain minutiae.

Now to the special advance in society's usages which has drawn me into this long digression:

The custom is now, at all the wealthy tables of Paris, to forward to the guest, with his invitation to dinner, a list in detail of the repast to be set before him. All the meats and wines with which you are to be served are thus made known to you beforehand, and each one may arrange according to his gastronomic faculties, his taste and experience, whether to eat much or little, in view of the Johannisberg, the sherry, the Crème de Bonzy, the Hermitage-Berger, the Clos Vougeot or the Latour, which is to intervene.

So you see that if the fashion be generally adopted, no more cases will occur like that which Mr. John Leech has so felicitously depicted, in which a distressed little fat boy bursts into tears just as the dessert is being brought on at a family dinner, and blubbers to his mamma, "Oh, dear! oh, dear! I've eaten so much of the turkey that I haven't got any room for the plum-pudding!"

And so from the implied etiquette of the dinner-table to that which is spoken, M. de Talleyrand thus leads us in his roast beef scale. But, perhaps, you don't know what Talleyrand's roast beef scale is; I will tell you:

One day Talleyrand had a dozen persons to dinner. After the soup he helped his guests to the beef.

"Monsieur le duc," said he to one, with a deferential air, and picking out the best piece, "shall I have the honor of helping you to some beef?"

"Monsieur le marquis," said he to a second, with a gracious smile, "shall I have the pleasure of helping you to the beef?"

To a third, with a sign of familiar affability, "Dear count, shall I help you to the beef?"

To a fourth, with common politeness, "Baron, will you have some of the beef?"

To a fifth, a guest without a title, but distinguished in the law, "Monsieur le conseiller, do you wish some of the beef?"

Finally, to a gentleman seated at the foot of the table, the prince, pointing to the platter with his knife, said, with a nod and smile of condescension, "A little beef?"

A singular occurrence, one in which a feat heretofore looked upon solely as a means of exciting the wonder of a gaping crowd was turned to most humane account, took place at Besançon quite recently. The brothers Buislay, acrobats, in their summer journey through the provinces, had advertised a performance in the above named place. Just as the performers were about to begin the evening's entertainment a fire broke out in a house near by. The fire, supposed to be the work of an incendiary, had been kindled in the cellar, and before it was discovered communicated to the stairways. All of the inmates had escaped but a lady who occupied a room on the third floor of the burning building, all means of es-

cape were cut off by the flames, and she would have infallibly perished had it not been for the brothers Buislay, who now arrived upon the scene of the conflagration in their performing costumes, and carrying the pole with which they nightly performed the feat known to all circus-goers as *la perche équilibriste*. Fixing the pole in the belt about his waist, Henri steadied it in the air with both hands, while Emanuel, the other brother, mounted to the top as nimbly as a squirrel. Thus he reached a window of the first story. Then, taking the unfortunate woman on his back, he accomplished his descent with all the *sang-froid* and success which have marked his dangerous experiments in the arena.

Among the late arrivals at Marseilles, where so many departures "in the pomp and circumstance of war" have recently taken place, is signalled that of a young panther, addressed to M. Chaix d'Est Ange, the famous Paris lawyer, the Choate, in fact, of the French bar. This present was sent from Algeria by a young man for whom the illustrious advocate gained a very important case about three years ago.

"But what a singular present to a lawyer!" you say. Not so singular as you imagine. You must know M. Chaix d'Est Ange exercises an irresistible influence over the most ferocious animals, his eye is never troubled, even by their most bloodthirsty looks. His conviction "in the premises" (to employ a legality) is, that by kind treatment and a certain accent imparted to the words addressed to them, even the most rebellious of wild beasts may be tamed.

This theory M. Chaix d'Est Ange has often put in practice, and thus proved that if he had not been himself (that is, the greatest lawyer in all France, perhaps in Europe itself), he might have been a Carter or Van Amburgh. He has, moreover, the seductive voice of the charmer—rare quality in an addresser of juries—is, in short, an Orpheus without a lyre! Not long ago he had at his villa a magnificent full-grown lioness, who went about the premises as freely and as little regarded as a pet dog, and who had not its equal for mildness and equability of temper. In the evening, when the advocate was at work, the lioness used to come and lie down under his desk, serving him for a footstool.

Unfortunately all did not share in the confidence M. Chaix d'Est Ange placed upon the animal's harmlessness. When he was absent, his family, friends, and even his neighbors were in a chronic state of lively terror. The great lawyer at last consented to part with his pet. One fine day he coaxed her into an old-fashioned carriage, which, notwithstanding its large dimensions, she nearly filled, sat down beside her, and was driven to the Jardin des Plantes, where he left her in the hands of the keepers of the menagerie. He afterwards went to see his lioness from time to time, and during these visits managed to tame a fine large lion of about the same age as his pet.

One day M. Chaix d'Est Ange had arranged to go to Orleans at seven o'clock in the morning, with one of his professional brethren, a very skillful pleader, M. Boudin.

The two lawyers arrived at the depot a few moments too late; the train had just left. The morning was cold, dark and rainy, no café was yet open, and how to pass the compulsory two hours before the departure of the next train was, to our left-behind travellers, a question of no little moment.

"Let us go to the Jardin des Plantes," said M. Chaix d'Est Ange. "It is near by, and I am known there, so that we can at once procure admittance."

"Agreed," said M. Boudin, and to the place designated the pair hastily directed their footsteps.

In the building in the Jardin reserved for wild beasts there is a waiting-room, where, in cold weather, a fire is always kept up, and where the attendants lounge away the hours when "off duty." Thither the future *procureur général* conducted his companion, and soon the twain were seated, quietly chatting, before the fire.

Suddenly a door opened, and in sprang, with bounds of boundless joy, a lion and a lioness, both young, it is true, but still of formidable size and unpleasant liveliness. The lion, to be sure, had no mane, but his teeth and claws were in splendid working condition.

The two terrible animals rolled on the floor at the foot of M. Chaix d'Est Ange, who began to caress them, to call them by name and to put his hands in their mouths. During these proceedings M. Boudin was so terrified as to excite the smiles of the attendant keepers. After a time, however, seeing the animals so gentle, M. Boudin became sufficiently reassured to pass his hand over the back of the lioness. But the moment he commenced this stroking of the animal's dorsal vertebrae, the still "shaky" lawyer felt an enormous weight on his own back. This was the lion, who, wishing to share in the fun, had taken the liberty of resting his fore paws upon M. Boudin's shoulders; the latter, half turning his head, beheld the cheerful spectacle of two long rows of ivory tusks ornamenting a very cavernous mouth, and the whole in convenient proximity to his right ear. His feelings, as the "dreadful accident man" always says, "may be better imagined than described." He came very near fainting, and if his friend had not called off the lions at once he would undoubtedly have done so.

In the evening at Orleans, M. Boudin, whose nerves had scarce recovered their habitual tranquillity, related at the dinner-table of the judge, before whom the morrow's case was to be tried, the menagerie adventure, the heroic courage of M. Chaix and his own fright.

"Ce pauvre Boudin," added M. Chaix, "I can understand his terror. Just consider his situation! Such is the affection of those lions for me, that if they had discovered he was engaged as the opposing counsel in this suit to-morrow, they would have devoured him to a certainty!"

FIDELITY, good humor and complacency of temper outlive all the charms of a fine face, and make its decay invisible.

NOTES ON ORNAMENTAL FLOWER CULTURE.

BEAUTIFYING THE PLEASURE-GROUND.

FLOWERING shrubbery and flowers are choice gifts of Nature to the landscape gardener. With them he may diversify the milder parts of his landscape, and beautify the grounds more immediately connected with his dwelling. Like trees, flowers should be planted in masses of similar species and colors. This will give much more variety, as well as greater strength and expression to their beauty than if planted in a state of confusion. But these groups and masses, while distinctly separated on the lawn, should by no means preserve any regularity in shape or in distance apart, which would impart a stiffness to the whole. Let them be of glowing forms, and thrown at irregular distances on the surface, regard being had to the various points from which they may be viewed. Along the banks of a little brook, if such there be, flowers are peculiarly appropriate, adding beauty and grace to the landscape as well as enlivening it. Planted in front of masses of shrubbery and trees, to continue the descending line to the ground, flowers and flowering shrubs will give a finished appearance to the scene. Here they may be allowed to extend themselves along the ground in large masses, and their bright colors will be found to produce a most pleasing effect. In flower gardens, too, the flowers will always be found to show to excellent advantage by being planted in masses, consisting each of a separate species. Thus a group of red salvias, one of white petunias, another of verbenas, the whole backed by the green foliage of a belt of shrubbery, will be very attractive.

Single trees, or detached groups of two or more trees, are often placed to much advantage along the line of approaches to the house, and if beautiful in themselves and appropriately situated, add much to the general effect. Single trees, or open groups, also have a fine effect when scattered on the side of a hill, because they may be made to mark the degree of its declivity, and the shadows of the trees are very conspicuous. A few maples or other fine foliaged trees, planted behind the dwelling, and showing their tops above the roof, when approached from the front, also have a beautiful effect, beside offering a pleasant shade to that part of the house contiguous to them. Evergreens, of various kinds, are found very appropriate as detached trees, or in small groups, set at an appropriate distance from each other, in front of a mass of deciduous trees. Their color and form contrast admirably here.

BUDDING ROSES.

It has been recommended that the stocks be planted in a rich and rather stiff soil, two feet apart in the row, and three feet between the rows, with a stake every ten feet, and rods of sufficient strength reaching from one to another, to secure them against the effects of the wind. Plant no deeper than just to cover the crown of the roots. When growing commences rub off twice a week all the buds that are not wanted, but let the highest remain, for a stock six feet high often produces no shoots higher than half its height. In the first week of July the thorns should be removed from those places on the stocks intended for budding roses. If they be not taken away the operation is rendered needlessly troublesome.

The best time for budding the rose is towards the end of July, a dormant eye being employed, just after a fall of rain, and when no strong, dry wind is moving. An attention to these circumstances insures that the sap is flowing freely and avoids a rapid evaporation, so often preventing success. But budding may be in spring, if the buds are extracted with a small portion of wood adhering to them. To prepare the bud, make first a transverse cut into the wood a little below an eye, which incision is met by a longer cut downwards, commencing at a short distance above the eye, care being taken that a portion of wood is removed with the bark. This bud is inserted into the bark of the stock, which is cut like an inverted T. The horizontal edges of this cut in the stock and of the bud must be brought into the most perfect contact with each other, and then bound with waterproof bast, without, however, applying grafting clay. Eight days after the insertion of the bud the

stock is pruned down to the branch which is immediately above the opposite side, and this branch is stopped by being cut down to two or three eyes; all the side wood is destroyed, and when the bud has pushed to its fifth leaf compel it to branch by pinching its extremity; it will then flower in September of the same year.

In spring the rose may be budded without waiting till the bark separates, by placing the bud, with some wood on it, in a niche made in the stock, similar to what would be formed by taking an eye for budding from it in the manner above described, and into which it is fitted exactly with a slight pressure. It is recommended to make the cut for the niche where there is already a bud on the stock: when placed, the bud is then bound with bast and covered with mastic. In budding on the Boursalt, and indeed on any other rose, an excellent mode is to tongue a strong shoot, pass it through a forty-eight pot until the tongue is in the centre, and then press the pot full of a mixture of decayed manure and sand. It may be budded at the time, but whenever done the shoot should be headed down to within two eyes of the b

THE SWEET-WILLIAM.

There are narrow-leaved and broad-leaved kinds of this beautiful flower. The former comprise deep red, pale red, pale red and flesh-colored, purplish, white-eyed, snow white, white and flesh-colored, white and purple, white spotted, red flowers and white borders, called painted-lady sweet-william, and many other intermediate shades of colors and variegations, and which frequently vary in flowers of the same aggregate; there are also single and double flowers of each variety. Of the broad-leaved kinds there are the tall deep red, tall flesh-colored, pure white, white dotted, striped leaves and red flowers, large double rose-colored, sweet-scented, large double deep purplish, double variegated, &c. All the varieties are hardy herbaceous evergreen perennials, rising the first year with a large bushy tuft of leafy shoots, continuing green the year round, and the second year shooting up flower stems, producing flowers in June and July. The plants, although usually of several years' duration, yet, after the first year of flowering, the shoots frequently become long, straggling and of dwindling growth, so that a new supply should be raised every year from seeds and layers.

The best soil is that which is a moderately rich light loam on a dry subsoil, leaf mould and liquid manure being the best additions. June and July is the proper season for propagating by layers; and the same method is to be observed in every respect as for the carnation. This is the only method of propagation to continue the same double-flowered varieties. Being layered, give frequent waterings in dry weather, and they will be rooted in six or seven weeks; then to be separated from the old plant and removed to a bed of light soil. In October some of them should be potted, to move to occasional shelter from frost; for although the doubles are almost as hardy as the single, yet being more choice, it is necessary always to have some that may have protection in severe winters, the same as for choice carnations.

CULTIVATION OF LILIES.

The proper time for planting and transplanting lilies is in autumn, when their flowers and stalks decay, which is generally in August and September, the roots being then at rest for a short space of time, though the bulbs taken up at the above season of rest may be kept out of ground if necessary till October or November. The white lilies, however, do not succeed if kept long out of the earth, and all the others succeed best when set out as soon as possible. They should be planted four or five inches deep, and at good distances from one another. None of the sorts require any particular culture, for they will endure all weathers; so no more is necessary than destroying weeds among their stems by the hoe and supporting with sticks. They may all remain undisturbed two or three years, or longer; nor, indeed, is it proper to remove these sorts of bulbs oftener, for by remaining they flower stronger after the first year. It is, however, proper to take up the bulbs entirely after every three or four years.

All the sorts of these roots yield offsets abundantly every year, which, when greatly wanted may be taken off annually

In autumn, otherwise once in two or three years. The small offsets should then be planted in beds a foot asunder and three deep, to remain a year or two; and the large bulbs should be planted again in the borders, &c., singly. To cultivate lilies in the greatest perfection they should be removed as rarely as possible, and only when the bulbs become too close, for disturbing them is most injurious to their growth and flowering. In regard to potting, they should be grown in pots of large size, having plenty of drainage, the soil to consist of peat with a little fine sand. One great point is to keep the bulbs, particularly the largest, at a sufficient depth to allow room for the stem fibres to grow freely. When they require repotting, which should only be performed whilst the bulbs are dormant, they should be turned out very carefully, so as to avoid injuring the fibres or even shaking off the earth; the bulbs are then to be repotted in a larger sized pot, in peat and sand, with good drainage.

VIOLETS IN WINTER.

To have the beautiful Russian violets in winter they should be treated in the following manner: as soon as they have done flowering sift a little light soil over them and encourage their growth as much as possible, to obtain early strong-rooted runners from the old plants, which, if properly managed, will be in about two weeks. Transplant these young runners to a nursery-bed in a rather shaded but not confined situation.

The soil should be fresh sandy loam and peat, with a small portion of leaf mould, but by no means made rich with manure, as that causes the plants to grow too vigorously. About the beginning of August prepare a place for their final reception—a frame filled with a mixture of good loam and sandy peat, adding about one quarter of well-decayed animal dressing to it; well water the whole, and let it remain for a few days to settle. After this remove the young plants from the nursery-bed with good balls, and plant them in rows about six or nine inches apart each way, and afterwards place the lights on for a few days. They will require no further trouble, except watering and keeping free from slugs and weeds, which must be attended to. The lights must be put on during the cold autumn nights and in wet weather, and be well protected from frost during winter.

Treated in this way they will then flower freely from December to February. They may also be potted and cultivated in the same manner, and when in flower may be planted in the greenhouse; but they will not bloom during the winter if exposed to the inclemency of the weather in any manner, or if in a damp situation. Water should only be applied to them when they really want it, and then it should be given freely and early in the morning.

ST. ANDRÉ THE SURGEON.

NATHANIEL ST. ANDRÉ was a native of Switzerland, from which country he emigrated early in life, and secured the friendship of a wealthy patron, who furnished him with the means of procuring a medical education. He afterwards became a public lecturer on anatomy and a surgeon of eminence in London, a favorite of King George I., the confidential friend of Lord Peterborough, and was employed by Bolingbroke and Pope. But the fairness of such professional prospects were suddenly clouded, and his character stamped with an indelible impression of ridicule or guilt, by his listening to, and encouraging, the impudent imposture of a certain Mary Tofts, who pretended that she had actually given birth to a litter of rabbits.

It is not easy to account for the conduct of St. André, a man confessedly of strong sense and quick discernment. Of three opinions which prevailed at the time: that he was disposed to try an experiment on national credulity; that he was corrupted by money; or that he was a man whose ruling passions were excitement and the love of making a sensation, no matter at what expense—the author of this notice strongly inclines to the last.

Professional dexterity, or his skill as a performer on the *viol di gamba*, introduced St. André to Lady Betty Molyneux. He attended her husband in his last illness; and a marriage, in-

decorously hasty, between the widow and the surgeon, with other circumstances never satisfactorily explained, involved them both in the odium of being instrumental in hastening the death of Mr. Molyneux, from whom the Swiss (a base villain, if the charge is true) had received many favors. Combined with other unpropitious circumstances, this shocking imputation drove St. André into obscurity. Lady Betty was dismissed from court by Queen Caroline; and an action for defamation, in which a verdict and damages were given in favor of the newly married couple, was not sufficient to restore their reputation.

Chance, inclination, perverseness, necessity or guilt conspired to keep St. André in hot water for a good part of his life. In the year 1725, before he had been debased by credulity, or shunned as being suspected of flagrant crime, and in the routine of a lucrative practice, he was roused from his bed at midnight by a stranger thundering at the door, who urgently desired him to visit, without delay, a person who was described as desperately wounded. In the heat of zeal, or the perturbation of broken sleep, St. André neglected that necessary precaution for every medical practitioner on such occasions—the taking, on all midnight calls from persons he does not know, his own servant with him. After following his unknown guide in the nocturnal gloom, through many an unfrequented court, remote street and obscure alley, after being conducted and reconducted through passages, galleries and staircases, heated, hurried and confused, he at last found himself in a retired chamber, the door of which being instantly bolted, the affrighted surgeon was threatened with immediate death, if he did not directly swallow the contents of a bowl (of course poisonous) presented to him by two ruffians, with instruments of death in their hands. Having paused for a short time on the horrible alternative, he drank the terrible dose, and, with considerable precautions to prevent discovery, was replaced blindfolded at his own door. The condition of a man who has been compelled to take what he considered a poison need not be described. Without supposing that the drench contained one deleterious particle, the mere idea was sufficient to communicate arsenic, hell-bore and sublimate to his disturbed imagination. Of this extraordinary transaction an account, sufficiently expressive of the terror of St. André, was published in the *London Gazette*, and a reward of two hundred pounds offered by government to any person who would give information that might lead to discovery and conviction; but no discovery was made.

One is sometimes tempted to consider this singular narrative as the fabrication of a restless mind, fertile in invention; the fable of a man determined at every risk to present himself as frequently as possible to the public eye, and become the subject of general notice and common conversation; such characters occur in every age. A companion of St. André, who (in the hope of a legacy which never was bequeathed) endured much of his sarcastic brunt and satirical sallies, was heard to declare that he had good reason for believing that the circumstances related by his friend were correct. He added, as indeed the event proved, that there was clearly no poison in the mixture, though made sufficiently nauseous; that the whole was a cruel but harmless effort of ingenious revenge, on the part of some individual whom St. André had injured.

Whatever were the contents of the bowl, he survived its effects, as well as the exhausting consequences of the anxiety he suffered, and the antidotes he swallowed. Finding the metropolis, on many accounts, unpleasant, he retired from public obloquy, or private contempt, to a provincial town, where he occupied his leisure hours, and dissipated his superfluous cash, in building and planting; but discovered more of whim and caprice than goodness of taste, or correctness of design. Life, however, was strong in him somehow or other, for he lived to be upwards of ninety.

A DISCOVERY has been made near Paris of the tomb of a Celtic chieftain, interred more than twenty-five centuries ago, with the remains of his wife, his horse and his armor. Other discoveries made there seem to reveal the existence of a Celtic city of some importance in former times.

A CHAPTER OF WIT, ANECDOTE AND HUMOR.

THOUGH this is September the weather is still a Sirius matter, favorable to claret juleps, iced creams, Nova Zembla shampoos and god-like lasiness. Men yet go about in the thinnest possible clothing, with cool, flowing trousers, no vestiges of vests, shirt-sleeves loose at the wrist, untied cravats and mere apologies for collars, rejoicing mentally meanwhile in a general state of don't-care-a-cent-about-anythingativeness. How aggravating, at this season, to read of icebergs and polar expeditions—things unattainable! Rather will something heat-suggesting allay the caloric in the reader's blood. *Similia similibus*; we all know the system. And here, opportunely, we have this story of a "Yankee at Court in the Infernal Regions" to put our "hair-of-the-same-dog" theory into practice:

The court was sitting, and business seemed to be carried on with a dispatch quite unknown to our "upper" tribunals. Presently one of the constables called out:

"Virgil Hoskins! Virgil Hoskins!"

"Here!" answers a Yankee pedlar, quaking up to the bar.

Rhadamanthus was seated with a great number of huge account-books before him. "Virgil Hoskins is your name, is it?" said he; "here it is, H's, pp. 49,358; ah, Virgil, there is a terribly long account against you. Let's see a few of the charges:

"VIRGIL Hoskins,

Dr.

"June 27, 18—: To selling, in the course of one peddling expedition, 497,368 wooden nutmegs, 281,532 Spanish cigars made of oak leaves, and 647 wooden clocks.

"What do you say to that charge, Hoskins?"

Hoskins—"Say to it? Why, that was counted, in our place, about the greatest peddlin' trip that ever was made over the Potomac."

Rhadamanthus—"June 29, 18—: To stealing an old grindstone, covering it with cotton cloth, smearing it over with butter, and selling it as a cheese."

Hoskins—(in great surprise)—"Jimminy! you wouldn't punish a man for that, would ye?"

Rhadamanthus—"December 13, 1780: To making a counterfeit dollar out of pewter, when you were six years old, and cheating your own father with it."

Hoskins—"My parent was real glad when he found it out; he said it showed I had a genius."

Rhadamanthus—"To taking a worn-out pair of shoes which you found in the road, and selling them to an old lady, as being the actual shoes of Saint Paul."

Hoskins (with exultation)—"I made four dollars and twelve-and-a-half cents by that operation."

Rhadamanthus—"July 2, 18—: To taking an empty old watch-case, putting a live cricket into it, and then selling it as a patent-lever in full motion."

Hoskins—"He! he! he!—wal, that was one of the cutest tricks I ever played in all my life!"

Rhadamanthus—"It would occupy me a week, Hoskins, to go through all the charges against you. I really am getting entirely out of patience with New England, for it gives me more trouble than all the rest of the world put together. You are sentenced to be thrown into a lake of boiling molasses, where nearly all your countrymen already are, with that same old grindstone tied to your neck."

CHEAP aphorism-makers, since the advent of Tupper, have largely swollen the ranks of the literary "regulars," and as a burlesque upon the style of these gentry the following may be considered a happy effort:

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY.

As the top skim is not always cream, but sometimes chalk: so the rowdy-dowdies occupy the highest seats in the theatres.

A long face is no sign of sanctity, and the general crape on a loafer's hat indicateth no grief.

As the sigh of a pig may be for more swill, or from an overloaded stomach: so may one sigh for the coming or going of love.

As potatoes grow small, if planted in the fall: so the greedy man, in his haste, grabbeth the stale loaf.

High living, and much ease, do not always impart the best digestion: so he who goeth afoot may get to the cars as soon as he who rideth in his chariot.

As the wind bloweth with no obstruction through a waste: so the gassy man letteth off to great advantage among strangers.

Hot water satisfieth no thirst, and angry words mend no broken cups and saucers.

Lies may multiply and succeed for a season, but the cabbage-plant groweth not all the year round.

As an omnibus taketh in all who hail it, and stoppeth in front of the theatres for more: so the fool swalloweth all he heareth, and keepeth his mouth open for the "Extras."

The ring-tail monkey swingeth as easily by his tail as by his arms: and the hypocrite acteth the saint as easily as he doth the sinner.

As too much steam busteth the steamer's boiler: so too much gab doeth more than good.

Money maketh more monkeys than men: and the man gaineth character, wife and children, while the nabob dieth looking for all three.

The path of glory leads but to the grave: and the road of the whiskey-swiller endeth in a bed in the gutter.

As gunpowder bloweth a man into sausage-meat: so a scolding tongue breedeth a fuss, and turneth comfort out by the window.

A black eye is a sign of a plug-muss, and yellow teeth indicate plug-tobacco.

A man maketh a wry face over a gill of vinegar: but he taketh down a quart of whiskey without a twist of his snout.

The oak of ages fighteth in vain against the tempest, and man succumbeth in the end to destiny, love or liquor.

PERHAPS never before were our "national boundaries" so satisfactorily (to the spirit of united Yankeedom) defined as in this story, which comes from no less a pen than that of ex-President Pierce:

Captain —, of the United States Navy, was equally distinguished for his eccentricity of manner and for his proficiency in seamanship. On one occasion, during a cruise in the Mediterranean, he so acquitted himself as to induce some English and French officers, who were engaged upon similar service (cruising) to tender him a complimentary dinner, as an evidence of their appreciation of his professional skill. At the time designated many were present. Customary courtesies were being exchanged, and international toasts and sentiments were being liberally indulged in, accompanied by corresponding potations, when one of the officers in her majesty's service, having become somewhat oblivious, remarked with characteristic brusqueness:

"Captain, I have but one great objection to your countrymen."

"And," naively said the captain, "what is that?"

"An insatiable desire for the acquisition of territory." Then, becoming excited by his subject, he continued, "I am satisfied, captain, there will be no end to it."

"Oh, yes," quaintly and coolly replied the captain.

"For God's sake, when?" emphatically inquired the officer.

"When," responded the captain, preserving his equanimity, "we reach our natural boundaries."

"Will you please inform me where those may be?" interrogated the English officer sarcastically.

"Where?" said the captain, assuming an inimitable manner, "from h-l to the aurora borealis!"

THERE are some things in life which are rather embarrassing, none more so, we imagine, than going to bed before a young lady, except when—but we will spare the reader our qualifying idea; he will see before he comes to the end of the story that the remark we refrained from making would have been in this instance entirely irrelevant. The story concerns one Judge D—, of Illinois, and the fun lies in the predicament of that gentleman, who, having accepted the hospitality of a large family, occupying a single bedroom, was obliged to undress and "hop into bed" in the presence of a young lady. Thus runs the tale:

The judge himself is a "small man, physically speaking," and the idea of going to bed before the young lady—a modest, sensible girl, who from habit thought nothing of the circumstance—turned his head topsy-turvy. The idea of pulling off his boots before her was death, and as for doffing his other fixings, he said he would sooner have taken off his legs with a saw. At length the awful crisis approached. The judge had partially undressed, entrenched behind a chair, which offered no more protection from "the enemy" than the rounds of a ladder. Then he had a dead open space of ten feet between the bed and the chair—a sort of bridge of Lodi passage, as he describes it—which he was forced to make, exposed to a cruel, raking fire, fore and aft. The judge proceeds:

"Body, limbs and head, setting up a business on one hundred and seven and a half pounds of flesh, blood and bones, all told, cannot individually or collectively set up any ostentatious pretensions. I believe the young lady must have been settling in her mind some philosophical point on that head. Perhaps her sense of justice wished to assure itself of perfectly fair distribution of the respective portions. Perhaps she did not feel easy till she knew that kind Providence had not added to poverty individual wrong. Certain it was, she seemed rather pleased with her speculation; for when I arose from a stooping posture finally, wholly disencumbered of cloth, I noticed mischievous shadows playing about the corners of her mouth. It was the moment I had determined to direct her eye to some astonishing circumstance out of the window. But the young lady spoke at the critical moment.

"Mr. D—," she observed, 'you have a mighty small chance of legs there!'

"Men seldom have any notion of their own powers. I never made any pretensions to skill in 'ground and lofty tumbling;' but it is strictly true that I cleared at one bound the open space, planting myself in the centre of the bed, and was buried beneath the blankets in a twinkling."

THERE is nothing like style now-a-days, and that of a high-falutin' order chiefly obtains. "Phur instans," a gentleman who was above using common language, in giving an account of his father's death expressed himself as follows:

"The intense frigidity of the atmosphere had so congealed the

pellucid aqueous fluid of the enormous river Potomac, that with the most eminent and superlative reluctance I was compelled to procrastinate my premeditated egress into the State of Maryland, for the medical aid, assistance and co-operation of a distinguished son of Esculapius, until the peccant deleterious matter of the arthritis had pervaded the cranium, to which it had ascended from the inferior pedestrial major digit of my paternal relative in consanguinity, whereby his morbidity was magnified so exorbitantly as to produce a total extinguishment of vivification."

ANOTHER phase of this same disdain of plain talking is exemplified in a scene having a California drug store for its locality, and one of the clerks employed therein for its historian:

In our drug store I have a fellow-clerk, somewhat celebrated among his acquaintances as a concoctor of puns and the utterer of dry jokes. He is a boyish-looking youth, and officiates, when his services are required, behind the soda-fountain. A few mornings since a fashionably-dressed, poetical-looking young gentleman entered, and seating himself on a stool in front of the counter, in a choice selection of terms requested the clerk to prepare him a Seidlitz powder. The following conversation, ridiculous in its earnestness, resulted:

Clerk—"With syrup?"

Customer—(slowly and methodically)—"I require it not as a refreshment. If the syrup vitiate not the effect of the compound, you may mingle with it such an amount of the substance as will render the potation palatable. Or, to be better understood—"

Clerk—(interrupting)—"I comprehend you perfectly. Permit me to assure you that the tendency of the syrup will be rather to enhance than diminish the purgative virtues of the drug."

Customer—(indignant at observing that his style is affected by the other)—"Then proceed, miracle of medical literature and wisdom!"

Clerk—"With despatch, confounder of fools!"

Customer—"Then, if not struck motionless, use haste."

All this was so quietly, so politely said, that, although amused beyond expression at the conversation, I stared in wonder at the parties. The clerk evidently felt cut at the last remark of the other, but mixed the powder, which the stranger triumphantly swallowed, paid for and started to leave the store, when—

Clerk—"Should you feel any uneasiness in the region of the stomach within the period of fifteen minutes, illustrious patron, attribute the cause to the accidental introduction into the draught you have just taken of some drug of vigorous effect and painful consequence."

Customer—(a trifle frightened)—"If I do, d—n you, I'll punch your head!"

Clerk—"I thought I'd bring you down to plain English; but I guess you'll find the powder all right." [Exit customer with coat-tail standing straight out.]

THE following "Sonnet to Whisky," is said to have been "ritten by a admirer uv the beveridge imcjetly after takin a nip, the labor interspersed with ockashunali wettin his lips with the same." Having been produced under these circumstances, we cannot but regard the "pome" with special interest:

Whiski! all hale! from erlyst boyhood, I
Hev ardently admird th' qualitis.
Thowst cloathed mi mind with strength—mi noze in richest
dyes.

Hale! Whiski! hale! Hale potent son of Rye!*
When wus grows wus, and bal gone baldier,
When trubblas waivs across mi buzzum roll,
A nip of thee expands mi shrunken sole.
As wind from a boy's mouth expands a bladder,†
Water is good, no man of sense denise it;
Serch throo old Nacher, and you will not meet
An artikel so fit fur washin feet; ‡
But as a beveridge, faw! there i dispise it
Mi stumick terns and fur relief i fli
To the eckstract of corn—to thee Red Eye.

* Alludin to the plesent siksoun that whiski is maid uv rye, which it is not by no menes; on the contrary uv korn.

† A butiful simile, appropvrsly chozen to sho how the clickser uv life will coz a man to spread hizself.

‡ The liberality uv this sentiment is noble, it is grand. While asserin the superiority of his favorite beveridge, he is willin to allow that sum use kin be maid uv other likwids. Sech noble-mindedness is refreshin.

A distrust in the intervention of Providence is nothing rare enough to "excite our special wonder;" but when, as in the subjoined instance, there is added thereto a ludicrous justification of said feeling, the fact merits chronicling. In Washington, Pa., they have a "cullered church" where a great many things are said exhilarating to the spirits of "the profane" among the whites:

One winter evening, when the cullered preacher was in the midst of his sermon, making a most violent if not a most eloquent appeal to his hearers, one of the stove legs fell out, and, as a natural consequence, the red hot stove tipped over at an angle alarmingly suggestive of fire. The audience of course commenced crowding out

of the door like sheep. But the preacher was equal to the occasion. Addressing one of his prominent members, he cried out:
"Pick up de stobe, brudder Bolah! pick up de stobe! De Lor' won't let it burn you! Only hab faith!"

Poor brother Bolah had unfortunately too much faith, and immediately seized it, all glowing as it was; but no sooner had his fingers come in contact with the fervent iron, than he dropped it again, and dancing round on one foot, blowing his skinless finger, he exclaimed, with all the energy which he could throw into his voice, "De debil he won't! De debil he won't!"

WE contend that kissing is beyond all art; still we cannot deny that these instructions, given by a prof ssor in that line of bliss, may be found of service:

"Of course you must be taller than the lady you intend to kiss. Take her right hand in yours, draw her gently towards you. Pass your left arm over her right shoulder, diagonally down across her back under left arm, and press her to your bosom, at the same time she will throw her head back and you have nothing to do but to lean a little forward and press your lips to hers, and the thing is done. Don't make a noise over it, as if you were firing percussion caps or trying the water gauges of a steam engine, nor pounce down upon it like a hungry hawk upon an innocent dove, but gently fold the damsel in your arms, without deranging the economy of tippet or ruffles, and by a pressure upon her mouth revel in the sweet blissfulness of your situation, without smacking your lips over it as you would over a canvas back duck."

FOR something refreshing at the present alarming attitude of the mercury, we commend the reader to the ensuing story anent a very "cool customer":

Peter Rose was an honest old farmer, living down in Maine, but he had a neighbor who, especially when under the influence of liquor, was not as honest as he should have been; this neighbor, John Knobbs by name, was possessed of a vast amount of confidence, and it was next to impossible to force him to "acknowledge the corn," even when the charges against him were proved beyond a doubt.

Once, when John was pretty well "set up," he stole a bag from Peter, and was seen in the very act of taking it from Peter's cart and transferring it to his own; but Peter, not wishing to create a disturbance and get his neighbor into trouble, went to him and civilly inquired:

"Friend Knobbs, haven't you got a bag that belongs to me?"

"Bag that belongs to you? No sir. I have bags enough of my own without borrowing from my neighbors."

"Well, but what's that?" urged Peter, spying the bag under the seat; "that looks like my bag, and I'm sure it's got my mark on it."

"Your mark! I beg your pardon, but that's my mark: P. for John and R. for Knobbs. Can't you see, you old fool?"

Peter couldn't see very well; so the matter was brought before a justice of the peace, who decided that the bag was Peter's property. But John, though forced to give up the bag or pay a fine to keep himself out of jail, still insisted that the bag was his own, and that "P. stood for John and R. for Knobbs."

TO one of the disadvantages attendant upon civilization this "yarn" of the backwoods we think distinctly points:

A short time since, a gentleman and lady were travelling in Michigan, and, having missed the stage, had to take a private conveyance from the town of Senderi to Thomastown. The lady had with her a beautiful little lapdog, which she carried in her lap, on an embroidered mat. During the ride, the gentleman discovered that he had no handkerchief, when the lady lent him hers, which was fashionably scented with musk. About half way between the two towns, the carriage broke down, in the midst of a hard rain, and they were obliged to take refuge in the half-way house, a "one-horse" log tavern, consisting of two rooms—a bar-room and lodging-room. The lady laid her lapdog on the mat before the fire, and herself and her husband took seats. In a short time the gentleman had occasion to use his handkerchief, and took it out, leaving it lying on his knees when he got through with it. In a few moments the landlord opened the door, put his head in, looked around, went out, came in, gazed at the dog—his nostrils all the while upturned in disgust. He finally appeared satisfied, went to the outside door, opened it, and came back with a bound, seized the lapdog by the tail, and hurried him howling through the open door, full ten rods into the forest. The wife fainting; the husband arose to his feet in a terrible rage, and wanted to know what he did that for.

"That's my dog," continued he, furiously.

"I don't care a cuss whose dog it is!" said the man, gruffly and impudently; "I ain't a going to have such a blasted-smellin' varmint around my tavern!"

The husband and wife evacuated the house instantly, and proceeded on their way in the rain.

Mrs. P's CREED.—What church do you attend, Mrs. Partington?"
"Oh! any paradox church where the gospel is dispensed with."

A WITTY ANSWER.—A gentleman having occasion to call for Mr. Joseph G., writer, found him at home in his writing chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It was hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied Mr. G., "for 'tis here I make my bread."

MAN.—A story is told of a doctor in the goodly town of B., not a hundred miles from Vermont. The doctor kept missing his wood, and set watch. As was expected, it proved to be the work of a near neighbor, who soon appeared, and carefully culling out all dry wood, started off with an armful. The doctor hastily gathered up an armful of green wood and followed, tugging as fast as he could, and just as the man threw down his armful, the doctor did the same, exclaiming, "There, you must burn green wood a part of the time—I have to," and departed, leaving the thief to his own reflections.

SINGULAR.—Mr. Pullup, coming home late "pretty full," finds the walking slippery, and exclaims: "V-ver-very sing'lar; wh-whenver water freezes it allus fr-freezes with the slippery side up—singular."

SHE MUST HAVE MEANT SOMETHING.—Conversing one day with a fashionable and pretty belle, the facetious Mr. Spriggs, observed that "Ladies who lisped wished to be kissed." The young lady had before spoken unaffectedly, but now replied, "Tho I've heard thay."

FILIAL AFFECTION.—A "wee bit of a boy" astonished his mother a few days since. She had occasion to chastise him slightly for some offence he had committed. Charley sat very quietly in his chair for some time afterwards, no doubt thinking very profoundly. At last he spoke out thus: "Muzzer, I wish pa'd get anuzzer housekeeper; I've got tired seein' you round."

INSTITUTING AN EQUALITY.—The first visit Mademoiselle Clairon paid Voltaire, she threw herself at his feet, exclaiming, in the words of Aménable, "Oh my protecting God!" Voltaire, somewhat astonished, fell on his knees before her, and said gravely, "Now that we are both on a level, how are you?"

GOOD FOR SOCRATES.—Seeing a scolding wife who had hanged herself on an olive-tree, exclaimed: "Oh, that all trees should bear such fruit!"

COULDN'T PUMP HIM.—A wee laddie was brought before one of the Glasgow bailies, who asked,
"Where did you learn so much wickedness?"
"Do you ken the pump in Glassford street?"
"No," said the bailie.
"Well, then, do you ken the pump in the Briggate?"
"Yes, sure," was the reply.
"Weel, then, ye may gang there and pump as lang as ye like, for I'm hanged if ye pump me."

A SUMMER DAY.

It was a sultry day of summer time.
The sun pour'd down upon the ripen'd grain
With quivering heart, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,
And the sky look'd like silver, and it seem'd
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

SETTING HIM RIGHT.—An unsophisticated parson was once describing to his hearers a calm at sea, and said, "In a calm there is but little wind and the sails hang to the masts."

There happened to be among the congregation an "old salt," who could not stand such nonsense as that, so, jumping to his feet, he exclaimed, "That's a d—d lie! Shipmates, in a calm there is no wind and the sails hang to the yards."

HAD HIM THERE.—A Dutchman turned to a negro boy and asked him:

"Boy, do you think a nigger has got a soul?"
"Oh, yes," said the boy, "I reckon they got souls."
"Well, boy, do you think you would be allowed to go to heaven?"
"Yes, sir, I spec I will; I 'lows to git in."
"Now, boy, whereabouts do you think they'd put a fellow like you in heaven?"
"I dunno, sir," said the boy; "but I reckon I'll git in somewhar 'tween de white people and de Dutch."

SAWING A FIGHT IN TWO.—The latest dog story is of two dogs who fell to fighting in a saw-mill. In the course of the tussel, one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instantly. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight and whipped the other dog.

STARVING THEM OUT.—There is a good story told of Meolraj, the native East India General. His followers took from the English a lot of hermetically sealed provisions, in tin cases, and not having seen anything of the kind before, he mistook them for cannister shot, and fired nothing from his guns for three days but fresh lobsters, pickled salmon, and other delicacies, thus supplying the British camp (which he was trying to starve into a surrender) with a shower of the freshest of English provisions.

THE LATEST IMPORTATION.—"Shall I have the pleasure of your company for the next set?" asked a young gent of a pretty but not well educated young woman at a ball.

"What is to be the dance, sir?"

"Ditto," said the young man, referring to his programme.

Oh, you must excuse me, then, I can't dance ditto!"

THE DOCTOR'S ORDERS.—"My old nurse, Mrs. Patrick O'Toole," said cousin Jerry, "was a woman of logical mind. I was very sick, once, and the doctor left me an atrociously bitter drug, which I rather declined taking. But Mrs. O'Toole carried the day. 'It's the doctor's orders,' cried that good old lady; 'and if you don't go by the doctor's orders, it ain't no use for you to be sick at all.' I swallowed my own scruples, and the doctor's also."

BEATS NIAGARA.—"Well," said a Yankee, proudly, to a travelling Scot, as they stood by the Falls of Niagara, "Is not that wonderful? In your country you never see anything like that?"

"Like that," quoth the latter, "there's a far mair wonderful concern nae twa miles frae whare I was born."

"Indeed," says Jonathan, "and pray, what kind of concern may it be?"

Why, mon," replied the other, "it is a peacock wi' a wooden

DER DYCHMAN'S SERENADE.

'Twas a good zummer's night, un der moon he shone prigit,
Un I felt all zo sholly un gay.
Ven I dought I would go, un mine avvections to show,
To a laty zome musies I'd blay.
Zo I duned up mine vlute, un away I did poot,
To der house vere mine love she hangs out,
Un der air it did ring mit der songs vot I zing,
For at least half a mile round apout.

"It'll be a rich dreat to hear musies so shveet,"
Thus I said to minezef ash I blayed;
"I'll enshant her, py tam zooch a tear little lamb,
Ine'er zaw zince der tay I was made."
Put a zazh dere vas raised, un I felt quite amazed,
Ash I heard vrom her vinder der bops,
Un on dop ov mine crown, mit a slash dumbling down,
Game a pucket of vater un shlops.

"KILLING TWO BIRDS, &c."—We have been told of a young couple who were married lately in San Joaquin county. Of course they must have a wedding tour, but they were frugal folks, and did not like the expense. Not to lose time or money in the trip, they took rhubarb, for pies, to sell on their visit to Sacramento, and brought back salmon to sell on their return. That couple will have something beside children to comfort them in their old age.

LRCID DIRECTION.—A letter was dropped into the Newark post office lately, bearing the following direction:

to mitch
tuth en
post of-
fice
for timothy
foyle

It was probably meant for "Timothy Foyle, Metuchin P.O." It was detained—the postage not being paid.

PADDY'S PLEASURE.—A travelling Irishman who had gone the whole round of the continent, was returning home satiated with having "seen nothing," when, in a field by the road, he saw a fight: he stopped his carriage, hurried to the scene of action took his side, with small reference to the question at issue, obtained his due amount of blinding bruises, and groped back to his carriage, exclaiming, "By jove, this is the first bit of pleasure I have had since I have been from home!"

A CANDID REPLY.—Dr. Barnes being sometimes (as even younger men might be) inclined to sleep a little during the sermon, a friend who was with him in his pew one Sunday lately, having joked him on his having nodded now and then, Barnes insisted that he had been awake all the time.

"Well, then," said his friend, "can you tell me what the sermon was about?"

"Yes, I can," he answered; "it was about an hour and a half too long!"

ODD INDUCEMENT TO INFORM OF LAW BREAKERS.—Over a bridge in the town of Athens, Georgia, is posted the following notice:

"Any person driving over this bridge in a pace faster than a walk shall, if a white person, be fined five dollars; if a negro receive twenty-five lashes, half the penalty to be bestowed on the informer!"

DIFFICULT TO COMPLY WITH.—A cotemporary contains the following: "Wanted, at this printing office, a devil of good moral character."

QUOTATIONS FROM THE NORTHERN MARKET.

*Flour Rising.**Apples—High.**Game of all kinds—Scarce.**Fish—In demand.**Pork—Quiet and steady.**Beef—Active.*



FRANK LESLIE'S GAZETTE OF FASHION FOR SEPTEMBER.

WHAT TO BUY, AND WHERE TO BUY IT.

"WHERE shall we all be this time next year?" exclaims a querulous elderly lady, moaning over her troubles, past, present and future. We echo the exclamation, in a somewhat different spirit, while hoping that if this time next year should find us still occupying the very honorable office of Fashion Editress, it will also give us some better subject for our own pen and the artist's pencil than is afforded just now by the Broadway stores. "Taking stock!" "Remodelling!" "Pre-

paring for the fall trade!" "Shall have some magnificent goods to show you in two weeks or so, madam; but they are not out of the Custom House yet!" These are the answers, stereotyped apparently, which we get in answer to our tender inquiries about silks and velvets, laces and ribbons.

As, however, it happens, from the great circulation of our Magazine, that we cannot wait two weeks beyond our time of going to press, for such scraps of comfort in the way of information as our friends at the various stores are likely to afford us, without risking the peace of mind of many thousands of our readers, who would certainly die of disappointment did



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they fail to duly receive these interesting pages, we must be content for the present to give such information as our own observation and our foreign correspondence affords us, waiting hopefully for the time when a different state of things will be found among us.

Now, would our readers know why we look forward hopefully to the "coming time"—not very distant, as we believe—when not only the fair Flora McFlimsey will have something to wear, but when the dry goods stores will have something to sell, at this the most beautiful season of the year? It is because we see a new era in American history about to commence—an era when a city which, in many points, may well claim to be the finest in the world, will present so many attractions to her residents that they will no longer think it necessary to undertake pilgrimages to miserable farm-houses or crowded hotels every summer; to work as hard at dressing, dancing and flirtation as ever they do at home (only more so), and to fancy they are benefiting their health and invigorating their constitution.

We can hardly realize, perhaps, the very great social changes that will result from the completion of the Central Park; but the wildest stretches of imagination are probably tame and commonplace in comparison with the facts, as they will be. Up to the present time New York has had nothing that could be called either a carriage drive for her wealthy citizens, or a pleasant stroll for the family of the poorer; and it was, perhaps, the only capital city in the world so situated. Now, when the beautiful Park is completed, we shall have a place of recreation unequalled throughout the globe; and with the means for the enjoyment of the beauties of nature and art, come inevitably the desire to profit by the blessing and the tastes and feelings which a knowledge of the beautiful so surely originates.

Let but that grand humanizer, MUSIC, lend its aid to the enchantment, and that not only when the rich and the idle can be present, but when the mechanic and the laborer can snatch his few hours of relaxation, and we have at once a power that may and will alter the whole complexion of affairs in New York, and do more to destroy the taste for rowdiness and wickedness than all the efforts of clergy or police.

Nor if the changes effected among the higher classes be less striking, will they be, in their way, less honorable to an enlightened age. It will doubtless be found that the out-door costume of ladies will approximate more closely to that of the model nation, the French; and we shall no longer see, on pedestrians, dresses fit only for a ball-room or for the carriage. Indeed, during the past winter there has been a growing taste for quiet and elegant promenade toilette, and the effect has unquestionably been most pleasing. The fact has been hitherto that the *modistes* have too generally confounded the carriage toilette of a Parisian with her simple out-door shopping or walking costume, and as there has not been here any carriage promenade at all, the dress that was only suitable for full visiting toilette has been adopted for the streets. Now, when there will be a magnificent drive, the appropriate dress will be worn for it, and the gentlewoman—a title much more expressive than the old hackneyed and abused one of lady—will wear, when shopping or marketing, a dress with which she need not feel it incongruous to carry a parcel.

"What difference can it possibly make?" asks some fair damsel, whose generous father supplies her with new dresses as soon as she fancies she wants them, and who is, indeed, so accustomed to the brief life of fifty-dollar robes and seventy-dollar mantles, that he has no notion that the condition of his daughter is not that of every other young lady in the civilized world. "What difference can it make?" she reiterates. A good deal, if only on the score of economy; and that is worth some thought, seeing how often there are commercial houses which leave even to the young and the helpless "nothing to wear," but what their own labor will afford.

But supposing that actually the father of the family can, by taxing his powers continually and affording himself no rest, no relaxation, supply these inordinate family wants, is that all of either his duty or his pleasure? Is there no cultivation of social intercourse to be desired; no acquaintance to be made with the minds of his children; no hearts to be won? Is it always

to be toil, toil, on his part, and a thankless spend, spend, on theirs? Surely not! The father of a family has a higher office than that of being merely its bread-winner, important as that office is. It is woman's privilege to so apportion her expenses that such home desecration may cease; and we, therefore, hail with joy anything which promises to create or to forward so great a social reform.

We began by wondering what changes another year might effect, in view of the hoped-for completion of the Central Park. Amongst other benefits, we look to that of a more uniform trade, without that violent rush taking up every bit of silk, organdy or grenadine within a few weeks, to be followed by something so nearly resembling utter stagnation as at present. Then, too, it does seem possible that, with this improved order of things, there may be a little more decent and respectful attention to customers than is now seen in nine out of ten New York houses; in which, while the principals are all that can be desired, those they employ are as grossly rude and negligent as it is possible to be. For a clerk, male or female, to interrupt the order of a customer by a gossiping conversation with a fellow clerk, during which he or she is utterly oblivious of that customer's presence, is a daily, we may say, an hourly occurrence; and we have seen, more than once, a positive squabble among a parcel of ill-mannered, over-dressed girls, as to who among them should be troubled with executing an order or attending to a counter. These scenes reflect as much discredit on the principals as on the actually culpable parties, as well as decided injury. We have ourselves watched customers leave one store, where, though little was doing, they could not get their claims attended to, to visit another where they hoped to meet with more civility. This state of things is as common as it is disgraceful, and all the more annoying because we are assured that the proprietors desire their subordinates to show as much attention as they themselves do invariably.

Though this is the rule, there are some honorable exceptions; and we are glad to see that this consideration of gentlemanly or ladylike conduct in the clerks is becoming daily a matter of more importance with the best class of employers.

Among the very few novel importations in the way of material which have yet been displayed in New York are some charming striped goods, in a fabric called Algerine silk cloth, imported solely by CHARLES STREET & Co. The material is remarkably soft and beautiful, the colors very clear and bright, and the width (two yards) allows of an ample opera cloak or mantle being cut out of it without a seam. Another novelty of the same house is an Indian foulard, of a quality superior to anything we have ever seen, in bayadere stripes, exceedingly narrow, and in those delicate tints called by the French *couleurs écrues* (neutral tints). The silk is in two widths—that of the usual width for dresses, and the mantle silk to match, but measuring two yards. We have not been so pleased with anything we have seen for fall travelling dresses as this soft, delicate, graceful material, which may be either trimmed with itself or with a bright tint.

STRANG, ADRIANCE & Co. have a novelty in dark gray figured French poplin, a very distingué article.

E. LAMBERT & Co., 835 Broadway, have already opened some very choice and beautiful fall silks, in dress patterns and by the yard. The former are chiefly brocaded in velvet, and the texture and designs are alike superb. The silks sold by the yard are mostly in lozenge patterns, brocaded, with just the centre of each lozenge in black or some other color than that of the silk. There is a beautiful new shade of reddish purple, called the *peunia*, which will be the tint, *par excellence*, of the ensuing season.

We noticed, at this house, some new delaines and coburgs, with delicate chintz patterns, on a solid dark ground. They will make charming morning dresses. The quality is very good.

At A. T. STEWART's, where, as in every other establishment, a great reduction from the ordinary prices is being made, we examined an extensive stock of novelties in breakfast and other embroidered sets. The style of work is now no longer of the very showy class which has been so long fashionable; but very delicate designs, in which the fineness of the workmanship

compensates for its apparently simple character. The mousquetaire shape is revived, especially in those sets which are embroidered in satin stitch. In this shape the cuff, which is turned back over a full sleeve, forms a point in the middle, which is slashed about half way down. The accompanying collar always forms a point behind, and one on each side of the front. It is a good deal more stylish than the ordinary shape, although almost equally small.

Another pretty novelty consists of a narrow band of the muslin, perhaps one-sixth of an inch wide, being laid on in curves, so as to form a succession of small medallions, in each of which is a leaf or flower exquisitely embroidered. The band itself is stitched down with the utmost neatness at both edges. Some of the sets we saw in this style were finished with a Valenciennes edging, others were without it; we thought the latter the most light and pretty, but both were really very distinguished.

Collars and cuffs, with narrow colored borders laid on, are a good deal in vogue just now, and, with white dresses, look very pretty, although we prefer, as a matter of taste, a simple scarlet embroidery. This latter may be wearable with black for the winter also; but the other varieties cannot, with propriety, be worn with anything but a white muslin wrapper.

At TIFFANY & Co's., 556 Broadway, where we spent recently one of the pleasantest mornings we have known, we were shown some emeralds and sapphires of the rarest water and beauty. Of all the gems, to our taste, sapphires are among the most beautiful. They always seem more celestial than earthly, as if fragments had been torn from the skies by some adventurous mortal, and retained to give a faint shadowing of the beauties of another world. One sapphire at Tiffany's is valued, without the setting, at six hundred dollars. It makes a magnificent ring, surrounded by diamonds. A very beautiful emerald, hexagonal in shape, also set in a ring, is considered one of the choicest stones in America, although not nearly so large as some others belonging to the same firm. The partner in Europe, always on the look-out for novelty or beauty, has sent over lately some articles of bijouterie, which the fortune of war doubtless has sent into the market. Amongst these was one of those curious old rings which are so long as to form a perfect shield for the finger on which they are placed. It has a centre in which small hair ornaments are placed, with a row of diamonds round it. The form is an oblong, with square ends.

In bracelets, some very massive ones, of exquisite workmanship, have been imported. One is composed of acanthus leaves, as we see them employed in architecture; another of a succession of figures, something in the cornice style, also appearing to be taken from an architectural ornament. Nothing could be handsomer than the bracelets, although we think that the more delicate beauty of those composed of fine chains or links are more distinguished.

We learnt that the very beautiful bracelet which we mentioned last month as being as flexible as a ribbon, is formed by braiding together very fine strands of gold, and then flattening the work.

The cameos here are wonderfully fine. One, a Medusa's head, is perhaps one of the choicest specimens of the art ever imported. Its value, without any setting, is two hundred dollars.

Turning from the cases filled with wealth untold and beauty inexpressible in the way of jewels, we observed some charming parasols of black lace lined with white silk, and finished entirely with carved coral. The handles especially, composed of a single piece of coral, beautifully carved, were most admirable. No prettier present could be devised for a lady whose position would make such a thing suitable than one of these beautiful parasols.

We have not, it would seem, much to record this month; but sailing up the beautiful bay of New York the other evening, in the calm, clear light of the setting sun, with just breeze enough to fill the white sails of the yachts and fishing boats which dotted the surface of the water, we could not help contrasting the aspect of things in America with that of less fa-

vored lands during the past two months. The security, the sense of ease and freedom, the home enjoyments and political independence of the people of this land, with none to make them afraid, is it not a contrast to the state of Austria, Italy and France which should fill our hearts with gratitude? Not many of us, perhaps, can realise the horrors of war at our own doors. Peace, like many another blessing—like the air we breathe and the water we drink—is too common to be valued. God grant we never learn to prize it from its loss!

In truth, the bay of New York and the Hudson are beautiful enough to make the coldest heart throb with delight. The sail up the river is one of which we can hardly tire, so varying is it. We want to traverse it often even to realize its charms, so much do they grow upon us with closer acquaintance. We can fancy no more delightful change from the glaring heat of the city than is afforded by an excursion to Newburgh, Poughkeepsie, or Rondout, of a boat so beautiful and comfortable as the Thomas Powell, and with a captain so courteous and kind as Captain Anderson. Having, on the one or two previous occasions of taking that route, been deafened with a screech ironically called music during the entire voyage, cramped with want of space, and rather disgusted with very indifferent fare, and coffee guiltless of any berry like that of mocha, we were surprised and delighted indeed by the contrast afforded by this delightful floating palace, and no longer wondered that on its decks may generally be found many of the literary and political celebrities of the day. Above all, a lady travelling alone is sure of the kindest attention and most courteous explanation of any point of interest, and how many of these there are, which retain a charm for those most familiar to them, we know.

By the way, we should like to know by what law of nature it happens that captains of vessels, whether steam or sailing—on salt or fresh water, always are such kind, manly, courteous men as they are, paying as much attention to their lady passengers as if that was their only duty, and generally, it must be confessed, monopolizing pretty well their attention in return. If chivalry be left on earth at all, which sometimes we hope it is, notwithstanding Burke's assurance to the contrary, it certainly is to be found in sailors; who, from the captain of the stately Indianan, with perhaps twenty young ladies under his exclusive care for four months, to the head of the scarcely less beautiful river steamer, whose trip is made in about as many hours, we have hardly known an instance to the contrary. It seems a law of nature, just as it is one that Methodist clergymen should monopolise ere middle life three times the average allowance of wives, and have numerous olive branches, very ill-mannered and utterly unmanageable—and a considerable appreciation for creature comforts, both in quantity and quality. We don't pretend to account for either state of things, but the facts are indisputable.

And so, among other things we recommend our readers especially to buy, we would name the ticket of a passage to Newburgh by the Thomas Powell.

DESCRIPTION OF COLORED FASHION PLATE.

FIG. 1. Dinner dress of peach-colored silk, with a full skirt, set in large box plaits on the corsage. The lower part of the skirt is trimmed with three rows of ribbon, set on in irregular vandykes, edged above and below with white or black lace, and forming here and there lozenges filled by bows of ribbon, and floating ends finished with drops of chenille. The corsage is plain, with a pointed berthe, ornamented with a similar trimming; the sleeve full, with a row of lace, supported by a small puffing. Head-dress of black velvet ribbon and green chenille flowers.

FIG. 2. Child's dress of petunia-colored gros de Naples, the skirt trimmed with three narrow flounces, of which the lowest is set somewhat above the hem. The body is low, and square on the shoulders, set in large plaits from the top to the waist, both before and behind. A wide sash of the same silk is fastened behind, with large bows and long ends. The sleeve is of five graduated frills of silk, forming a pagoda coming just to

the elbows. Straw hat, turned up at the rim, trimmed with orange and black plumes and ribbon.

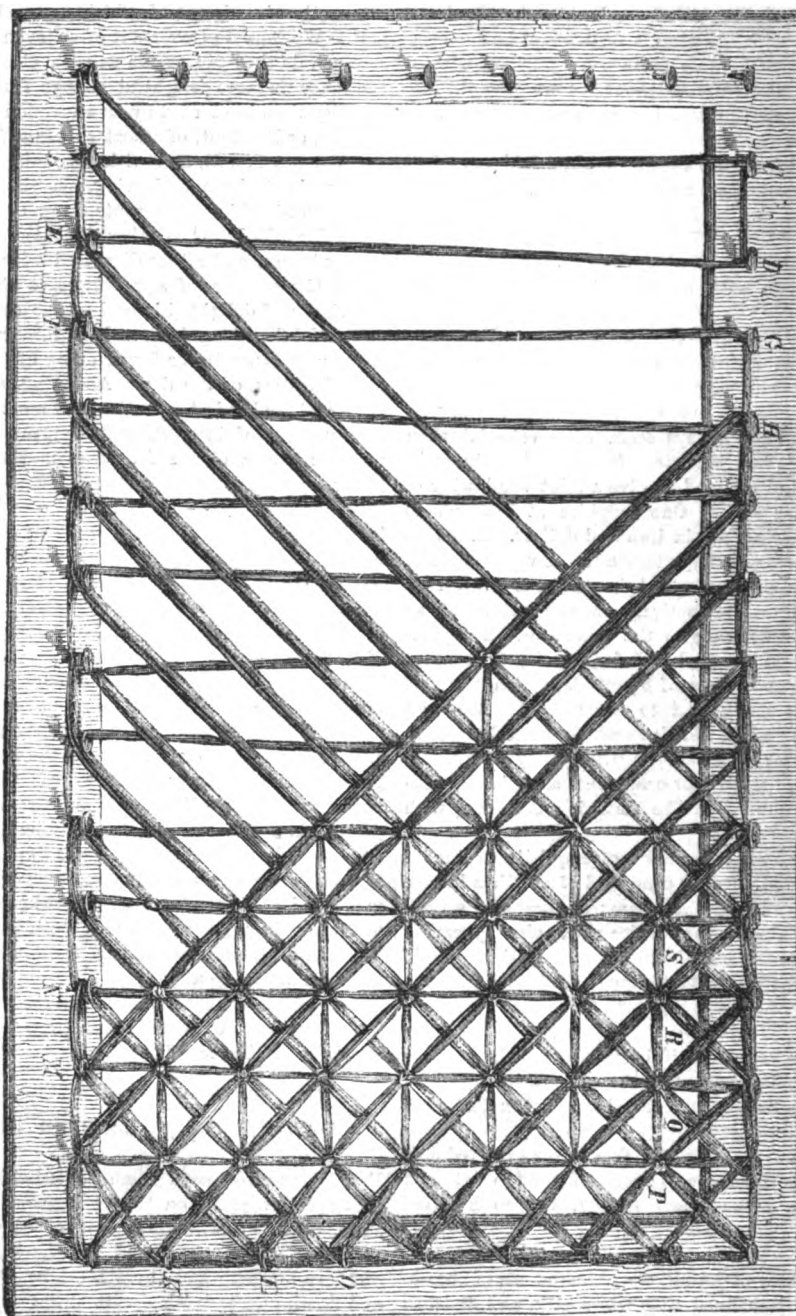
Fig. 3. Promenade toilette. Dress of green silk, in a small plaid pattern, the bars of which are black. It is made high, with a plain corsage, fastened by buttons up to the throat. Over it is worn a casaque or mantle of black glacé, fitting closely in the body, where it reaches just as high as a low, square cut corsage would, and with a full basque or skirt, set on at the waist in large box plaits. It has also a very ample and long Sultana sleeve. The entire mantle is trimmed with a box-plaited ruche

lace, including long floating barbes, and amber-colored poppies with jet centres. Small amber poppies are also placed in the interior, which is round, and full barbes of blonde, with long brides of black and amber ribbon.

GENERAL DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

LADY'S CLOTH MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 280.

It really looks as if winter was approaching when we find it



FRAMEWORK FOR WINDING WOOL. PAGE 277

of green silk ribbon, edged on each side by one of black silk. The tint of the green corresponds with that of the dress; and consequently the two must be worn together. Were the ruching made all black, although equally full, the mantle would be of more general utility; and from its peculiar shape it is only calculated for early fall wear. The bonnet is decidedly larger than even they have been worn of late; of gray Neapolitan, trimmed with a little black silk ribbon, a profusion of black

our duty to give a design for a cloth mantle. It is made, however, of very light cloth, so as to be as suitable for the fall as the colored cloth cloaks, with the advantage of harmonizing with any dress, which no color will. At the back it is cut very round, and set in large box plaits, a style which is the most distinguished for the coming season. Over the shoulders falls a pointed hood, trimmed with passementerie and handsome tassels. This hood is carried across the front in the form of a cape,

giving a peculiarly neat set to the garment. The back of the cloak is also rounded, forming sleeves over the arms, and the fronts are square and plain.

ZINGARA CLOAK. BULPIN. PAGE 231.

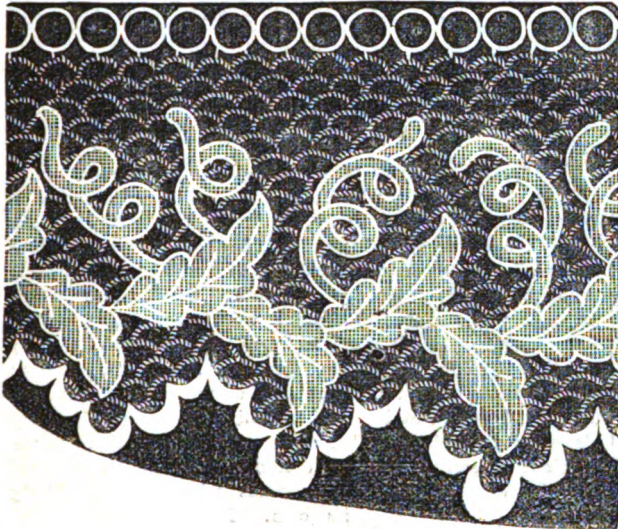
The materials of this cloak also is of black cloth, though it is made in gray, stone and other light tints. It is a circular, falling round the figure with considerable fulness, and set on a shoulder-piece in deep box plaits, like the last. Along the centre of each plait is a row of handsome velvet ribbon trimming, terminating in a tassel of passementerie. The hood, Zingara, is full at the edges, and may be drawn over the head if the wearer be caught in a shower.

GREEK CAP. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 273.

This charming cap, which may be worn either as seen in the engraving or to hold the hair on the back of the head, is of blue silk and silver thread, worked in crochet. A cord is run in to confine it, and finished with handsome tassels to match.

TORSADE. MEEKER & MAIDHOFF. PAGE 273.

This torsade is composed of chenille, mingled with fancy cord and gold bourdon. It is finished with very rich tassels. The manner in which it is represented in the engraving may be considered the most generally becoming way of wearing it. The house which furnished us with the pattern offers an immense variety in every style of make and color.



CUFF IN APPLICATION

DESCRIPTION OF NEEDLEWORK.

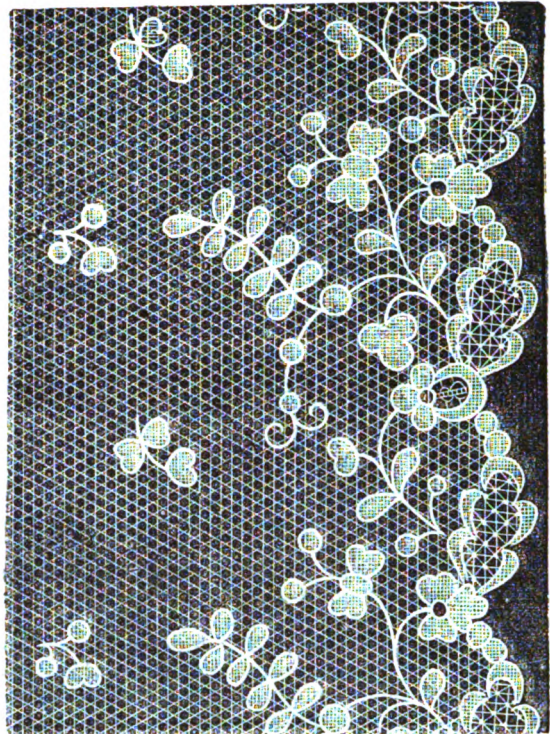
By an error, at page 180 of this volume, August number, a netted border for a hair net was omitted, and a pattern for a napkin ring introduced in its stead. We now correct the mistake, by printing the missing engraving.

DESIGN IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

The whole of this pattern, except the eyelets, is worked in satin stitch; the cotton employed being selected according to the material; 14, 18 or 20 for long-cloth; 24, 30 or 36 for cambric or jaconet muslin.

FRAME WORK FOR WINDING WOOL. PAGE 276.

A great deal of work is now done in Germany by winding wools on a frame, fastening them at the crossings by knotting them. We here give a representation of the frame employed, and mode of using it. It is not the same as that employed for wool mats



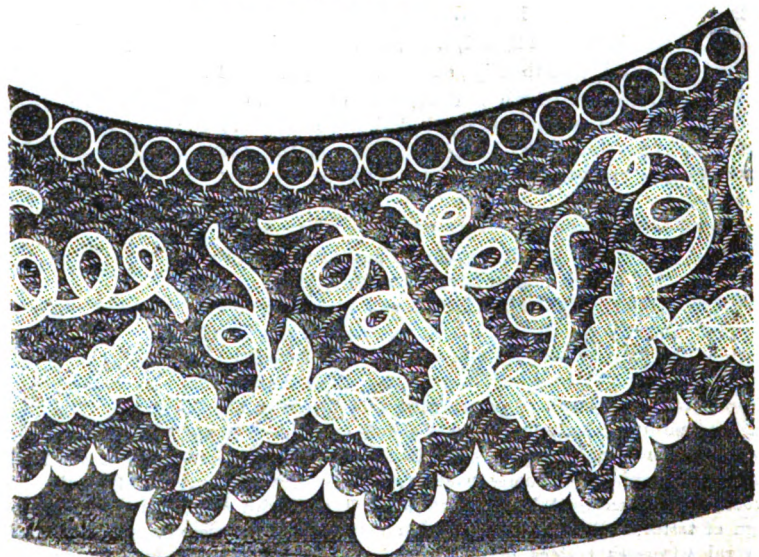
DESIGN IN FRENCH EMBROIDERY.

COLLAR AND CUFF IN APPLICATION.

Materials.—Fine jaconet, or linen cambric, with Walter Evans & Co's. Boar's Head Sewing Cotton, No. 40, and Perfectionné Embroidery Cotton, No. 24.

Mark the full design (of which we give a sufficiently large section) on the cambric, tack it on a piece of toile ciré, trace all the outlines with a double thread of the embroidery cotton, and trace out the border in the same way, raising it considerably.

Before working any part beyond this, do the ground with the sewing cotton, by making a loop of thread, as seen in the engraving, and twisting another closely on it to go back again. All the loops of one line should be done continuously, if possible, as you can slip your needle along the edge, from point to point; and fasten off wherever you please on the edge or on the pattern, by leaving a few stitches along the edge



COLLAR IN APPLICATION.

When the ground is all done, work the outlines of the pattern in neat button-hole stitch, with the embroidery cotton, and make the veinings by running and sewing over. Overcast the edge also, and pierce and sew over the eyelet-holes.

Then cut away all the muslin from under the ground.

If preferred, a piece of Brussels net may be laid under the cambric; you then make no ground; but merely work the pattern, and cut away the cambric, leaving the net for a ground.

SECTION OF A HAIR NET. PAGE 285.

Materials.—Imitation pearl or coral beads, with black or brown crochet silk, and fine round elastic.

On this elastic the beads are to be threaded, and formed into rounds. The remainder of the pattern is done, and they are joined together by crochet, consisting simply of chains, with here and there a double crochet stitch. Pins, to match, should fasten it at each side of the head.

RIGOLETTE. PAGE 288.

Materials.—Single zephyr wool, white and colored, and white split zephyr; a frame like that used for making velvet wool mats.

With a pair of bone needles, No. 8, cast on with the colored wool six stitches, and knit in plain stitch a half square, by increasing one at the end of every row, until the piece is large enough to wear over the head. Now, with the Shetland wool, and a coarse crochet needle, make a chain of this widest width, and work on it + 2 dc in 1, 2 ch, 2 dc in next, miss 4 + repeat to the end. In the next row, and all following, do 2 dc under ch of 2 2 ch, 2 more dc under the same + but always decrease at each end, so that this piece of work may fit over the knitting. Do a narrow border of the same along the front, joining the knitting and crochet together, and a deep border along the back, as seen in the engraving. Knitted brides, 8 inches wide, must be covered and trimmed to match. Finally, with a large mat frame, make two mats of the two colors combined, working them up and down, and not across, so that you may cut the mat into strips two balls wide, and put this trimming all round the rigulette.

KNITTED FRINGE. PAGE 288.

Materials.—Knitting Cotton, No. 4, 6, 8 or 10, of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, with two steel knitting needles.

The heading or upper part is first done, and the fringe itself knotted in afterwards.

Cast on seven stitches, and do one plain row.

1st. Bring the thread in front, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, k 1.

2nd. K 3, p 1, k 2; m 1, k 3 t.

3rd. Thread in front, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k a.

4th. Slip 1, k 1, pass the slip; stitch over, k 4, m 1, k 3 t.

When a sufficient length is done, wind some of the same cotton over a card, of the depth you desire the fringe to be; cut it, and knot into every hole of the edge of the knitting from strands of the cotton, using a crochet hook for the purpose.

A DOG FRIGHTENED BY A HARE.—For courage and devotion to his chief, this pointer might have matched a '45 clansman; but, like the old Highlander, I once saw him show evident signs of superstition. When ranging a grass-field he pointed a hare, which soon moved from her form, reared herself on her hind legs, straight as a small gate-post. The dog at once showed evident symptoms of uneasiness, by breaking his statuesque position, looking over his shoulder for advice, and twitching his tail most nervously. But when "puss," pursuing her advantages, actually paced ten yards towards him, erect as a drill sergeant, he fairly turned tail, and, with every sign of terror, took shelter behind his master. There were several witnesses besides myself to this reversal of nature—viz., the hare pursuing the dog. Most likely her young were near.—*Colquhoun.*

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING frequent applications for the purchase of millinery, work-table materials, hair ornaments, &c., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department of *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* will execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small per centage, for the time and research required. Every article will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country, on the following conditions:

The order must be accompanied by a cheque for the intended expenditure, addressed to the care of Frank Leslie, 18 Frankfort street, New York city. (Fashion Editress).

The instructions must be precise; and in the ordering of wearing apparel all particulars as to personal appearance should be given.

The address, including county and state, should be clear.

No order will be noticed unless the money is first received; nor can the editor or publisher be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The goods being purchased at those stores which maintain the highest character for the quality and style of the goods, and the moderation of price, and according to the prevailing fashion, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction is terminated.

We cannot, under any circumstances, send patterns or samples of goods, our own time and that of the proprietors of stores being too valuable to be taken up on the mere chance of an order.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.



MUSIC FOR HOME—THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST.

Is all that is of interest and importance to the ladies of America, we naturally feel deeply interested, and we look with much care and zealous scrutiny upon any new article offered for the patronage of the lady public. We have carefully examined the new musical publication, *The Musical Guest*, and find it to be most excellent in every respect. The selections are made in admirable taste—every class of purchaser is suited—both the simple lover and the classical student of music are catered for in the pages of this admirable weekly publication, the editor, MR. HENRY C. WATSON, being a thorough musician and a composer of a high order of merit.

THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

CHAPTER I.

"MARY's late I' coming home, mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron ower thy head and run down t' garden to look if she's i' sight: she suld ha' been home long afore this. T' clock's upo' t' stroke o' ten."

It is hardly possible to convey an idea of the great and pleasing variety of good popular music to be found in *The Musical Guest*, but we ourselves know several families in which it is used exclusively, and in its twenty weekly numbers issued are found songs for every voice, male and female, German, English, Italian, with duets, glees, &c.; while for the pianoforte solo are found every species of the most beautiful dance music (among this a most admirable and widely popular new set of Lanciers Quadrilles), with pieces, studies, &c., by Mendelssohn, Gottschalk, Wallace, Wollenhaupt, Prudent and other well-known writers. When it is remembered that each weekly number of *The Musical Guest* contains from three to five fine pieces of music, for ten cents, printed on the finest paper, regular music sheet size and in an elegant cover, some idea of the cheapness and the value of the work may be formed. *The Musical Guest* should be found in every house—in families where there are children learning, or where any member can play or sing. Its cheapness and sterling excellence suggest the idea of forming a library from which our friends can always select a song or a piano piece for our amusement, and which would come into practical use as young children grow up to be of an age to study the musical art. We commend this work most cordially, and in doing so must warn our readers not to confound *The Musical Guest* with any other work of a like character.

In addition to the weekly *Musical Guest*, the publishers, MOLYNEUX BELL & Co. of 13 Frankfort street, New York, issue two monthly works of a kindred character.

The following is a description of the *Musical Guest* series of publications:

The Musical Guest—The weekly publication embraces every variety of vocal and piano music. For the voice, Italian, German, French, English and American songs, duets, glees, &c., all the fashionable music of the day, together with old favorite and familiar melodies. For the piano, compositions by the most celebrated living composers, together with studies for practice and every class of popular dance music. Ten cents weekly or five dollars a year, in advance.

The Operatic Musical Guest, monthly, contains in each number all the beauties of some one popular opera, the only omission being the labored recitatives and large concerted pieces, which are never sung in private, and are consequently of no use for parlor performance. Twenty-eight pages, three dollars a year in advance, or twenty-five cents per number.

The Sacred Musical Guest, monthly, contains the most beautiful sacred compositions for one, two and three voices, and choruses, consisting of anthems, sentences, hymns, Te Deums, psalms, &c., for the use either of choirs or for private devotion. It contains twenty-eight pages; its subscription price is three dollars per year in advance, or twenty-five cents per number.

These three works carry out MR. WATSON'S system, and contain all that is needed for family use. A year's numbers of the weekly will contain nearly three hundred selected pieces, vocal and instrumental, or six hundred and thirty-four pages of music. Twelve monthly numbers of the *Operatic Musical Guest* will contain from ten to twelve operas—some operas will have to extend through two monthly parts—while a year's volume of the *Sacred Musical Guest* will give a variety of sacred music, unattainable from any other source, except at a vast expense. The three works, together costing but nine dollars, will form a collection of between six and seven hundred pieces—a library rarely to be found in any private house, which would cost, at the ordinary rate of sheet music, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Original contributions from the most eminent authors and composers will appear from time to time, and we can venture to assert that the *Musical Guest* publications will be found invaluable to the young and to the finished pupil, both as a means of study and a source of endless recreation.

The plan of the work is comprehensive, and must become a "standard publication"—one which will be always valuable and pleasantly welcome to the young and the old.

The *Musical Guest* publications are issued in beautifully tinted and illuminated covers. Each number forming an elegant and tasteful ornament for the pianoforte or centre-table.

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low moaning of the midsummer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honeysuckle as a rustic porch should be, and with a narrow path edged with golden St. John's wort straight down to the gate. There was no open prospect on either hand, for the hedges were high and the shrubs thick, but once at the gate, you could look far over the upland fields, and trace for nearly a mile across them the footpath leading to Heckerdyke. The Wards' was a lone house amongst the fields, with a dense planted hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. They could not watch the curl of a neighbor's smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood, but thence they could see Heckerdyke in the hollow two miles distant, and the haze of other smaller villages in the valley further away. It was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm and beautiful, and the melancholy whusking in the leaves only seemed to deepen the stillness. When Alice had stood for some minutes peering steadfastly at the white road, she said:

"I can't make her out, mother; let us walk a bit o' t' way to meet her."

"I don't mind if we do, only let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path without there being much talk between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended, for, coming to an inconvenient stile beside a great pond called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding.

"She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. Sit thee down, Alice; I'm well-nigh tired myself."

So they rested on the plank put through the bars by way of steps, Alice above her mother, and both with their faces set towards Heckerdyke. Ash-pool laved the long meadow grass almost close to their feet, and when the swaying of the boughs permitted it, the broken moonlight shone through on the water with silvery brightness. It was a lovely spot. The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds fired Alice's half-sleepy eyes, and she stared at them until she fancied she saw something white moving out of the black shade on the further bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by myself—there's something not right about the pool to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through as I have heard old-fashioned folks say we do when anybody is walking over the place where we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face towards the water, and replied:

"I remember hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was ha'nted, but I've passed it myself at all hours, an' i' all weathers, an' I never saw or heard anything. There's nought i' this world worse than ourselves, an' you've no call to be afeard, Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The ash-boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the blackest and deepest of the pool, where the trees arched over like a cavern roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back!" cried she, springing suddenly from her seat. "It gives me such a feel you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an'

fancies for she doesn't know what," responded her mother "but come thy ways; if Mary was over-persuaded to stay supper at thy aunt's, there's no telling but she may stop all night, or if she doesn't Jack'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice set off down the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her, when Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice? One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! thee talking o' being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-mallows, wetting

avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development, as her firm, agile walk and graceful movements showed. Cultivation could not have improved her much; nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique women. Living all her life in that lone house, amongst the woods and fields, taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this World to a Better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her



CLOTH MANTLE. DULPIN. PAGE 276.

thy skirts and catching cold i' thy feet! Don't run, bairn; who does thee think's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the house-place quickly, and as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother's eyes the prettiest girl in Rivisdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. They had been well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was twenty-one, and was engaged soon to be married to Farmer Goodhugh, of Rookwood End; but Mary was only seventeen, and had no

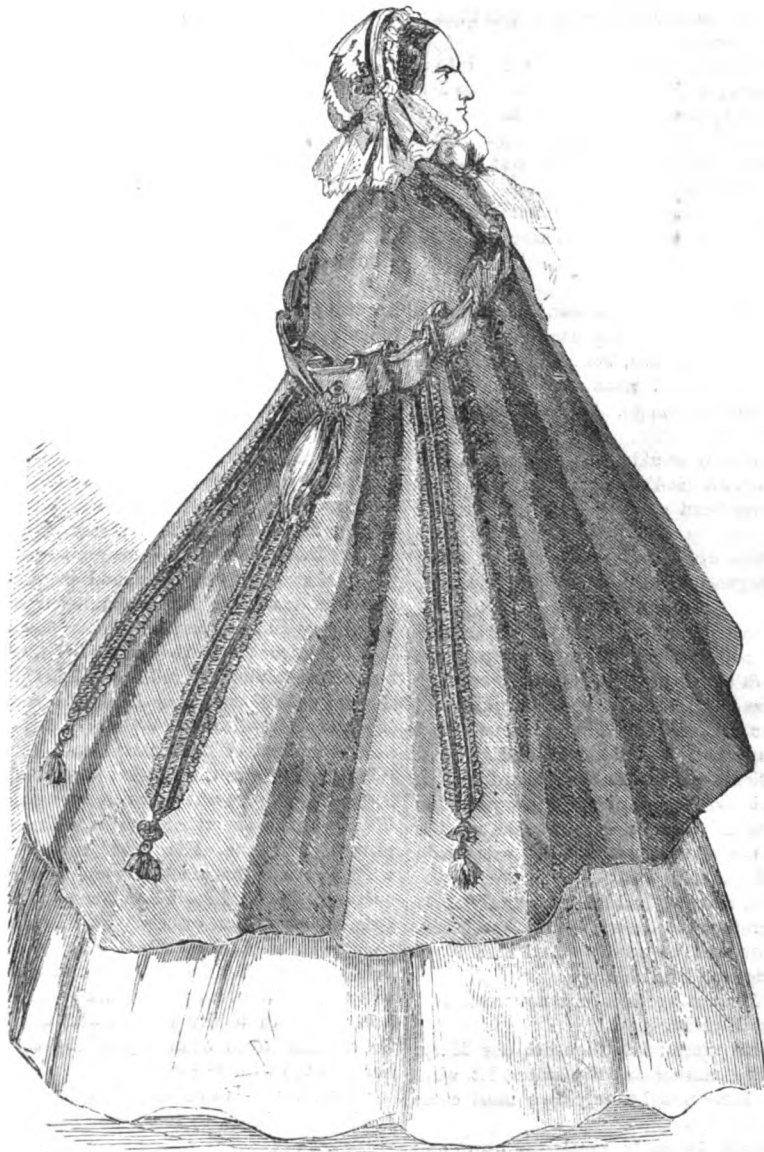
mental efforts; but she was a clever dairymaid on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, roots, bees and flowers; she was weather-wise, too, and could tell by the signs in the sky whether it would be fair or foul in Rivisdale day by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dressmaking with Miss Tumble, at Heckerdyke, but Alice had always stayed at home to help her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a monthly visit to the village school-room where the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of that excellent Dorcas the rector's wife, and after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to join

her and little Mary and set them home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and between the young people there was an attachment warm, strong and true. Alice was a woman of very deep feeling; her affection for her mother, and especially for little Mary, partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"I think it is a craze I've got to-night, mother," said she, king dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them; "for now I'm away from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none of that, at all events," replied Mrs. Ward; and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket

obeyed her mother's mandate and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and Mary were accustomed to occupy together. The little lattice had not been closed, and, looking out, there were the fields and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design until her mother's movements in the adjoining room ceased, and then, putting a plaid shawl over her head, she crept down stairs, unlocked the back door, and was away across the first field before the aimlessness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed to herself, and said, "It is fond; what has Ash-pool to do with Mary or Mary to do with Ash-pool? But as I have got out I'll go on." And reasoning with herself



ZINGARA CLOAK. DULPIN. PAGE 277.

resolutely. "Mary'll not come home to-night; she's stayed at her aunt's, or Miss Timble's got a press o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek her; she's stayed away many's the night before, an' I never felt like this."

"What's come owre thee, bairn! longings an' feelings, such a fash! What can ail thee?"

"That's just what I don't know, mother."

"Nor nobody else either. Get thee to bed, and thee'll soon forget all about it."

Alice felt herself very foolish but very uncomfortable, as she

thus she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the stile where she and her mother rested before.

All was just as still, just as beautiful, just as softly mysterious as when she left it; the water dimpling in the moonlight and the great ash-boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking across it, and blaming herself for her folly, and hoping her mother would not discover her absence for ever so long. Indeed, she made no attempt to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. And as she sat there flowed irresistibly over her vivid recollections of certain things she had read in her few books, especially of Christian towing to the

shores of the waters of death, and then taking leave of his wife and children before going over the flood alone; but suddenly she was startled from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing across the field where there was no pathway, straightway towards Ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and, springing forward, caught her in her arms. Then a struggle ensued; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might; but Alice had clasped her firmly round the body and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she purposely dropped to the ground herself, pulling Mary with her, and there held her with a more gentle restraint.

Mary's efforts to escape ceased gradually, and she fell into a quivering, moaning, sobbing agony, with her head resting on her sister's knees and her pretty long yellow hair all loose about her face and neck. Alice put it away, and, bending down, kissed her soft cheek, and then lifted her up and made her rest against her breast with the fondest tenderness.

"You have got into trouble, Mary, darling; 'but all's not over yet,'" said she. "I've been sent here to save you from doing a great sin."

"Who sent you?"

"It was God himself, Mary. I've had it borne in upon my mind all night to come and seek you by Ash-pool."

Mary said nothing for several minutes, but at last, in a gush of tears, she broke out: "Oh, Alice! what shall I do—what shall I do? You'd better have let me go. I'd have been lying like a stone at the bottom now!"

"Nay, Mary; your poor body would; but you would have been standing afore the throne o' God's justice."

"I don't think he'd be as hard as Miss Timble, Alice, if I was."

Alice was silent for a little while, and then thinking Mary somewhat quietened, she began to say, "You'll go home now, Mary?"

"No, no; I daren't, Alice—I daren't!" And then the circumstances or the consequences of her calamity overpowered her reason again, and, with vehement cries, she renewed her efforts to escape. Alice was so excited that she did not see her mother until she was close upon them. The old woman had heard her stealthy departure, had dressed herself and followed her out into the fields. Some way off she had heard Mary's agonised voice. Now she loved Alice, but little Mary was the idol and darling of her mother's heart; and when she saw the strange, unnatural strife, she stood for a moment paralysed; but Mary had seen her and was still.

"We will take her home, mother," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, yes, we'll take her home, to be sure—take her home. Come, Mary dear, come now and be good." And Mrs. Ward put her arm round her waist and lifted her up.

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm not worth it, I'm not worth it," sobbed Mary, drawing herself away.

"We are none on us worth much; but thou art our Mary, an' thee must come wi' thy mother an' thy sister, let what will ha' happened thee. I say nought, only thee must come home."

"Oh, mother, that it should be me to break thy heart and shame Alice afore everybody! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!"

"Hearts take a deal o' breaking, Mary, that has their help f' the Lord Almighty," was Mrs. Ward's answer; and then she said to Alice, with an involuntary sigh, "take hold of her, and let us get home."

It was a miserable walk. Mary cried hysterically, and twice again made her insane efforts to get back to Ash-pool. It was something, indeed, to thank God for aloud, as Mrs. Ward did, when they had her safe in the house-place and the door locked. They put her into the great chair that had been her father's, and Alice kindled the fire, while her mother sat still and soothed the unhappy girl as well as she might. But Mary was not in a condition to listen or profit much. She was sensible that they whom she had most dreaded to see had taken her to their

hearts and had not reproached her; but she was sensible also that she was a wicked girl, who had brought shame and sorrow upon all belonging to her, and that her own troubles were but just begun. Miss Timble had made her understand that too distinctly ever to be effaced from her memory. Neither Mrs. Ward nor Alice asked a single question, though what had happened came upon them like a thunder-clap; for the present they were only intent on getting Mary quieted and put to rest. This was not easy of accomplishment. she rejected food and declared she would starve herself to death—she would not live to be a disgrace to everybody who loved her—if she were in her grave they would forgive and forget her by-and-by.

"Hush! Mary darling, don't talk like that," said Alice; "if God forgives thee, surely thy mother an' thy sister can."

"Miss Timble said you couldn't, and that the best thing I could do would be to die out of the way."

"Miss Timble has not had the same temptation fro' the flesh an' the devil as thee, Mary, or she'd know better than to speak like that. If thee sins no more thy mother's heart will never turn again thee; we maunt try to be more just than God, Alice. Thee has been very wrong, but thee belongs to us, Mary, if thee had been ten times as wrong; I ha' no right an' no desire to cut thee off. Alice, a sup o' hot tea would do all o' us good. Mary'll drink out o' my cup."

And when the tea was made, Mary was prevailed on to put her trembling lips to it and drink, and then let herself be taken upstairs, undressed, and laid on the bed without any resistance, only now and then she looked wonderingly in her mother's face, as if what was passing bewildered her, and every few minutes a convulsive fit of sobs and tears shook her slight frame from head to foot.

Alice busied herself in folding up her sister's clothes, and when that was done she stood by the bed foot, looking pityingly at Mary, until her mother spoke. "Go thee to bed, Alice; I'll sleep with thy sister, to-night, for the less she gets talking the better." So Alice went away and shut the door.

But Mary could not sleep, and before the morning she had confessed herself to her mother—her love and her weakness, her misery and her despair. It was not without some entreaty that Mary would tell the name of him who had deceived her; but at last, having exacted a promise of silence from her mother, she did so. Nothing was likely to astonish Mrs. Ward after the lamentable discovery of her darling's frailty, and when she heard the name of the rector's son, she only sighed and said, "Who could have thought it?"

Good people are often awfully severe; and the next day Mrs. Ward had this severity to suffer. She was alone in the house-place, about noon, Alice and Mary being together upstairs, when she saw the erect, solemn figure of the rector coming over the fields. She did not meet him reverentially at the gate, as her custom was, but let him knock at the door, and then silently admitted him. The rector was not an unkind man at heart, but he was rather magisterial in his office; he was more priest than pastor, and he was neither by nature nor habit used to tender dealing with the bruised sinners of his flock. Mrs. Ward colored painfully as he metaphorically put her into the witness-box.

"Mrs. Ward, is this true that I hear about Mary—her misconduct?" said he, as if he were preassured of his answer.

"I am not one to defend wrong-doing, Mr. Lascelles, as you very well know, but Mary's my child, and I will say this for her, she's more to be pitied than blamed, and him that deceived her is the greater sinner o' the two," replied Mrs. Ward, firmly. "He had better knowledge o' what's good an' what's bad than she had, an' it was a very poor thing o' him to ruin her that loved him. My girl's not vain or mean-minded like some, an' her undoing would never ha' come about had she not been over-persuaded through the tenderness o' her poor heart."

"Really, Mrs. Ward, you make a confusion between right and wrong that surprises me! I thought that you, of all people, would have kept your daughter better!" said the rector. Mrs. Ward might have asked him why he had not kept his son better, but she refrained herself and held her peace. "For a girl so young, and who had every attention from my wife a,

the school, she must have a very depraved disposition indeed to have done as she has."

"No, Mr. Lascelles, Mary's not depraved," returned Mrs. Ward, indignantly; "she has been led away, and there's no telling what she might become if we flung her out from among us like a bad weed. But God made me her mother, and let who will cast stones an' hard words at her or me, I shall stand up for her an' shield her as long as I live."

"Would it not be well to remove her from the neighborhood, at least for a time?" suggested the rector; "such a bad example to the other young women of the parish——"

"No, sir, I will not send my Mary away from her mother an' sister," was the resolute answer; "as for her being a bad example, it seems to me she'll be a bad warning rather to her old lake-fellows. The poor thing will be punished enough by the cold looks o' one an' another, an' the sorrow o' bringing into the world a babe without any o' the love an' pride that helps us women through, without Alice an' me turning our backs on her. She'll stay wi' me, sir, and we shall do what we can to comfort her."

"I am sorry to find you of this way of thinking, Mrs. Ward; if such early wickedness is not to be discouraged, I don't know what we shall come to by-and-by!"

"Mary'll have enough to bear, sir, never fear; nobody need come near us that would rather stay away."

The rector rose with an air of displeasure. "And who is the other delinquent?" asked he, coldly.

"Mary'll not tell——"

"Worse and worse! Does she mean to carry on her intrigue?"

"He's far away by this, sir——"

"Humph—very bad case altogether, very bad. Mary will come to no more of my wife's Dorcas meetings, and perhaps Alice would prefer to stay away just at present. I must show the young people that vice is to be discouraged, Mrs. Ward. Mary has only herself to blame that she is an outcast. I trust it may be put into her heart to repent of her wickedness and to amend her ways." He said nothing of the sinner being taken back with welcome and rejoicing; outcast she must be from human society for ever—only the All-Pure meets returning sinners. And so he went away, leaving poor Mrs. Ward somewhat mystified between his Sunday preaching and his week-day practice.

CHAPTER II.

ALICE WARD's marriage with Farmer Goodhugh was deferred by this sad trouble which had befallen Mary, and there was even some talk of its going off altogether; but though evil tongues spoke, the young people, being truly attached to each other, fulfilled their engagement the next spring, and Alice moved to Rookwood End. Mary was then left alone with her mother and a bright-eyed, four-months old baby, which she worshipped as fondly and mothered-up as delightfully as if the blessing of God had been upon it at its coming. Old friends were shy of the house, but Mrs. Lascelles had been to see her; and though she came primed with stern good counsel, as she thought befitted a clergyman's wife, somehow she did not find occasion to utter it. Mary showed her baby with perfect motherly tenderness, and the sedate modesty of her young face forbade all imputations of lightness, and would have made rebuke seem very inappropriate. Her child had comforted her, and though Mary was now and then sorrowful she was not miserable: she looked upon her little one exactly as she would have done had she been a happily wedded wife and this her crowning joy. Mrs. Lascelles had not the heart to scold her; and when she went away she even kissed the child as it lay in its mother's arms and touched its dimples with a playful caress. The tears flashed into Mary's eyes—she had been so long—ing to ask a question, and this emboldened her, though her heart beat very heavily all the time.

"Are you likely to lose Master Frank, ma'am? Will he be going away to this war they talk of?"

"I am afraid he will, Mary. I am sorely afraid he will," replied Mrs. Lascelles, sighing. Mary's face drooped; she said no more, and her visitor went away without any more words.

Farmer Goodhugh took in a weekly newspaper, and every Sunday evening Mary used to meet her sister at the stile by Ash-pool to receive it and look for the intelligence of the removal of regiments—of Frank Lascelle's regiment, that is. Mary had never been to church since her calamity. She used to go and sit through the long Sunday afternoons on the hill-top with her baby alone and offer her prayers there—the coldness of old friends had made her feel herself unworthy to join the Christian congregation in Heckerdyke church. After tea Mrs. Ward walked with her to the stile, and when Alice and her husband appeared she would join them, and leave Mary to con her paper with the baby in her lap until they returned. This was done, as usual, one beautiful pure Sunday evening, and Mary had read, through blinding tears, that Frank was immediately going abroad. Nobody but herself knew why she was always so anxious for the paper; no matter what she ought to have done, she had not ceased loving him—she thought she never should cease loving him. When she had seen the fatal words she let the paper drop to the ground and laid her lips to the baby's cheek, sobbing and crying. But Ash-pool dimpled its dark waters in vain; she had that now worth loving and living for, and the shame was not greater than she could bear.

She had sat thus with her eyes hidden for some time, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a well-remembered voice said, in the pleasant old accents, "Mary, Mary!" She sprang up: she never reproached him; all was forgotten in the greeting of the woman who loved. For a moment only—they had been guilty together—both very young, passionate, happy, heedless of consequences—but the heavy sense of sin was between them and its living evidence in Mary's arms. After the first impulse both were silent. Frank was the first to speak:

"They were all in church—I felt that I must see you once more, Mary—just once before I go. You got my letters?"

"Yes—I can't bid you send no more, but my mother does not like it. She would be grieved to know you were here now. Oh! Frank, Frank, it would have been better for me if we had never met!"

"I will marry you before I leave England, if you will, Mary——"

"It's too late, Frank—it's too late; you shall not waste your life for me. I know it would be your ruin to marry me, and it could not help us. We shall stay with my mother; so give us one kiss, and then go——"

"But when I come home again, Mary——"

"You must not see me any more." Her voice trembled and her face drooped as she said so, and Frank declared that he should not obey her. "It oughtn't to please me, Frank, to see you're fond of me as ever, but it does—I'm afraid I've a bad heart," said Mary, looking up at him, tearfully. "But what I said first was right—we mustn't see one another any more."

"Perhaps we never shall—who knows whether I may live to come back?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" And then the sad tears came.

These two had had no method or design in their fall—young and beautiful, they had loved "not wisely but too well." Of course the penalty would be paid by both in one shape or another—nay, perhaps the bitterness of that hour almost expiated their sin. Frank offered to marry Mary, but she knew, and he knew, that it could never be, and that the moment that witnessed their parting witnessed it as for ever. We need not try to portion out the relative shares of blame—both passionate, both weak, we know on which descends the heavier punishment.

They had not met till now since her disgrace became public, but neither made any allusion to it; Mary said nothing of the hard words which had frenzied and driven her to the verge of self-destruction—of that terrible hour she never thought without fear and trembling. But Frank guessed much. At home he had heard his mother speak with a severe compassion of Mary, and mention it as commendable that she kept herself in seclusion, not appearing even at church. And he had brought this upon her! She and her mother and sister had kept his share of her secret faithfully, and she had borne all the con-

WHEAT-EAR ALPHABET.



tant children's voices, and Mary knew that the people were coming out of church. ,

"Now, Frank dear," said she, turning her sorrowful pale face up to his.

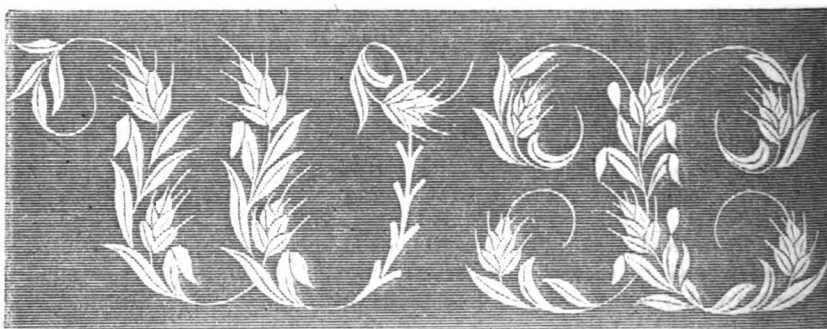
"Must I go, Mary?"

There were a few tears mingled, scalding tears, such as may your eyes and mine never have to shed! Heart-drops that could not heal the heart-ache, lave out the sin, lessen the remorse.

The little one was asleep in Mary's arms all the time, close pressed to her bosom. Frank kissed the rosy, dimpled face, and kissed its mother.

tumely in her own person when the mere mention of his name would have gone far with many to mitigate the blackness of her sin. He could not thank her for this—any words seemed poor and cold, and she would none of his caresses. They stood side by side looking over to the sunset and the gilded trees, and speaking little; but there was the aching pang of remorse in both their hearts. The after-taste of guilt is very bitter.

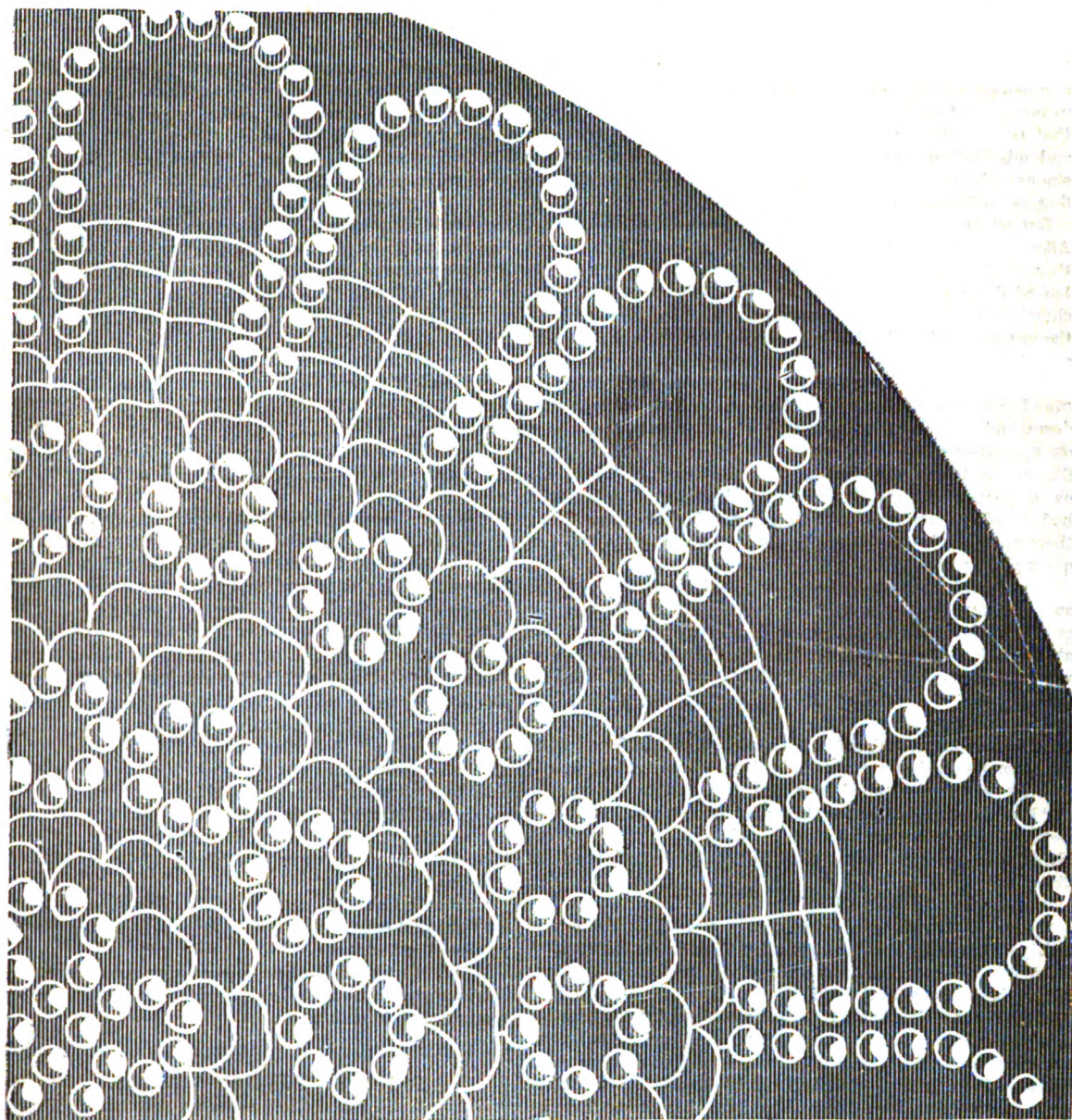
Presently there was a sound of dis-



"Mary, I was very cruel to you—very selfish," he said.

"Never mind, love, that is all over. I will like to remember, when—when I don't see you any more, that you loved me. Oh, Frank, Frank!"

And thus they parted; and Mary ran home crying, crying. You pity the good and true lovers on whom sorrow falls; have a little pity, too, for those whose passions lie under the ban of shame and separation. For all grief there is perfect healing, save for that guilt which society immaculate never condones. Scourge the sin as savagely as you will, but remember the sinners' humanity, and lay the lash on them



SECTION OF HAIR NET. PAGE 278

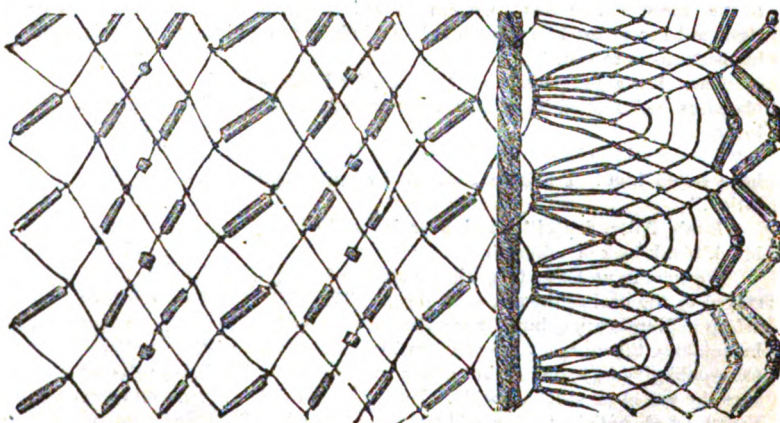
lightly; perhaps, as Mrs. Ward said to her erring daughter, you have had less temptation from the flesh and the devil than your weak brothers and sisters around you.

sound over the hills, and had paused in her work often to listen, and think where was Frank all the time that the sun was shining and the bells were ringing through bonny Rivisdale?

CHAPTER III.

ONE night, rather more than two years after this parting, Mary Ward again took her way up to the stile by Ash-pool. Her little lad was now old enough to toddle beside her, clinging to her gown, to run on before and then scamper back, laughing and crowing, to hide his face against her knees. He was a very beautiful child, with great dark-blue eyes, and brown hair curling in rings all over his head, and every day, to Mary's mingled joy and dread, he grew more like his father, who was far away with the army in the East.

All the long morning there had been the ringing of Heckerdyke church bells for a great victory. Mary had heard the



NETTED BORDER FOR HAIR NET. PAGE 277.

Was he lying dead, face upwards, on the crimson battle-field, or was he writhing, in wounded misery, in an hospital tent, or was he one amongst the happy saved and victorious? She was in feverish haste, for Alice was to meet her at the stile, with any news she could get from the rectory, whither she could never go, and once or twice she would have carried the boy, that they might get on the faster; but he was full of spirits and mischief, and would use his own little legs to run in amongst the wheat, to gather the poppies and gay blue corn-flowers, and kept her waiting again and again.

But when she reached the stile, she was all too soon—no Alice was there, nor in sight upon the path; so she went farther and further, until she came to the brow of the hill, which looked down full upon the village. A little way off was the church, with the rectory and rectory gardens, and, leaning over the last stile, with the boy playing at her feet, she tried to school herself to watch and wait.

At first it did not strike her that, though the sun had gone round from the south side of the house, all the blinds were down and the lower shutters half closed. But there was a strange silence and hush about the place; the door into the flowery porch was shut, and Mr. Lascelles was not taking his evening stroll of inspection amongst his roses. The joy-bells had ceased five hours ago, and though the day's work was done, there was no noise of cricket-players on the village-green, or of quoit-players at the alehouse.

She knew that Alice would go to the backdoor at the rectory, and she kept her eyes on that, distinguishing curiously the green ivy leaves, with the sunshine slanting round a corner at the west. So intent was she, that she did not notice a young woman who was coming from a little dairy-farm that she had passed a few hundred yards behind, until she had twice asked her to make way for her to cross the stile. She had a jug of milk in her hand, and, with mechanical civility, Mary held it for her until she had got over, and then she recognised an old school companion who had gone into service at the rectory.

"I can't stop, Mary, but I'm glad to see you looking so well. And is that your little boy?" said she. "There's trouble at home—you've heard, perhaps. They stopped the bells directly."

"I have heard nothing."

"Poor Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead, and missis is nearly distracted. I've just been for t' milk for our teas. I knew you'd be sorry—he was a very fine young man. Ay, true it is, t' best allus goes t' first!"

Mary never spoke, but just turned round, and, taking up her child, now tired enough to be quiet, tottered back to Ash-pool. Afterwards she told Alice, that when her old companion said, "Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead," something struck her heart like a death-blow. Her sister found her sitting there by the water, still as a statue, dumb and tearless, and white as a corpse.

"You have heard, Mary?" she said, kneeling beside her. "They got the news this noon. It's very sad. They say he was riding into the battle, and cheering his men to come on, with his sword waving over his head, when a shot struck him in the breast, and he died. Oh, love, love! I wish you had a right to be sorry for him; but it is like a judgment on him for his wickedness to you."

"Then it's a judgment on both of us, for I was as much to blame as he," replied Mary, still clear enough to defend her lover.

"I never said so before, but I have hated him, Mary—oh! I have hated him! I believe I was glad when I heard he was killed."

"Don't, Alice, don't!" And poor Mary shuddered with a blind, blank look of misery in her pretty eyes.

They were in no haste to go home either of them, and they stayed by the pool as the sun went down. The child fell fast asleep in Mary's arms, but her anguish only seemed to deepen in watching the innocent, unconscious little face. Alice wished she would give way and cry, but of any such outlet for her feelings she was at present incapable. Her heart swelled, and her throat ached, but the tears would not come. And while these two women sat silently grieving, the bereaved father was com-

ing slowly towards them, his head bent down, his spirit within him weak as water. He had lost his only son—his only child. There was little sign in his subdued presence of the magisterial priest who had condemned Mary and rebuked her mother—the flood of sorrow had come over him and swept him down to the level of suffering humanity. He had come to the fields by Ash-pool to be alone with God in his anguish, for Frank had been the joy and pride of his heart, and that he had died as became a brave soldier but little mitigated it. And so it happened that he saw Mary for the first time since she was an innocent merry girl, resting so still, broken-hearted, with his child upon her lap. Self-absorbed as he was, he could not but read aright the utter sense of prostration that her attitude and countenance betrayed, and with the frightened glance she cast at him as she moved to let him pass, a sudden suspicion came into his mind.

"Mary, you know what trouble has come to us. You are in great sorrow again. Are our griefs akin?" said he, sharply.

"Oh! sir, sir!"

That piteous exclamation confessed all, and with a quick gesture she uncovered the child's face, and held it towards him.

The rector could not speak—than all anger, than all disgust, than all righteous reprobation, love is stronger. Mary's love for the son he had lost overcame his indignation. By-and-by he recovered his voice, and said, with a gesture towards the home where the bereaved mother was weeping—

"I think, Mary, it would comfort her to see him, and to know——"

My sketch is done. While there is death in the world, and sorrow and parting and sin, let love and Christian charity and forgiveness triumph as they triumphed here. Mary Ward's life was short—she died within two months of the night by Ash-pool, where she heard the tidings of her lover's death. The child was taken to the rectory, and is being brought up by the rector and his wife; all the world knows now that Mary Ward's son was also the son of Frank Lascelles. There is a gray slab in an out-of-the-way corner of Heckerdyke church with this inscription:

"Francis Lascelles, aged 23. Mary Ward, aged 19. Who art thou that condemneth? Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Which monument has been spoken of as in bad taste. I think it is in as good taste as the lying glorifications which are so much commoner on church walls.

A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

THE first impression made by the view of a Hungarian village was rarely favorable. Neither artistic taste, nor economy in the use of materials, nor the comfort of the inhabitants, seem to have been consulted in the construction of the houses. Built of wood-logs, or sun-baked bricks, low, with small windows, unadorned by flowers, they raise their gables on both sides of the muddy road, from which the entrance into the house invariably leads through a courtyard enlivened by fowls and pigs seeking their food on a large dunghill opposite to the house-door.

The common room, however, carefully whitewashed every week, is clean but ill-ventilated, and in winter overheated. The large feather bed in the corner is destined for the head of the family and his wife; the younger members of the household sleep on narrow wooden benches running along the walls and round the brick oven, which serves for baking bread, cooking the meals and warming and ventilating the room. A loom is often seen in the houses of the German peasants, gaudy rude pictures of saints cover the walls of the Wallachian and Sclavonian, whilst the Magyar likes to display his earthenware plates and dishes, uniformly colored and well glazed. The head of the family rules with patriarchal power his younger brothers, children, and servants, who live with him: since his household must be numerous to suffice for the demands of the master, the culture of his own holding, for tending his cattle, for road-making to



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THE CRUISE OF THE ANNIE CLARENDON, AND WHAT
CAME OF IT.

BY STEPHEN PAUL SHEFFIELD

*Author of Several Things, with which if the Reader is not familiar he
ought to be.*

CHAPTER I.—WHEREIN IS INTRODUCED HARRY ARCHER, ESQ., AND
SOME OTHERS.

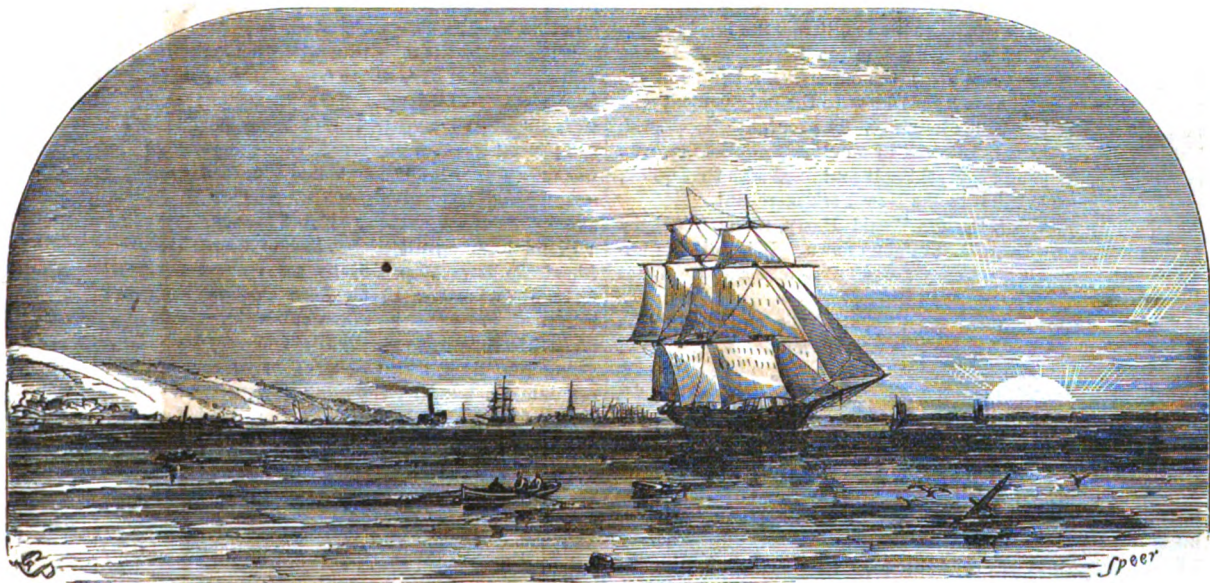
So far as appearances were concerned, one evening within the memory of man, there was good reason to apprehend that it would never stop raining, consequently timid individuals would have been quite excusable in making preparations for a second deluge, and verily such an event seemed at hand.

It was an abominable evening, and for that matter quite a number of its immediate predecessors had obtained a similar unenviable reputation in the estimation of those whose business made it necessary for them to encounter the muddy streets

and pavements for which New York is so justly celebrated after one of her long autumnal storms.

The streets presented an uninviting appearance as the rain continued to patter with increasing violence on the pavement, and the crowds on the sidewalks hurried forward at a more rapid pace or sought the friendly shelter of one of the many stages that rattled along the street, stopping at every crossing to receive or discharge some of its live freight.

In short it was precisely the kind of an evening to make a rich man thank God that he was not like some other men past whom he brushed as he left his office or counting-room, and turned his face towards one of the several localities which are supposed to be sacred to the petted children of fortune, complacently picturing in his mind the brilliantly lighted drawing-room, where fair faces and loving hearts over which sorrow had seldom cast a shadow awaited his coming; and it was just the kind of an evening, also, to wring from many a sorrow and poverty-stricken heart a natural if inexcusable murmur against that Providence who measures out to the children of men such widely different proportions of sunshine and shadow. With



THE BRIG ANNIE CLARENDON LEAVING NEW YORK HARBOR.

one of the latter class, the occupant of a comfortless apartment in a cheap though respectable boarding-house, in the eastern part of the city, we have principally to do.

The room, one of those little seven by nine affairs, in the fourth story, had that contracted, unsocial look which would be quite apt to give a man something very like the blues to know that he was doomed to pass an evening in it alone; besides it was easy to see, from the poor and scanty furniture it contained, that its occupant was not troubled with a superabundance of this world's goods, although there was something about him, after all, which would have told an attentive observer that, financially speaking, he had seen better days. He was a young man of perhaps twenty-five years of age, by no means handsome, although his broad, high forehead, and clear blue eyes, that occasionally fairly flashed with wit or sarcasm, gave his face an intellectual expression that atoned in some degree for its irregular features; and then, in spite of the look of melancholy irresolution, there was an air of hearty good humor about him that told, just as plainly as words could tell, that his heart was of much larger dimensions than his purse, and that he valued money only as it enabled him to mingle with the world and contribute to the happiness of others as well as himself.

Eight years before, Harry Archer was the only son of one of the most wealthy and influential gentlemen in New York. But by a series of unfortunate speculations the elder Mr. Archer became so much reduced in circumstances, that at the age of twenty his son found that in future he must look to himself alone for assistance. This, of itself, however, did not particularly alarm him. He had decided on the legal profession, and he at once began his studies, little doubting but that he would be able to work his own way through the world, and no thanks to any one. But he soon found the small salary he commanded would not support him in the same style in which he had lived; and even when he forced himself to practise the most rigid economy, he was compelled to engage in some more profitable employment the greater part of the time, to raise means for pursuing his studies the remainder. But notwithstanding all these forward circumstances Harry was not discouraged, but kept on in the even tenor of his way, forgotten by one-half of his former acquaintances, and evading the rest of them; dividing his time between the counting-room and the law office.

But to return to the evening before mentioned. For something like half an hour Harry remained seated before the fire, reflecting upon his dark prospects and trying to decide upon some future course of action, when he was aroused from his reverie by a knock at the door.

"Well, what's wanting?" he said, opening the door and recognising one of the servants belonging to the establishment.

"Gentleman below wishes to see you," was the brief reply.

"Very well. You can send him up here," said Harry, thinking it was some one from the office with a bundle of papers for him to copy, as office clerks were the only persons who now found their way to his lodgings. The servant disappeared, but presently returned, followed by an elderly gentleman, who surveyed the room and everything it contained with that quick, searching glance peculiar to the New York merchant.

"Good evening, Mr. Carlton," said Harry, rising. "Had I known it was you I would have gone down. It is quite an undertaking to climb up to my room. But take a seat. What news this evening?"

"News, eh, Archer, my boy?" echoed the other, while he cordially grasped the hand of his young acquaintance; "why, I expect I have got about the most interesting piece of intelligence to communicate you have heard for this many a day."

"That might be the most interesting intelligence I have heard for many a day without being very entertaining," replied Harry, rather gloomily.

"Nonsense, man. This horrible weather has given you the blues, which is not so very strange that I know of; but cheer up, cheer up. 'There's a better time coming,' as the song has it. I hear you were at the counting-room looking for a job this afternoon."

"That is true, sir. My resources are entirely exhausted, and

I find it out of the question to pursue my professional studies any further."

"Hem! Well, that is good news, any way. I wish you had found it impossible to go on with them a good while ago. You are too fine a fellow for a lawyer, upon my word you are. And now, seeing you have cut the acquaintance of law books and business, I must try and find some respectable business for you. How would you like to take a voyage to South America?"

"I should like it above all things; and if you wish me to go, I can be ready at any time upon an hour's notice."

"Good; I like that—I like to see a man able to make up his mind to a thing at once. But you have not learned yet what your business is to be. Perhaps, now, you will not like it."

"You need have no fears on that point, sir. Any business that will take me out of New York and provide me with the necessities of life will suit me."

"Nonsense again. New York is a good enough place if a man has proper employment. But now listen, and I will tell you what I wish you to go to South America for. I have just chartered a vessel to go round on the western coast of South America after a cargo of Spanish hides. The captain is an old whaler, and a first-rate sailor; but as he knows nothing of this trade, I must send out a supercargo; and it seemed to me that it would be just the thing for you."

"Mr. Carlton, you have been very kind to me, and I am very grateful," said Henry, warmly. "The situation is exactly to my mind, and I will strive to discharge the duties of it to your entire satisfaction, though, as you are, of course, aware, the business will be new to me."

"Don't worry about that, my boy. I know you for a good accountant, and will risk you. But there is one thing I wish to call your attention to while I think of it; it is this—a wide-awake fellow like you can just as well as not get posted up well enough in a year's voyage to take command of a vessel. And this is what I want you to do, and give up your lawing. There are three times as many lawyers in New York as there is any need of now."

"I have not the least doubt but that the business will suit me; and I should not have any objection to give up a profession that I see no way of becoming proficient in. But I could hardly obtain the command of a vessel if I were every way qualified, for I have not half a dozen friends in the city who have any influence."

"Now just make yourself easy on that point, Mr. Archer. If you find on trial that you like the trade well enough to stick to it, well and good; and I will see that you have a vessel as soon as you think you are competent to ship as master. But I must be going. I promised to meet a man at the Astor at eight, and it lacks but a few moments of that time now. Good night. Call round in the morning, and we will settle any preliminary matters that need looking to."

"There goes the only man who ever took any interest in my welfare," said Harry, as the door closed upon his visitor. "He is the only real friend I have in the city now, though they were thick enough when I used to sport my grays on the avenue; but how they scattered when they found Harry Archer was only a poor law student dependent on a salary, and consequently unable to give game dinners or lend a needy brother five dollars now and then. How I love such friends! and what a grand humbug all pretensions of friendship are, unless the friendship is accompanied by some overt act. Well, thank fortune (or rather thank John Carlton), my prospects are brightening. I may be worth cultivating again in a few years, when I have been to sea awhile and acquired the *polish* a seafaring life gives, and (though that of course will simply be collateral) a hundred thousand dollars or so. Strange what a clever fellow a little of man and a good deal of money will make."

Bitter and sarcastic as Harry's musings would have sounded to any one who heard them, he was far from being in what he called a bad humor. The little room seemed to grow larger and less cheerless; and as the smoke curled gracefully from his cigar he decided that he was in very good spirits.

He had just arrived at this sage conclusion when a hurried step on the stair announced a new visitor, and the next instant

the door was jerked open and a young man of about his own age, whose free and easy manner and half-sailor costume indicated a genuine son of the ocean, entered.

"Ah! Harry, my dear fellow, how are you?" said the new comer, striding across the apartment and grasping his hand. "Why, I have been looking for you from one end of Gotham to the other, and I had about made up my mind that you were dead, gone to Congress, or met with some other misfortune, when I chanced to learn from John Carlton about ten minutes ago that you kept yourself in this identical six feet of tenement; and I also learned what surprised me still more, and that was that you are going supercargo on our craft next voyage. I mistrusted there was no truth in either statement, so here I am to learn for certain."

"Well, as to the first part, Morrision," replied Harry, laughing, "you see before you a gentleman who has been accustomed to consider himself Harry Archer. And as to going supercargo on your vessel, I am sure I can't say whether I am or not; the most I know about it is, that I agreed to go in such a capacity on a voyage to South America. And now permit me to inquire what in the deuce you are doing here in New York? I thought you were off whaling with my old friend Captain Kimberley."

"You have a wonderful friendly way of wording your questions; but I take into consideration the questioner, and so I will answer you. Yes, sir, I have been whaling, and only got in a few weeks ago. But you see the skipper had been building a vessel, intending her for the South American trade, and all at once he concluded to take command of her himself and give up his old business. I sailed with him as first officer the two last voyages, and had my choice either to continue in the same capacity on the new craft or take command of the whaler. For certain reasons, which you can't fail to observe in good time, I preferred to go one more voyage as mate. And I am here in my own proper person to express the felicity I experience at the thought of having you under my eye for the next year, at all events. Give me a cigar."

"Well, Morrision, I see you have not become exactly a misanthrope yet, and I am glad of it. I was just wishing some good, lively fellow was going to take the voyage with me; but I little thought the wish would be gratified. However, the fates seem disposed to make us chums again, and glad am I."

"Exactly my sentiments, friend Archer. And then, to make the matter still more interesting, you are a great favorite with the old man. I have heard him speak of you a thousand times, and wish you were a sailor instead of a lawyer. Well, everything is arranged just as we could wish it, and if we don't enjoy ourselves, it will be our own fault."

"I did not know that I was a favorite with Captain Kimberley or any one else; if I am, it is encouraging, certainly; but as for enjoying myself, it is so long since I did that I have forgotten how."

"Tut! you have got the blues this evening, Harry; and I do not wonder, cooped up here in this little kennel. And now it just occurs to me that this is rather a strange place to find you in, and what is equally as strange, to find you just on the point of going to sea, when I expected to see you a sage, long-faced lawyer."

"The explanation is very simple, Charley. You must know that six years sometimes makes a great difference in a man's position, and certainly has in mine. When I last saw you, six years ago, I little expected you would find me in my present circumstances when you saw me again. But you see, a short time after you went away, my father failed, and shortly after died, leaving me with no means, and my profession to get. Well, this little room in the attic is not very agreeable for one who has been accustomed to better apartments; but after all poverty is the least of my trials. I have led a curious life for a part of the time since you saw me; but I believe I am a wiser if not a better man."

"Harry, excuse me for speaking as I did. I had no idea of your real condition. I am sorry for you, by George I am; and I suppose I can't tell how bad a fellow does feel to lose a large property, for I never had any to lose; and I am inclined to think that money is more trouble than it's worth, for I have a

thousand dollars laid up for a particular purpose in the savings bank, and it worries me so much for fear the bank will break and I shall lose it, that I have a good mind to take it out and spend it."

"That is sound philosophy, upon my word, Charley; but, after all, there is some reason in what you say," replied Harry, laughing.

"Nothing like taking a rational view of things, Harry. But I must be off. I promised to be back and let Winslow take a turn ashore to-night. Why can't you come and stay with me?"

"I will, with all my heart," said Harry, putting on his hat and overcoat; "there are a thousand things I wish to talk with you about; and besides I have some curiosity to see the vessel that is to be my home for a year to come, I suppose."

In a few moments the young men were in the street, wending their way toward one of the many East River piers, where the brig *Annie Clarendon*, Captain Archibald Kimberley, was lying.

CHAPTER II.—THE ANNIE CLARENDON GETS READY FOR SEA.

"WELL, Mr. Morrision, I believe we are ready to loose our fore-top-sail in the morning," said Captain Kimberley to his first officer, as the former emerged from his cabin, dressed in his best go-ashores; "we are all ready for a start at last, I believe, and I wish you would have an eye to the boys, and see that they are on hand betimes; for, by the present appearance of things, we shall have a good breeze to start with, and I wish, if possible, to get out with the first tide."

"Aye, aye, sir!" responded the mate, who was slowly promenading the quarter deck, stopping now and then in his walk to take a professional glance around the horizon. "Aye, aye, sir! everybody and everything shall be in their places in good time. I saw all the boys less than an hour since, and told them to be on board by midnight, at the furthest; and as I left Mr. Winslow with them, I think he will refresh their memories, if necessary."

"All right, then; that's got along with. But I say, Charley, what do you think of our new supercargo, eh?"

"He is an old friend of mine, as you know, and of course I am glad he is going with us; still I can't help thinking it was rather a queer move on the part of John Carlton sending him. Harry is a fellow of fine parts; but how he has learned anything of this business in a law-shop, is a trifle beyond my reckoning."

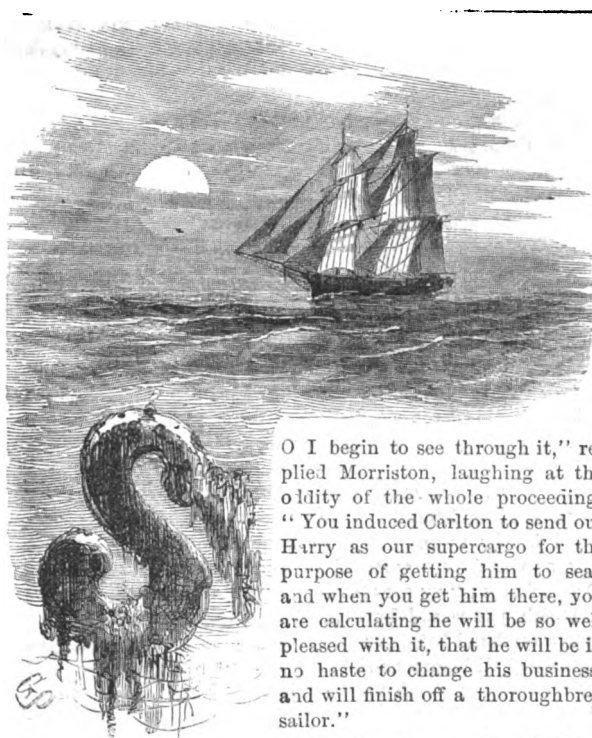
"Ha, ha, ha! You don't understand the affair at all, I see; but it aint everybody that can see through old Arch. Kimberley; oh, no, not by a considerable!"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Exactly, you don't understand me; so I will explain myself. As you said just now, Harry is a fellow of fine parts, and there's a plenty of material in him for an A No. 1 sailor; but it just seems as though the fates had conspired to spile that boy; for the first I knew after he was fairly weaned, he was reading law—a most disreputable business, Mr. Morrision; and the next thing I heard he was scribbling nonsense for the papers. Now, I never had the first sign of an objection to a fellow's springing a yarn now and then, while he is standing dog watch in warm latitudes; but to think of spending one's time in writing out such stuff and having it printed! But Providence has at last interfered. Harry's father lost his property and then slipped his cable, and the youngster found he must do something for a living. I kept my eye on him, and when I thought he had arrived at about the proper state of mind, I says to John Carlton, says I: 'John, there's a certain chap of my acquaintance for whom I have a mind to do a good turn.' John wants to know who it is, of course; so I inform him."

"Oh, bless your soul, captain, I know Harry Archer like a book," says John; "he has been in my counting-room a good deal the year past."

"Very good," says I; "now, you see, I wish to make a man of this same Harry, and the first thing to be done, you know, is to get him into respectable business; so I want you to tell him that you are in want of a supercargo to go with me to South America after those hides, and the wages you can charge to my account."



"O I begin to see through it," replied Morrision, laughing at the oddity of the whole proceeding. "You induced Carlton to send out Harry as our supercargo for the purpose of getting him to sea; and when you get him there, you are calculating he will be so well pleased with it, that he will be in no haste to change his business, and will finish off a thoroughbred sailor."

"That's it, exactly, Charley; for you see I feel a great interest in that boy. His father was one of my earliest and best friends, and I have had my eye on Harry ever since he was three feet high, and I know he is a real, natural sailor, and of course you know he will get over all his ashore notions by the time he has crossed the line once or twice."

"Of course," repeated the mate, who was very willing to humor the good old captain's whims, although they were not unfrequently, as in the present case, rather laughable. "Harry has made up his mind deliberately and decidedly to follow the sea for the future, and he is not the fellow to do anything out of character; and here he comes."

"That's a fact," replied the captain, as he turned round and recognized the subject of their late conversation, hurrying along the dock, carrying in his hand a small carpet-bag, and wearing the ordinary costume of a sailor before the mast.

"New rigged fore-and-aft," said the captain deliberately, as the supercargo made his appearance on deck. "Harry, well you look better, 'pon my word you do."

"Why, you see, captain," replied Harry, laughing, "I have concluded to follow the sea for the future, and very naturally I wish to learn the duties of my new profession practically; so I came prepared to do so."

"That's right; I approve of that idea; but I declare, boys, I must be going. I promised to be at home by eight o'clock, and it is half-past seven now; and that just reminds me, Charley, of something I wished to tell you, and came near forgetting it. Annie will go with us this voyage; her uncle is mighty anxious for her to pass the winter with him in Tumbez, and she is so set on going that I have been obliged to give my consent in self-defence. You know these women, when they get their little heads set in any particular direction, they will talk you crazy—absolutely crazy, boys—unless you let them have their way, and for that reason, do you follow my example and never marry."

Mr. Morrision affected considerable surprise at the captain's announcement, and the latter continued:

"It is rather a queer idea of Annie's; but, as I just said, girls will have their way. But bless my soul! I must be off, for I shall get a regular overhauling for being late to tea. Good evening, boys; take care of yourselves, and mind Harry, and don't let any dishonest scamp steal the anchor while I am away."

"Good evening;" "Aye, aye, sir!" "Certainly not!" were

among the various answers that followed the captain as he went over the side, and presently after disappeared amid the bales, boxes and other encumbrances which usually obstruct the narrow streets that terminate at any of the East River piers, leaving the two young men alone.

"My old friend, the captain, seems in fine spirits," remarked Harry Archer, after a brief silence on both sides, "which can be accounted for, I suppose, when we take into consideration the news he has just communicated relative to his niece's intention of accompanying him this voyage; he almost idolizes that girl, and with good reason, I suppose; for I remember her as very pretty and accomplished, and I have frequently heard her mentioned of late as one of the up-town belles, which is very remarkable when she is understood to be the heiress to Arch. Kimberley's hundred thousand."

"That is not her only attraction," Morrision said, rather hastily. "I tell you, Harry, she is an angel, if ever there was one on earth. You haven't seen her lately, have you?"

"Not I. What business has a poor devil like me to thrust himself upon the society of such women as Annie Clarendon?"

"As good a right as any one for aught I know; but I thought you could not have seen her very lately, for if you had you would certainly have fallen in love with her."

"Which means that you are most hopelessly smitten," replied the supercargo, with a malicious smile. "Well, that's natural enough; but look out, Charley, and withdraw your suit in time. Ladies like Miss Annie, who are understood to stand a chance of inheriting such a fortune as our old friend, the captain, will have to leave by and by, do not generally see anything particularly interesting in fellows like you and I, who are obliged to work for a living if we have one. As for love, that is one of the humbugs of the present day; love of self and love of money pretty nearly comprises this so-called passion that sentimental boys and pretty little boarding-school misses talk about, for want of a more rational topic of conversation."

"I have observed lately that you were rather sceptical on the subject; but I, for certain good reasons, think differently. I suppose I can make a confidant of you now, just as I used to when we were at college?"

"Certainly," replied Archer, laughing; "I see you are hopelessly smitten. So if you will just pass me a cigar, I will hear your confession with great pleasure. Tell the whole of it; it will make a first-rate scene for my next story."

"Go to Guinea with your cigar; I want your undivided attention for a few moments, as the minister says; for I need a little assistance, which I expect you to render."

"Assist you all in my power, Charley; lay plots, carry notes, shoot a rival, or do any other little neighborly kindness."

"Thank you; but I have no occasion for that kind of assistance; for Annie and I are engaged, and have been, for the last two years."

"The deuce you are! But after all, that amounts to nothing, Charley."

"Time will determine that, Harry; and I, for one, have no fears on the subject."

"Well, I hope you will not be disappointed, for if you are not I shall have to admit that you are a lucky fellow."

"You may well say that, for there is not another such girl in the world; why, she is a perfect little angel, and I would lay down my life for her, just as freely as I would divide my last dollar with a sick shipmate. But the captain does not even suspect the true state of affairs; and I don't mean he shall until I have a ship of my own, and then I can ask for her hand with some hope of success. At all events, I will never ask her to take my name until I am able to support her in the same style she has been accustomed to; would you, Harry?"

"No, I think I should not, unless I had a mind to try 'love in a cottage.' But pray tell me what part I am to act in this drama; for, it strikes me, that according to your version, you do not require any assistance at all."

"But I do; and I will tell you the services I wish at your hands. You know it would be hard for a fellow to cruise half way round the world with his sweetheart, and never have a chance to chat with her; so I wish you, Harry, to keep the skipper busy when it is my watch below, and give me fair play



THE STORM

low, leaving the deck in charge of the "anchor watch."

But while these events were transpiring on board the brig, Captain Kimberley was cruising up Broadway in the direction of Washington square, near which was a fine residence that called him master. Captain Kimberley was a tall and, twenty years before he had been, a well-proportioned man; but of late years he had become excessively round, and verily looked like "two single gentlemen rolled into one," as he worked his way along, stopping at every other crossing to puff like a porpoise, and wipe away the perspiration that stood in large drops on his forehead.

Captain Kimberley had never married, but there was a tradition to the effect that once upon a time, long before railroads and Atlantic telegraphs were thought of, his heart had been stolen by a certain rustic beauty of his native village; but the maiden would not give the worthy young sailor a heart in return, having become favorably impressed with a youth who wore very tight

well-varnished boots, and in the cabin. You understand what I mean; get him interested in talking for instance, so that he won't be keeping his weather eye on me all the time. Do you see the part you are to play now?"

"I should be dull if I did not," said Archer, laughing heartily; "I think I fully understand the complicated part I am to act; and I think I may safely promise to interest the skipper whenever you wish to chat with your lady love."

"All right, maty; and when you wish a similar favor, call on me."

"Yes, when I wish a similar favor I will; but that will be a long while from this date."

By this time the crew and Mr. Winslow, the second mate, made their appearance, all perfectly sober; and Mr. Morriston having seen every thing properly arranged for the night, told the men to "turn in" and be ready for an early start, and then went below himself, followed by Harry Archer and Mr. Wins-



PICKING UP THE COOK

stood behind the counter of the "store," measuring off tape and ribbon for the dames and maidens, and bewitching them with his superior manners. Such was the story; but when the captain was questioned as to its truth, he was wont to laughingly declare he had never thought of marrying in his life, and certainly could never have been interested for an instant in a girl who would throw herself away upon a lubberly rope-seller, who didn't know the weather shrouds from the topsail haul-yards.

Whether or not this gossip was true I can't pretend to say; but certain it is that the old sailor's heart had for long years been a sealed book to all the gentle sex with the one exception of his orphan niece, and upon her was expended that wealth of affection which, if it had once been seared, had never been offered to another, but cherished for her—the orphan child of his only sister.

When but five years of age, death had left little Annie Clarendon with no other guardian than her uncle; but that was sufficient, for nobly had he discharged the duties of his self-imposed guardianship; and as the little one grew in years and began to give evidence of a quick, if not brilliant intellect, and an affectionate heart, which gave a daughter's love to her kind relative, he felt more than repaid, and I think was quite excusable in feeling a little proud of her at a later period, when it became a common remark in the brilliant circle to which her uncle's wealth and her own winning ways gave her access, "that Annie Clarendon was too beautiful for a rival, and too lovable for less fortunate persons to envy."

Annie had one other uncle, a brother of her father's, who for a series of years previous to the opening of our story had resided in Tumbez, South America, and for some time immediately preceding the period of which we are speaking, he had been urging her to pass at least one winter with him in the "Sunny South," an invitation which the girl had ever been anxious to accept—in the first place that she might become acquainted with her relatives, whom she but dimly remembered; and in the second place, because she, like many other young ladies, was a little adventurous, and was conscious of possessing a strong passion for seeing the world.

For a long time, however, Captain Kimberley would not listen to the proposal at all. Annie, he used to say, "had got to be educated," and further, he would no sooner trust her to take such a voyage, unless under his own eye, than he would trust his brig off Cape Horn in a gale with all sail set. But both these objections were now removed. Annie, in the modern acceptance of the term, had completed her education, and the captain was going round on the western coast of South America himself; consequently it was not a very difficult task for the niece to persuade him to let her accompany him.

Having thus briefly introduced a few of our leading characters, we beg permission to accompany our readers back to the little brig, where we shall be joined presently by the captain and his young relative; and we shall then be in readiness to take a cruise with them.

CHAPTER III.—"ALL HANDS UP ANCHOR."

THE great city had not yet awakened to its every day humdrum life when the Annie Clarendon got clear of the ground and stood out to sea. It was a beautiful Indian summer morning, and as the sun had not yet made its appearance in the east, the atmosphere had that dull smoky appearance peculiar to the season; but at that particular hour, the haziness was materially increased by the clouds of black vapor that had just begun to roll up from the thousand chimneys on shore, and from the blackened pipes of the steamers that every few moments came puffing by, sending forth their hot breath like some huge sea monster, weary with its night's work. The streets of the city were empty, with the exception of here and there a hackman could be seen urging his lazy nag over the pavement, or an early-rising porter could be seen taking down the heavy window blinds, and dusting out the counting-room preparatory to the business of the day. But on board the brig all was life and animation; and as one after another of her white sails were unfurled and sheeted home, she seemed to awake from her nap, and to understand what was expected of her, as she started

slowly forward, until she began to feel the influence of the propelling power; and then careening gracefully over from the wind she dashed merrily away. The crew, fresh and vigorous from a land cruise, were all in fine spirits, and gaily sounded their "ho, he, yoo," keeping regular time to the strokes of the windlass brake, as the anchor rose through water, and thus severing the last visible link that bound them to the shore of their native land.

The city was fast disappearing below the horizon, leaving only here and there a conspicuous object, like the tower of old Trinity, to mark its site; when Annie, after a pleasant and refreshing slumber, awoke. At first, it was difficult to realize where she was; but the unsteady motion of the vessel, as she pitched gracefully over the ground swell, told her that she was really at sea. The hurried tramp on deck, the rattling of the cable as it was being sent below, the creaking of the yards as they were braced round—however familiar to the ears of a person who has once seen blue water, were all strange sounds to Annie; but well pleased with the novelty of her situation, she prepared to visit the deck. Very charming was Annie in Mr. Morrison's estimation, at least when she appeared in the companion-way, that morning, arrayed in a plain morning dress, confined at the waist by a cord and tassel, giving her costume an air of graceful negligence that the mate imagined to be perfectly bewitching. A broad hat, coquettishly fastened on the back of her head, protected her snowy neck from the too familiar rays of the sun; and thus attired, Annie stepped on deck.

"Good morning, niece," said the captain, advancing to meet her. "You are on deck in good time, but a little too late to take a last look at the old city, unless you feel disposed to go aloft, and use a spy-glass."

"Oh! uncle, I am sorry; I was very anxious to be up when we started."

"Well, it can't be helped now, child. I should have called you, only I thought best to let you sleep, you were up so late last night. But you will have enough of the sea before we make Tumbez. I expect you will be more anxious to see land than ever you were to see a new bonnet, before three weeks are past."

"Do not be too sure of that, sir. I should not wonder at all if I should conclude to follow the sea in future. It would be real romantic to turn sailor, and remember, if I do I shall expect you to give me the situation of first officer on this beautiful vessel, that you have been so complimentary as to call by my name."

"Complimentary to the craft, I suppose you mean; but girls will be a little vain, sometimes, and we have to get along with it the best way we can; but after all, if any man should name his ship Annie Clarendon, I should think he was paying it a very high compliment. I—"

"Hush! hush!" said Annie, laying her dainty little hand over his mouth. "You are getting to be a flatterer. I do not believe that in your heart you think any such thing."

"Why don't you come to breakfast, captain, it's been waiting this half hour," sung out the black steward, who was rather a privileged person on board, and consequently sometimes dispensed with etiquette in addressing his officers.

"It shan't wait another minit, Dick. I am in fine condition to pay good attention to your cookery, this morning; and I heard Mr. Morrison complaining of an empty stomach, an hour ago, so pass the word to him and Mr. Archer. Come, Annie, let us see what there is eatable below."

In a few moments the cabin mess were seated at the table paying their respects to the good cheer that Dick had taken extra pains to serve up that morning in honor of the brig's lady, as he styled Annie.

Harry Archer remembering his promise to Morrison, presently engaged the captain in a spirited conversation, that answered the two-fold purpose of leading him to suppose his supercargo was engaged heart and soul in learning his new profession, and it also took his attention from the lovers, and left them to employ the time in their own way.

Harry was very willing to help his friend along in his love affairs by keeping the captain engaged in something else besides watching him; still it must be confessed that he set the

mate down as rather wanting aloft, to allow himself to be duped by a heartless coquette, for notwithstanding the explanation Charley had made, he firmly believed Annie was but amusing herself at the expense of his friend, and would be quite ready to cast him off when a more dashing lover presented himself.

Harry remembered when his company was eagerly sought for, in all the fashionable gatherings in his neighborhood; and he also remembered, that when by a reverse of fortune, he was forced to depend upon his own efforts for a livelihood, very many of these quondam friends passed by "on the other side." He called to mind a certain proud beauty, who in days gone by did not blush to receive him as her acknowledged lover; and when he declared his love, and solicited hers in return, she pledged him her heart and hand; and he thought her sincere, for he judged her by himself; and very likely she had the same opinion, for she had not taken the trouble to investigate her heart. A year from that time he was a poor student, with no prospect but to work himself into notice, unaided, except by his own talents, if he could, and if not, then turn his attention to some other employment, less honorable in the estimation of the world, but more profitable to one who could not exist on the world's good opinion. A few days after the change in his prospects became known, he chanced to meet his affianced bride at a social gathering, but a cool inclination of the head was the only mark of recognition she deigned to bestow on her now penniless lover. From that moment Harry lost all confidence in the sincerity of woman. He believed his former lady love to have been the most perfect person in the world, and if she would deceive him, of course any one else would, if placed in similar circumstances. Friendship he believed to be mainly founded in selfishness, and as for love, that was an imaginary something that authors invented, and used as a kind of foundation upon which to build their romance, for if there was really any such thing it would surely outlive a simple reverse of fortune, if it possessed the magic power ascribed to it by novelists. But his experience had told a different story, so he set that down as another fashionable humbug.

Thus reasoned Harry Archer, naturally, perhaps; but certainly unjustly. It is true that in our large cities there is a kind of would-be aristocracy that is tolerated in the vestibules of refined circles for wealth alone, and as money was the only consideration that purchased for them a place in the upper ten, it is natural for them to look upon every one who becomes reduced in circumstances, as having lost their passport to good society. But with the truly genteel, a very different notion prevails: the social standing of a person is not to be estimated by the amount of railroad stock they possess, or by the readiness with which they can get their notes discounted; but by that unbending honor, real refinement and true politeness that alone admits a person to the true and the only aristocracy of our country. In his brighter days, Harry had not only been acquainted with Annie Clarendon, but was one of her most intimate friends; but when one after another of his former associates began to avoid him, he concluded that all would eventually follow, and as he was too proud to court the friendship of any one, he foolishly withdrew from all society; resolving to live unknown until the talents he believed he possessed would enable him to return to the position he had always occupied, but which he now considered he had voluntarily abandoned.

It would have been difficult to form an opinion of Annie Clarendon's character so totally without foundation, as the one cherished in the distorted mind of Harry Archer. Among her many friends none stood before him in her estimation and for his talents she had the most unbounded respect. Consequently she was not a little surprised when he suddenly discontinued his visits, without a word of explanation, and for two years prior to the opening of our story she had neither seen nor heard from him. Supposing he had left the city for some foreign country, she was agreeably surprised to learn that he was engaged on board her uncle's vessel, and pleased with the prospect of again renewing his acquaintance. She met him with the same cordial smile that she would have welcomed any friend, but the studied politeness with which he returned her

greeting told her that he was changed; but how or why she hardly knew.

The truth was, that the course of life Harry had followed could not have been expected to produce different results from what it did. By brooding over his misfortunes, he magnified them; and by withdrawing from all communion with the world, his nature, once open and generous, had become deeply tinctured with misanthropy. He had lost all confidence in the truthfulness of woman (or imagined he had); all of them were like Sophia Clifford, his former lady love, and therefore it was much better to avoid all intimacies with them. So he chatted with the captain, well content to let his friend monopolize the whole attention of his fair neighbor, if he pleased; wondering withal how Charley would take it when Annie skipped him for some one who was more to her fancy.

Captain Kimberley had swallowed two cups of Dick's best coffee, and answered as many score of Harry's questions, when calling for another cup of the fragrant beverage, and clearing his throat with one or two ahems (his signal for speaking), he turned suddenly towards Morrision and began:

"I suppose, Charley, it's no more than fair to give you notice that in all probability you will have to hunt up another berth, after this voyage, for you see, ahem! I have just the same as engaged a first officer, who will sign articles next cruise."

The mate dropped his knife in dismay, and looked at his commander for an explanation, but he quietly sipped his coffee with an air that convinced Morrision that he must gain the wished-for information by direct questioning, and as he felt quite certain that his love affair was at the bottom of it, it was not strange that he should hesitate about speaking.

"Why, you see," said the captain, after enjoying his officer's uneasiness, for some little time; "you see, Charley, Annie here has taken such a fancy to our business that she has concluded to turn sailor, and has made me promise to give her the berth of first mate. I shall be sorry to part with you; deuced sorry, but it won't do to refuse a lady, you know."

Annie laughed, and Morrision relieved of all apprehension, at once responded:

"If that is all, captain, I will resign, and go into the fore-castle, whenever Miss Annie feels disposed to take charge of my watch. I would not, on any account stand in the way a moment, when you have a chance to obtain an officer so much my superior."

"Oh! Charley, uncle has not told the story quite as it was. I mean—"

"There, don't try to explain. You will only make matters worse," said the captain, interrupting her. "Charley can find a situation anywhere; and I think he has shown himself wise by accommodating to circumstances; there is no use in trying to withstand a woman. I always said they will have their own way."

"And particularly when they like nice clerks better than sailors," said Annie, alluding to the captain's old heart difficulty.

"Hold your tongue, or I will send you to the gangway," replied the captain, laughing. "If that's the way you are going to treat me, reading off all the private entries in my log-book before the company, why, I shall look out, that's all. I wonder, miss, if it ever occurred to you that young gentlemen like me hate awfully to have their old matters fished up?"

"No; I never dreamed of such a thing," said Annie, demurely.

"Then you are quite too indiscreet to be in the cabin mess. So we shall have to send you into the fore-castle; and come to think of it, you ought to go a cruise or two before the mast, for I don't believe in having officers coming in at the cabin windows. But I think on the whole, you might as well stay where you are, for the present. After we see how you navigate when the wind freshens, we can tell better what kind of a berth it will do to give you."

"So you are going to doubt my ability on the start, are you?"

"Oh! we don't doubt you in the least, miss; but come, Mr. Morrision, do worry down that coffee, and then relieve Mr.



ARRIVAL AT TUMBEZ RIVER.

Winslow; it makes me nervous to see his hungry face staring at us through the sky-light."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered Morriston, hurrying to the deck, where he communicated to Mr. Winslow the welcome intelligence that breakfast was ready, and then walked aft, where he

was presently joined by Harry Archer.

"Unaccountable; how long it takes a young fellow to finish his rations when he's yard-arm and yard-arm with a pretty woman," growled the old sea dog, as he shuffled down the companion way, and without more ado seated himself comfortably at the table and prepared to make up for lost time.

CHAPTER IV.—SHOWING HOW THE WIND FRESHENED, AND WHAT THE CONSEQUENCES WERE.

THE first three weeks of the voyage passed rapidly and pleasantly away, without any remarkable event to break the monotony that had begun to grow rather tiresome, and for the last few days the good breeze with which they had been favored most of the time died away and left them almost becalmed near the equator, where such an event was anything but agreeable.

There are few circumstances perhaps more patience trying than a calm at sea. To remain for days almost motionless on the surface of the water, with scarcely a breath of air to cool the heated atmosphere; your vessel pitching lazily over the heavy ground swell, occasionally wafted forward for a moment by a little puff of wind, and then the sails which were momentarily distended flap idly against the spars, and the sleepy men who had started up when they felt the welcome breeze fan their bronzed cheeks sauntered back when it died away, and again stretching themselves beneath the awning, striving to keep one eye open, while some old tar relates with solemn face one of those incomprehensible yarns with which old sailors love to astonish the uninitiated.

Although the greater part of the Annie Clarendon's crew most earnestly wished for a change in the weather, there were at least two on board who would have been well contented for matters to remain as they were for some time longer, in other words, the lovers were in no particular hurry for the voyage to terminate. But the three weeks that had already passed had been well improved by Harry, as well as Morriston, although

their pursuits had been of a different nature. The novelty and excitement of life on shipboard was just what Harry needed to rouse him from the gloomy lethargy into which he had fallen. The natural easy good humor of his disposition returned in a measure; and this, together with the wish he evinced to make himself familiar with all the duties of a practical seaman, not only secured the good opinion of the captain, but of every one on board. The duties of his berth did not of course require him to have anything to do with working the vessel, but he disliked being idle; and besides, he made it a point never to let an opportunity for acquiring knowledge that might be of use to him at some future time pass by unimproved. So he took his place in the larboard watch, and, unless otherwise engaged, turned out when the others did; and the readiness with which he gained a passable knowledge of nautical technicalities raised him high in the estimation of Mr. Winslow, the second mate, who often declared to his brother officers in a confidential way, that Harry was as different from the common run of supercargoes as a seventy-four was from a Quaker meeting-house.

Circumstances, too, had placed him much in the society of Miss Clarendon, and little by little the prejudice he had against her, in common with all other ladies of fortune, passed away; and before two weeks had gone, he was surprised to find himself occupying the same place in her confidence and regard that he had held in former times. Indeed, it was as Morriston said; no one could be acquainted with Annie Clarendon without loving her; not that we mean to intimate that Harry had at this late hour fallen in love, as they say, with a lady he had been acquainted with ever since he was a child, and had never regarded as anything but a friend. But Annie possessed that rare sweetness of disposition, unalloyed by art or affectation, that so quickly banishes suspicion from the mind, and at once awakens all the finer feelings of our nature.

Harry sometimes surprised himself mentally congratulating his friend upon his success in gaining the affections of one who appeared all that was lovable and truthful, and he was almost tempted to believe that there were some of the fair sex who were worthy of confidence. But then the memory of Sophia Clifford would flit across his mind, and in an instant all his old feelings of scepticism and distrust were in the ascendant; and all ideas of a more rational nature were banished for the time being. Annie, he at last admitted to himself, was rather nearer perfection than the generality of mortals, but in his opinion she was without a parallel, and consequently that was no argument against his theory. "One swallow never made a summer," he repeated to himself during one of his reveries; but he forgot the reason that induced him to imagine the whole female sex frivolous and faithless was founded in the

wayward conduct of one heartless New York belle, whose only attractions were her personal beauty and her social standing; for her intellectual acquirements consisted in being able to entertain a company gracefully, talk for ever about nothing, or go into the most approved ecstasies over the beauties of an ordinary moonlight night. But to return to the brig:

The 10th of October found the *Annie Clarendon* still becalmed under the equator, and although signs of a storm had been anxiously looked for several days, as yet nothing indicated a change of weather. The gallant little brig continued to pitch lazily over the seas, and the crew, overcome by the languor that always pervades the system in these warm latitudes, lay scattered about on the deck or in the tops, enjoying the cool evening breeze, that since sunset had begun to come in fitful gusts, and gradually freshened into a good wind.

Captain Kimberley, who had been prevented by the heat from taking his usual mid-day nap, was now snoring in the cabin, while Mr. Morriston, with Annie at his side, was quietly promenading the quarterdeck; quietly we say, and so they were; for although they talked incessantly, their conversation was carried on in a voice so low that even the man at the wheel failed to distinguish a word, though they frequently paused quite near him; while the mate glanced at the compass in the binnacle, and then turned his eye aloft to notice how the sails drew, that were now filled and the brig moving along at the rate of five or six knots an hour. Mr. Winslow, the only one on board who appeared to think it worth while to pay much attention to the vessel, was comfortably seated on the foretop-gallant crossrees, where a few moments before he had been joined by Harry Archer.

"Well, this is a fine night," said Harry, after glancing round for a moment; "a very fine night, and this breeze is wonderfully refreshing to one who has been scorching in the sun all day."

"You will see a breeze as is a breeze, one that will take your shoestrings out, before eight bells," answered Mr. Winslow, rather gravely.

"Well, let it come. I for one am tired of this still weather, and I would like right well to see it pipe up pretty strong; though there is Morriston, who would not care if it didn't blow again in a month, I suppose."

"If you want to see it blow, Harry, you will have a chance before long. You see that little cloud out there; well, I don't like the looks of it at all. I remember being out in a regular old-fashioned one, in just about this latitude, once. It came upon us without a minit's warnin', as you might say, and laid us on our beam ends before you could count two and a half."

"Why, Mr. Winslow, I have seen ever so many clouds within the last twenty-four hours that looked more threatening than that, and they did not have a breath of air in them."

"We shall see; we shall see. But if it don't trouble you to pass an earring before the next half hour, I will never guess again. Do you mind how that little cloud has walked over the sky while we have been talking?"

"I see it has, but the wind has all died away, and we shall be becalmed again, presently, Mr. Winslow," said Harry as the topgallant sail flapped back against the spar.

"Becalmed in a hurricane, though; and it just occurred to me that we might as well scramble down; for unless some of these kites come in pretty soon, we shall be turn-in-turtle, and Mr. Morriston don't seem to see anything but that gal to-night; guess he means to take her in tow sometime, don't he, Harry?"

"Shouldn't wonder if he did," said

Archer, as he placed his foot on the ratlin of the weather shrouds, and prepared to follow Winslow to the deck.

The mate had been more watchful than his brother officer supposed, for notwithstanding he appeared to be thinking only of his fair companion, it was evident from the glances he cast to the windward now and then, that he was not quite satisfied with the appearance of things in that quarter, although he did not apprehend any immediate danger until the sudden calm warned him of the near approach of the tempest. That roused him, and at the very moment Mr. Winslow set foot on deck, he was striding toward the companion-way to give the captain a call; but that was unnecessary, for the change in the motion of the vessel had already aroused him.

"What's to pay, now, Mr. Morriston?" he said, as soon as he reached the deck.

"I think we are going to have a pretty hard squall, sir; hadn't we better shorten sail."

"I should think we had, and it will be a good idea to be kind o' lively about it too. Annie, go below instantly, but don't be scared; not the least danger in the world. All hands, take in sail," he shouted as the black mass of clouds, now seeming to extend over the whole western horizon, began to move towards them with fearful velocity, and at the same moment a dull, sullen roar was heard that every instant grew more loud and awful, until the tempest, howling and shrieking like an angry demon, burst upon them. The crew, to a man, had sprung to obey the first order, but they remained half way up the shrouds, clinging for life to anything that offered a substantial hold; while the tall spars writhed like reeds, and the gallant brig careened over, and remained for a moment on a perfect poise, with the end of her mainyard in the water. It was a moment of awful suspense, not a word was spoken, and hardly a breath was drawn; every one momentarily expected to see her lose her nice balance, and capsize. The rain and hail descended in such perfect torrents that it was actually impossible to move, until the first gust had in a measure spent itself; but fortunately, it lulled almost as quickly as it had risen, and as soon as the vessel felt itself relieved from the tremendous pressure aloft, she righted, and in another moment was going off before the wind with the velocity of an arrow.

As the wind lulled, the men sprung for their lives, for they well knew that life now depended on their promptness; Captain



GOING UP THE TUMBEZ RIVER.

Kimberley instantly ordered the sheets to be hauled close aft, and the helm put down; this was done, and the brig gallantly rounded to, and came up into the wind's eye; and as she came round, halyards were cast off, and the upper yards came rattling down to the caps; tacks and sheets went by the run; up went the courses and in went the light sails; and in a few moments she was safely lying to under her foretopmast and mainstay sails.

This had not been accomplished any too soon, for scarcely had the last sail been properly secured, when the whirlwind again burst upon them, but all was now comparatively safe; and as the wind whistled through the rigging, and the lightning flashed through the darkness, the helm was lashed to the leeward, and the crew gathered under the lee of the weather bulwarks, and listened to the raging storm with something like satisfaction.

"Well, Harry, what's your private opinion about being becalmed?" said Mr. Winslow, who had securely braced himself.

"I think, sir, we have got what you predicted; a regular old-fashioned one. Good gracious! how the rain pours down; and a fellow has to hold on with both hands to prevent being blown away."

"That's about what I think," remarked a tall Long Islander who registered the name of Jonathan Dogberry, who just at that moment appeared to have conceived an unusual affection for the foremast. "It's my opinion, Mr. Winslow, that it's piping up a little stronger than common, in this part of the world."

"Nonsense, you lubber; stow yourself away under the bulwarks, and don't stand there holdin' up the foremast," growled the second mate, who would never admit that any gales they encountered were a circumstance to some he had witnessed off East Cape, and as he was the only man on board who had cruised in that part of the world, he was allowed to ride his favorite hobby unmolested; although some of the old salts occasionally suggested that he was getting his yarns up a little steep. But on the present occasion, the silence that followed his injunction to Dogberry seemed an intimation to proceed, so after glancing round upon the group that could be distinguished when the lightning played above their heads, he continued:

"I hope, boys, you don't think this bit of a breeze anything to speak of. Now I remember once when I was cruising in a man-of-war, off East Cape, we met with an accident that I will relate, just to show the power of the wind, when it sets out to show what it can do. You see we were standin' along one day with all sail set, even to rawyal stun'sails, which is always dangerous there; but the old man was awfully set in his way, particularly after he had been splicin' the main brace, and wouldn't listen to reason. Well, as I was sayin', we were standin' along, when all at once one of those things they call typhoons came upon us, just as a shark grabs a chunk of pork; and the old craft turns a complete somerset and came up all right, without doin' any damage, except we lost Old Chips, the carpenter, who didn't mind what he was about, and so got washed overboard."

"Hold on, Mr. Winslow, that's a little too tough," said Morriston, laughing. "Every time you spin a yarn about East Cape, you leave the last one a long ways astern. I would just like to see how big a yarn you could get off, giving you a fair chance."

"You call that an onpalpable yarn, Mr. Morriston? Well, I must say that I am surprised."

"So am I," said Harry; "it looks perfectly philosophical to me."

"In course it does, Harry; and so it would to Mr. Morriston, if he had been to sea as long as I have."

"Perhaps it would," answered the mate, "but by the by, Mr. Winslow, did you ever happen to fall on with the Flying Dutchman in any of your voyages? I have heard that he was usually found in the part of the world you have been speaking of."

"I never did but once, and that was some twenty years ago, when I was before the mast, and —"

"Sail ho! sail ho!" shouted the look-out on the forecabin.

"Where away? where-away?" said both officers in a breath.

"About a point on our starboard bow, sir."

"I make her out," said Morriston, stepping forward. "It's a little fore-and-aft, with all sail set; and coming down this way like the wind; she will be turning a somerset like that craft of yours, Mr. Winslow, unless they mind what they are about."

The situation of the strange schooner was indeed critical. She was a small but heavily sparred craft, with a spread of canvas seemingly sufficient to drive a vessel of twice her size; and it was evident from the appearance of things, that for some reason her commander had resolved to carry sail, let the consequences be what they might; and it was equally apparent that the tremendous pressure aloft would soon capsize her, or else her tall raking spars must go by the board. The excitement was beginning to be intense, but it was destined to be of short duration; for five minutes had hardly elapsed from the time when she was first seen by the look-out when they saw her foretopmast go over the side, and the gaff-topsail come down by the run.

"That's what I was expecting," said Captain Kimberley, gazing towards their unfortunate neighbor. "But why the deuce don't they bring their craft into the wind? If they don't they won't have a stick in her in five minutes."

"The skipper spliced the main brace most too often last watch, to know where he's bound, I think," answered the mate.

"Well, he's bound to Davy Jones's as sure as can be," muttered Mr. Winslow. "There he goes!" he continued, as the schooner's jibstay parted, and the sail was whistled from its fastenings; "the old Harry will be to pay now, boys."

Mr. Winslow's fears were soon realized; for the schooner having now nothing to steady her forward, as a matter of course, broached to, and the next gust laid her on her beam-ends. A moment more, and the weather shrouds parted, and the mainmast, with all its spread of canvas, went by the board.

The schooner then righted; and as her hull was still uninjured, her situation would have been actually less critical than it was before the accident, but for the heavy spar that was still dragging by the lee shrouds, that no one seemed to think to cut away and relieve her; and to make matters infinitely worse, the vessel presently swung round, and by some means the spar was brought to the windward, where every sea dashed it with fearful violence against her side. It was very clear that she could hold out against those shocks but a short time, and as she had now drifted near the brig, the crew of the latter had no difficulty in seeing that, unless they exerted themselves promptly, the crew of the schooner would certainly be lost.

"Clear away the life boat; Mr. Morriston," shouted the captain, waving his hand. "We must get aboard of that fellow, if it can be done, or else Davy Jones will have the whole lot of them; their boats seem to be gone, and with that confounded battering ram hammering at her side, she could not stand it long, if she were made of solid iron."

The mate did not require urging in a case like this; every thought of personal danger was banished in his anxiety to relieve his distressed neighbor; and with this incentive to action, he hurried forward, and being seconded by other spirits as fearless and generous as his own, the metallic lifeboat (a convenience that few vessels were furnished with at that time) was safely lowered away; and accompanied by Harry Archer and three stout seamen, the mate left the brig's side and pulled towards the schooner. But it was a voyage of no ordinary peril, with such a gale blowing it would have been certain destruction for them to attempt to approach from the windward, and to approach from the leeward required no trifling amount of skill and patience; but none of the little band were lacking in these particulars, and after a long struggle with the elements, they succeeded in bringing their boat under the lee of the schooner.

"Well, maty, you seem to have been roughly handled," said Morriston, as he gained the deck, and generously forbearing to make any allusion to the mismanagement to which they owed their misfortune.

"Aye, aye," answered the officer of the deck, "we have been roughly handled; there goes that spar again; and I declare, I believe it stove us this time."

"It has," said Morriston, leaning over the bulwarks; "it passed right through the side, just abaft the bends; and has left an ugly hole there. You would be in a bad fix now if it wasn't for our craft. Captain Kimberley thought you could not hold out long in your present situation."

"Is that vessel commanded by Captain Kimberley, of New York?" said a tall gentlemanly-looking personage, from the companion-way.

"Yes, sir," replied the mate, looking round in some surprise.

"Then I presume I address Mr. Morriston?" continued the stranger, advancing to meet him. "I am happy to see you again, independent of the great service I expect at your hands."

"De la Moza! as sure as I live; but how, in the name of all that's wonderful, did you happen to drift off into these latitudes?"

"Haven't time to explain just now; for I presume it will be expedient to lose no time in changing our quarters; we have some more of your friends on board: Mr. Seymour and his daughter."

"Is it possible? well, thank heaven we have been able to come to your assistance. But we must be doing. Get your friends on deck, and say to Miss Ada, for me, that she can calculate on being in a vessel that stands right side up in the course of half an hour."

No more time was wasted in words. In a few moments the passengers were on deck, and were assisted into the boat. Part of the crew had already embarked in the yawl that was still left, and were making their way toward the brig, although every wave threatened to swamp them; and the remainder found accommodations in Morriston's boat, that was brought down to the water's edge; but they fearlessly pulled off, and finally succeeded in reaching the brig in safety.

"Bless my soul, don, how are you?" exclaimed the captain, running forward to receive his guest. "And here is Ed. Seymour, and Miss Ada, and a gentleman I never saw before too—all right, though; just as welcome, sir, as though you were my brother. Well, of all the unexpected adventures I ever met with, this, by all odds, is the strangest. Who would ever think of picking up a whole batch of one's acquaintance in blue water? But come below. My niece will be charmed at having a maty. Miss Ada, she has been almost scared to death, poor thing, and very lonely, I suppose? Never been to sea before this way? Hope you won't think of taking cold. Here, don, I will lend you a pair of my trousers; they will be large enough, I'll promise. Dick, bring my pea-jacket for Seymour, he is as wet as a rat. Bad affair, that schooner's getting upset in that way; can't be helped though; accidents will happen in the best of regulated families. Harry, can't you find something dry for this other gentleman to get into. You are looking rather under the weather, sir; never mind, a little salt water won't hurt you." And in this way, talking to all at once, the good-natured skipper marshalled his unexpected visitors to the cabin; and for the next half hour Dick moved as though propelled by a high-pressure engine. As soon as the party were made as comfortable as circumstances permitted, the captain and De la Moza returned to the deck.

The crew of the schooner had all been saved, with the exception of the captain and second mate, who were both washed overboard when she first broached too, and the don's servant was supposed to have shared a similar fate, as he was nowhere to be seen. No attempt had been made to save anything, it being deemed dangerous to make voyages between the vessels for any purpose but to save life.

"My schooner seems in a fair way to be lost," said De la Moza, carelessly. "The captain is gone already I believe; but that is of very little consequence—he was a drunken fellow; and it was owing to his carelessness that I have lost the finest vessel owned on the other side of land."

"But that's an unchristianised way of speaking of a shipmate after he's gone to Davy Jones, Don Moses," replied the captain, addressing his companion by a name that he generally substituted for his proper one, for brevity's sake.

"Perhaps you are right, senor," replied the don, politely; but really it is against my disposition to mourn for a man who has injured me."

"That aint quite according to gospel, don; forgive and forget is a maxim laid down for us to lay our course by. But, by way of changing the subject, I would like to inquire how on earth you and Seymour and Miss Ada happened to be cruising round here?"

"I have been round to Havana for the purpose of disposing of a cargo of oil, and there I fell in with Mr. Seymour and the young lady, who were returning from a visit to England, I believe; and as no better opportunity for returning home offered, they took passage with me."

"That's it, is it? Well, it was lucky that we happened along to help you out of a bad scrape. But, by the by, who is that other passenger of yours; he's a good-looking fellow, but as solemn as a minister."

"That is what he represents himself to be, and I believe he is travelling for his health; he is from the States, and calls his name Fleetwood."

"Well, it's a good idea to have a parson aboard, though some say it aint lucky; but I always liked them, they are generally civil, and teach the boys good morals; and then I like to have some one to read service for me of a Sunday, for you see it's a little out of my line, and I can't, somehow, make it go so well as a regular parson can, who understands it all from stem to stern."

"I presume you will find him an agreeable companion, for you probably agree with him in religious belief, and he really seems to be a very sincere, gentlemanly man; and I regret that his talents are not employed in spreading the true faith (begging your pardon if I have injured your feelings, my dear captain). Ah! there goes my poor vessel!"

"That's the fact. Well, I am sorry for your loss, but it aint as though you wasn't able to stand it; still it goes against a man's feelings to see a fine little craft go down when a little good seamanship would have saved her."

"You are right there; a good seaman would have saved her; but the captain was drunk, and insisted upon carrying sail, and I was too little acquainted with the business to know exactly what to do, or I should have had him thrown overboard; but it's gone now, and I am not going to mourn over it."

"Brig a-hoy!" came faintly over the water before Captain Kimberley had time to reply. "Brig a-h-o-y!" was repeated more loudly, "for God's sake send a boat, I am drowning!"

"It's that nigger of yours, Don Moses," said the captain, after glancing for an instant through his night-glass. "We must send a boat and take him off, he's got straddle of a plank, and that's not a first-rate berth with such a sea running. Fore-castle there! three or four of you man the boat and pull off to where that schooner just now went down, there is a man there hailing us."

"Aye, aye, sir," answered the second-mate, as he hurried towards the boat. "Bear a hand there, my hearties."

"Do not trouble the senor, my dear captain," said De la Moza, politely; "it is a very unpleasant night to go out, and I assure you it's of no consequence whether Lopez is saved or not; nothing will be easier than to obtain another servant."

"I presume you can do it much easier than you could bring the poor fellow to life again," said Archer, who had been the first man in the boat; "but where we came from folks have got into the notion that it pays to save a man's life, whether he is black or white."

"I don't believe I should pull far to pick him up, the hard-hearted old son of a gun," said Winslow, indignantly, as they pushed off.

In the course of half an hour the boat returned with the darkey on board, who had been hauled out half dead by the hand of Harry Archer. It was a thrilling act of kindness on his part, but to that act he was afterwards indebted for his life. Yet he little dreamed of such an event when the don politely thanked him for saving his property. As no particular dancer was now apprehended from the storm, the larboard watch turned in, and the captain and De la Moza went below.

CHAPTER V.—THE SUPERCARGO EXTENDS HIS CIRCLE OF
ACQUAINTANCE.

On the morning succeeding the storm the sun rose bright and clear, and no sign of the late tempest was to be seen, except the heavy swell that, as the wind went down, increased tremendously; but the brig rode gallantly over it, and with the air cooled by the recent rain, and the breeze that had taken the place of the tornado, the voyagers found their situation changed for the better. The vessel had just been undergoing her morning ablution, and everything looked neat and tidy, and Morriston was giving an eye to some extra touches about deck, when Harry Archer made his appearance.

"How do you find yourself this morning, Charley?" he began; "and what do you think of our new passengers, though they are old acquaintances of yours, are they not?"

"Why, yes, they are acquaintances of mine, I believe—that is, I have seen them several times at Tumbuz. The don there is one of the old man's particular friends; but I never could account for it, for I always set him down as a pretty hard case, although I can't say as I ever knew of his doing anything very bad."

"I was not particularly pleased with him; he is as smooth as oil, and I should think him a man of good parts naturally; but when he objected last night to let Mr. Winslow and I go after his darkey, because he could buy another, and so save us the trouble of half an hour's row, I made up my mind that he was a very polite rascal."

"That was probably more the result of education than anything else, Harry; you know he has been accustomed to regard his slaves like any other property."

"I do not agree with you exactly; the mere fact of holding slaves will not lead a man, naturally humane, to consider their lives of no consequence. But let the don go, he is only one; and as for the others, I think we shall find them an agreeable addition to our company. I had half an hour's chat with Mr. Fleetwood this morning, and I find him to be a well-educated and intelligent man; and from the little I saw of Seymour, I am inclined to think well of him too. Isn't he a partner of Robert Clarendon's?"

"Yes, and he has been ever since I can remember, though he has always resided in London until about five years ago, when he went out to Tumbuz; partly, I believe, to give Ada the benefit of a sea voyage, and he has resided there ever since, with the exception of going back on a visit once in a while. He is a fine old gentleman; and by the by, Harry, Miss Ada would be a very proper subject for you to fall in love with. She is rich and pretty and——"

"There, there! that will do; rich and pretty and—faithless, you might have added, for I do not believe there is a woman in the universe of this description—always excepting my fair friend Annie—who would be bound by an engagement with a man if they had a chance to do better, as they call it."

"All nonsense, Harry; and the sooner you get rid of such ideas the better. Now you have a fine chance to make yourself agreeable, and allow me to remark that she is a prize worth cruising after. I rather thought George Clarendon was getting interested there when I was in Tumbuz last; but the love, if there was any at all, was all on one side."

"If Clarendon don't have any rival but me, he won't be troubled much. Miss Seymour's appearance certainly recommends her highly—I think I never saw one more thoroughly refined and lady-like; but understand, I am through with my love affairs, and I shall never be on terms of friendship even with a lady, until I am satisfied that I can trust her; and, between you and I, Charley, I never expect to find one of that description."

"That speech would sound finely for a bachelor of forty-five, Harry; they are naturally cross and crabbed, but it is decidedly out of character for you. All the girls are not like Sophia Clifford, and I shouldn't think any more about that affair, for she was not worth taking as a gift."

"Very true; I agree with you exactly on that point, and the remark would probably be equally applicable to the rest of these earthly angels, although I thought differently once; and the time was when I loved Sophia Clifford, if there is any such

thing in the world. I tell you, Charley, when you have had the same experience that I have, you will think very much as I do. I have learned to place very little confidence in the love or friendship of the present day; nine-tenths of it is founded on policy, and the rest on necessity. To be sure, like all general rules, this has its exceptions, but they are deplorably scarce. Five years ago I found no difficulty in getting into all the fashionable gatherings in the city, but I should not be recognized there now; and what is the reason? I am as good-looking as I was then—though that is not saying much—and until I shipped on this vessel, I was studying the same profession that I always expected to follow. It is all summed up in this. Then I was known to be the only son of one of the richest men in New York, and when I had money it went freely; but now I am as poor as Job's turkey, and have to work; and a hard hand and a sunburnt face (unless it got scorched in some foreign country and supports a fierce beard) are not admired in upper tendom."

"Your theory may hold good in a few cases, Harry, but it never will as a general rule. The difficulty was, you made up your mind that because a few empty-headed fops, who used to live on your generosity, turned a cold shoulder when you were no longer of any use to them in a financial line, that every one else would follow, and for this very reason you have been rude to those who were your sincere friends, by declining all advances; in fact, you give every one a wide berth."

"And so I shall continue to do, until I am in a situation to make it worth their while to cultivate my acquaintance. I never will be patronized by any man."

"A very fine sentiment, Harry, and I like your grit," cried the captain, who had approached unperceived. "That's the doctrine I always preached when I felt a little blue, and it is perfectly natural for a man to feel so before breakfast; so I propose, by way of settling the matter, that you just belay that argument of yours, and then adjourn to the cabin. I see the steward is bringing down the eatables, and I will try and rig some kind of a purchase to stow you alongside of Miss Seymour, and if that don't drive the blues out of you, I shall open the medicine chest and see if there is anything there that will touch your case."

"I am all obedience, sir, and will do my best to entertain the lady, although I can't promise to succeed very well, for it is some time since I practised in that line."

"I'll risk you though, for I see your talking tackle is in good order yet. But come, gentlemen, we are losing precious time; the flavor of that coffee strikes me as being beautiful, and coffee, sweetened with the smiles of a pretty girl, is first-rate for young fellows like you and Mr. Morriston. Bless me, I haven't forgotten when I relished that kind of diet better than duff, by a ship's length. Had to give it up though, for you see it was spoiling my appetite for other things."

"I declare, I hope it won't injure mine," said Harry, gravely. "I do not believe that I could do duty on coffee and smiles; so if you please, captain, I would rather prefer biscuit and beef in my rations."

"There is no use in saying that such things don't stand by a man better, and, as a general remark, I consider ladies dangerous; for you see, boys, this love, as they call it, comes upon a man afore he knows it, and once in, it's like clawing off a lee shore to get out again."

By this time they had reached the cabin; that was already occupied by the three gentlemen who belonged to the schooner, and in a moment Annie Clarendon entered, accompanied by Miss Seymour.

"Good morning, ladies and gentlemen," said the captain, with a general bow. "I believe you are all acquainted with my first officer; so permit me to introduce our supercargo, Mr. Archer, and let me consign him to your special care, Miss Ada; for I just surprised him and Mr. Morriston in the bluest kind of an argument on deck, which is against orders, and so I want them watched. You will find him a very sensible fellow in the main, although I ought to tell you that he is rather addicted to studying law and writing verses. But fellows naturally run into folly of some kind, and I suppose it might as well be that as anything; he will get over it and make a respectable man yet."

"You must have rather more faith than commonly falls to the lot of mortals, or you would not venture to predict such flattering prospects," answered Harry, as with a low bow to Miss Seymour, he took possession of the vacant seat at her side and prepared to make himself agreeable.

Harry was a brilliant companion—that is, when he chose to be—and on the present occasion he seemed to be exerting himself to the utmost. There was something in his air and conversation that never failed to convince those with whom he was thrown that he was once accustomed to polished society, and the ease and perfect self-possession with which he went through all the minutiae of table etiquette—the deferential yet familiar manner with which he addressed his companion, rather puzzled her. The truth was, Ada was unconsciously contrasting the man with his apparent position. Harry's dress was that of a common sailor, and notwithstanding she had heard him spoken of as the vessel's supercargo, he seemed so familiar with everything connected with the brig that she supposed, as a matter of course, he had been brought up on the ocean; but how he happened to be so different from the other officers was something of a mystery. And then he seemed to be as different from his brethren in disposition as he was in manner; he appeared to be cheerful, but at the same time there was an expression of melancholy in his face that did not seem natural. He was polite and open-hearted, and then, apparently forgetting himself, he would for a moment be as formal and reserved; and Ada saw glimpses of so many different characters that she was quite unable to make out whether she was pleased with him or not. But it was impossible not to see something to admire in one so very like herself; so they were presently engaged in a *tête à tête* perfectly unintelligible to the captain, who attempted to follow them for awhile, and then left Harry to talk dictionary, as he called it, and turned his attention to the gentlemen; and as Morriston had managed to place himself next to Miss Clarendon, none had any cause of complaint unless it was De la Moza, who glanced across the table as though he would much rather chat with Annie than her uncle; but he could not attract her attention without apparent rudeness, and that was a sin he was never guilty of. He had sometimes shot a rival politely, but he never remembered displaying ill-breeding in the presence of a lady. Still the don seemed rather relieved than otherwise when Annie arose and accompanied Morriston on deck, where they were presently followed by Harry and Ada, leaving the gentlemen alone.

"Do you know that I regard it as a very fortunate circumstance that my vessel was wrecked, my dear captain? I do, because it has given me an opportunity of renewing my acquaintance with your charming niece; she is more beautiful, if that be possible, than when I last saw her at New York, and I do hope that by this time she is disposed to look with more favor upon my humble self."

"Well, as to that, Don Moses, it's difficult to tell. Girls, I have observed, are notional, and it is the same as useless to try to change their whims by talking. Now, perhaps I am mistaken; but it rather seemed to me as though you didn't quite take her fancy. Couldn't see any reason for it either; hasn't any sweetheart that I know of, and as you have nothing to do now but to make love as fast as you can, I should think you might do a pretty good business; and if I can help the matter along in any way, why I will do so, for I believe you to be an honorable, high-minded gentleman."

"Many thanks for your good opinion, senor; and I trust nothing will ever happen to change it for the worst. I pray the lady may hold the same sentiments; but, my dear captain, I fear I have a rival. If appearances are to be trusted, senor, Morriston holds no mean place in the lady's good graces."

"And he is an excellent young man; I always admired him," remarked Mr. Seymour.

"Undoubtedly, he is a fine young fellow, Senor Seymour; but you know money makes all the difference in the world with a man, and senor mate is poor, I believe."

"And what if he is?" said the captain, who somehow felt as though he was connected with the mate too closely to sit by and hear a word against him. "As far as that is concerned, I look upon Charley as good enough for the president's daughter,

and she might think herself fortunate in getting so good a husband; for a finer fellow or a better seaman never walked a quarter deck, and when he wishes to take command of a vessel he shall have one. But he never thought of falling in love with Annie; he's been with me ever since he was a little shaver of ten, and he naturally looks upon her as a kind of sister."

"But are not such intimacies dangerous, as leading towards more tender relations?"

"I should have no fear of seeing a child of mine being too intimate with a person of Mr. Morriston's character," said Mr. Seymour, disgusted with the don's vanity and want of delicacy in introducing such a subject at such a time.

"Senor is probably right," said De la Moza, with manifest displeasure; "so, with your permission, we will leave this matter to be settled at another time."

So saying the don arose and sauntered out, followed by the captain, leaving Mr. Seymour and Mr. Fleetwood alone. The latter had not spoken during the late colloquy, but his silence seemed more the effect of ill-health than a naturally unsociable disposition. He was a young man of singularly prepossessing appearance, but with an unusually grave, thoughtful cast of feature; that was in perfect keeping with his profession, however, and recommended him still more highly to those with whom he was thrown in contact.

But although the young clergyman had been a silent listener, he had not been uninterested in the conference between De la Moza and Captain Kimberley; and he now seemed disposed to avail himself of their temporary absence to learn something more definite in relation to the parties, and in this he was anticipated by Mr. Seymour, who, after a few moments' silence, began:

"There is a striking contrast between those two men, Mr. Fleetwood, and it is of such a nature that I am sorry to see them together. The captain is a fine specimen of an open-hearted American sailor, unsuspecting as a child; while De la Moza is as crafty an old villain as you will not often find, and it is easy to see that he has completely duped the other."

"So I should think from what I have just heard, although it seems impossible that Captain Kimberley can consent to see his niece, who seems a very charming girl, in the possession of a man like De la Moza; but I believe my countrymen have a naturally born passion for anything foreign. With us every one is so perfectly on a level, that a foreigner with a moustache and title is at once lionised."

"There may be something in that; and then De la Moza has taken no little pains to obtain the place he holds in Captain Kimberley's confidence. He has been acquainted with him several years. You see, Tumbez has been one of the captain's favorite provisioning ports, and during his stay there, the don has always been very attentive to him; and he is so much superior to the generality of South Americans in point of talent and education, that the contrast does much in his favor."

"I have observed that he seems to possess no small share of Yankee go-aheadativeness—more than is generally found in natives of this part of the world."

"Oh, yes; he loves business as most men do pleasure, and has really done more for Tumbez than all the rest of the men in it. He is always trying to introduce the arts and sciences of the more civilized parts of the world into South America; and if there were a few more such men there, it would not be long before you would see the locomotive whirling over the old mule paths. Why, he has actually made two or three voyages to the States to acquaint himself with their mode of agriculture, and when you get to Tumbez you will see some farming on his plantation that will remind you of home; but he is so revengeful and faithless, that it more than counterbalances all his good points."

"What a pity; but how did he happen to get acquainted with Miss Clarendon, for I gathered from the conversation that he had met her before?"

"Why, as I was saying, he has made several voyages to the States, and he generally made the captain's his head-quarters, and I suppose that is the way he got acquainted with the niece, although I do not know."

"Well, I sincerely hope she is not as blind as her uncle."

"There is no danger of that, I think; De la Moza was right in saying that Mr. Morrision held no mean place in the lady's good graces, but the captain has not discovered that, it seems."

The estimate that Mr. Seymour had made of de la Moza's character was a very correct one. He was a man that possessed many fine points; among friends he was obliging and social to a fault, but woe to the man who crossed his path. An injury or an insult he never forgave, and the bloodhound is not more untiring in the pursuit of prey than was the don in following the footsteps of an enemy. And yet he was much superior to the generality of men in his position. He was the son of a French gentleman and a Spanish lady, had received a polished education at Paris; but being possessed of a rambling disposition, he had early emigrated to South America, where he assumed the title of "don," and invested a part of his large fortune in the purchase of a princely estate, and flourished as the great man of the country.

With Captain Kimberley he had been acquainted for several years, and over him he seemed to possess a strange influence. None of his faults were apparent to the worthy seaman, who was quite too honest himself to suspect one who always appeared the gentleman. To be sure, he knew that he was unrelenting and revengeful; but then he imagined these were a kind of national characteristics for which he was not accountable, and as he always found him an agreeable companion, he generally passed the greater part of his time at his house when in Tumbex, and always went away with a better opinion of his friend.

About a year previous to the time of which we are writing, he visited New York, where he first saw Annie Clarendon, and on the strength of a few days' acquaintance he asked the captain's permission to address her. This was easily obtained; but with the niece he was less successful. Annie was blessed with a much larger share of penetration than ever fell to the lot of her uncle, and through the external polish of her visitor she detected a character with which she had no wish to be intimate.

De la Moza had sense enough to see that he was avoided by the object of his passion, and therefore wisely concluded to wait for some more favorable opportunity; and now, he believed, was the auspicious time, and he resolved to improve it. True, the lady seemed to prefer another; but then she would doubtless soon see the absurdity of her choice, and then the captain had promised his influence, and that was something.

In promising to assist De la Moza, Captain Kimberley was actuated by the best of motives; he believed he was studying his niece's future happiness, by doing all in his power to bring about her union with one who was, in his estimation, all a woman could desire. He acted in accordance with his judgment, but that, unfortunately, was a poor guide in such cases.

CHAPTER VI.—MORRISTON vs. DE LA MOZA.

We must now pass quickly over three months of the voyage, as during that time nothing of sufficient interest occurred on board the brig to pay the reader for following her in all the ups and downs of a cruise round the Cape. Since the gale she had been favored with fair breezes, and at the time when we again introduce her to notice, she was once more nearing the equator, and was, of course, within the influence of the trade winds that wafted her on towards her destined port, as swiftly as the impatient crew could desire.

All on board were in good health, and, on this particular evening, in good spirits, as Mr. Morrision, after half an hour's figuring in his state-room, had reported that they should let go the anchor off the mouth of Tumbex River before ten o'clock next day. In consequence of this information, hurry and confusion reigned throughout the vessel; trunks must be overhauled and repacked; plans must be laid by the crew for enjoying their expected liberty; the second mate was rummaging the hold to see what stores were lacking; decks were holystoned until they were almost as white as snow; cables were got up and laid in tiers; Mr. Morrision was everywhere and attending to everything; and the captain, who was in

unusually good humor, had been engaged with De la Moza for the last hour over a bottle of wine in the cabin, and it was evident, from the shouts of laughter that came up from down below, that the gentlemen were getting merry.

As the sun ranged low, passengers and crew seemed to have suddenly accomplished the various tasks which had occupied them for the last few hours. As if by magic, everything above and below seemed to slide into its proper place; the trunk-packing was completed; the plans for the contemplated land-cruise were all satisfactorily arranged; the grating of the holystones ceased; the gentlemen in the cabin had finished their wine, and were reclining at ease, enjoying some prime Havanas, the smoke of which began to reach the olfactories of those on deck. An hour later, and the steward, who had been told to bring down the supper somewhat earlier than usual, announced with a flourish that all was ready, and though no one seemed to be blessed with an appetite, all went through with the form of eating for appearance sake, and then adjourned to the deck or remained in the cabin, as best suited them. And now peace be with them, while we go back and notice a few events that it would not do to pass over in silence.

In the first place, then, De la Moza had not made as good progress as he could have wished in his love affairs, for the truth was, he had made none at all; and after the first week of his advent on board, he had ceased to annoy Miss Clarendon with attentions. He saw that she was, to say the least, very gracious to the young mate, and although he would not have admitted it to a living person, still, in his own mind, he rather doubted his ability to compete with him. This, of course, did not generate any friendly feeling towards Morrision; but he was quite too polite to display any ill-feeling towards his successful rival, and so he chose another mode of conquest. He remembered seeing it laid down as an axiom that "absence conquers love;" so his plans were arranged accordingly.

"The lady will remain in Tumbex this winter," he said to himself one day, after reflecting upon the matter profoundly, "and this fellow will go back with his vessel. Very good; she will forget him presently, and you, don, will stand a very good chance of winning her affections. You are rich, and rather good looking, for a gentleman of fifty; not a gray hair yet, and a fine, yes, a very fine figure. I think you will succeed—"

"I rather doubt it, my dear fellow," muttered the mate, who from the adjoining state-room had overheard the don's soliloquy.

But while these gentlemen were engaged in their game of cross purposes, Harry Archer had found a more interesting occupation than studying seamanship, in studying the character of his new acquaintance, Miss Seymour. It required no common observer of human nature to read Ada's character; not that she was naturally reserved, but she had met so few whose ideas corresponded with her own—so few who could appreciate her—that unconsciously she had learned to wear before the world a character widely different from her real one. And yet she was just the one to interest a person with the peculiar notions of Harry Archer. She was a young lady of near his own age, a descendant of an old and aristocratic family, possessing an intellect of the highest order, and that perfect refinement in thought and action so indispensable to one of his peculiar turn of mind. Like him, she had been reared in the fashionable society of a metropolis; and like him, had seen how heartless and unreal were its gaieties, and being essentially worldwise, she had learned to wear before the world a cool, passionless demeanor, that to Harry was particularly attractive. Anything that bordered on the sentimental had always been the object of her ridicule. Gallant suitors had often bowed at her shrine, but as their words found no echo in her heart, the cool, incredulous or sarcastic smile with which she received every serious advance had the effect of lowering their ardor to the vicinity of zero; and they were content for the future with gazing upon the unapproachable beauty from a safe distance. And yet she was not in reality either heartless or cold-hearted. To her friends she was sincerely attached, and never failed to awaken the warmest attachment in return; still, few mere passing acquaintances ever left her presence without wondering whether they had been successful in gaining her good opinion even.

Thus she went on, offending and fascinating alternately; for she could be as affectionate as she was cold, as loveable as she was repelling.

To Ada life seemed one great theatre, where individuals acted parts for the amusement of others. She was conscious at times that her own character was seldom inspected by the world; she was naturally generous and impulsive, and keenly alive to the happiness or sorrow of those around her; but a cool, haughty bearing suited the meridian in which she was thrown, and she assumed it. But the heartless and often indelicate flirtations so common in a gay London circle disgusted her, and she learned to listen to eloquent declarations of eternal love with sceptical incredulity. Had she chanced to meet with one whose ideas corresponded with her own, and in whose attachment she could fully confide, it is probable that the entire devotion of a heart that could never love or dislike lightly, would have been given to the fortunate one who awakened it. Such was Ada Seymour, and she had now reached a new era in her life, and become aware that she was the possessor of a heart—one that could feel a strange, unaccountable interest in one she had met a stranger a few short weeks before. Friendship was the name she gave this new feeling; for to have admitted to herself even that the blind god had been making a target of her heart, would have seemed unmaidenly. She was not one to love unasked; yet why was it that she found it difficult to appear that calm, worldwise woman in the presence of that one individual; why did she converse with him with a freedom she never felt towards another? and why were his opinions always received with so much deference? These were questions Ada never asked herself, and, consequently, never answered; but had she been told, when she first saw Harry, that he was destined to work this change in her very nature, she would have treated the prophecy with supreme contempt, and even after she became conscious of the complete mastery he had obtained over her mind, she convinced herself that she only regarded him as a friend.

With Harry the case was scarcely different. He had been charmed with Ada almost from the first moment, and regarded her with that intense admiration that any one of his turn of mind feels towards a beautiful and accomplished woman. Their tastes were similar; and he could pass an hour in her society more to his mind than with any lady of his acquaintance. But he was still quite too much of a misanthrope to admit that love formed any part of the sentiment he felt towards her; nor did he so much as dream that she regarded him in any other light than a mere passing acquaintance, who would only be remembered while in her immediate presence. We now and then find an animal under a beaver, who imagines himself so irresistible that he has but to turn his all-conquering eyes upon a maiden and her heart is lost; but our friend Harry had no such idea of his powers, and, consequently, saw nothing in the kindling eyes and blushing cheeks that welcomed his coming, but the pleasure any lady feels at the approach of one she is pleased to regard as a gentleman and a friend.

Such was the view he took of the matter, and so, without the slightest idea of Ada's real sentiments, or his own, he continued to show her every delicate attention his gallant disposition suggested; and she at last came to the conclusion that however indifferently she might feel, she held a prominent place in Harry's heart. True, he had never told her so; but did he not always evince a preference for her society to that of Annie's? and would he always be at her side when she took her evening promenade on deck, unless he felt the strange witchery of the heart as only a lover can feel it? He surely loved her, her woman's eyes had not deceived her, and he would never suffer her to leave him without making known his passion. How should she answer him? Ada rather thought she should say yes! Still, he was only a friend!

Such was the state of things on the last night of the voyage. It was a lovely night, and the passengers all lingered on deck till a late hour, as though unwilling to lose the delightful prospect of the sky and ocean there seen in all their beauty. As usual, Harry and Ada were together, and as they stood half concealed under the shadow of the coach-house, Annie Clarendon thought she had never before realized Ada's exquisite

beauty. She had removed her hat, and the wind was gently lifting the heavy curls that shaded her faultless neck, while her calm eyes seemed to be following the fantastic movements of the light drifting clouds that swept over the sky, gilded here and there with the last rays of the sitting sun, that, as it sank from view, left behind these traces of its twilight glory.

But were her thoughts all occupied with what she saw? The most careful observer could have detected no trace of emotion on that calm, proud face, or in the clear, musical voice, and yet it required all of Ada's iron will to appear calm and unmoved at that moment. She had been unconsciously cherishing a dream that till then had scarcely assumed a tangible form, and that dream was now fading into reality. In a few hours she would be at home, and Harry would proceed onward with his vessel. Should they ever meet again? No one could tell, and still he allowed the last few hours they would be together to pass without approaching a subject she had felt almost certain he would mention before they separated. But perhaps he feared to address one who was, in the opinion of the world, so much above him; but this idea was banished in an instant, for had such been the case, Ada was not the one to forfeit her own self-respect by any unmaidenly advances. There was nothing in Harry's manner, however, that indicated the disconsolate lover; whatever he might have felt, he kept within his own bosom, although he spoke with regret of their coming separation, and expressed the earnest hope that they should meet again, sometime, and gradually the conversation assumed a sadder tone, and at last Ada finding herself more affected than she cared to betray, complained of indisposition, and requested to be handed to her state-room.

Once alone, she could throw aside all concealment, and tears relieved her highly excited feelings. Even allowing herself to think that Harry loved her, seemed now unmaidenly, and to regret leaving him, a weakness, that was almost palpable. But the storm passed, and still true to herself, she arose, and banished all traces of her momentary weakness. Proud, calm, and beautiful as ever, she was Ada again.

(To be continued).

FOLLY OF PRIDE.—Take some quiet, sober moment of life, and add together the two ideas of pride and man; behold him, creature of a span, stalking through infinite space in all the grandeur of littleness. Perched on a speck of the universe, every wind of heaven strikes into his blood the coldness of death; his soul floats from his body like melody from the string; day and night, as dust on the wheel, he is rolled along the heavens, through a labyrinth of worlds, and all the creations of God are flaming above and beneath. Is this a creature to make for himself a crown of glory, to deny his own flesh, to mock at his fellow, sprung from that dust to which both will soon return? Does the proud man not err? Does he not suffer? Does he not die? When he reasons, is he never stopped by difficulties? When he acts, is he never tempted by pleasure? When he lives, is he free from pain? When he dies, can he escape the common grave? Pride is not the heritage of man; humility should dwell with frailty, and atone for ignorance, error and imperfection.

"TURNING THE TABLES."—Mr. W. S. Coleman, in "Our Woodlands, Heaths and Hedges," thus explains the origin of this familiar phrase: "One of the hobbies in which the ancient luxurious Romans indulged (as the old-china mania was not then invented) was the acquisition, at enormous prices, of tables made from very rare and curious specimens of maple-wood. Their wives also happened to have another costly taste for dresses, jewellery and the like vanities, which their lords, oblivious of their own rather expensive little fancies, considered were needless extravagances, and sometimes ventured to hint as much; when the ladies, roused by this injustice, would in their turn point to the sumptuous maple-table, with an allusion to its ruinous price; and this was called 'turning the tables' on their husbands; hence the phrase used to this day for a similar kind of retort."



BAY AND SETTLEMENT OF NATAL, NOW D'URBAN.



CAPE WAGONER TAKING SNUFF.

KAFFRARIAN SKETCHES.

The Cape of Good Hope, as is well-known, was first discovered by Bartholomew Diaz, in the year 1478, who rounded this dan-



ZULU HUT, NATAL

gerous point and effected a landing upon a small barren island, situated at the north of Algoa Bay. On this island he raised a stone cross, and partook of the Holy Sacrament, afterwards naming the island Santa Cruz.

Between its discovery and the year 1620, several vessels belonging to Portugal, Holland and England touched at the Cape, but until the last year, no one entertained the idea of colonising it, when an effort was made to do so by the English. In 1652, the land immediately around the Cape was formally ceded to the Dutch, by the aboriginal inhabitants of the soil, and a regular settlement was established.

The salubrity of the climate, and the richness of the soil, soon brought from Europe a swarming emigration, which rendered indispensable the necessity for a more extended boundary, than that first ceded by the natives. This was soon obtained, and in this manner Cape Colony, properly so-called, was founded by the Dutch. It was taken from them by the English in 1806, and although, through the mismanagement of the authori-



HOTTENTOT WAGONER.

ties at home, it has involved England in great expenses, it has proved a most valuable acquisition.

The original extent of the colony was defined in 1779 by the Great Fish River; beyond which was the Kaffir territory, inhabited by Amakosa and Amatambu Kaffirs. In 1779, Lord Macartney defined the boundary line as follows:

The Great Fish River, from its mouth to Esterhayzen's Port; thence along the Kaga mountains to the Tarka mountains; thence to Bamboo's Berger; thence to the Zuri Berger, and to the Beacon at Zeckoe River.

In 1819, Lord Charles Somerset, the then Governor, extended the boundary by the Keiskamma River, from the sea to the Chumi; along the Chumi to the Kat Berg; thence to the Winterberg, along the Zwart Kei River; the streams running from the west into the Chumi to be considered Colonial, and all the eastern branches Kaffrarian.

In 1835, under the Governorship of Sir Benjamin d'Urban, a further extension of territory took place, that officer fixing the line of demarcation as follows:

From the Great Kei to the White Kei; along the White Kei to the Stormberger range of mountains. A portion of this territory was subsequently abandoned, and the boundary again altered, as follows:

Along the Fish River, from its mouth to the confluence of the Kat River; along the Kat to the Chumi River; from the Chumi to the Kat Berg; thence to the Winterberg range, along the Zwart Kei River to the confluence of the Stormberger Spruit; thence along the Stormberger to the Orange River, which forms the northern boundary of the colony, where the country is of that description as not to admit of military defence; the large tract of territory immediately beyond presenting little else than a succession of arid deserts, where but few inhabitants are met with, save a solitary hunter or an occasional band of Kaffirs, intent only on the plunder of the nearest colonial farms.

To keep these marauders in check, the authorities have organized a body of Hottentots, known as the Cape Mounted Rifles, who have served with much distinction in the several Kaffir wars which have, from time to time, broken out in this usually peaceful community.

Through the exertions of the European officers, by whom they are commanded, the native soldiers have been brought to a state of the highest discipline, that would reflect credit upon any cavalry corps in her Majesty's service. The duties of this corps are of a most arduous nature, being detailed over an immense extent of country, guarding the frontier against the depredations of the wily and insidious Kaffir. So strict is the discipline observed, that when on patrol duty neither officers nor men are permitted to indulge in smoking, not even during the cold nights, which, on the mountain portion of the frontier, are occasionally very severe; nor will a bivouac fire be permitted under any circumstance. During the day, the horses (excellent ones they are, capable of performing a journey of eighty miles per diem) are suffered to graze, under the care of a non-commissioned officer and guards, and at sunset, or immediately previous, they are driven to headquarters, where they are fed and groomed for the night.

It is curious that, with these troops, the outposts are invariably established in a valley; but, as the Kaffirs do not possess artillery, this seeming error in a military point of view is of no importance, and a certain amount of shelter is thus obtained from the intense heat of the sun. Care is taken that all posts are established in the immediate neighborhood of a drift or ford, thus securing an essential advantage in an abundant supply of water, and affording facilities for intercepting any body of Kaffirs who might attempt to enter the colony. The men are armed with a doubled-barrelled carbine, sabre and pistols; and, when on patrol duty, they wear, instead of the gray overalls, a more substantial material, composed of yellow buckskin; and their appearance is altogether highly picturesque and novel, their swarthy faces and thick lips contrasting strongly with their otherwise martial appearance.

The aboriginal population of the colony originally sprang from the two races of Kaffirs and Hottentots, and are now subdivided into many tribes, each of which has its peculiar customs.

The Kaffirs are a wild, untameable race, occupying the north-eastern portion of the colony, and living principally by hunting and predatory excursions into the more settled portions of the colony.

In person the Kaffirs are tall, handsome and well-formed, quick and graceful in their movements, with a cheerful and contented expression of countenance, and in complexion almost black.

It was to resist the incursions of these natives that the Cape Rifle Corps was organized.

The Hottentot tribes principally inhabit the northern portion of the peninsula, and are diametrically opposed to the Kaffirs in nearly every respect.

They are a mild and timid people, occasionally possessing much talent, but which from their want of energy is almost useless. They are principally employed by the colonists as herdsmen and shepherds, for which occupations they seem to have a natural aptitude.

Their great failing seems to be an inordinate passion for spirits, to obtain which they will do anything, but notwithstanding this blot upon their moral character, they constitute a most valuable element in the population, being courageous, hardy and capable of enduring great fatigue, and, beyond all, having a mortal aversion to the Kaffir race, the great enemies of the colonists.

Mr. Gordon Cumming gives the following as his opinion of the Hottentot. He says: "Nineteen out of twenty Hottentots are drunkards, and they have, moreover, not the slightest scruple of conscience as to who is the lawful proprietor of the liquor, so long as they can gain access to it. No locks or bolts avail, and thus on the bay road, between Algoa Bay and Grahamstown a constant system of tapping the admirals is maintained. In this pursuit these worthies, from long practice, have arrived at considerable skill, and it is usually accomplished in the following manner: If the liquor is in a cask, having removed one of the hoops a gimlet is inserted, when a bucket or two of the spirit having been drawn off, the aperture is filled with a plug, and the hoop being replaced, no outward mark is visible.

"The liquor thus stolen, if missed, and inquiries issued, is very plausibly set down to the score of leakage. A great deal of gin arrives in Grahamstown in square case bottles, packed in slight red wooden cases. To these the Hottentots devote marked attention, owing to the greater facility of getting at them. Having carefully removed the lid and drained several of the bottles, either by drinking them, or pouring their contents into the water casks belonging to the wagons, they either replace the liquor with water and pack the case again as they found it, or else they break the bottles which they have drained and replace them in the case, at the same time taking out a quantity of the chaff in which they have been packed.

"This is done to delude the merchant into the idea that the loss of liquor occurred owing to breakage from original bad packing. The risk and damage entailed on the proprietors of wagons and owners of merchandise from the drivers indulging in such a system, on the precarious roads of the colony, may be imagined."

This failing excepted, Mr. Cumming seems to have found his Hottentots very good servants, especially as after-riders.

The Hottentot wagon-driver is exhibited in our sketch, enjoying the luxury of a native pipe, without which he is seldom seen. One of the peculiar traits of this portion of the colonial population is their intense desire to ape the soldier in dress; thus our subject is seen in the cast-off coat of a bandman belonging to a regiment of the line. His felt hat is surrounded by a wreath of ostrich feathers, bound together by a colored cotton handkerchief, serving the useful purpose of keeping his swarthy countenance free from the swarms of flies that would otherwise settle upon it. Sandy plains, rocky kloofs and steep mountains seem alike indifferent to our Hottentot driver, who wends his way for days and nights together, sometimes running by the side of his oxen, sometimes riding on the footboard of his wagon, but taking care to outspan his oxen every three or four hours to give them rest and water. The average distance a bullock-wagon travels in a day is about twenty miles.

The women of the Hottentot tribes are employed as house-servants in many of the European families, being strong, robust and faithful servants; when kindly treated, they make good nurses, and perform with alacrity other domestic offices.

Our sketch represents one of these women carrying a *monkey*, or porous earthen vessel, containing water for drinking purposes, which, in order to keep it cool, is wrapped in damp cloths and hung in a current of air. This in some measure makes up for the absence of ice, which in this country is so great a luxury.

The great drawback to these women is their want of cleanliness, to which they appear to have a great aversion. They even object to pass the night in the house of their employer, and generally sleep together in a hut of their own construction, and little better than an ordinary pigsty.

In dress the Hottentot servants usually conform to the European style, with the exception of the head-dress, which is invariably a handkerchief of some bright color, folded in the

form of a turban, which, after it is once put on, is seldom removed until it falls to pieces from constant wear.

After the day's work is done, the great amusement seems to be smoking, or sitting on the ground tailor fashion, and playing the Jew's-harp, an instrument from which, uncouth as it is, they manage to produce some tolerable music.

The Hottentot women are also employed in washing, which is performed in any stream of water which may happen to be in a convenient position.

There is one small river in particular, running between Cape Town and Table Mountain, which at the beginning of each week presents a most curious scene, hundreds of Hottentot and other colored women being busily engaged washing and beating their linen in the stream, and keeping up meanwhile an animated conversation. Some of them are accompanied by their husbands and children, and the gift of a few halfpence to the latter is acknowledged by the parents with extreme expressions of gratitude.

Not to the European settlers alone have the Kaffirs confined their depredations. Eight powerful tribes, whose names are here given, have at different times been destroyed or driven out of the country: Amahlubi, signifying, in the native dialect, a people who tear or pull off; Amazizi, or people who bring (these people are the remains of a very powerful nation which twenty-six or twenty-seven years ago inhabited the country on the north-east of Port Natal); Amabele, or people of mercy; Amayabizambi, or axe benders; Abasekunene, or right-handed people; Amintozakwe, or people whose things are their own; Amarelidwani (there appears to be no definite meaning for this appellative); Abashwawo, or people that revile or reproach.

These nations being broken up and dispersed in the surrounding country, many of the people who escaped fled from time to time to the westward, and thus came into collision with the Amakoesa Kaffirs, but principally with the tribes of Hintsa.

The scattered descendants of these tribes are known collectively by the name of Fingoes, a word which appears to be a term of reproach, signifying extreme poverty and misery, a being having no claim to mercy, justice, or even life, in fact a complete outcast.

The Fingoes are very generally employed as farm servants of one kind or another.

We give an engraving of a Fingoe herdsman, as being very characteristic, and showing the general costume worn by the Fingoe women when engaged in herding the flock.

Around the head is worn a string of glass beads, which are valued according to the brightness of their color; a small box for holding snuff is passed through a perforation in the ear, while a sheepskin, either tanned or dried, covers the body.

The Fingoe women are tall and robust, and, like the Kaffir women, capable of enduring great fatigue; they lift with apparent ease a weight which would puzzle an Irish laborer to raise, and at Algoa Bay they carry passengers ashore through the surf in most excellent style.

The Kaffir races are only occasionally prevailed upon to leave their haunts, and reside with the Europeans; when, however, they do become civilized, there are made very useful as wagoners, grooms, &c.; but they have the same failing as the Hottentots—a habit of drunkenness.

Another favorite luxury is snuff, which they take, not as we do, but by rubbing a quantity on the teeth. We give an engraving of a Kaffir wagon driver, regaling himself in this manner.

Accompanying it is the noted Cape wagon, described by all travellers. Drawn by almost a drove of oxen, and driven by a carter with a whip of unwieldy length, the team reminds one of the slowness with which the Dutch farmers—generally the possessors of these wagons—have ever adopted improvements.

The value of the wagon, however, is partly dependant upon the character of the tent with which it is covered. These are of two kinds, the one being merely an arched roof of green boughs fitting into iron staples in the frame of the wagon, and fastened together at the top with strips of hide. Over the boughs are laid Kaffir mats, and over these again is placed the tent itself, made of strong sail cloth or canvas. This descrip-

tion of wagon is not so expensive as the other, which is termed a cap tent wagon, and which is made wholly of wood and neatly finished.

The whip which is wielded by these drivers is worthy of description; it is formed of a bamboo pole, fourteen feet in length, to which is attached a long lash of twisted cowhide, sometimes double the length of the handle. It is used with both hands, and the crack of it can frequently be heard at the distance of a mile. As may be imagined, it is an instrument of immense power, and even through the tough hide of the ox blood follows every blow.

The Kaffir women are more domesticated than the men, and in the planting seasons busy themselves in their gardens; at other times they find employment in making skin cloaks or *karosses*, mats, baskets, &c. The girls and young women generally remain, during the day, with their mothers, whilst the male portion of the family are absent from the kraal. Of late years, the chiefs and their wives, as well those of superior grade, have imitated the English costume by piecemeal, and many of them cut a very grotesque appearance. The ladies wear a shabby, gaudy-tinted petticoat, a shawl of doeskin, and a colored handkerchief bound round their woolly pates similar to the Hottentot women, and which never comes off until it falls off by age and dirt; ablution being never resorted to by these races. The girls, however, no matter of what rank, wear no other habiliment than a sheepskin kaross, bound round them a little below the waist, and the woolly part turned inwards. The men, as well as the women, wear some kind of necklace and earrings, composed of glass beads. The arms are decorated, also, with massive brass rings.

The illustrations which we have here given are taken from the Amatola Kaffirs; the following ones belong to a different tribe:

The Tambookie Kaffirs inhabit a large tract of country bordering on the eastern frontier, adjacent to that of the Amatola Kaffirs, and differ but slightly in their manners and customs from their neighbors. The same predatory habits, the same cunning, faithless and cruel disposition mark the whole race of Kaffirs.

The only difference in costume consists in the head-dress, composed of a cotton handkerchief, which some trader may have bartered with them in exchange for the staple produce of their country, i.e. wool, hides or horns. This is a tall, athletic race, residing in beehive-shaped huts, constructed of wattle and daub, having a small aperture at one side, which performs the threefold office of place for entrance, light and ventilation; and in these rude habitations an entire family of eight or ten persons huddle together, with no other clothing than a coarse blanket or sheepskin kaross. A Kaffir village consists of an accumulation of these beehive-like huts, arranged in concentric circles, that of the chief being larger than the others, and placed in the centre of the village.

In the same districts, but totally distinct from both Hottentots and Kaffirs are the Bushmen. Driven like the Fingoes from their country, and with man's hand raised against them, they of necessity are well skilled in the use of the few and rude weapons, which their skill enables them to make.

As enemies, they are much more formidable than the Kaffirs, not indeed on account of their numbers, but on account of their skill; and besides the deadly character of their weapons, their mode of fighting is such as to place their adversaries in great danger before they are aware.

Barrow, the celebrated African traveller, thus describes their principal weapon, the bow and arrow:

"The bow is a plain piece of wood, generally cut from the asagai-tree, with a string three feet long, made from the fibres of the springbok's dorsal muscle, twisted into a cord.

"The arrow, which, when complete, does not measure more than two feet, consists of a small reed, in one extremity of which is inserted a piece of solid bone; this is sometimes taken from the ostrich's leg, when that bird can be obtained; it is round, finely wrought and polished, and in length varies from two to five inches.

"The intent of it seems to be, that of giving weight and strength to that part of the arrow, and to facilitate its entrance.



TAMBOOKIE MAN.

To the end of the bone is affixed a small sharp piece of iron of the form of an equilateral triangle, and the same string of sinews which binds this tight to the bone serves also to contain poison between the threads and upon the surface.

"This deleterious matter is applied in the consistence of varnish or wax. The string likewise fastens a small slip of quill pointed towards the opposite end of the arrow, which is not only designed to increase the difficulty of drawing it out, but also to rankle and tear the flesh and to bring the poison into contact with the blood.

"The poison is principally obtained by inspissating the juice or sap of different plants, but the most subtle and fatal poison is that taken from the heads of different kinds of snakes, and mixed with the juice of certain bulbous plants.

"The remedy usually applied to one of these arrow wounds is a root which grows wild in nearly every part of the country, and which is also used as an antidote to the bite of snakes, from which it derives its name of *slang wortel* or snake root.

"It is used in the same manner as the rattlesnake root in this country, which it greatly resembles."

Travelling in Caffraria is almost always accomplished in a wagon, excepting for a short distance and where no baggage is carried, when horses are used. The wagon, a drawing of which we give above, is a very large and roomy affair, usually about twelve feet long by five wide.

It is drawn by a number of oxen, usually twelve or fourteen, which are yoked in pairs. The strongest two are yoked, one on each side of the dissel boom or pole, and from this the *trek tow*, as it is called, is carried out, on either side of which the span or team are placed in pairs. The draught is effected by cross beams of wood, fastened along the *trek tow* at equal distances, and which are termed *yoke sluis*. They are placed on the necks of the oxen, and fastened with strips of hide, technically called *reimpys*.

The reins are attached to the horns of the leading pair of oxen, and the rest are trained to follow.

The oxen are usually tractable enough, when not over-driven or overloaded, but if they should prove refractory the long whip, previously mentioned, comes into play, and usually proves a sufficiently strong persuasive.

The trek oxen, as they are called, are of considerable value, their price being about thirty dollars and upwards, and the wagon, when new, may be obtained for from four hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars. So that when a farmer loses a span of oxen and a wagon, as he frequently does, by a Kaffir theft, it forms no inconsiderable deduction from the year's profits.

Oxen are also used by the natives instead of horses, and with them they travel great distances and at a quick rate. They drill a hole through the nose of the beast, between the two nostrils, and pass through the aperture a leather thong, and thus guide the ox, while they impel him forward with their *knob-keerie*.

The knob-keerie above mentioned requires a little notice, as it is a weapon which is rarely out of the Kaffir's hand. It is merely a stick about four feet in length and an inch in diameter, and having at one end a round knob. They are usually made from the wild olive tree, the bend at the root being formed into the ball. They are principally used in hunting, for killing the smaller description of game, and are wielded in a very peculiar manner, and not unlike the boomerang of the natives of Australia.

Holding the thin end of the stick in the hand, they throw it with a twirling motion, so as to make it turn over and over in the air, until the thin end touches the ground a few feet short of the object aimed at, when the knob in descending strikes the mark.

But the most important weapon of all is the *assagai* or spear,



LINGOE WOMAN.



FINGOE HERDSWOMAN.

of which there are seven different forms, each of which is applied to some special use, but the general character is that of a small light javelin. The faces of the blade are fluted like a bayonet, while the edges are sharp and come to a point.

One species which is used as an ordinary knife has a blade about fourteen inches in length, and about three quarters of an inch wide.

Those intended for hunting purposes or for missiles have shorter blades, usually about six inches in length, but they have a long round haft or handle, eight or ten inches long, intended to give weight to the assagai when thrown.

Another description is about the eighth of an inch in thickness and is quadrangular, coming to a fine point. This they use in making basket work, &c., the fine point being used like a stiletto.

Those which are made for stabbing have likewise a long handle attached to the blade, and all its edges are notched with teeth like a saw, so as to make the wound inflicted by it more severe.

The iron haft is then set in a wooden shaft or handle, about four feet long and very light, and is bound round with a bit of thin cord, or dried grass matting. In all cases the length of the weapon is about five feet.

It appears, from what has been said, that they use it not only for different purposes but in different ways—sometimes throwing it like a javelin, and sometimes employing it to stab, cut and mutilate. They are generally very expert at the former practice, generally sending the assagai twenty or thirty yards, and with very good aim.

By their intercourse with the European colonists, the native tribes have obtained some firearms and ammunition, which they are tolerably skilful in using, and with them they killed a

large number of the British forces which have at various times been sent against the marauding Kaffirs.

Their weapons were the more fatal from the total concealment of the marksmen, who hidden behind almost impenetrable bushes and in color scarcely to be distinguished from them, were enabled to take deadly aim at their antagonists, whose gay colored coats and glittering accoutrements formed a most conspicuous mark.

The guns and ammunition are almost entirely set apart for warlike purposes, the assagai and the knob-keerie being used in all hunting excursions.

The traders to the interior of the country find that the most profitable article to barter for ivory, skins, &c., is the common musket, and so long as this continues to be the case, so long will the natives be supplied with firearms; but there is no doubt that in case of war breaking out, the loss to the colonists would be infinitely greater than if the native weapons were the only ones used.

A great element in the defence of the country is the Boers, or descendants of the original Dutch colonists, who, from their prowess as hunters, and their gigantic size and strength, are held in great dread by the small and undersized natives.

The Boers are engaged in agriculture, at generally but a short distance from the frontier, and their knowledge of the country, and the skill with which they handle their long roers or rifles, make them valuable allies.

Their farming is of a very partial description, and their ploughs and implements the same as those used by their forefathers a hundred years ago.

This backwardness may be ascribed partly to the natural tendency of the Dutch to dislike anything that bears the stamp of novelty and innovation, and partly to the want of good roads and constant communication between the outposts and the towns of the colony.



KAFFIR WOMAN.

The capability of the soil for the growth of the vine might also be made a source of great wealth to the colony, but for various reasons the quantity and the quality produced is not what it might be, if due care were taken in its manufacture.

There certainly is some good wine made in the colony, but the quantity is but small. This is the Constantia, of which there are two kinds, the red and the white, but which are much alike in general characteristics.

Tradition says that this wine received its name from the wife of one of the former English governors, but is silent as to whether it was merely complimentary, or in consequence of her entertaining a great partiality for it.

There are also two other wines made at the Cape, which in outward appearance closely resemble port and sherry, but in flavor they are woefully inferior.

This, the wine growers say, is not to be prevented under the present circumstances, for as their article has a bad name in the market, and only a small price can be obtained for it, so they cannot afford to expend on it that care and labor which is essential for its improvement.

Quantity is now the only object to be gained, and in consequence the grapes are gathered before they are thoroughly ripe and before any have dropped from the vines or shrivelled up, and the result is a crude, sour wine, which might turn the stomach of the most inveterate lovers of acid.

Great efforts have from time to time been made by the government at home to have wine of a superior quality exported, but their endeavors have been useless, and cape, sherry and port, is now principally used for the adulteration of the genuine Spanish and Portuguese wines.

The great riches of the Boers, and indeed nearly all the colonists, consist of cattle, of which they possess large herds, which are bartered to any trader that may pass for the articles required by the farmer, such as sugar, coffee, lead, gunpowder and articles of dress.

The course of proceeding of these traders is amusing, and is conducted somewhat after the following way :

The trader drives up his oxen to the farmer's house, and asks where he is to outspan or unyoke his oxen, at the same time offering to unload his wagon.

The Boer declines this latter offer, averring that he has no need of anything, but invites the trader to step in ; for whatever may be the faults of the Dutch colonists, they are at all times a most hospitable people.

The trader, taking from his wagon some little article as a present to the farmer's wife, enters the house. He must then manage to propitiate the lady, for no bargains are ever made without her counsel and sanction.

After the meal is finished, the trader unloads a part of his stock, when in all probability the housewife will recollect many things which are absolutely necessary, and the trader concludes by taking away half a dozen oxen, worth in the colony from thirty to forty dollars each.

In this way the trader proceeds from station to station, his goods decreasing and his herds increasing as he goes. Finally he disposes of his wagon for its equivalent value in bullocks, and takes the back track to the settlements.

On horseback, and with only a few Bushmen drivers, he has now to travel with his oxen many hundred miles across plains where water is only to be met with at distant intervals, and depending for sustenance either upon what he can kill with his rifle or the oxen which he is driving before him. In danger from marauding Kaffirs, who are always on the look-out for an opportunity of stealing cattle, from the defection of his Bushmen servants, who will sometimes turn sullen without any apparent cause, and perhaps desert him for days when he most needs their assistance, he is indeed fortunate when he arrives at the settlement with only a slight loss by the way.

The bullocks are then sold to the Capetown butchers, to be fatted for the market, and to speculators who contract for the supply of the troops.

Here again the trader is subject to loss, for he has often to receive bills in payment the givers of which, when the bills are due, are frequently found to have decamped without making provision for their payment.

The following description of a Bushman driver is given by the graphic pen of the author of "The Cape and the Kaffirs:"

"He was about four feet in height, and decidedly the ugliest specimen of the human race I ever beheld, without being deformed in body or limbs ; the most prominent feature in his face was the mouth, with its huge, thick, sensual lips. The nose could scarcely be called a projection ; at all events it was far less distinguishable in the outline of the side face than the mouth ; it was an inverted, or, rather, concave Roman—that is to say, the bridge formed a curve inwards, the nostrils were very wide and open, so that you seemed, by means of them, to look a considerable distance into his head.

"With regard to the eyes, I am guilty of no exaggeration when I assert that you could not see the eyeballs at all as you looked at his profile, but only the hollows which contained them ; it was like looking at a mask when the eyes of the wearer are far removed from the orifices cut for them in the pasteboard. The cheek bones were immense, the cheeks thin and hollow ; the forehead was low and shelving ; in fact, he could scarcely be said to have a forehead at all.

"He was two or three shades from being black, and he had even less hair on his head than his countrymen generally ; it was composed of little tight, woolly knots, with a considerable space of bare skin between each."

Having discharged his Bushmen, the trader takes a little relaxation, and then he buys a fresh wagon, restocks it, and the same things are done over again, and the same dangers encountered.

With a shrewd and careful trader the business is profitable enough, as he is aware of the bargaining propensities of the settlers, and fixes his prices accordingly, so that he can take the reduced price offered him, the Boer all the while chuckling to himself in his delight at having secured a bargain.

With the natives the principal articles of trade are muskets, ammunition, knives, beads, &c. ; and for these the trader receives in exchange ivory, skins and karosses, or native cloaks.

When it is intended to trade with the natives, who seldom give bullocks in exchange, it is necessary to retain the wagon for the purpose of carrying back the ivory, &c., which is disposed of in Capetown at a profit varying from two hundred to two thousand per cent., according to the circumstances under which it was obtained.

In giving an account of the Cape and the Kaffirs, we should not omit to notice those very extraordinary animals the Cape sheep. They have no wool, properly speaking, but a sort of coarse shaggy hair, which causes them to resemble goats more than sheep. They are perfectly lean except at the tail, which is a huge mass of fat, dangling down to their hocks, and curling sharply up at the extremity like a *nez retroussé*. It appears as if nature had squeezed all the fat of the unfortunate creatures into their caudal extremity, which is used for the same purposes as lard.

There used to be some sheep in the government gardens at Grahamstown, of which the tails were so large and heavy that they were necessitated to have small wicker carts in which to support them.

Sheep farming is an occupation embraced by many, but of all lives it is by far the laziest. A Broadway dandy, one would imagine, is not much fatigued by his day's exertions, but his life is positively a hard-working one compared with the Cape sheep farmer. A frequenter of the Plaza must do something, at any rate he must wash and dress, two things which sheep farmers never do, or scarcely ever.

The colonist rises about eleven in the morning, puts on pants and shirt, thrusts his feet into a pair of shoes, crowns himself with an old felt hat and behold—the toilet is completed. He then takes a pipe, strolls amongst his Hottentot servants, takes a cup of coffee, with perhaps a chop or cutlet of tough mutton, and then applies himself to sleep away the major part of the day.

He looks at the sheep when they come home in the evening, has another edition of the morning's meal, which he calls supper, and then goes to bed again to snooze until eleven the next morning, when the same routine is gone through.

The only thing which arouses him from this state of quiescence is a hunt, in case a wolf or hyena should make a midnight attack on his sheep fold. He will then take up his gun, rouse the herds, and go off in chase of the robber to any distance, when, having either killed or lost his game, he returns to his habitation, and falls back upon his original lazy life.

We are wrong in saying a hunt is the only thing, for at shearing time he is obliged to work, or his servants will not, and indeed from the scarcity of help, he is often obliged to take the shears in hand himself.

This is not so disagreeable, as it is the wool which brings in the ready money, and as soon as he can get it sheared and packed, he is enabled to get an advance from his agent on account of its consignment to England.

The greatest part of the cultivation of land is carried on in Natal, where, in addition to the fertility of the soil, the liability of the wheat to rust is not so great.

The Kaffirs of the Zulu tribes are also more suited by nature for husbandry than either the Cape Kaffirs or the Hottentots.

In addition to grain of different kinds, there is also cultivated in Natal the cotton plant, and within the last few years both the coffee and the tobacco plants. These last two are principally grown within a short distance of the town of Port Natal, now D'Urban, so called out of compliment to Sir Benjamin D'Urban, one of the few good governors which Cape Colony has enjoyed.

Cape Colony has no doubt suffered much from the unfitness and incompetency of the governors appointed by the home authorities, who appear to consider as necessary qualifications, that a man should have been a distinguished soldier, be totally ignorant of even the geography of the land he is sent to govern, and be too old to learn anything.

It is of no consequence that a man is perfectly ignorant of the habits, manners and customs of the people, that he is not at all likely to ingratiate himself with them, but merely that the land shall be able to pay him a certain amount per annum to mismanage it.

The fertility of Natal is so great, that the growth of the grass is too large, even with the thousands of cattle and deer which there are to eat it off, and in consequence it is necessary to burn off the old crop in order to get a new one.

To accomplish this end the colonist waits until the wind is in a suitable direction—viz., blowing up hill—when the flame is applied to the dry grass at the foot of the hill, and in a short time the whole ascent appears like a pyramid of flame, which soon burns out, and in a few weeks a short, sweet grass supplies the coarse and withered herbage destroyed by the fire.

The tribes of natives inhabiting the Natal district, although differing in many respects from the Cape Kaffirs, are still closely allied to them in race; but unless in time of war, when they unite against the common enemy, they hold but little communication.

The Natal Kaffirs are known by the name of Zulus, and are a very tractable and hard-working race, when kindly used and not overworked.

In common with the rest of the natives, however, they are liable to leave their work at any time, without any reason being assigned, and being absent for weeks at a time, which of necessity causes great inconvenience to the settler.

The huts of the Zulu Kaffirs are formed of trellis or wicker-work and thatched; in appearance they resemble a well-rounded haystack, being generally from eight to ten feet high at the vertex, circular in form and from twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter, with a semicircular opening in the side like a beehive.

The fire is generally kindled in the middle, and the smoke escapes by an aperture left in the top of the hut, but this it does slowly, and in consequence the atmosphere is so suffocating as to be unbearable to any but the natives, who do not appear to be at all affected by it.

The mode of manufacturing assagais practised by the Zulus is peculiar. First, the piece of iron obtained by a rude process of smelting is placed in a wood fire, which is kept burning at one extremity of a long smooth block of granite. Around the fire

the workmen to the number of a dozen or more assemble, each holding in his hand a smooth pebble of about four pounds' weight. The Kaffirs then commence, three men at a time, blowing with their mouths until the iron is wrought to a bright glowing heat, when it is jerked out to the opposite extremity of the flat stone and beaten with the pebbles until it becomes cold, when it is reheated, and the same process goes on until the assagai is formed. The Kaffirs in all cases prefer those of their own make to those made by European workmen from English iron, their own metal being much better suited for the purpose.

Less trouble has been experienced with the Kaffirs in Natal than in the other parts of Southern Africa, which is perhaps owing to the paucity of forest land, or bush, as it is called, into which they retreat when hard-pressed by the enemy.

Their principal inroad was in 1836, when the town of Pieter Maritzberg was being built, when the Kaffirs rushed upon the almost defenceless settlers and massacred a large number of them. Since then the Dutch system of a *commando* was organised, which put a stop to any important incursions.

The *commando* is a body of settlers, usually about five hundred in number, each man mounted on his own horse and armed after his own fashion, and having officers elected from those most fitted by skill for the position.

In approaching Kaffirs they usually advanced at a trot until within point blank range, when a volley was delivered, and the whole body wheeling round galloped out of reach of the assagais of their opponents, which generally take effect at any distance not exceeding thirty-five yards.

As they retreated they reloaded their rifles, and then again wheeling round, they dashed back upon the natives, shooting down a number more, and then again retreating. In this manner they got rid of many of their unwelcome visitors without much loss to themselves, unless, as occasionally happened, they were surrounded, when nothing was left but to cut through the ranks of the Kaffirs.

The great want in Cape Colony, and one which is universally felt, is good roads. The route into the interior of the country is generally nothing more than a wagon track, without the faintest semblance of an attempt at improvement. They often lead through rivers, which though at most times not more than knee-deep, yet on the occasion of rain become roaring and foaming torrents which it is impossible to pass, and whose waters sometimes take from a month to six weeks before they subside.

Africa has been described as a country of birds without song, flowers without scent, and rivers without water.

The absence of water lessens very much the appearance of the landscape, and at first sight there appears to be something wanting—an incompleteness, the cause of which is not at once discovered.

Where water is plentiful, and not liable to fail in the dry season, settlements are rapidly formed, as, for instance, Fort Armstrong, on the Kat River, which is one of the most beautiful districts in the whole country, and so successful that it has been said that when Fort Armstrong fails then the whole colony will fail.

The view from the Berea Hills overlooking Port Natal is strikingly grand. Far away in the distance lies the Indian Ocean, its waves sparkling in the sunshine, while closer in is the Bay of Natal, with its ships at anchor, tossing amid the foaming billows at the foot of the sharp promontory which bounds the bay.

Then comes the glassy Inner Bay, reposing beneath the sombre shade of the deep tinted forest, which fringe its shores to the water's edge; countless pleasure boats skimming its smooth surface, and here and there a fishing or picnic party, from whose boats arise the sounds of blithe and ringing laughter.

Close under the feet of the spectator lies the town of D'Urban, with its snow white buildings dotting the place in an irregular manner, till the outermost houses are lost in the bush, and looking far more like a village than a rising and populous seaport.

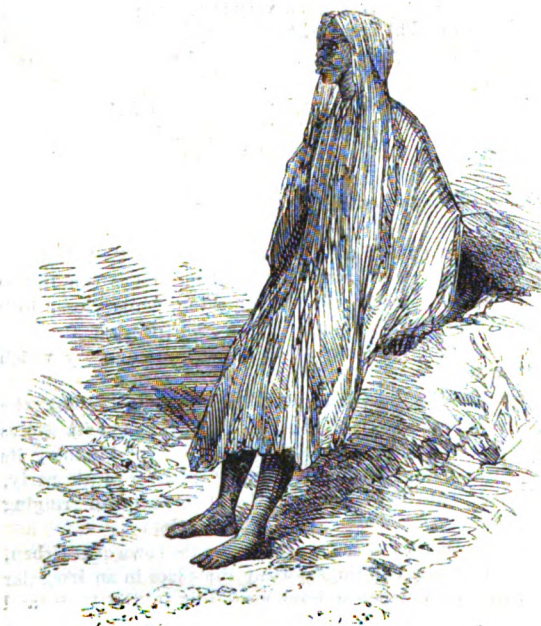
And lastly the eye meets the dark forest, miles in extent



KOSA FINGOE MAN.

every way, and clothing to their summits the swelling hills that rise in the distance and frame the picture.

Taken altogether South Africa is a land of rare beauty. Whether we regard it in its wild, uncultivated state, or more utilitarian in our views, we see in it only a field for the profitable employment of capital, it has still many attractions for the votaries of either, and let us in taking leave of our subject, express a wish that the colony has seen the last of her wars with the natives; wars, during the continuance of which all progress has been suspended, and a stop been put to all the operations of the civilized portion of the community, whether commerce or the advancement of science, the work of the trader or the explorations of the naturalist, and to quell which has lost to England so many gallant lives.



FINGOE WOMAN.

THE KNIGHT BANNERET.

THE STORY of me, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, Knight Banneret of the "Bloody Distance," and of my ward Essilia.

Begun on this present St. Alban's eve, being the 17th of June, 1729, when as I am, this day, fifty years and sixteen days old.

And forsomuch as, being a soldier, I write not clerkly and spell but indifferent well, I do leave this record in cipher, whereby transcription will become of necessity; and I do humbly pray any who may hereafter be concerned in making public this my narrative to be indulgent to my errors of style, and the same to correct, so far as may be.

Whereas I find that the circumstances under which it was my hap to become a Knight Banneret, surnamed "of the Bloody Distance," have been somewhat misnarrated (as who, indeed, could relate them wholly, but I, the seer and doer?) I hold it fit to detail what follows—*videlicet*:

There was, as all men of war of the time do know, a gallant regiment of volunteers attached to that portion of the British army which in the year of grace 1703 freed Spanish Guelderland from the dominion of the French, and thence proceeded with all despatch to Germany, there to co-operate with the im-



HOTTENTOT WOMAN.

perialist forces against the United French and Bavarians under Count d'Arco. In this body I was captain, and my subaltern was my young schoolmate and friend Frank Ballatine.

On the day of the fight at Schellenberg, being the 2nd of July, 1704, we marched towards Donawerth, under the orders of the brave General Goor, and, crossing the Wernitz, were hotly engaged with the enemy until near the hour of noon. At this time a pause took place, and many experienced soldiers, considering the battle over, began to think of pipe and haversack. But those who could command the distance knew that a frightful storm of war was gathering on our left, to which this pause was but the solemn prelude. Very wary dispositions were made by our chiefs to meet the impending danger, and brief was the space ere we lay armed and vigilant, coiled up, as it were, and ready to launch our strength upon any point of peril.

But ere this was completed there occurred a short but terrible episode of strife; for while the manœuvres were in progress, a portion of our regiment, retiring too slowly upon the main position, were set upon by Polish cavalry, and saved themselves, hardly, under the fire of our guns, at the cost of some ten or twelve of their number, and, woe the while! the bat-



AMAKOSA KAFFIR.

talion ensign left, with him that had borne it, midway between the hostile fronts.

When our old colonel, gallant Sir Piers Tylden, saw his color lie thus exposed to capture, he was like a man demented. He tore his white locks, and, snatching his watch and money from his pouch, offered all, and promotion to boot, to any bold grenadier who would venture to bring it in. That some were found to essay it need not be told; but so hot was the fire, that none from either part lived to reach the spot, and when the attempts ceased twenty-three brave fellows were added to the slain—nine to capture the color and fourteen to save!

Suddenly there galloped to the front my young schoolmate, Frank Ballatine, his black ringlets flying abroad and mingling



THE EUPORBIA TREE, NATAL.

with the satin ribbons of his shoulder-knot, and his fine blue eyes (so like his sweet mother's!) dancing with a strange delight. He leaped from his horse.

"At last," he cried. "She calls me! What a brave signal!"

"How now, Frank! What is it, my son? What she?" quoth stott Sir Piers, growling, and tugging his old moustache.

"Do you want your ensign, colonel?" shouted Frank. "I'll fetch it. Shake hands, Charles. God bless you, old boy."

Some tried to dissuade him, since death was all but certain; and old Tom Deverell, half-laughing, half-crying, swore that since some gentleman of worship must go, we might as well despatch the regiment's baboon, that always marched at our head on field-days, imitating the gestures of the colonel, and, with all his frolic and mischief, was not half so boon as merry Frank Ballatine. But the boy was obstinate.

"Come hither, Charles Lyndwode," he muttered to me. "Look yonder—beside the ensign. Dost see nothing?"



HOTTENTOT FROM SOMERSET.

There was smoke enough, and dust, and mangled men, and, six score paces distant, dark lines of the enemy, half-sheltered by low earthen breastworks. More I saw not. But I knew he meant not these.

"I thought you were a seer, like myself," said Frank, with a short laugh. "She stands there, like a queen, above the color; one white arm—handless—raised and beckoning me, the other pointing to the ensign. 'Sdeath, sir! she'll think me a coward! Don't grasp me! Farewell.'"

And he strode away.

For a moment we almost persuaded ourselves that the enemy would not fire. Dust and smoke had cleared away, and the scene was as distinct as in a theatre. We could see the black and yellow beards of the crouching French.

Now, surely as I, Charles Infelix Lyndwode, write these words, I beheld, as Frank strode on his fearful errand, a shape grow forth of the air, having the bearing and attitude, yea,

When the ground is all done, work the outlines of the pattern in neat button-hole stitch, with the embroidery cotton, and make the veinings by running and sewing over. Overcast the edge also, and pierce and sew over the eyelet-holes.

Then cut away all the muslin from under the ground.

If preferred, a piece of Brussels net may be laid under the cambric; you then make no ground; but merely work the pattern, and cut away the cambric, leaving the net for a ground.

SECTION OF A HAIR NET. PAGE 285.

Materials.—Imitation pearl or coral beads, with black or brown crochet silk, and fine round elastic.

On this elastic the beads are to be threaded, and formed into rounds. The remainder of the pattern is done, and they are joined together by crochet, consisting simply of chains, with here and there a double crochet stitch. Pins, to match, should fasten it at each side of the head.

RIGOLETTE. PAGE 288.

Materials.—Single zephyr wool, white and colored, and white split zephyr; a frame like that used for making velvet wool mats.

With a pair of bone needles, No. 8, cast on with the colored wool six stitches, and knit in plain stitch a half square, by increasing one at the end of every row, until the piece is large enough to wear over the head. Now, with the Shetland wool, and a coarse crochet needle, make a chain of this widest width, and work on it + 2 dc in 1, 2 ch, 2 dc in next, miss 4 + repeat to the end. In the next row, and all following, do 2 dc under ch of 2 ch, 2 more dc under the same + but always decrease at each end, so that this piece of work may fit over the knitting. Do a narrow border of the same along the front, joining the knitting and crochet together, and a deep border along the back, as seen in the engraving. Knitted brides, 3 inches wide, must be covered and trimmed to match. Finally, with a large mat frame, make two mats of the two colors combined, working them up and down, and not across, so that you may cut the mat into strips two balls wide, and put this trimming all round the rigulette.

KNITTED FRINGE. PAGE 288.

Materials.—Knitting Cotton, No. 4, 6, 8 or 10, of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England, with two steel knitting needles.

The heading or upper part is first done, and the fringe itself knotted in afterwards.

Cast on seven stitches, and do one plain row.

1st. Bring the thread in front, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, m 2, k 2 t, k 1.

2nd. K 3, p 1, k 2; m 1, k 3 t.

3rd. Thread in front, k 2, m 1, k 2 t, k a.

4th. Slip 1, k 1, pass the slip; stitch over, k 4, m 1, k 3 t.

When a sufficient length is done, wind some of the same cotton over a card, of the depth you desire the fringe to be; cut it, and knot into every hole of the edge of the knitting from strands of the cotton, using a crochet hook for the purpose.

A DOG FRIGHTENED BY A HARE.—For courage and devotion to his chief, this pointer might have matched a '45 clansman; but, like the old Highlander, I once saw him show evident signs of superstition. When ranging a grass-field he pointed a hare, which soon moved from her form, reared herself on her hind legs, straight as a small gate-post. The dog at once showed evident symptoms of uneasiness, by breaking his statuesque position, looking over his shoulder for advice, and twitching his tail most nervously. But when "puss," pursuing her advantages, actually paced ten yards towards him, erect as a drill sergeant, he fairly turned tail, and, with every sign of terror, took shelter behind his master. There were several witnesses besides myself to this reversal of nature—viz., the hare pursuing the dog. Most likely her young were near.—*Colquhoun.*

FASHIONS.

NOTICE TO LADY SUBSCRIBERS.

HAVING frequent applications for the purchase of millinery, work-table materials, hair ornaments, &c., by ladies living at a distance, the Editress of the Fashion Department of *Frank Leslie's Family Magazine* will execute commissions for any who may desire it, with the charge of a small per centage, for the time and research required. Every article will be chosen with a view to economy as well as taste, and boxes or packages forwarded by express to any part of the country, on the following conditions:

The order must be accompanied by a cheque for the intended expenditure, addressed to the care of Frank Leslie, 18 Frankfort street, New York city. (Fashion Editress).

The instructions must be precise; and in the ordering of wearing apparel all particulars as to personal appearance should be given.

The address, including county and state, should be clear.

No order will be noticed unless the money is first received; nor can the editor or publisher be accountable for losses that may occur in remitting.

The goods being purchased at those stores which maintain the highest character for the quality and style of the goods, and the moderation of price, and according to the prevailing fashion, no articles will be taken back. When the goods are sent, the transaction is terminated.

We cannot, under any circumstances, send patterns or samples of goods, our own time and that of the proprietors of stores being too valuable to be taken up on the mere chance of an order.

The Fashion Editress of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* desires to call the attention of the ladies to the cotton manufactures of Walter Evans & Co., of Derby, England. Unlike the cottons of any other firm, the fabrics of this house are made of various kinds, adapted to every different sort of needlework. There is the Boar's Head cotton, for crochet and hand sewing, which for these purposes has obtained a world-wide celebrity; the Perfectionné embroidery cotton, perfect in its kind for every sort of embroidery, knitting, Moravian and tatting cotton; this last is the only article ever made on purpose for this very useful and ornamental sort of trimming; it is also peculiarly pleasant for working on Canton flannel. Lastly, there is the Boar's Head sewing machine cotton, combining all the good qualities of other machine threads with some peculiarly

its own. It is pronounced by Wheeler and Wilson, Douglas and Sherwood, and other leading firms, the very best article for the machine which has ever been introduced.

Evans's cottons are all marked with the name and crest of the manufacturers, of which a facsimile is appended. They are to be had of Charles Carville, 186 Fulton street, New York (sole agent



for the United States), and retail of J. Dalrymple, 841 Broadway, New York.

MUSIC FOR HOME—THE CHEAPEST AND THE BEST.

In all that is of interest and importance to the ladies of America, we naturally feel deeply interested, and we look with much care and zealous scrutiny upon any new article offered for the patronage of the lady public. We have carefully examined the new musical publication, *The Musical Guest*, and find it to be most excellent in every respect. The selections are made in admirable taste—every class of purchaser is suited—both the simple lover and the classical student of music are catered for in the pages of this admirable weekly publication, the editor, Mr. HENRY C. WATSON, being a thorough musician and a composer of a high order of merit.

It is hardly possible to convey an idea of the great and pleasing variety of good popular music to be found in *The Musical Guest*, but we ourselves know several families in which it is used exclusively, and in its twenty weekly numbers issued are found songs for every voice, male and female, German, English, Italian, with duets, glees, &c.; while for the pianoforte solo are found every species of the most beautiful dance music (among this a most admirable and widely popular new set of Lanciers Quadrilles), with pieces, studies, &c., by Mendelssohn, Gottschalk, Wallace, Wollenhaupt, Prudent and other well-known writers. When it is remembered that each weekly number of *The Musical Guest* contains from three to five fine pieces of music, for ten cents, printed on the finest paper, regular music sheet size and in an elegant cover, some idea of the cheapness and the value of the work may be formed. *The Musical Guest* should be found in every house—in families where there are children learning, or where any member can play or sing. Its cheapness and sterling excellence suggest the idea of forming a library from which our friends can always select a song or a piano piece for our amusement, and which would come into practical use as young children grow up to be of an age to study the musical art. We commend this work most cordially, and in doing so must warn our readers not to confound *The Musical Guest* with any other work of a like character.

In addition to the weekly *Musical Guest*, the publishers, MOLYNEUX BELL & Co. of 13 Frankfort street, New York, issue two monthly works of a kindred character.

The following is a description of the *Musical Guest* series of publications:

The Musical Guest—The weekly publication embraces every variety of vocal and piano music. For the voice, Italian, German, French, English and American songs, duets, glees, &c., all the fashionable music of the day, together with old favorite and familiar melodies. For the piano, compositions by the most celebrated living composers, together with studies for practice and every class of popular dance music. Ten cents weekly or five dollars a year, in advance.

The Operatic Musical Guest, monthly, contains in each number all the beauties of some one popular opera, the only omission being the labored recitatives and large concerted pieces, which are never sung in private, and are consequently of no use for parlor performance. Twenty-eight pages, three dollars a year in advance, or twenty-five cents per number.

The Sacred Musical Guest, monthly, contains the most beautiful sacred compositions for one, two and three voices, and choruses, consisting of anthems, sentences, hymns, Te Deums, psalms, &c., for the use either of choirs or for private devotion. It contains twenty-eight pages; its subscription price is three dollars per year in advance, or twenty-five cents per number.

These three works carry out Mr. Watson's system, and contain all that is needed for family use. A year's numbers of the weekly will contain nearly three hundred selected pieces, vocal and instrumental, or six hundred and thirty-four pages of music. Twelve monthly numbers of the *Operatic Musical Guest* will contain from ten to twelve operas—some operas will have to extend through two monthly parts—while a year's volume of the *Sacred Musical Guest* will give a variety of sacred music, unattainable from any other source, except at a vast expense. The three works, together costing but nine dollars, will form a collection of between six and seven hundred pieces—a library rarely to be found in any private house, which would cost, at the ordinary rate of sheet music, from one hundred and twenty-five to one hundred and fifty dollars.

Original contributions from the most eminent authors and composers will appear from time to time, and we can venture to assert that the *Musical Guest* publications will be found invaluable to the young and to the finished pupil, both as a means of study and a source of endless recreation.

The plan of the work is comprehensive, and must become a "standard publication"—one which will be always valuable and pleasantly welcome to the young and the old.

The *Musical Guest* publications are issued in beautifully tinted and illuminated covers. Each number forming an elegant and tasteful ornament for the pianoforte or centre-table.

THREE NIGHTS BY ASH-POOL.

CHAPTER I.

"MARY's late i' coming home, mother."

"So she is, Alice; just put thy apron ower thy head and run down t' garden to look if she's i' sight: she suld ha' been home long afore this. T' clock's upo' t' stroke o' ten."

When Alice opened the house-door her mother heard the low moaning of the midsummer wind in the full trees, and, dropping her sewing, followed into the porch. It was a deep, shady porch, garlanded about with roses and honeysuckle as a rustic porch should be, and with a narrow path edged with golden St. John's wort straight down to the gate. There was no open prospect on either hand, for the hedges were high and the shrubs thick, but once at the gate, you could look far over the upland fields, and trace for nearly a mile across them the footpath leading to Heckerdyke. The Wards' was a lone house amongst the fields, with a dense planted hill rising close behind, and the corn lands and pasture lands stretching in front. They could not watch the curl of a neighbor's smoke for company at any time without mounting up through the wood, but thence they could see Heckerdyke in the hollow two miles distant, and the haze of other smaller villages in the valley further away. It was now a moonlight night, very clear, soft, warm and beautiful, and the melancholy whusking in the leaves only seemed to deepen the stillness. When Alice had stood for some minutes peering steadfastly at the white road, she said:

"I can't make her out, mother; let us walk a bit o' t' way to meet her."

"I don't mind if we do, only let me put on my bonnet."

Alice passed through the gate, and stood leaning against the post until her mother joined her, when they went straight forward along the path without there being much talk between them. Not meeting Mary, perhaps they walked further than they intended, for, coming to an inconvenient stile beside a great pond called in the country-side Ash-pool, from the trees that overhung it, Mrs. Ward stopped, and said she did not see the use of proceeding.

"She can't be long now, so we might as well wait here. Sit thee down, Alice; I'm well-nigh tired myself."

So they rested on the plank put through the bars by way of steps, Alice above her mother, and both with their faces set towards Heckerdyke. Ash-pool laved the long meadow grass almost close to their feet, and when the swaying of the boughs permitted it, the broken moonlight shone through on the water with silvery brightness. It was a lovely spot. The moonlight and the ripple, the quivering leaves and the dipping reeds fired Alice's half-sleepy eyes, and she stared at them until she fancied she saw something white moving out of the black shade on the further bank.

"La, mother, I'm glad I didn't come by myself—there's something not right about the pool to-night!" cried she, shuddering all through as I have heard old-fashioned folks say we do when anybody is walking over the place where we are to be buried.

Mrs. Ward was looking straight along the path to Heckerdyke, but at this exclamation she turned her face towards the water, and replied:

"I remember hearing tell when I was a lass how that it was ha'nted, but I've passed it myself at all hours, an' i' all weathers, an' I never saw or heard anything. There's nought i' this world worse than ourselves, an' you've no call to be afraid, Alice."

Notwithstanding this encouragement, Alice's gaze lingered on the water with a kind of fascination. The ash-boughs swayed apart under a stronger gust, and showed her the blackest and deepest of the pool, where the trees arched over like a cavern roof, and the bank was steep and jagged as if desperate hands had clutched and broken it in a struggling fall.

"Ay, mother, but it's a dismal, dreary place! Let's get on a bit further, or else go back!" cried she, springing suddenly from her seat. "It gives me such a feel you can't tell."

"I didn't know I'd such a fond lass to take flights an'

fancies for she doesn't know what," responded her mother "but come thy ways; if Mary was over-persuaded to stay supper at thy aunt's, there's no telling but she may stop all night, or if she doesn't Jack'll come with her part o' her road."

Alice set off down the path at a pace which soon left her mother behind; at the next stile, however, she waited until she overtook her, when Mrs. Ward said, rather testily, "What ails thee to-night, Alice? One would think thee was daft."

Alice only laughed, and said she was all right again now she had left Ash-pool.

"Such stuff! thee talking o' being feared on it. It's none so long sin' thee would paddle in after marsh-mallows, wetting

avowed suitor. Alice had a healthy pale face, dark hair, and a figure that was almost perfect in its build and development, as her firm, agile walk and graceful movements showed. Cultivation could not have improved her much; nature had given her the form and proportions of an antique model, and also some of the strong passions that moved antique women. Living all her life in that lone house, amongst the woods and fields, taught by her mother, and having no companion but her young sister, she had grown up pure, reserved, and good by habit as well as instinct. Reading her Bible, the Pilgrim's Progress from this World to a Better, and a few old-fashioned volumes of spiritual instruction besides, was the highest of her



CLOTH MANTLE. BULPIN. PAGE 276.

thy skirts and catching cold i' thy feet! Don't run, bairn; who does thee think's after thee?"

Alice at this remonstrance moderated her pace, and they regained their home side by side. Mrs. Ward struck a light in the house-place quickly, and as Alice turned off the garment which she had worn over her head during the walk, she stood before her mother's eyes the prettiest girl in Rivisdale. Mrs. Ward was very fond of her two children, and very proud of them. They had been well brought up, and were esteemed as well conducted as girls could be. Alice was twenty-one, and was engaged soon to be married to Farmer Goodhugh, of Rookwood End; but Mary was only seventeen, and had no

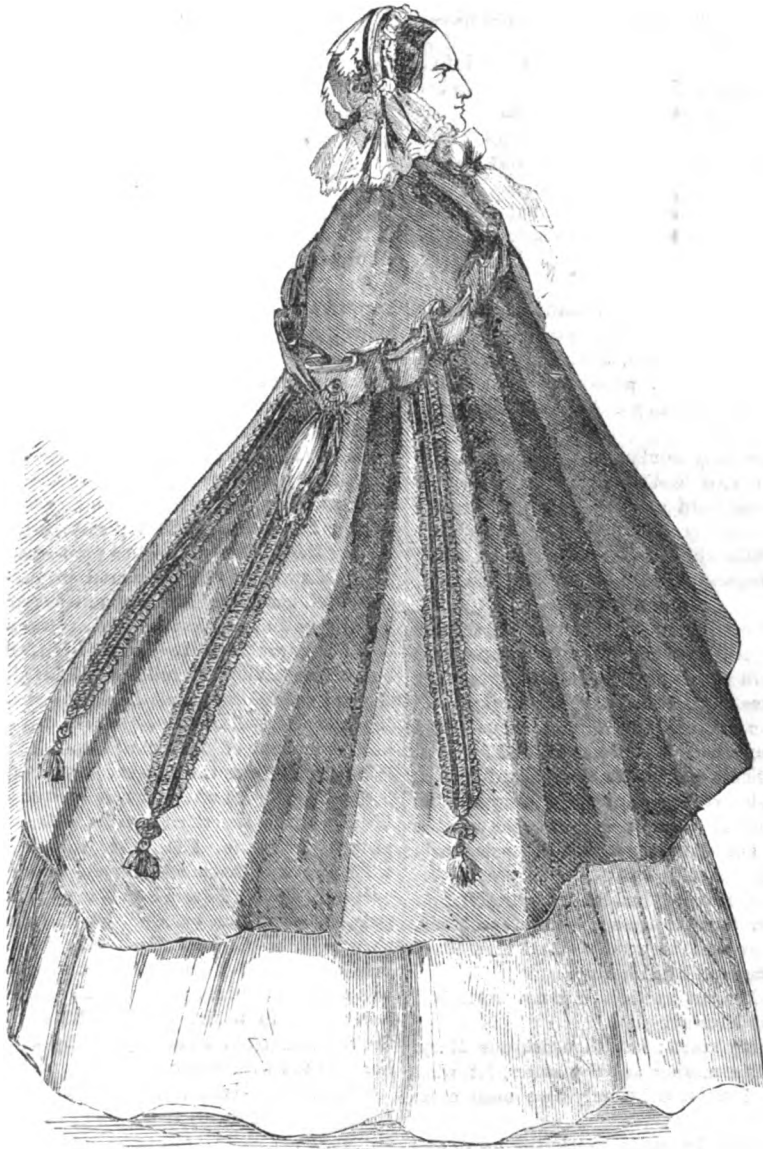
mental efforts; but she was a clever dairywoman on her mother's little farm, and had quaint stores of practical knowledge about herbs, roots, bees and flowers; she was weather-wise, too, and could tell by the signs in the sky whether it would be fair or foul in Rivisdale day by day. Her sister Mary was learning the dressmaking with Miss Timble, at Heckerdyke, but Alice had always stayed at home to help her mother, the liveliest of her holiday excursions being a monthly visit to the village school-room where the young women of the parish met to make clothes for the poor, under the superintendence of that excellent Dorcas the rector's wife, and after which, for three years past, Mark Goodhugh had always contrived to join

her and little Mary and set them home. Mrs. Ward considered Alice very happy in her prospect of a good husband and a good home, and between the young people there was an attachment warm, strong and true. Alice was a woman of very deep feeling; her affection for her mother, and especially for little Mary, partook of the passionateness of her temperament.

"I think it is a craze I've got to-night, mother," said she, king dreamily at the candle standing on the table between them; "for now I'm away from Ash-pool I want to go back."

"I'll hear none of that, at all events," replied Mrs. Ward; and she locked the house-door and put the key in her pocket

obeyed her mother's mandate and went up the narrow cottage stairs to the room which she and Mary were accustomed to occupy together. The little lattice had not been closed, and, looking out, there were the fields and the white road stretching away to Ash-pool. She stood gazing on them without any design until her mother's movements in the adjoining room ceased, and then, putting a plaid shawl over her head, she crept down stairs, unlocked the back door, and was away across the first field before the aimlessness of this new journey struck her. Then she laughed to herself, and said, "It is fond; what has Ash-pool to do with Mary or Mary to do with Ash-pool? But as I have got out I'll go on." And reasoning with herself



ZINGARA CLOAK. DULPIN. PAGE 277.

resolutely. "Mary'll not come home to-night; she's stayed at her aunt's, or Miss Timble's got a press o' work an' has kept her."

Alice did not seem satisfied. "It's very queer, mother, the longing I have to go back and seek her; she's stayed away many's the night before, an' I never felt like this."

"What's come owre thee, bairn! longings an' feelings, such a fash! What can ail thee?"

"That's just what I don't know, mother."

"Nor nobody else either. Get thee to bed, and thee'll soon forget all about it."

Alice felt herself very foolish but very uncomfortable, as she

thus she quickened her pace, and in a quarter of an hour had reached the stile where she and her mother rested before.

All was just as still, just as beautiful, just as softly mysterious as when she left it; the water dimpling in the moonlight and the great ash-boughs swaying slowly to and fro. She stood looking across it, and blaming herself for her folly, and hoping her mother would not discover her absence for ever so long. Indeed, she made no attempt to go home, but presently sat down, exactly as if she had come out in the deliberate intention of waiting for somebody. And as she sat there flowed irresistibly over her vivid recollections of certain things she had read in her few books, especially of Christian towing to the

shores of the waters of death, and then taking leave of his wife and children before going over the flood alone; but suddenly she was startled from her dreams by the sight of a figure rushing across the field where there was no pathway, straightway towards Ash-pool. In an instant she knew that it was little Mary, and, springing forward, caught her in her arms. Then a struggle ensued; the younger sister was slight and weak in comparison with Alice, but she had the frenzied strength of the despair that is covetous of death.

"Let me go—let me go, Alice," she panted, and twisted herself, and struck with all her little might; but Alice had clasped her firmly round the body and trailed her by main force along the hedge-side, out of sight of the water; then she purposely dropped to the ground herself, pulling Mary with her, and there held her with a more gentle restraint.

Mary's efforts to escape ceased gradually, and she fell into a quivering, moaning, sobbing agony, with her head resting on her sister's knees and her pretty long yellow hair all loose about her face and neck. Alice put it away, and, bending down, kissed her soft cheek, and then lifted her up and made her rest against her breast with the fondest tenderness.

"You have got into trouble, Mary, darling; 'but all's not over yet,'" said she. "I've been sent here to save you from doing a great sin."

"Who sent you?"

"It was God himself, Mary. I've had it borne in upon my mind all night to come and seek you by Ash-pool."

Mary said nothing for several minutes, but at last, in a gush of tears, she broke out: "Oh, Alice! what shall I do—what shall I do? You'd better have let me go. I'd have been lying like a stone at the bottom now!"

"Nay, Mary; your poor body would; but you would ha' been standing afore the throne o' God's justice."

"I don't think he'd be as hard as Miss Timble, Alice, if I was."

Alice was silent for a little while, and then thinking Mary somewhat quietened, she began to say, "You'll go home now, Mary?"

"No, no; I daren't, Alice—I daren't!" And then the circumstances or the consequences of her calamity overpowered her reason again, and, with vehement cries, she renewed her efforts to escape. Alice was so excited that she did not see her mother until she was close upon them. The old woman had heard her stealthy departure, had dressed herself and followed her out into the fields. Some way off she had heard Mary's agonised voice. Now she loved Alice, but little Mary was the idol and darling of her mother's heart; and when she saw the strange, unnatural strife, she stood for a moment paralysed; but Mary had seen her and was still.

"We will take her home, mother," said Alice, quietly.

"Ay, yes, we'll take her home, to be sure—take her home. Come, Mary dear, come now and be good." And Mrs. Ward put her arm round her waist and lifted her up.

"Oh, mother, mother! I'm not worth it, I'm not worth it," sobbed Mary, drawing herself away.

"We are none on us worth much; but thou art our Mary, an' thee must come wi' thy mother an' thy sister, let what will ha' happened thee. I say nought, only thee must come home."

"Oh, mother, that it should be me to break thy heart and shame Alice afore everybody! I wish I were dead—I wish I were dead!"

"Hearts take a deal o' breaking, Mary, that has their help i' the Lord Almighty," was Mrs. Ward's answer; and then she said to Alice, with an involuntary sigh, "take hold of her, and let us get home."

It was a miserable walk. Mary cried hysterically, and twice again made her insane efforts to get back to Ash-pool. It was something, indeed, to thank God for aloud, as Mrs. Ward did, when they had her safe in the house-place and the door locked. They put her into the great chair that had been her father's, and Alice kindled the fire, while her mother sat still and soothed the unhappy girl as well as she might. But Mary was not in a condition to listen or profit much. She was sensible that they whom she had most dreaded to see had taken her to their

hearts and had not reproached her; but she was sensible also that she was a wicked girl, who had brought shame and sorrow upon all belonging to her, and that her own troubles were but just begun. Miss Timble had made her understand that too distinctly ever to be effaced from her memory. Neither Mrs. Ward nor Alice asked a single question, though what had happened came upon them like a thunder-clap; for the present they were only intent on getting Mary quieted and put to rest. This was not easy of accomplishment. she rejected food and declared she would starve herself to death—she would not live to be a disgrace to everybody who loved her—if she were in her grave they would forgive and forget her by-and-by.

"Hush! Mary darling, don't talk like that," said Alice; "if God forgives thee, surely thy mother an' thy sister can."

"Miss Timble said you couldn't, and that the best thing I could do would be to die out of the way."

"Miss Timble has not had the same temptation fro' the flesh an' the devil as thee, Mary, or she'd know better than to speak like that. If thee sins no more thy mother's heart will never turn again thee; we maunt try to be more just than God, Alice. Thee has been very wrong, but thee belongs to us, Mary, if thee had been ten times as wrong; I ha' no right an' no desire to cut thee off. Alice, a sup o' hot tea would do all o' us good. Mary'll drink out o' my cup."

And when the tea was made, Mary was prevailed on to put her trembling lips to it and drink, and then let herself be taken upstairs, undressed, and laid on the bed without any resistance, only now and then she looked wonderingly in her mother's face, as if what was passing bewildered her, and every few minutes a convulsive fit of sobs and tears shook her slight frame from head to foot.

Alice busied herself in folding up her sister's clothes, and when that was done she stood by the bed foot, looking pityingly at Mary, until her mother spoke. "Go thee to bed, Alice; I'll sleep with thy sister, to-night, for the less she gets talking the better." So Alice went away and shut the door.

But Mary could not sleep, and before the morning she had confessed herself to her mother—her love and her weakness, her misery and her despair. It was not without some entreaty that Mary would tell the name of him who had deceived her; but at last, having exacted a promise of silence from her mother, she did so. Nothing was likely to astonish Mrs. Ward after the lamentable discovery of her darling's frailty, and when she heard the name of the rector's son, she only sighed and said, "Who could have thought it?"

Good people are often awfully severe; and the next day Mrs. Ward had this severity to suffer. She was alone in the house-place, about noon, Alice and Mary being together upstairs, when she saw the erect, solemn figure of the rector coming over the fields. She did not meet him reverentially at the gate, as her custom was, but let him knock at the door, and then silently admitted him. The rector was not an unkind man at heart, but he was rather magisterial in his office; he was more priest than pastor, and he was neither by nature nor habit used to tender dealing with the bruised sinners of his flock. Mrs. Ward colored painfully as he metaphorically put her into the witness-box.

"Mrs. Ward, is this true that I hear about Mary—her misconduct?" said he, as if he were preassured of his answer.

"I am not one to defend wrong-doing, Mr. Lascelles, as you very well know, but Mary's my child, and I will say this for her, she's more to be pitied than blamed, and him that deceived her is the greater sinner o' the two," replied Mrs. Ward, firmly. "He had better knowledge o' what's good an' what's bad than she had, an' it was a very poor thing o' him to ruin her that loved him. My girl's not vain or mean-minded like some, an' her undoing would never ha' come about had she not been over-persuaded through the tenderness o' her poor heart."

"Really, Mrs. Ward, you make a confusion between right and wrong that surprises me! I thought that you, of all people, would have kept your daughter better!" said the rector. Mrs. Ward might have asked him why he had not kept his son better, but she restrained herself and held her peace. "For a girl so young, and who had every attention from my wife a;

the school, she must have a very depraved disposition indeed to have done as she has."

"No, Mr. Lascelles, Mary's not depraved," returned Mrs. Ward, indignantly; "she has been led away, and there's no telling what she might become if we flung her out from among us like a bad weed. But God made me her mother, and let who will cast stones an' hard words at her or me, I shall stand up for her an' shield her as long as I live."

"Would it not be well to remove her from the neighborhood, at least for a time?" suggested the rector; "such a bad example to the other young women of the parish —"

"No, sir, I will not send my Mary away from her mother an' sister," was the resolute answer; "as for her being a bad example, it seems to me she'll be a sad warning rather to her old lake-fellows. The poor thing will be punished enough by the cold looks o' one an' another, an' the sorrow o' bringing into the world a babe without any o' the love an' pride that helps us women through, without Alice an' me turning our backs on her. She'll stay wi' me, sir, and we shall do what we can to comfort her."

"I am sorry to find you of this way of thinking, Mrs. Ward; if such early wickedness is not to be discouraged, I don't know what we shall come to by-and-by!"

"Mary'll have enough to bear, sir, never fear; nobody need come near us that would rather stay away."

The rector rose with an air of displeasure. "And who is the other delinquent?" asked he, coldly.

"Mary'll not tell —"

"Worse and worse! Does she mean to carry on her intrigue?"

"He's far away by this, sir —"

"Humph—very bad case altogether, very bad. Mary will come to no more of my wife's Dorcas meetings, and perhaps Alice would prefer to stay away just at present. I must show the young people that vice is to be discouraged, Mrs. Ward. Mary has only herself to blame that she is an outcast. I trust it may be put into her heart to repent of her wickedness and to amend her ways." He said nothing of the sinner being taken back with welcome and rejoicing; outcast she must be from human society for ever—only the All-Pure meets returning sinners. And so he went away, leaving poor Mrs. Ward somewhat mystified between his Sunday preaching and his week-day practice.

CHAPTER II.

ALICE WARD's marriage with Farmer Goodhugh was deferred by this sad trouble which had befallen Mary, and there was even some talk of its going off altogether; but though evil tongues spoke, the young people, being truly attached to each other, fulfilled their engagement the next spring, and Alice moved to Rookwood End. Mary was then left alone with her mother and a bright-eyed, four-months old baby, which she worshipped as fondly and mothered-up as delightfully as if the blessing of God had been upon it at its coming. Old friends were shy of the house, but Mrs. Lascelles had been to see her; and though she came primed with stern good counsel, as she thought befitted a clergyman's wife, somehow she did not find occasion to utter it. Mary showed her baby with perfect motherly tenderness, and the sedate modesty of her young face forbade all imputations of lightness, and would have made rebuke seem very inappropriate. Her child had comforted her, and though Mary was now and then sorrowful she was not miserable: she looked upon her little one exactly as she would have done had she been a happily wedded wife and this her crowning joy. Mrs. Lascelles had not the heart to scold her; and when she went away she even kissed the child as it lay in its mother's arms and touched its dimples with a playful caress. The tears flashed into Mary's eyes—she had been so long—long to ask a question, and this emboldened her, though her heart beat very heavily all the time.

"Are you likely to lose Master Frank, ma'am? Will he be going away to this war they talk of?"

"I am afraid he will, Mary. I am sorely afraid he will," replied Mrs. Lascelles, sighing. Mary's face drooped; she said no more, and her visitor went away without any more words.

Farmer Goodhugh took in a weekly newspaper, and every Sunday evening Mary used to meet her sister at the stile by Ash-pool to receive it and look for the intelligence of the removal of regiments—of Frank Lascelle's regiment, that is. Mary had never been to church since her calamity. She used to go and sit through the long Sunday afternoons on the hill-top with her baby alone and offer her prayers there—the coldness of old friends had made her feel herself unworthy to join the Christian congregation in Heckerdyke church. After tea Mrs. Ward walked with her to the stile, and when Alice and her husband appeared she would join them, and leave Mary to con her paper with the baby in her lap until they returned. This was done, as usual, one beautiful pure Sunday evening, and Mary had read, through blinding tears, that Frank was immediately going abroad. Nobody but herself knew why she was always so anxious for the paper; no matter what she ought to have done, she had not ceased loving him—she thought she never should cease loving him. When she had seen the fatal words she let the paper drop to the ground and laid her lips to the baby's cheek, sobbing and crying. But Ash-pool dimpled its dark waters in vain; she had that now worth loving and living for, and the shame was not greater than she could bear.

She had sat thus with her eyes hidden for some time, when a hand was laid on her shoulder, and a well-remembered voice said, in the pleasant old accents, "Mary, Mary!" She sprang up: she never reproached him; all was forgotten in the greeting of the woman who loved. For a moment only—they had been guilty together—both very young, passionate, happy, heedless of consequences—but the heavy sense of sin was between them and its living evidence in Mary's arms. After the first impulse both were silent. Frank was the first to speak:

"They were all in church—I felt that I must see you once more, Mary—just once before I go. You got my letters?"

"Yes—I can't bid you send no more, but my mother does not like it. She would be grieved to know you were here now. Oh! Frank, Frank, it would have been better for me if we had never met!"

"I will marry you before I leave England, if you will, Mary—"

"It's too late, Frank—it's too late; you shall not waste your life for me. I know it would be your ruin to marry me, and it could not help us. We shall stay with my mother; so give us one kiss, and then go—"

"But when I come home again, Mary—"

"You must not see me any more." Her voice trembled and her face drooped as she said so, and Frank declared that he should not obey her. "It oughtn't to please me, Frank, to see you're fond of me as ever, but it does—I'm afraid I've a bad heart," said Mary, looking up at him, tearfully. "But what I said first was right—we mustn't see one another any more."

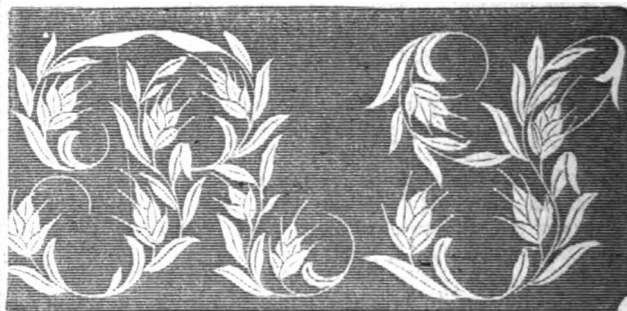
"Perhaps we never shall—who knows whether I may live to come back?"

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" And then the sad tears came.

These two had had no method or design in their fall—young and beautiful, they had loved "not wisely but too well." Of course the penalty would be paid by both in one shape or another—nay, perhaps the bitterness of that hour almost expiated their sin. Frank offered to marry Mary, but she knew, and he knew, that it could never be, and that the moment that witnessed their parting witnessed it as for ever. We need not try to portion out the relative shares of blame—both passionate, both weak, we know on which descends the heavier punishment.

They had not met till now since her disgrace became public, but neither made any allusion to it; Mary said nothing of the hard words which had frenzied and driven her to the verge of self-destruction—of that terrible hour she never thought without fear and trembling. But Frank guessed much. At home he had heard his mother speak with a severe compassion of Mary, and mention it as commendable that she kept herself in seclusion, not appearing even at church. And he had brought this upon her! She and her mother and sister had kept his share of her secret faithfully, and she had borne all the con-

WHEAT-EAR ALPHABET.



tant children's voices, and Mary knew that the people were coming out of church. .

"Now, Frank dear," said she, turning her sorrowful pale face up to his.

"Must I go, Mary?"

There were a few tears mingled, scalding tears, such as may your eyes and mine never have to shed! Heart-drops that could not heal the heart-ache, lave out the sin, lessen the remorse.

The little one was asleep in Mary's arms all the time, close pressed to her bosom. Frank kissed the rosy, dimpled face, and kissed its mother.

tumely in her own person when the mere mention of his name would have gone far with many to mitigate the blackness of her sin. He could not thank her for this—any words seemed poor and cold, and she would none of his caresses. They stood side by side looking over to the sunset and the gilded trees, and speaking little; but there was the aching pang of remorse in both their hearts. The after-taste of guilt is very bitter.

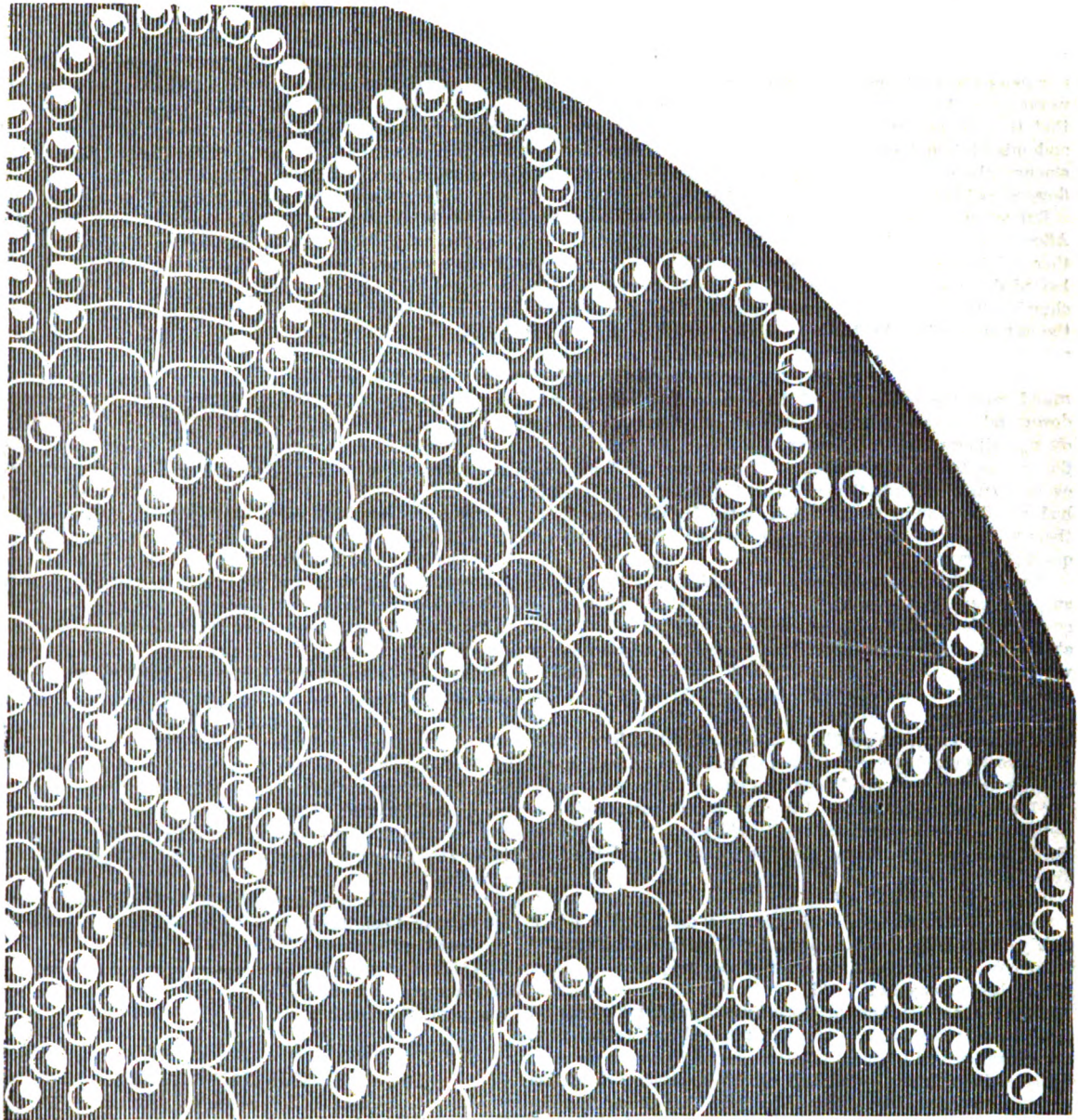
Presently there was a sound of dis-



"Mary, I was very cruel to you—very selfish," he said.

"Never mind, love, that is all over. I will like to remember, when—when I don't see you any more, that you loved me. Oh, Frank, Frank!"

And thus they parted; and Mary ran home crying, crying. You pity the good and true lovers on whom sorrow falls; have a little pity, too, for those whose passions lie under the ban of shame and separation. For all grief there is perfect healing, save for that guilt which society immaculate never condones. Scourge the sin as savagely as you will, but remember the sinners' humanity, and lay the lash on them



SECTION OF HAIR NET. PAGE 278

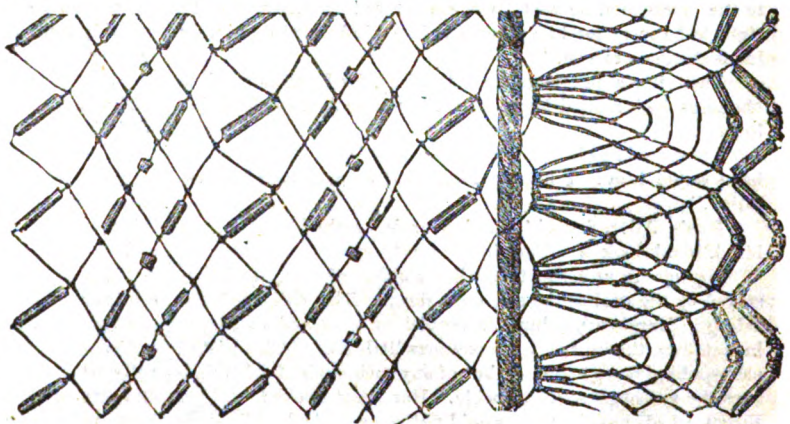
lightly; perhaps, as Mrs. Ward said to her erring daughter, you have had less temptation from the flesh and the devil than your weak brothers and sisters around you.

sound over the hills, and had paused in her work often to listen, and think where was Frank all the time that the sun was shining and the bells were ringing through bonny Rivisdale?

CHAPTER III.

One night, rather more than two years after this parting, Mary Ward again took her way up to the stile by Ash-pool. Her little lad was now old enough to toddle beside her, clinging to her gown, to run on before and then scamper back, laughing and crowing, to hide his face against her knees. He was a very beautiful child, with great dark-blue eyes, and brown hair curling in rings all over his head, and every day, to Mary's mingled joy and dread, he grew more like his father, who was far away with the army in the East.

All the long morning there had been the ringing of Heckerdyke church bells for a great victory. Mary had heard the



NETTED BORDER FOR HAIR NET. PAGE 277.

Was he lying dead, face upwards, on the crimson battle-field, or was he writhing, in wounded misery, in an hospital tent, or was he one amongst the happy saved and victorious? She was in feverish haste, for Alice was to meet her at the stile, with any news she could get from the rectory, whither she could never go, and once or twice she would have carried the boy, that they might get on the faster; but he was full of spirits and mischief, and would use his own little legs to run in amongst the wheat, to gather the poppies and gay blue corn-flowers, and kept her waiting again and again.

But when she reached the stile, she was all too soon—no Alice was there, nor in sight upon the path; so she went further and further, until she came to the brow of the hill, which looked down full upon the village. A little way off was the church, with the rectory and rectory gardens, and, leaning over the last stile, with the boy playing at her feet, she tried to school herself to watch and wait.

At first it did not strike her that, though the sun had gone round from the south side of the house, all the blinds were down and the lower shutters half closed. But there was a strange silence and hush about the place; the door into the flowery porch was shut, and Mr. Lascelles was not taking his evening stroll of inspection amongst his roses. The joy-bells had ceased five hours ago, and though the day's work was done, there was no noise of cricket-players on the village-green, or of quoit-players at the alehouse.

She knew that Alice would go to the backdoor at the rectory, and she kept her eyes on that, distinguishing curiously the green ivy leaves, with the sunshine slanting round a corner at the west. So intent was she, that she did not notice a young woman who was coming from a little dairy-farm that she had passed a few hundred yards behind, until she had twice asked her to make way for her to cross the stile. She had a jug of milk in her hand, and, with mechanical civility, Mary held it for her until she had got over, and then she recognised an old school companion who had gone into service at the rectory.

"I can't stop, Mary, but I'm glad to see you looking so well. And is that your little boy?" said she. "There's trouble at home—you've heard, perhaps. They stopped the bells directly."

"I have heard nothing."

"Poor Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead, and missis is nearly distracted. I've just been for t' milk for our teas. I knew you'd be sorry—he was a very fine young man. Ay, true it is, t' best allus goes t' first!"

Mary never spoke, but just turned round, and, taking up her child, now tired enough to be quiet, tottered back to Ash-pool. Afterwards she told Alice, that when her old companion said, "Master Frank's dead—yes, he's dead," something struck her heart like a death-blow. Her sister found her sitting there by the water, still as a statue, dumb and tearless, and white as a corpse.

"You have heard, Mary?" she said, kneeling beside her. "They got the news this noon. It's very sad. They say he was riding into the battle, and cheering his men to come on, with his sword waving over his head, when a shot struck him in the breast, and he died. Oh, love, love! I wish you had a right to be sorry for him; but it is like a judgment on him for his wickedness to you."

"Then it's a judgment on both of us, for I was as much to blame as he," replied Mary, still clear enough to defend her lover.

"I never said so before, but I have hated him, Mary—oh! I have hated him! I believe I was glad when I heard he was killed."

"Don't, Alice, don't!" And poor Mary shuddered with a blind, blank look of misery in her pretty eyes.

They were in no haste to go home either of them, and they stayed by the pool as the sun went down. The child fell fast asleep in Mary's arms, but her anguish only seemed to deepen in watching the innocent, unconscious little face. Alice wished she would give way and cry, but of any such outlet for her feelings she was at present incapable. Her heart swelled, and her throat ached, but the tears would not come. And while these two women sat silently grieving, the bereaved father was com-

ing slowly towards them, his head bent down, his spirit within him weak as water. He had lost his only son—his only child. There was little sign in his subdued presence of the magisterial priest who had condemned Mary and rebuked her mother—the flood of sorrow had come over him and swept him down to the level of suffering humanity. He had come to the fields by Ash-pool to be alone with God in his anguish, for Frank had been the joy and pride of his heart, and that he had died as became a brave soldier but little mitigated it. And so it happened that he saw Mary for the first time since she was an innocent merry girl, resting so still, broken-hearted, with his child upon her lap. Self-absorbed as he was, he could not but read aright the utter sense of prostration that her attitude and countenance betrayed, and with the frightened glance she cast at him as she moved to let him pass, a sudden suspicion came into his mind.

"Mary, you know what trouble has come to us. You are in great sorrow again. Are our griefs akin?" said he, sharply.

"Oh! sir, sir!"

That piteous exclamation confessed all, and with a quick gesture she uncovered the child's face, and held it towards him.

The rector could not speak—than all anger, than all disgust, than all righteous reprobation, love is stronger. Mary's love for the son he had lost overcame his indignation. By-and-by he recovered his voice, and said, with a gesture towards the home where the bereaved mother was weeping—

"I think, Mary, it would comfort her to see him, and to know—"

My sketch is done. While there is death in the world, and sorrow and parting and sin, let love and Christian charity and forgiveness triumph as they triumphed here. Mary Ward's life was short—she died within two months of the night by Ash-pool, where she heard the tidings of her lover's death. The child was taken to the rectory, and is being brought up by the rector and his wife; all the world knows now that Mary Ward's son was also the son of Frank Lascelles. There is a gray slab in an out-of-the-way corner of Heckerdyke church with this inscription:

"Francis Lascelles, aged 23. Mary Ward, aged 19. Who art thou that condemneth? Let him that is without sin among you cast the first stone."

Which monument has been spoken of as in bad taste. I think it is in as good taste as the lying glorifications which are so much commoner on church walls.

A HUNGARIAN VILLAGE.

The first impression made by the view of a Hungarian village was rarely favorable. Neither artistic taste, nor economy in the use of materials, nor the comfort of the inhabitants, seem to have been consulted in the construction of the houses. Built of wood-logs, or sun-baked bricks, low, with small windows, unadorned by flowers, they raise their gables on both sides of the muddy road, from which the entrance into the house invariably leads through a courtyard enlivened by fowls and pigs seeking their food on a large dunghill opposite to the house-door.

The common room, however, carefully whitewashed every week, is clean but ill-ventilated, and in winter overheated. The large feather bed in the corner is destined for the head of the family and his wife; the younger members of the household sleep on narrow wooden benches running along the walls and round the brick oven, which serves for baking bread, cooking the meals and warming and ventilating the room. A loom is often seen in the houses of the German peasants, gaudy rude pictures of saints cover the walls of the Wallachian and Slavonian, whilst the Magyar likes to display his earthenware plates and dishes, uniformly colored and well glazed. The head of the family rules with patriarchal power his younger brothers, children, and servants, who live with him: since his household must be numerous to suffice for the demands of the master, the culture of his own holding, for tending his cattle, for road-making to